



LUCKY BAG





Archives, U.S. Navy Academy



# The 1958 Lucky Bag



**THE ANNUAL PUBLICATION OF THE  
BRIGADE OF MIDSHIPMEN  
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY  
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND**





**Ex Libris**

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Editor-in-Chief—Laurence Gifford

Business Manager—John Ryon Davis

*We're taking you...*

The writing of a yearbook is not an easy task, and the compilation of a good yearbook is even more difficult. The quest for originality is inevitable, but new ideas are at a premium.

With these two goals in mind—a good and an original yearbook, we have undertaken what we consider a novel approach in the presentation of the 1958 LUCKY BAG. Upon returning from Summer Leave in 1955, the embryo editor and his newly-appointed staff, fully aware of the task that lay before them, undertook exhaustive research for a solution to the problem. We feel that we have come up with the answer.

Every Spring and Fall the Naval Academy is transposed into the eighth wonder of the world. From all walks of life and corners of the country come the tourists. One might suspect that this garrulous horde of camera-bearing invaders are greatly annoying to the serious, stony-faced 'defenders of democracy', but in actuality they are a welcome relief to the Midshipman's onerous routine. The added color, the wise cracks, and the unabashed admiration are entertaining



SEVERN

CREEK

HUBBARD BOAT HOUSE

DORSEY

OFFICERS QTRS

CITY





RIVER

and at the same time, flattering. In the passage of one year countless civilians tour the grounds of the Academy. Always they are accompanied by a uniformed guide who has memorized every nook and cranny on the grounds. It is from these tours that we have developed the theme for this yearbook. With your indulgence we would like to take you on such a tour. In the course of four years the average Midshipman develops a certain amount of attachment for the many monuments and sites about the Academy. It is in the light of these affections that we describe these points of interest to you. We feel that this will be even more enlightening than the previously mentioned tours, for we have lived with them, they have been an integral part of our lives. Let's set the stage . . . you have just debarked from the tour bus . . . we have walked along Prince George Street and turned down Maryland Avenue. We halt at a spotless white gate with a big numeral '3' on it. The Midshipman guide raises his arm and begins talking. Your tour of the United States Naval Academy has begun. . . .

HALL  
GRIFFIN  
DAHLGREN  
SPA  
Baltimore

*Through a tour of the Yard.*

# *Beginning at the Main Gate and...*



“As you folks have probably surmised, this is our famed Gate 3, the gateway to freedom. As it is with so many other sites around the Naval Academy, Gate 3 is deeply immersed in tradition. The portal on the left is known as Bilger’s Gate. It is held that if a midshipman passes under that arch, he will have the misfortune of bilging out the next set of exams. It is quite amusing to observe the mids on their way into town for liberty—some will venture halfway through, realize what they are doing, and turn abruptly about as if Satan himself had reared his ugly head and chased them. No matter how heavy the flow of traffic, the midshipmen always make a point of avoiding that infamous passage.

“Needless to say, this gate is many things to the men. While going on leave, it is the point at which that little extra bounce is put into the step, but upon returning, its very sight is enough to cast the most optimistic of mids into a state of abysmal gloom.

“Now if you will follow me through the Gate, we will begin our inspection of the interior of the grounds.”



“Before you is the Academy end of Maryland Avenue. From here you can see the Officers’ Club and the Museum on the left, and the Chapel and Administration Building on the right. During the Spring this particular section of the avenue dons a resplendent garb of colorful blossoms and even appears beautiful to the most cynical of minds. On evenings when a Hop is held, this is usually the starting point for the interminable race against the clock—the starting signal being the ‘Bow-wow’s’ warning, ‘There are two minutes to go.’”

*walking into the Yard; we will stop...*

# *first at the Administration Building*

“The building now immediately in front of you is the Administration Building. Here was our symbol of authority and command, whether you cite its official-looking appearance or the blue flag with two stars that you see atop its flagstaff. Here the Superintendent has his office, and here the dreaded Academic Board convenes after each examination period. Many a joke has been posed about the second deck of this building and the ‘long green table’ in its conference room, but for those of us who visited here, there was always the

inadvertent quickening of the step as we passed. Here also you will find the amazing press which produced the countless forms that inevitably found their way to Bancroft Hall and became such a potent force in our lives. Plebes could not walk adjacent to the building, and it was a prized Youngster privilege to use the short-cut that its walk provided to Gate Three. We quickly learned the importance of authority and chain of command and it was the Administration Building that afforded us a great measure of this feeling.”

## *Administration*





*which reminds us of...*



*The Chain of Command*



**Dwight David Eisenhower**  
**Commander-in-Chief**





Neil H. McElroy  
Secretary of Defense







Thomas S. Gates  
Secretary of the Navy





**Admiral Arleigh A. Burke**  
**Chief of Naval Operations**





**Rear Admiral  
William R. Smedberg, III  
Superintendent**



**Captain Allen M. Shinn  
Commandant of Midshipmen**



*Next we come to the Chapel,*



## *The Chapel*

“One can not mistake the identity of the next building you see before you. This is our Chapel, which we firmly believe is among the most beautiful houses of worship in the world. As it is the center of the Yard to all who walk through, it is also the focal point of the midshipman’s life. Whether we chose to worship God here or in one of the many churches of Annapolis, we all derived strength and moral encouragement from its presence. We found that the life we had chosen was not the easiest one to follow and the training that we received at the Academy made a strong belief and faith in God all the more necessary and vital. From the crypt of John Paul Jones in its lower depths to the beautiful stained-glass windows, it posed as an unparalleled source of inspiration.

“Much of the Academy’s most honored tradition centered about this building; it is for the Chapel dome that newly elevated members of the Third Class first look upon returning to Annapolis Roads after the completion of their first practice cruise. Legend has it that they are not ‘Youngsters’ until the first glimpse of that golden dome is caught.

“Midshipmen could joke about almost everything, but the Chapel was one object that never found itself the object of jest. The strains of ‘Eternal Father, Strong to Save’ were always heard for the first time. We can derive much strength and satisfaction in future years in knowing that here, each Sunday, its beautiful words and prayer will go out to all men of the Service in all parts of the world.”



*Our beautiful house of worship,*

# Where our chaplains,



Captain Fred D. Bennett  
Protestant Chaplain



Cdr. Henry J. Rotrige  
Catholic Chaplain



Lt. Robert L. Trett  
Assistant Protestant Chaplain

From the long, lonely days of Plebe Summer when we first heard their warm "Stop by and see me sometime," we knew that the chaplains were wonderful people to have around. Their warmth, sincerity, and devotion to both God and the Service was forever inspirational along the long road of the transition from civilian to military man.

These three men had an enormous task, one to which they devoted their time and guidance with untiring efforts. It wasn't the easiest thing in the world to coordinate the varied religious activities of the Brigade but with their leadership, everything always seemed to turn out the right way. They were never too busy to pause for a few moments and talk over our problems with us and their advice was always the best.

To the Brigade, their mere presence was their true significance. Conducting daily morning Mass and Communion services, working with the NACA and the Newman Club, the choirs, and handling the annual Messiah performance were just some of the activities that made their day a long and full one. Their cheerful smiles and friendly words were welcome tonics which had the power to make even the lowliest Plebe feel at home.

We will always remember Chaplain Bennett, Chaplain Rotrige, and Chaplain Trett for the hand that they offered to us. Some of us who were married in the Chapel following graduation will have double cause to do so, but all of us can't help but be better men and naval officers from the association with them. Above all, they taught us by example that we have an obligation to God as well as to the Service.

## Marching to Chapel





# choirs, and religious activities reflected



*Chapel Choir. Left to right: Front row—Gutherie, Correll, Estep, Williams, Meredith, Geller, Estes, Funderburk, Pheris, Harden. Second row—Pierce, Saxton, Saunders, Leary, MacCauley, Merrick, Rowe, Stitzel, Edwards, Landrum, McFarlane, Helweg. Third row—Whittenberg, Shroyer, Christopher, MacNeill, Householder, Hoppin, Johannesen. Fourth row—Holmes, Binford, Beran, Small, Auchy, Jones, Ballentine. Fifth row—Byman, Bowne, Eldridge, Vinge, Legro, Anderson, Lloyd. Sixth row—Crigler, Snively, Anderson, Glavis, Orr, Bargar, Poxon. Seventh row—Statton, Jones, Kalb, Shaw, Schon, Parker, Bonifay. Eighth row—Clark, Householder, Pezet, Hagelbarger, Blackwood. Ninth row—Harper, Waterman, Bos, Brenton, Gainer, Reynolds.*



Professor Donald C. Gilley  
*Director of Musical Activities*

Our choirs were something of which any midshipman could be justly proud. Under the leadership of Professor Gilley, they continually maintained their place among the best of their kind. For many years now, this cheerful gentleman has devoted his time to developing the harmony and beauty that we all came to associate with the choirs. Their hymns and anthems brought a special meaning to these services, and few could be unimpressed by the effect of the two choral groups in unison.



*Antiphonal Choir. Left to right: Front row—Neely, Leake, Butterfield, Bundarin, Kretschmar, Haley, Rohrbough, Todd, Rasmussen, Healey. Second row—Paulsen, Messerschmidt, Derbes, McCord, Plowden, Cox, Martin, Austin, Chew, Mays, Council. Third row—Ripa, Presley, Hallowell, Umsted, Lewis, Logan, Temple, Deniston, Ovrom, LaCagnina. Fourth row—Mossman, Minard, Kiger, Hopkins, Philbrick, Henderson, Schroeder, Cutcomb, Barton. Fifth row—Skidgel, Eirich, King, Gibson, O'Beirne, Ealic, McCall, Arcuni. Sixth row—Mitchell, Davis, Zierden, Pfouts, Carpenter, Heuberger, Marburger. Seventh row—Thomas, Barbero, Brancato, Osborn, Stiller, Holmberg, Granger, Craver.*





*Catholic Choir. Left to right: Front row—Ryan, Patton, Casasanto, Maiolo, Cote, Agustin, Cumella, Rennie, Langford, Roberts, Eberlein. Second row—Bellay, Davidson, Ciocca, Bethel, Radziej, O'Halloran, Cauley, Buchannan, Eagan, Fraher, Young. Third row—Casser, Duffy, Freehill, Schumann, Volzer, Rucker, Fleming, Quinn, Powell, Young, Burgard. Fourth row—Karpick, Figura, McNulla, Polski, Peek, O'Farrell, Hahn, Kouhry, Covington, Solak, Lansing. Fifth row—Treacy, Clexton, Touhey, Shanley, Clautice, Crist, Sanner, Sisson, Clark, Houley. Sixth row—Sheehan, Harshberger, Devers, Lew, McFarlane, Leonard, Trossbach, Dorsey.*

The Chapel and Antiphonal Choirs made every Sunday morning Chapel service an inspirational experience. Their singing of "Eternal Father, Strong to Save" at the conclusion of each service was the perfect beginning of a new week. The Catholic Choir filled the same spot at the early morning services.

Trips to surrounding points rounded out a busy year for the choirs, along with the annual performances of "The Messiah" put on in conjunction with the choral groups of Hood College in the Chapel. Their music became an integral part of our lives and brought much credit and esteem to both the Navy and the Academy.



*NACA. Left to right: Sitting—Lustfield, Chaplain Bennett. Standing—Bartels, Lawrence, Wynn.*

In an extensive program of presenting outstanding speakers and Sunday evening entertainment to the Brigade, the Naval Academy Christian Association played a prominent part in the lives of midshipmen of all faiths. Working closely with the chaplains, the NACA did a great job of coordinating all the arrangements and activities that made this service possible. Stu Lustfield and his associates are to be thanked for a job well done.



*Newman Club. Left to right: McAleer, Ryan, Swope, Chaplain Rotrige, Russo.*

Providing the famed St. Mary's "tea fights" and the annual Communion breakfast for Catholic midshipmen were two of the prominent achievements of the Newman Club, which has become the center of Catholic activity at the Naval Academy. Under the leadership of George McAleer and Chaplain Rotrige, this group functioned well in supplying a link between the material and spiritual side of the Catholic life.

*the spiritual side of our lives and...*

*helped to bring out that*

*Tradition...*



From the day that we first walked through Gate Three until the instant that our caps flew into the air, we knew that tradition lived all about us. From the beautiful crypt of John Paul Jones in the lower reaches of the Chapel to the lonely Jeannette Monument over in the cemetery, there was such an abundance of spirit and inspiration as to defy the imagination. It seemed that such names as Decatur, Herndon, and the famous "Hynson, Clemson, Pillsbury, and Shubrick, sir!" walked and marched the Yard with us during our four years at Navy.



Tripolitan Monument



Macedonian Monument

We learned and came to appreciate this tradition of the Navy in many ways, ranging from the countless questions we had to answer during Plebe Year to looking at the Macedonian Monument every day for four years. We might have tended to take these examples of heroism and devotion too lightly at times, but we couldn't help but feel proud to live amidst the reminders of the very lifeblood of our Navy's history. They also enabled us to make those "three-cent" tours for the folks and the drags so much more interesting. Now we leave, with this tradition a definite and important part of us.

Jeannette Monument



Herndon Monument



Mexican Monument

*Was all around us...*

*Tradition lived here, but...*



## *Dahlgren and Ward*

Leaving the Chapel and passing by the beautiful home of the Superintendent, we next approach Dahlgren and Ward Halls. Here, perhaps, we may find the Naval Academy's most striking version of the old and the new, afforded by Dahlgren's venerable appearance and Ward's more modern features. Home of the Department of Ordnance and Gunnery as well as a multitude of other functions, Dahlgren Hall continually amazed us with its versatility.

During our four year stay, we have seen this

building serve as a ballroom, a concert hall, a field house, an armory, an indoor baseball field, a gymnasium, and for two departing classes, a hallowed hall in which graduation exercises were held. Its plaques and flags afforded much of the rich tradition of the Academy and the Navy. Its rangy confines gave the Executive Department a chance for parades on the rare occurrences when it rained on Wednesdays and much drill space to the Department of Ordnance and Gunnery.



*These two buildings were unique...*

*because they brought together...*



Captain John V. Smith  
Head of Department

At the beginning of Second Class Year, we were introduced to the Department of Ordnance and Gunnery. From that time on, the world of breechblocks, recoil mechanisms, and computers was a big part of our academic lives. Many of us came to dread the walks over to Ward Hall or the occasional trip to Dahlgren or the gun shed for the competitions. However, we all came to agree that the program of theoretical and practical instruction was indispensable to success in our future naval careers.

From the 'nuts and bolts' course of Second Class Year, we proceeded very rapidly, it seemed, into the intricacies of modern naval fire control with its maze of directors, computers, ballistic predictions, and so much more. Who can forget the hours we spent poring over rangekeeper flow diagrams or the countless definitions and symbols which we had to memorize? How about the many times we heard, "Gentlemen, this *isn't* a memory course," and then wondered who was kidding whom?

## *Department of Ordnance*

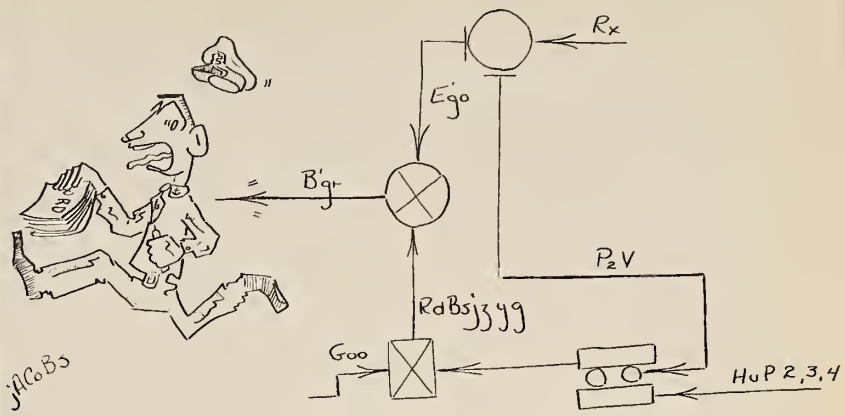
*Left to right: Front row—Pattillo, Donovan, Hartley, Slagle, Smith, Joslin, Gastrock, Helstrom, Gambrill. Second row—Oberholtzer, Janiszewski, Babcock, Farrell, Orvis, Evans, McNamara, Jones, Cheapman, Parker. Third row—Gorman, Patton, Gray, Roach, Townley, Metcalf, Salin.*





"All stations report when manned and ready . . ."

Then we *have* to mention the military precision required in the passageways of Ward Hall, enforced by shouts of "Let's give a column movement, cowboy!" Ordnance and Gunnery contributed more than its share to an already heavy academic load, and we all breathed more freely after those double-weight quizzes and exams. Now that it is over, we can take our hats off to the instructors who tried to give us such a good background in this important element of naval warfare.



## and Gunnery



"... and when they match up . . ."



Learning by doing.

*...the heavy side and...*

...the light side.

## Hops



"Charleston, Charleston . . ."

A Naval Academy hop . . . a unique being . . . to them we brought all sorts of drags . . . our OAO's . . . the blind date who earned you that brick Youngster Year . . . sister Joanie and the hop you took her to . . . small girls . . . medium-sized girls . . . working girls . . . coeds . . . yard engines . . . girls deeply in love . . . girls not so deeply in love . . . girls sporting shiny new crests . . . mids with returned crests . . . arguments begun . . . arguments ended . . . dreams made . . . dreams shattered. Eyes uplifting and smiling . . . eyes downcast and despairing . . . guileless eyes . . . not so guileless eyes . . . taunting eyes . . . provocative eyes . . . vibrant eyes . . . frivolous eyes . . . serious eyes . . . and inevitably, the sleepy eyes. Walls stacked with rifles . . . colored lights . . . the refreshment tables . . . punch and cookies. "May I borrow a cigarette?" . . . "This punch isn't *too* bad" . . . "Do those guns actually work?" . . . "My, this is a huge place!" . . . "Those uniforms look *awfully* uncomfortable" . . . "Who's that man with the sword?" . . . "I must admit that this is different." . . . The danceable music of the Chiefs . . . of the NA-10 . . . "Goodnight, Sweetheart" . . . "I'll See You in My Dreams" . . . Navy Blue and Gold . . . "Oh say can you see by the dawn's early light" . . . "The land of the free and the home of the brave" . . . The rush for the door . . . the run for the drag house . . . "I'll see you after Chapel tomorrow" . . . three minutes to go . . . the goodnight kiss . . . the Flying Squadron.

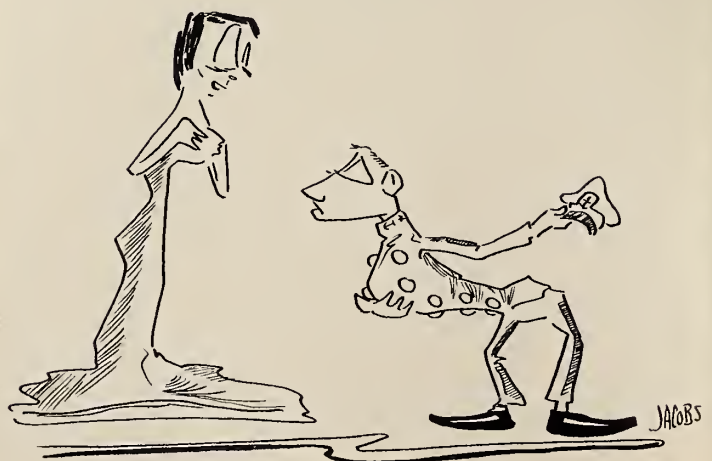
These and other random thoughts, each one integral to an Academy hop, blended to give us our final impression of a Saturday evening in Dahlgren Hall.



"Alemande left, grand right and left . . ."



FIRST CLASS HOP COMMITTEE. *Front row:* Wandell, Hernandez, Hocker. *Second row:* Jaeger, Hemingway, Wiedemann, Goldberg.









# *Thompson Stadium*



Our football field,



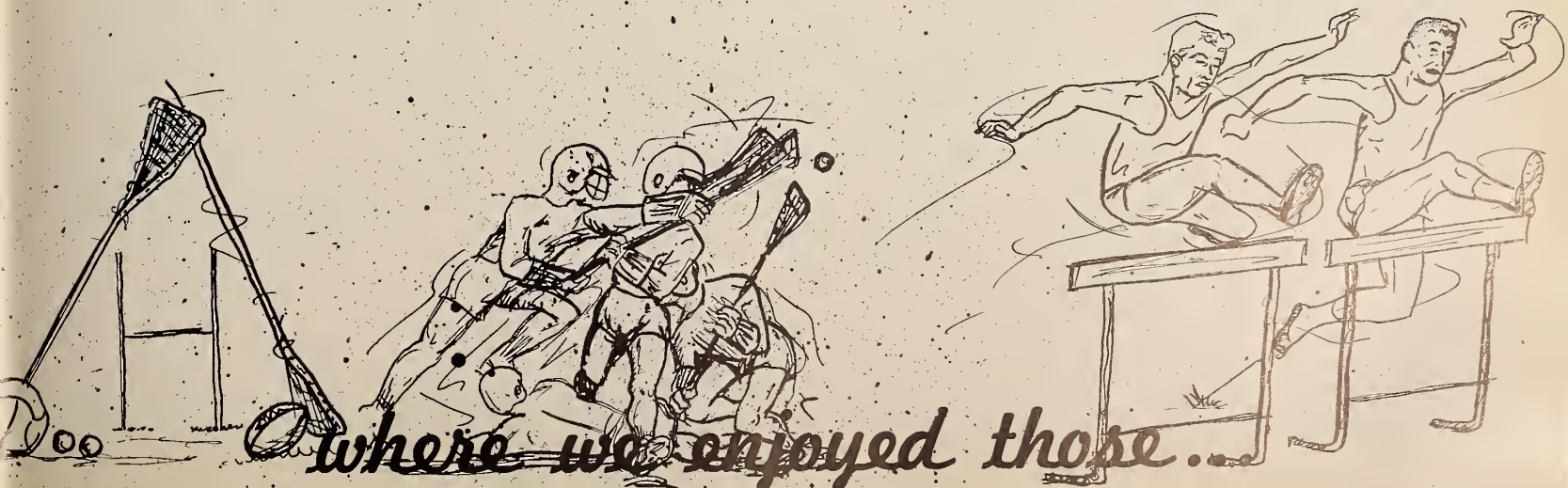
Ye olde gridiron.



# N

Now coming into view is an old friend of the Brigade, venerable Thompson Stadium. Often the butt of many jokes because of its antiquity and general appearance, the stadium was still one of our favorite parts of the Academy because of the activities that went on here. We can remember football games, track meets, pep rallies, bonfires, and march-ons that we enjoyed here as midshipmen. It was symbolic to a great extent of the high caliber of Navy athletics and the great pride that we had in our teams.

This year has seen the farewell to Thompson Stadium as the Academy's main athletic field. Soon to be replaced by the new Navy-Marine Corps Memorial Stadium, it saw its last contest in October. Fittingly enough, it was an Army-Navy game and was witnessed by our Commander-in-Chief. It was the home for many years of a great many thrills for the Brigade and will be remembered as such always. . . .





"Let 'em hear ya, gang!!!"



Bill, Panaia, and Corbelli lead out the "hosses."

Thompson Stadium always brought thoughts of that time of year when the Navy and the Academy supported our football teams. Even though most of us preferred to see the home games in Baltimore, the Saturday afternoons when the team played in Annapolis were also high points of the schedule for both dragging and relaxation.

Who can forget the excitement when the Brigade, as one, would yell itself hoarse when the team would come on the field, preceded by Bill the Goat and his keepers? This was the moment when the spirit was at its highest, when we all knew that we were to be the twelfth man on the field. Being one of the cheering could be likened to our own three-ring circus, in which we experienced all sorts of emotions ranging from wild exhilaration to utter despair. Here we and our guests rooted the Big Blue Team home and looked forward to beating Army and those football trips away. . . .

*games at home, which brought to mind...*



Oyster Bowl weekend.



We formed up in the darndest places.



On the way back from Norfolk.

The high points of any football season at the Academy were the frequent trips that the Brigade made to watch the team play. We would climb aboard busses, trains, and even LST's to journey to some of the best liberty ports on the East coast to help our team do battle and to enjoy a few hours of unaccustomed freedom afterwards. These trips will always provide us with many memories of times when we could put on a show, too, and have a great time besides. The crazy confusion of early morning bus rides and pre-game march-ons will never be forgotten, not to mention the many pleasant hours of finding the best "spots" of Philly and Baltimore. This was the time when even the hardest soul couldn't help but feel a little proud to be one of the "Pampered Pets." "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Brigade of Midshipmen!" Then we would settle down to show the world how proud we were of that football team. . . .



Our most loyal rooter.



Mustering to beat Army.



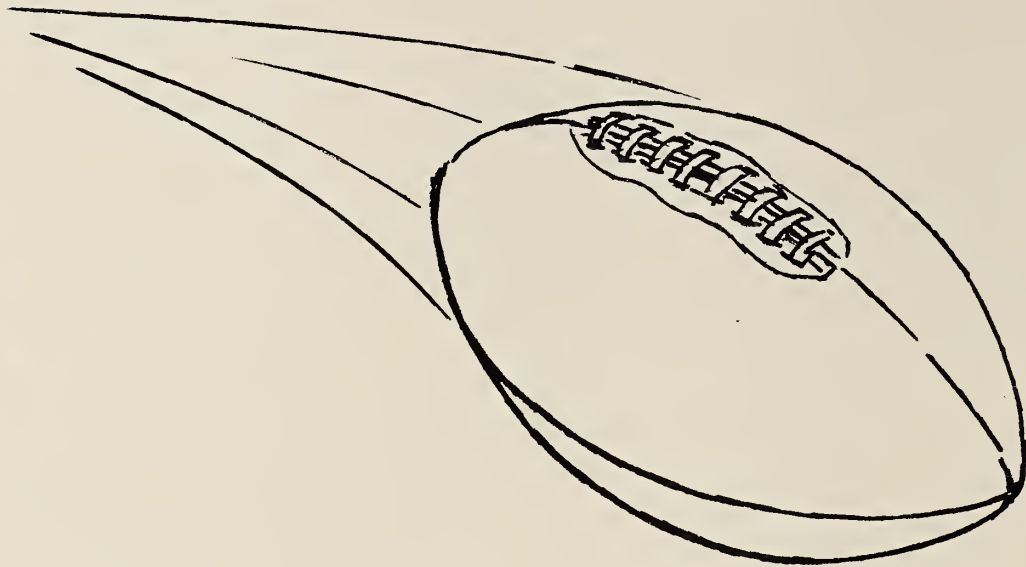
On to the game.



"OK, let's push 'em back!"

*welcomed games away.*

# Home of the "Hosses",



It was a fitting climax to four years of football at Navy for the class of '58. The past season was one of the most successful in Naval Academy history, and we'll like to remember this team as the best ever. It had to be a good one . . .

In 1954, the Tars electrified the grid world by zipping through a 8-2 record, featured by the unforgettable 27-20 heartstopper over Army and the 21-0 whitewash of Ole Miss in the Sugar Bowl. Remember the fabulous days of Welsh to Beagle? In '55, All-East tackle John Hopkins captained the team and they went through a 6-2-1 season, highlighted by the emer-

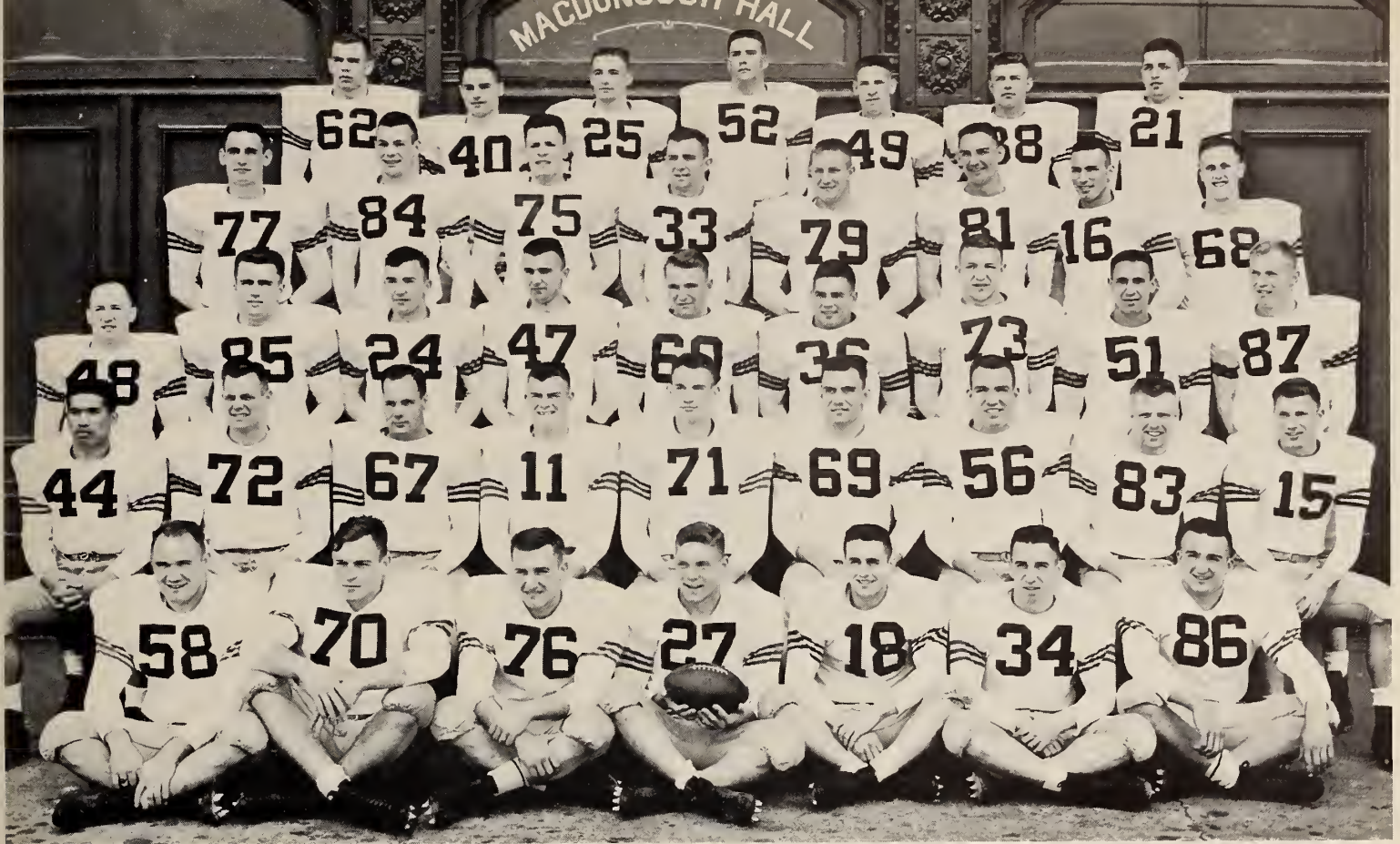
gence of two Youngster standouts, Ned Oldham and Tom Forrestal. In '56, Eddie had another great team, led now by Earle Smith. We'll remember most the way we tore Baltimore apart after beating a team from out west in South Bend for the first time in twelve long years. We lost only to Tulane, and tied both Duke and Army. Big Willie Whitmire made All-East from his center position, the big "Reif" made his first appearance, and we turned down a bid to the Cotton Bowl. "Wait till next year," we said. Expectations were never higher, both inside and outside of the green fence . . .



Captain Ned Oldham.



Ned talking to our "Coach of the Year."



Left to right: First row—Reifsnnyder, Martinez, Anthony, Oldham, Forrestal, Hurst, Jkanovich. Second row—Dagampat, Meisel, Harris, Maxfield, Boyer, Caldwell, Witzman, O'Neill, Flood. Third row—Brence, Shirreffs, Zembrzuski, Lukish, Cho-

micz, Lupfer, Helweg, Moncilovich, McKee. Fourth row—Williams, Kanuch, Valentine, Wellborn, Thomas, Hyde, Tranchini, Solak. Fifth row—Bannan, Correll, TenBrook, Townsend, Brandquist, Hendren, Swanson.

And this *was* the year. Those “two Youngster standouts” turned out to be two of the best in the nation. Tom Forrestal made several All-American teams, showed us some of the best passing in the country, and ran the team almost flawlessly. In Coach Eddie’s own words, “I’ve got the best quarterback in the country.” Ned Oldham broke his own rushing record, made All-East and honorable mention on several AA teams, besides wrecking the West Point Express almost single-handedly.

Our *big* All-American, however, was 228-pound Bob Reifsnnyder. Only a segundo, “Reif” made the AP second team, a host of first teams, and won the Maxwell Trophy as the outstanding college player of the year. During the season, he was chosen as the best lineman in almost every game, both at center and the familiar tackle position which he resumed after a broken leg sidelined Jim Martinez. He gave us a lot of thrills and laughs, and spearheaded the superb defense that was to “bring home the bacon” so many times.

In the opener, the “hosses” showed a preview of things to come by slaughtering a good Boston College team, 46-6. We got an early look at our strong bench after the regulars had rolled up a comfortable 20-6 halftime edge. Forrestal was named as INS “Player of the Week.” It seemed that everybody got into the act in this one, as the offense rolled up 428 yards. In the first regular season poll, AP ranked the Mids fifth in the nation.

### *Navy’s All—Americans*



*Bob Reifsnnyder*



*Tom Forrestal*

*who we contended were one of...*

*... the best teams around.*



Wellborn rolling against William and Mary.

On the next weekend, the Indians from William and Mary journeyed up from Williamsburg for our annual Homecoming Game. The regulars had to do most of the work this time as the Redskins put up a stiff first half battle. Our depth told the story, however, and the budding steamroller was again on top, 33-6. Dick Dagampat scored two TD's, one of them on a spectacular double lateral play after Oldham and Wayne McKee had moved the ball 47 yards. Harry Hurst also got two scores on runs of 17 and 36 yards, and Oldham got the fifth touchdown as well as converting three times. It made for a very happy afternoon for both mids and the old grads. AP dropped us to sixth on their poll as we really began to look forward to a great season.

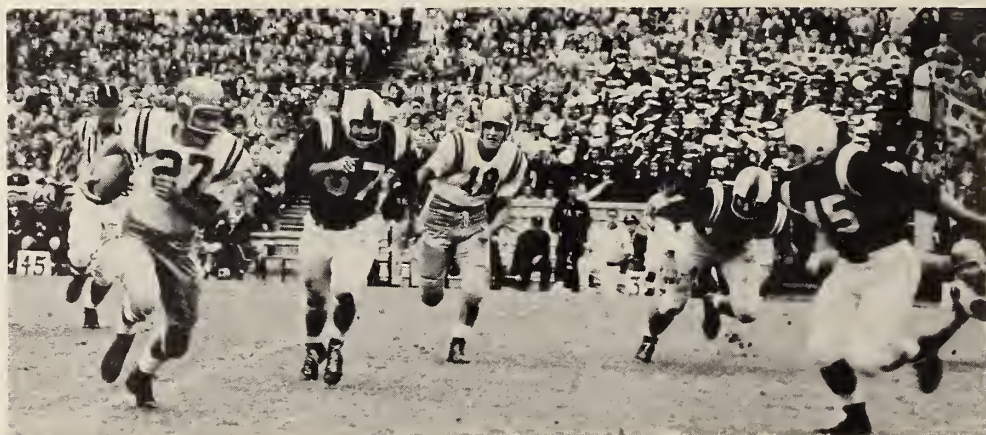


Halfback Harry Hurst.

Eddie and his boys traveled down to Chapel Hill in Tarheel land the following week to try to even a long-standing score with Jim Tatum. The jinx was still on, however, and the final gun found us a surprise 13-7 loser. Harry Hurst got the only counter for the Blue and Gold. We were dismayed by the outcome, but couldn't help but feel that maybe it was a good thing in a way. We knew that the team had been tense, and that this was probably what they needed to take the pressure off and jell them into a solid unit. With the rough part of the schedule coming up, it looked as if it might even have been a good break. As a result, however, Navy dropped out of the top twenty completely.

The Oldham Express.

End Pete Jokanovich.



Tommy looking for a receiver.

Guard Tony Stremic.





# Week by week, they made us...

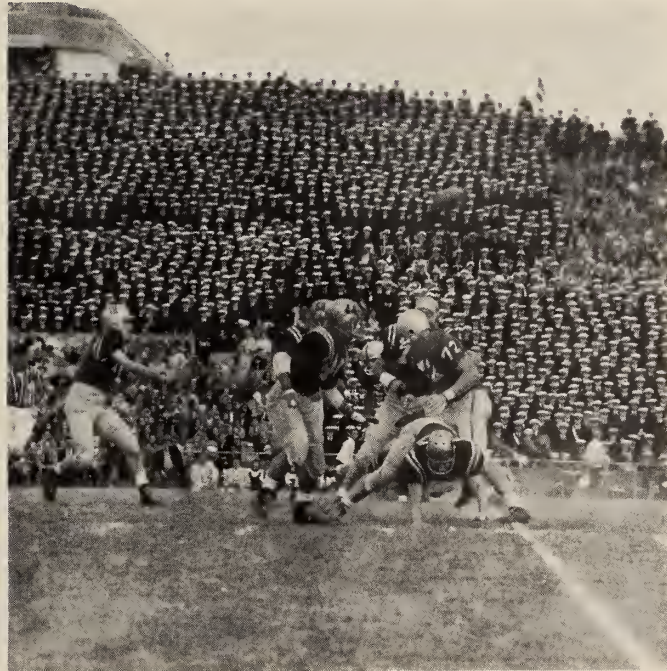
It was off to Berkeley on the Golden Coast the next week, and again the bench came through in fine style. After the regular attack had sputtered and left the Mids on the short end of 6-0 halftime score, the second unit, guided by Pat Flood, squared away and produced a score late in the third quarter. After they tied it, the regulars took over again, and it was smooth sailing the rest of the way. Forrestal followed Martinez into the end zone for the second tally, and two plays later, Oldham intercepted a Cal pass and returned it to the one. On the next play, he took it over for the third score. The final score was Navy 20, California 6; we came up to fifteenth place among the nation's gridiron powers.



Where's California?



Jim Martinez  
Tackle



Tommy bombing the Bulldogs.



George Fritzing  
Guard

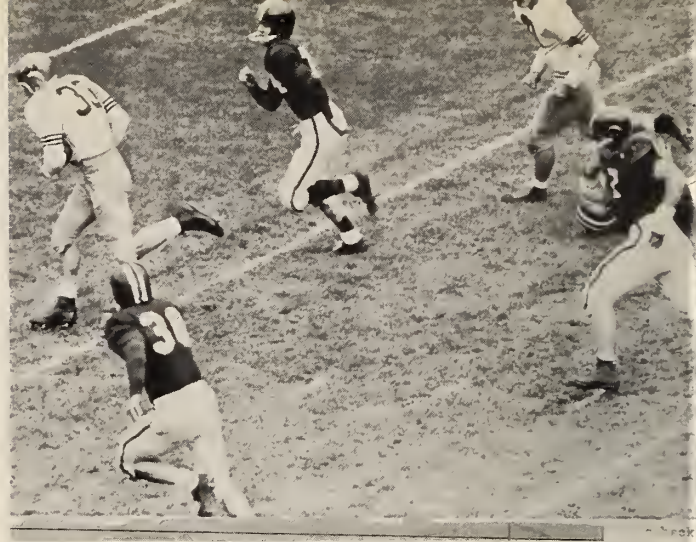
In the annual Oyster Bowl game in Norfolk, we met the Georgia Bulldogs and had a fight on our hands. Finding the Georgians to have been vastly underrated, the "Hosses" still had the punch both offensively and defensively to win, 27-14. Ray Wellborn scampered for two touchdowns, Oldham got another, and Forrestal sneaked six yards for the fourth. Tom was voted the outstanding player of the game, and had a post-game ranking of number six in the nation in total offense. We woke up to the fact that it was our defense that was telling a large part of the story after seeing the "Grocery Seven" ranked third in total defense. The AP dropped us to sixteenth place in the weekly standings.



Good interference leads the way.

# *proud, whether they...*

In the City of Brotherly Love the following weekend, Forrestal really had himself a day. Guiding the offense like a genius, he passed for four touchdowns in the first forty minutes before turning things over to Flood and Joe Tranchini. He completed 8 out of 13 passes for 162 yards, truly showing his ranking as the fifth best passer in the nation. Hurst had another good day, scoring three times, all on passes from Tommy. Wellborn got one and Zeke Zembrzuski the final tally as Penn went down easily, 35-7. We felt now that the team had really reached a peak and couldn't help but feel a bit annoyed when AP kept us right there at number sixteen.



Wellborn rolling in high gear.



Hustling Harry eluding the Irish.

The peak was reached none too soon, for the following Saturday was Knute Rockne Day out in South Bend and the Mids were the guests of honor. We knew that the Fighting Irish were out for blood; they were undefeated and we were definitely the underdogs. But they hadn't reckoned with the fired-up Blue and Gold, both on the field and back in the new field house where the BAC had rigged up the unforgettable "cheering by remote control." They definitely hadn't figured on a "substitute" fullback named Ray Wellborn, who ran wild all afternoon. Playing like a man on fire, Ray scored all three Navy touchdowns, one on a brilliant 79-yard run. For the afternoon, he made 112 yards on 10 carries and averaged 50.2 yards on three punts. In spite of his brilliant performance, we knew that here was a great team effort, as the Irish only netted four yards in the second half. Ray was named as the AP back of the week and the team shot up to seventh place in the weekly poll.



Dick Dagampat  
Fullback



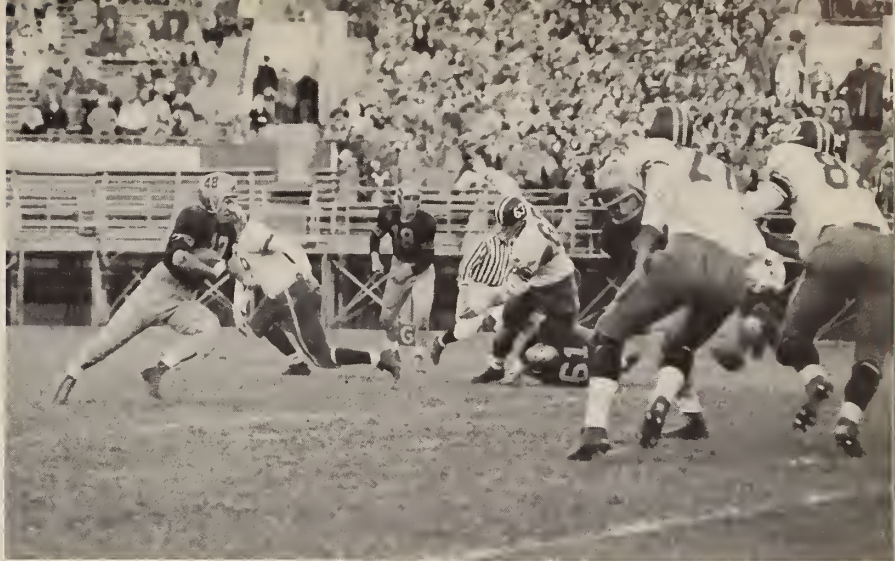
Ray Wellborn  
Fullback

"Have ball—will travel".

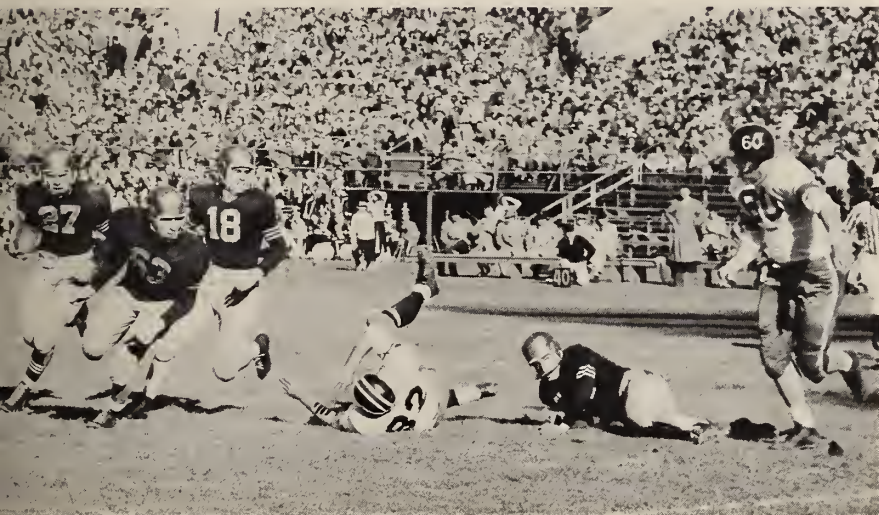


Tony Anthony  
Tackle

Now, with a 6-1 record, the Mids moved into what was expected to be the toughest game of the season with Duke in Baltimore. We had tied with the Blue Devils three times in the past four years, and wanted to win at all costs—but fate was against both teams. Even though Navy doubled Duke in the statistics, they were stalemated once again to the tune of 6-6. Wayne McKee tallied Navy's sole TD on a beautiful pass from Forrester. We seemed to be especially hampered by penalties after long gains down to within their ten, and by a case of fumbleitis of Forrester's deadeye aeriels. We dropped to ninth place in the eyes of AP.



Brence looking for daylight against Duke.



Ned and a couple of friends.



Pat Flood  
Quarterback

The next week found us in Baltimore again to see the Mids do battle against George Washington in a tuneup for the Big One. The Colonials tried to make a fight of it, but it was quickly no contest. Everybody got into the scoring parade and by the time it was over, it was Navy by a whitewash, 52-0, in a truly deceiving score. All told, the Blue rolled up a staggering 502 yards and when the weekly statistics came out, we stood third in both total offense and total defense. We came back up to ninth place in the country, and noticed that Army was ranked tenth. We were ready for the Big Game, and we wanted it bad . . .

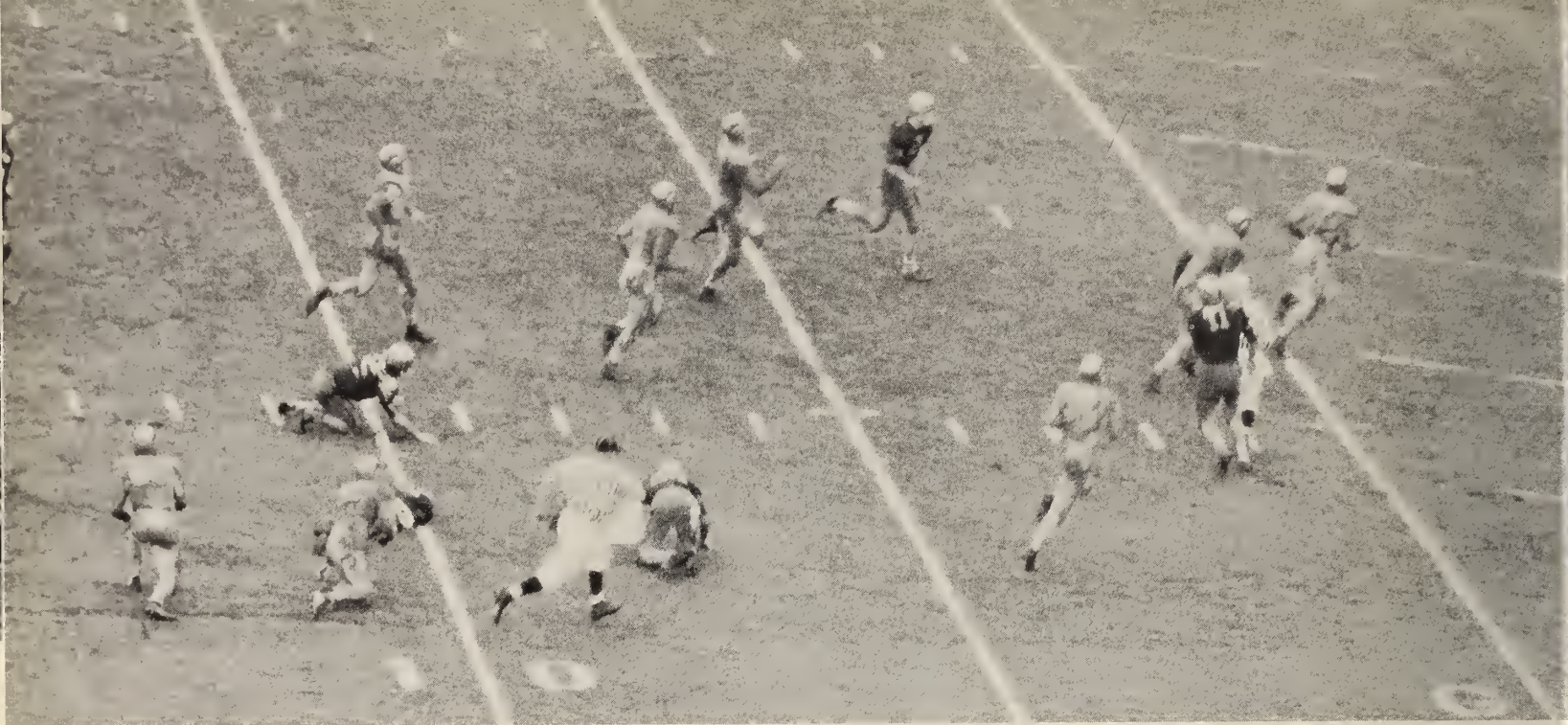


Bob Caldwell  
Guard

One of many against the Colonials.

*won or lost — then...*





Ned's run to glory.



Wellborn headed for yardage.

It was a rainy, dreary day and very depressing for many of the fans who had come from hundreds of miles around, not to mention the Brigade, who feared the effect of the elements on Navy's bread and butter passing attack. We almost swam into the huge stadium; the spirit was at an all-time high, but there was still that one big question in everyone's mind. Then, right before game time, the rain subsided, we removed the cap covers, and the teams came on the field. Eddie had done it again—the team was wearing sky blue jerseys—and everyone was yelling "This one for Rosie!" Right away it looked like Navy's day.

Characteristically a daring outfit, the Mids rose above four fumbles to decisively dominate both the rushing and passing games. Appropriately, the Man of the Hour was none other than Ned Oldham, making his first appearance after a five game absence. In a performance that none of us will ever forget, he literally tore the vaunted Cadets to ribbons.



Even Bill looked pleased.



One of the halftime floats.

*it was off to Philly...*



Bill didn't like the mules, either.



Watching the team warm up.

Ned electrified the huge crowd toward the end of the first quarter when somehow he eluded what seemed to be the whole Army team to score from the six. As if this wasn't enough, he did it again in the fourth stanza, when he drove the Brigade wild with joy with a brilliant 44-yard scat with an Army punt. He scored all 14 of the Navy points and put in a performance that truly belongs with the finest in the big game's annals. Much of Navy's great success was due to our unsung "Grocery Seven," who stopped the fabled Cadet runners, notably Bob Anderson, dead in their tracks. It was the greatest afternoon of the season for our defensive units, and they had been nothing short of sensational during the entire season. Big Reif was named the outstanding lineman of the day, but who can forget the wonderful performances of such gents as Stremic, Jokanovich, and the rest of that historic line? Navy 14, Army 0—this was the greatest team ever—it was on to the Cotton Bowl!!



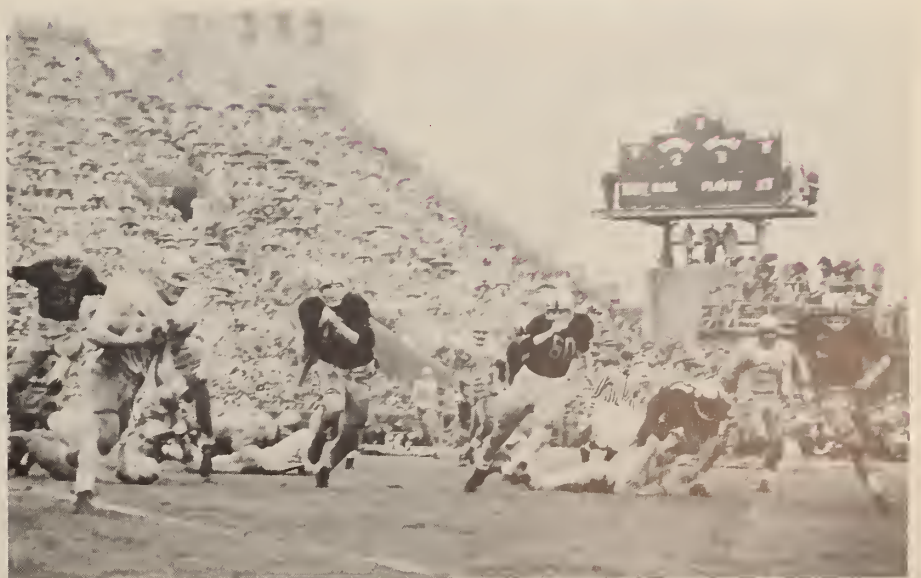
Tom flips one for Hurst.



The Army mule.



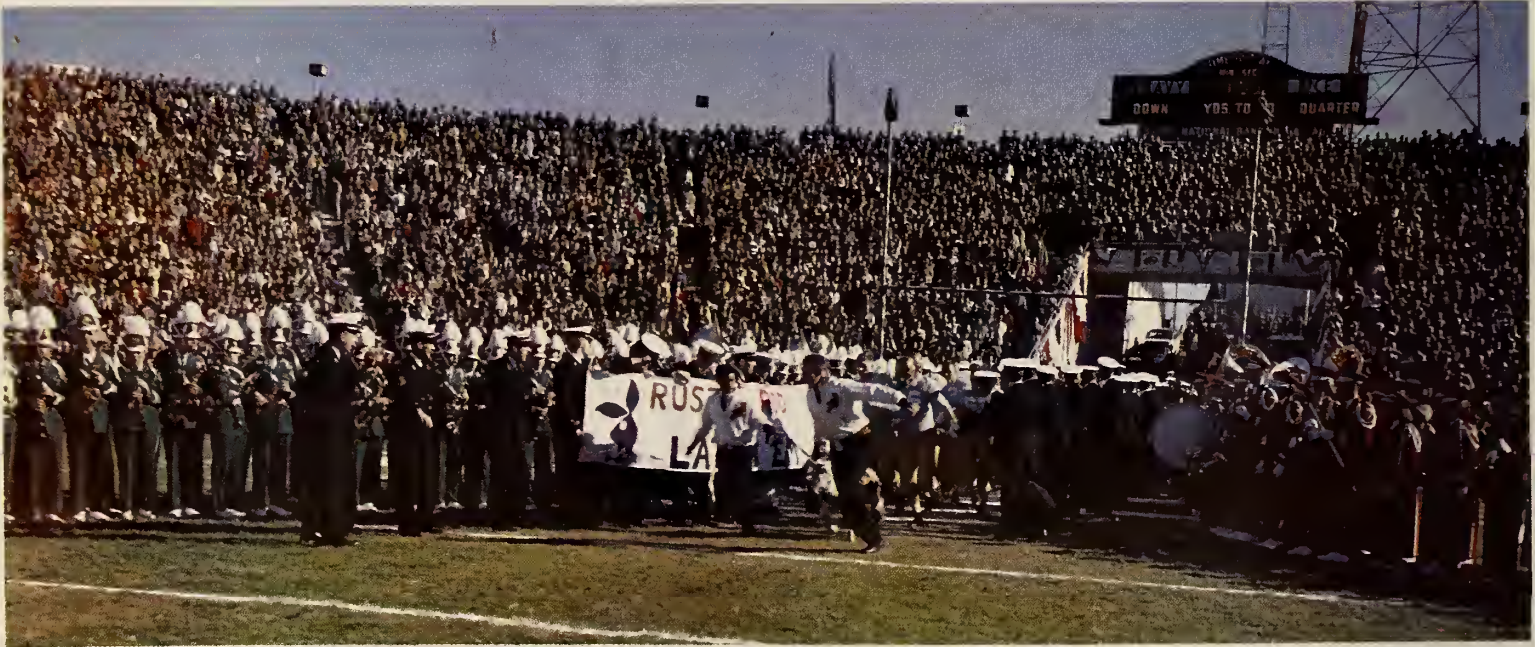
More halftime entertainment.



Oldham and a few Cadets in hot pursuit.

*to bring home the big one.*

# And then to Dallas...



Bringing out *the* team for the last time.

## NAVY 20



Not too many, but awfully happy.

It was on to Dallas and the Cotton Bowl—the second bowl game that we had seen, this time against the Rice Owls, cream of the Southwest Conference. Although not too many of us could make the trip, the team knew that the thoughts of the entire Brigade, as well as Navy people all over the world, would be with them.

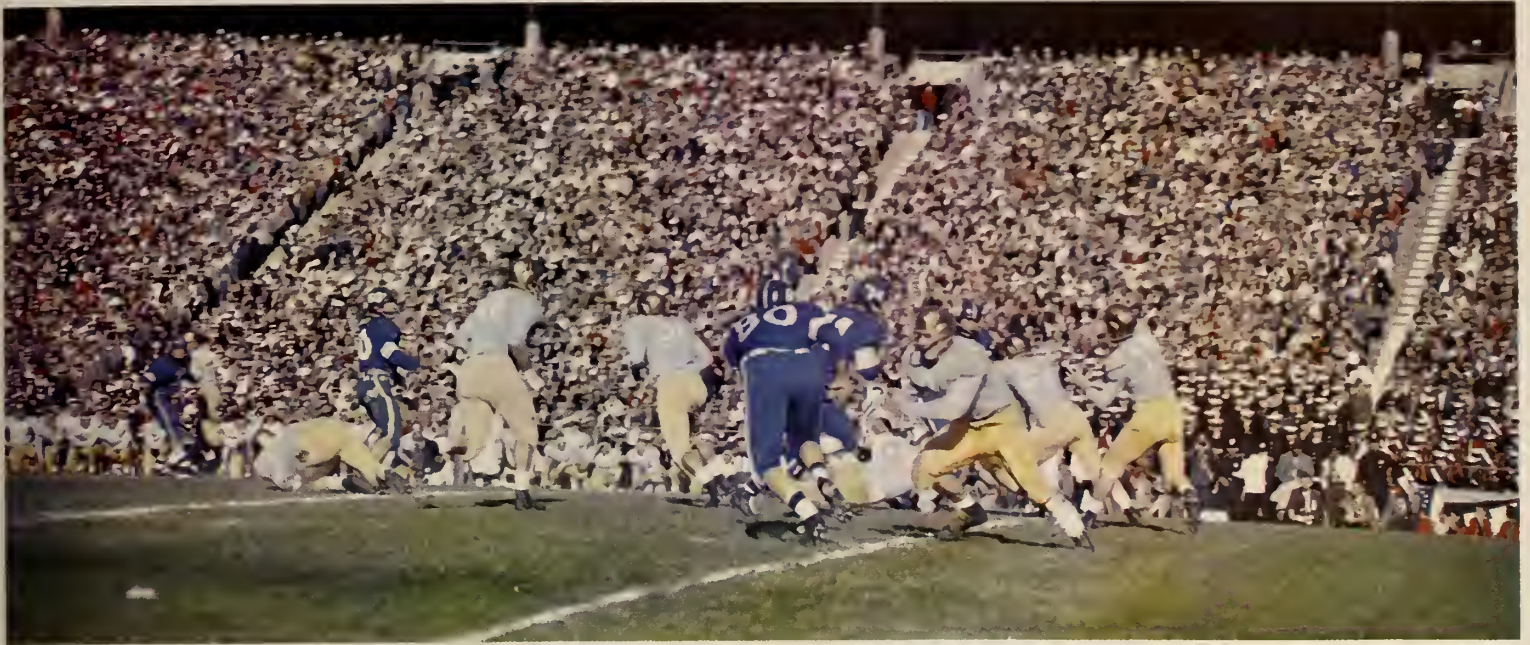
Soon after the teams took the field, it was clearly evident who was the best. The bombs of Tom Forrestal, the bursts of Harry Hurst, Ray Wellborn, and Roland Brandquist, and the superb defense put up by the famed “Grocery Seven” sent us into wild jubilation and riddled the Owls until they were a beaten team even before halftime. The Tars broke the ice in the first period after Brandquist recovered a fumble on the Rice 33; he then sparked the second unit on a drive which took just eight plays before Joe Tranchini slid into paydirt from the one.

In the second quarter, Hurst made it 13-0 when he



Harry follows the “Grocery Seven.”

# ... and the Cotton Bowl.



## RICE 7

Tommy shot 'em full of holes.

scouted around left end with a pitchout. Our great defense, anchored by Bob Reifsnnyder and Tony Stremic, was giving Rice fits all day; remember King Hill's paltry 14 yards rushing? Captain Ned Oldham added the third counter in the third stanza with a beautiful 19-yard flight on an option play. Rice finally scored late in the same quarter when Frank Ryan flipped a six-yard bullet to Williams, and the final count stood at 20-7, in one of the best-played Navy games that we can remember.

A tribute to Coach Eddie's coaching genius, the game was as well a fitting farewell by the stalwarts of '58 who gave us so many thrills. Forrestal again showed the country why we think he's the best there is, Hurst and Oldham were great, but most of all it'll be a guy named Stremic that we'll remember the longest for this one. Playing with a leg full of novocain, his play truly ranks with the greatest of champions. It was a fitting last for the best team that the Naval Academy ever saw.



As most of us saw it.

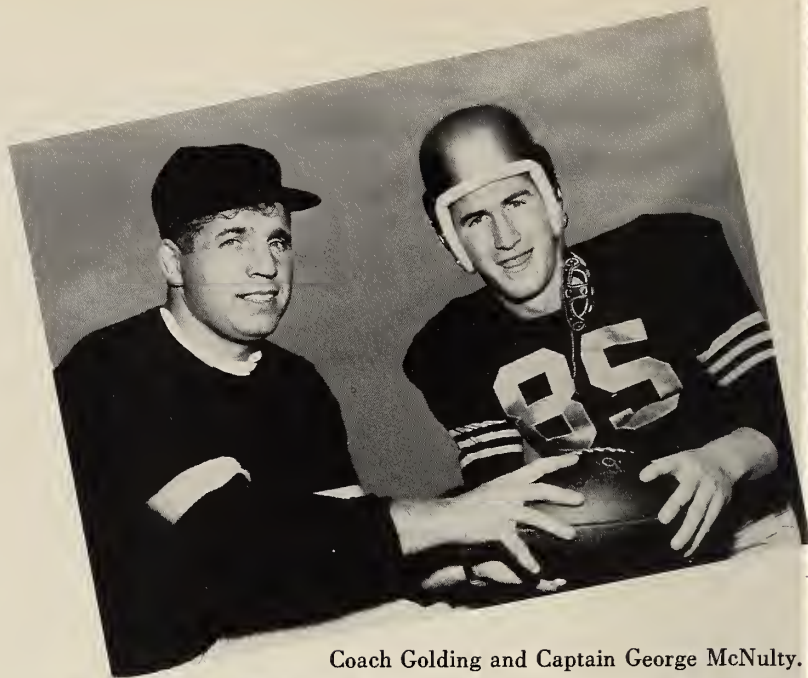


Six points as the Rice ship goes down.

# *It was where we...*

The Mighty Mites always have a lot to live up to; perennially one of Navy's top teams, their record is something which we will always remember with pride. Coach Ed Golding had lost a few key men via graduation, but this year's team was again expected to be tops in their class.

Starting strong, they brought back a win over Cornell, 19-0. Most of the early season effort was bent toward the heralded first game with Army; it was the first match in lightweight history with West Point. It was truly a gala event, complete with the presence of the Commander-in-Chief and the famed Sundowners of the Marine Corps. The First Regiment marched on and all the proceeds were to go to the fund for the new stadium. It turned out to be a game in the best traditions of Army-Navy sports warfare; the two teams battled hard for almost the entire game without a point being scored.



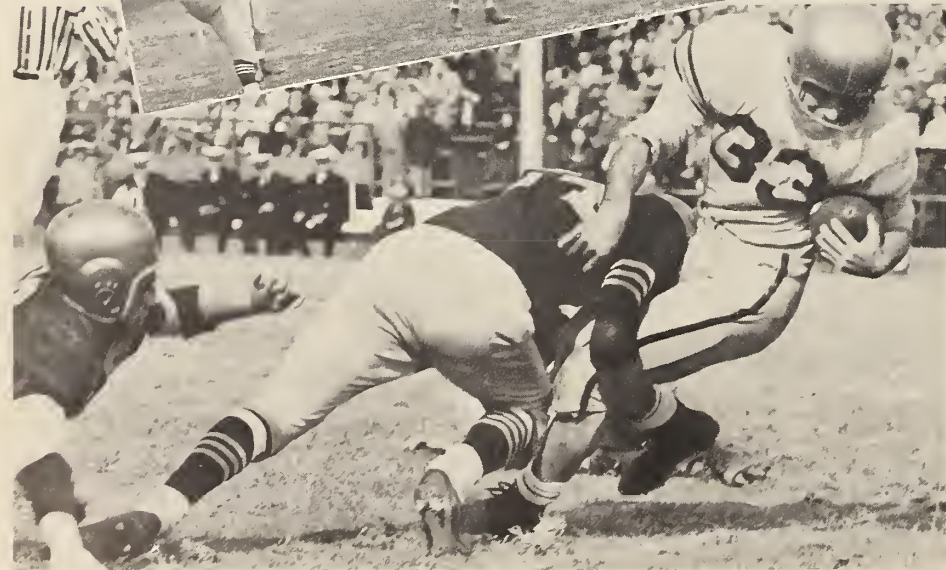
Coach Golding and Captain George McNulty.

## *The Mighty Mites*

Pratt boots one out in practice.



Donnie on an end sweep.



Desselle hated Kaydets.



Heading for trouble.



The Cadets enjoyed a wide statistical edge, but couldn't seem to score against Navy's tough goal-line defenses. Finally, in the last 55 seconds, Army's Ralph Wensinger plunged over from the one and West Point had the first one, 7-0. It was a thriller all the way, and in the President's own words, "It was like sinking a putt on the 18th green."

Rutgers proved another stumbling block the next week to the tune of 18-0, but the Mighty Mites ended strong with decisive wins over Princeton and Penn.

Captain George McNulty showed great end play besides the all-important role as leader and "take-charge guy." Fullback Pete Shields has to be singled out for his hard running and an uncanny ability to get the crucial few yards when they were most needed. Center Reid Olson, guard Lenny Etcho, and halfback Dick Super were other standouts. Although failing to retain their national championship, the Mighty Mites showed more than their share of fight and spirit and not enough can be said in their praise.



Left to right: Front row—Hill, Mahelona, Maiolo, Harris, Wangeman, Kiger. Second row—Honadle, Bray, Etcho, Olson, Vickery, McNulty, Desselle, Wilson, Pratt, Wells, Allard. Third row—Ballard, Wright, Wilson, Shiverdecker, Szczypinski, Shields, Denney, Erickson, Simmons, Gridley, Ascher, Gantt. Fourth row—Super, Neely, Thompson, Cook, Mariano, Morgan, Kartvedt, Fendorf, Berkowitz, McGowen. Fifth row—Barton, Rutherford, Westfahl, Hahn, Braman, Van Landingham, Prebola, Carpenter, Littlefield, Preston.



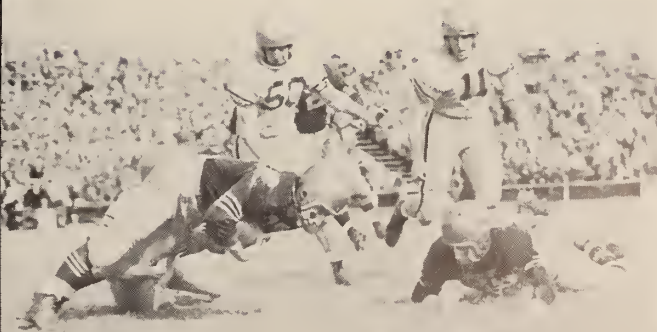
A West Point alumnus.



Larson accepts a sword.



Gridley without friends.



The deck coming up.

*watched the Mighty Mites and...*

# Lacrosse



Coach "Dinty" Moore and Captain Ed Britton.

Spring at the Naval Academy would never have been quite complete without the appearance of Coach "Dinty" Moore's lacrosse stalwarts, always among the best teams which Navy fielded. This year saw a record turnout of candidates, the remnants of which have been welded into a topnotch offensive and defensive unit. There has even been talk of another championship squad, but an early writing has seen only Loyola of nearby Baltimore played. The team shows a red-hot attack unit, strong midfielders, and a stout defense; hopes are high for another great year.

The attack is spearheaded by the great Jack Carter, who pours them in from every imaginable angle. His tremendous scoring abilities are a coach's dream. Teamed with him are Gene McKenzie, one of the strongest shotmakers around, and Youngster Karl Ripplemeyer, who seems destined for great things.



Left to right: Front row—Oldham, Gies, Carson, Byng, McNulty, Britton, Carter, McKenzie, Williams J.D., White, Helweg. Second row—Coach Moore, Moerschel, Gibbons, Fiene, Fitzpatrick, Wells, Dukes, Jesperg, Corroum, Chiles, Williams J.C., Whipps, Chall, Cdr. Pauli. Third row—Ryder, Murphy, Bass, Byrne, Reenes, Inderlied, Metzler, Ripplemeyer, Hasty, King, Newburn.

*Dinty's "butterfly-chasers" who...*

# could beat the Indians...



Action around the Loyola goal.

Captain Eddie Britton heads a good defensive unit and is himself one of the best in the country. The crease is well guarded when he and segundo Jim Fiene cavort in front of opposing attackers. Fiene plays a wicked game with this offense and can always be found breaking up one of their forays. Diminutive Mickey Carson seems to be the best of the goalies, which is a tribute in itself; he is ably backed up by Bill Dukes and the competition between the two always keeps Navy's goal well guarded.

The midfielders, strong on potential and weak only in seasoning, are headed by footballer Ned Oldham and Lee Gies. Bob Byng has also shown quite well from this position.

The mere narrowing down of the squad from its original proportions has, in itself, produced a fine team. Men like Otto Helweg, J.D. Williams, Gene Fitzpatrick, Russ Whipps, and George McNulty provide the team with both power and seasoning.

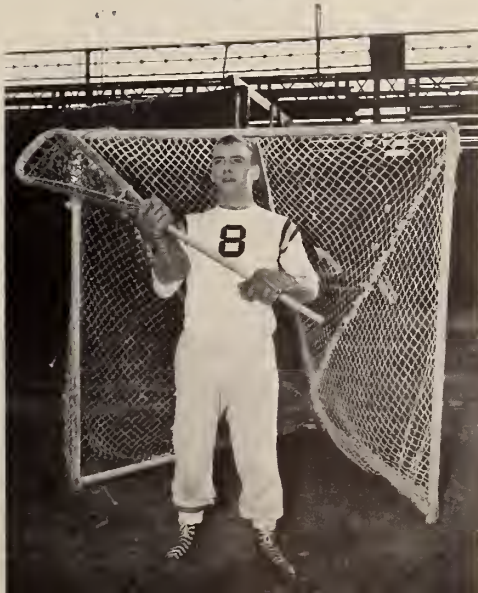


Getting set for the opening scramble.

Ned Oldham  
Midfield

Mickey Carson  
Goalie

Lee Gies  
Midfield



# at their own game. In the Spring,



Jack Carter  
Attack



Tangle against Mt. Washington.



Russ Whipps  
Attack



J.D. Williams  
Midfield



The interior position always wins.



Gene McKenzie  
Attack

A loose ball in the making.

In the first game of the season, we saw the team down a strong Washington College squad to the resounding tune of 17-8. Ripplemeyer chipped in five scores, functioning perfectly with Carter and McKenzie. Britton was tremendous on defense, as was Carson in the nets. They stopped some beautiful shots, and the ones that did get by deserved to. It seemed evident that Coach Moore had blended his usual coaching brilliance to the very best advantage with the talent and experience of the squad. With teams like Maryland, Hopkins, and Army in the offing, we know that the boys will have to be good; however, we consider this a foregone conclusion.

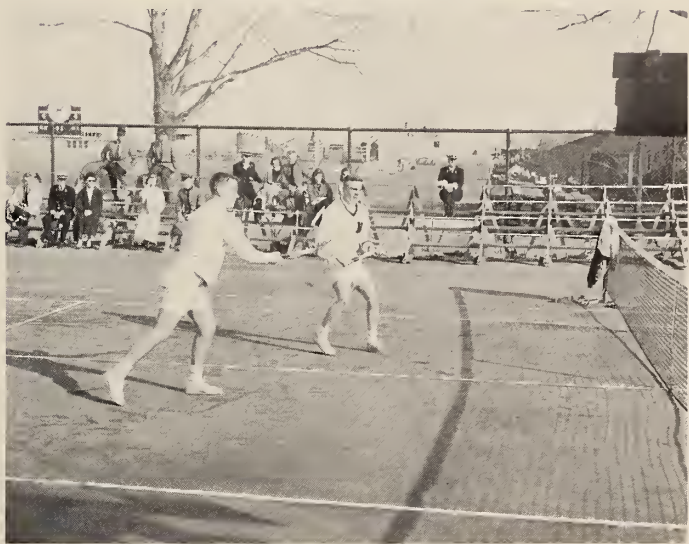
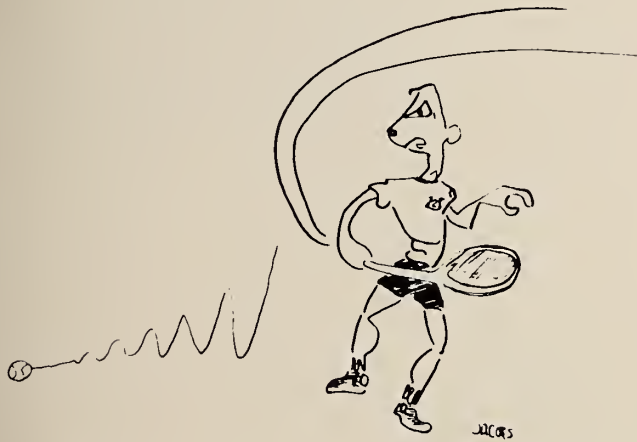


# Tennis

Individual skills plus great depth could describe this year's warriors of the tennis courts; Coach Robert Bender found several lettermen, as well as the nucleus of last year's good Plebe team waiting for him when he assumed his duties for the first time. Foremost of the veterans, of course, was big John Griffiths, who has been winning matches for Navy for three years. Segundo Bill Harris backed him up in the two position, with Youngster Dave Haughton coming on to win the third position after playing first for the Plebes last year. Others of note were Dick Hanson, Dick Johnson, Stamps Howard, and Jim Adkins, giving this team a lot of depth and strength. Looking toward a tough schedule, Coach Bender can expect this team to do well against all opponents, with a ninth in a row over Army.



Coach Bender and Captain John Griffiths.



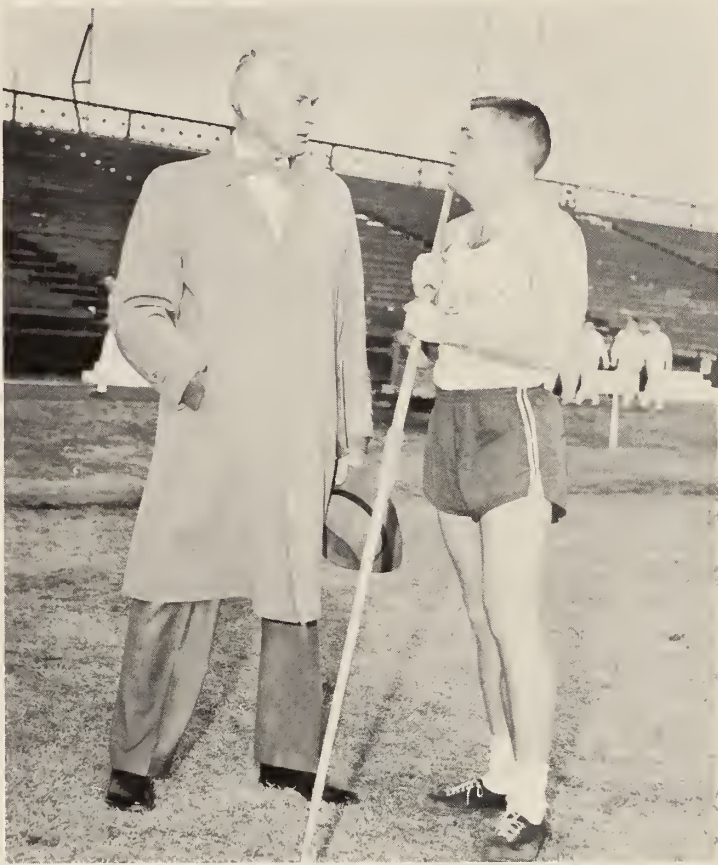
Doubles against Haverford.



Left to right: Front row—Watts, Temple, Rike, Manning, Lowry, Parsons, Haughton, Osburn, Ciccone. Second row—Capt. Leftwich, Hassler, Harris, Baker, Adkins, Griffiths, Hanson, Johnson, Howard, Bengston, Coach Bender.

*tennis caught our eye, and...*

# Navy's thinclads raced around the...



Coach "Tommy" Thomson and Captain Wayne Morris.

## Track

Optimism seemed to be the order of the day whenever one stopped to watch Coach Earl Thompson's thinclads working out on the Thomson oval this spring. Fresh from a highly successful winter season and with the return of some outstanding men from last year's squad, this team looks at this campaign as *the* year for Navy track fans. Endowed with some strong individual performers as well as the customary depth, Coaches Thomson and Jim Gehrdes seemed to enjoy their work.

Captain Wayne Morris typified the outlooks of the Navy team this year; back for his final fling at the track wars, he seemed ready to take his rightful place as one of the East's finest in the javelin. Together with versatile Al Swanson, he gave Navy a very strong punch in this event. Randy Teague returned to give us his version of the "flying young man" over the broad jump pits; he's been one of the best around for two years and looked better than ever this spring.

*Left to right: Front row—*Cdr. Wiggins, Hilder, Krese, Hight, Maxson, Morris, Eilertsen, Beaton, Baker, Kunkle, Coach Thomson. *Second row—*Dunn, Osburn, Smith A.K., Neal, Craver, Osmon, Swanson, Cotterman, Rutherford, Pendley. *Third row—*Dettbarn, Darrow, Phillips, Sharp, Chavez, Cobb, Schroeder, Short, Criste, Van Houten, Davis. *Fourth row—*Kautman, Cutcomb, Carestia, Caldwell, Boyer, Hudalla, Baum, Reese, Koontz, Elledge, Houley. *Fifth row—*Pyle, Garrett, March, Clark, Young, Arcuni, Austin, MacLeod, Bruntlett, Katz. *Sixth row—*Lt. Barrow, McMichael, Michels, Eshelman, Palmer, Winter, Smith B.N., McHenry, Beard.





Randy Teague, of broad jump fame.



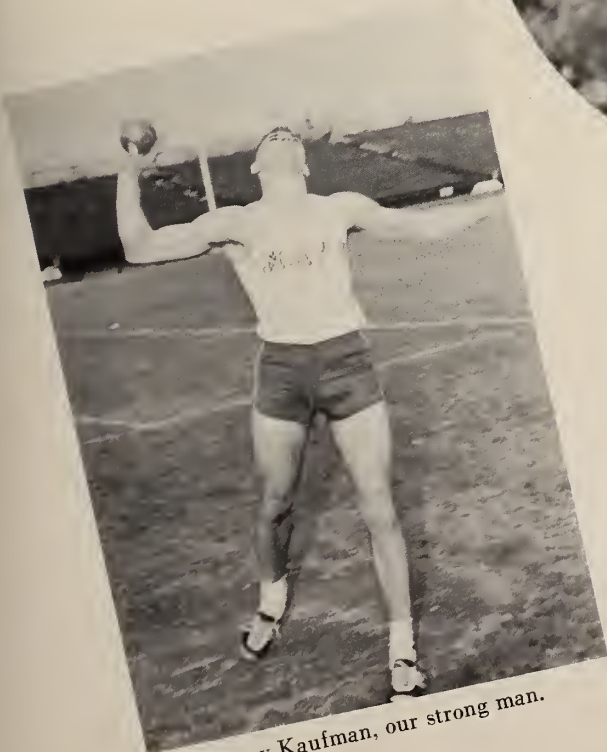
Al Swanson demonstrating top form.



Perfecting the give and go.



What goes up must come down.



Larry Kaufman, our strong man.

Jake McMichael headed a powerful array of polevaulter; what coach wouldn't have liked to have the likes of Jake, Bob Michael, and Bob Beaton, thirteen footers all, in his camp? Larry Kaufman and Youngster Paul Mankowich seemed to be the class of the weights, especially the shot, where Mankowich shows great promise. In addition to all this, Coach Thomson found himself blessed with long, tall Lew Hilder, who broke all the Plebe records in the high jump last year and who seems to be ever reaching into the stratosphere.

*oval and weekly thrilled us as they...*

# beat some of the best teams...



High jumper Lew Hilden



"Pooch" Caldwell heaves for distance.

In the running events, the Mids seemed to have any number of strong sprinters, headed by Jack Langford, Teague, and Art Smith. The middle distances, the quarter and the half, were more than ably handled by such as Fred March and Jack Dettbarn. March looked like one of the best half milers to come to Navy in many a moon as a youngster last year. The cream of last fall's outstanding cross-country team held down the distance events in fine

fashion; such men as Brad Smith and Tom Monaghan look good in any league or competition.

Although an early writing prevented a look at this team in actual competition, we feel sure that it is destined only for success, if only off the strength of the winter season. A tough schedule doesn't look like too much of an obstacle.

Morris and Swanson, spear men extraordinary.



McMichael roaring down the runway.







Turning on the speed.



Navy showing well in the two-mile.

*around. Leaving Thompson Stadium,*

*we find our pride and joy,*



Work begins.



Starting to take shape.

## *The Field House*

Leaving Thompson Stadium, we now bring you to the Fieldhouse, rightly called the Academy's pride and joy. At the end of Plebe year, we learned to live with the many noises of construction as the dream began to take form out on old Holland Field. We anxiously awaited its completion during the next two years and the much-needed effect that it would have on our lives. Finally, '57's June Week brought its introduction to the Brigade and we'll not soon forget the feeling of awe when we first saw the many benefits that it would bring to us.

Here we watched the Four Lads, cheered on many of the winter sports teams, welcomed visiting teams, and used its massive facilities for our own recreation. Whatever the activity, we feel that it is the finest of its kind anywhere. A long-awaited dream had at last been fulfilled. Come in and I'll try to show you some of the activities that took place here. . . .



The finished product.

# where we welcomed the visitors



Hosting guests in the mess hall.



Pre-game relaxation.

Every week, the Naval Academy would play host to a number of visiting athletic teams from all over the country. It was the duty of the men of the Reception Committee to take charge of these visitors in order to show them around, answer their questions, and to generally make them feel at home. Even though these men were known to get out of a weekend watch or two to attend to their duties, the job of welcoming these many and varied squads did not always seem like the easiest task in the world. It was an important function, one which did much to further good feelings between the Academy and a part of the civilian world.



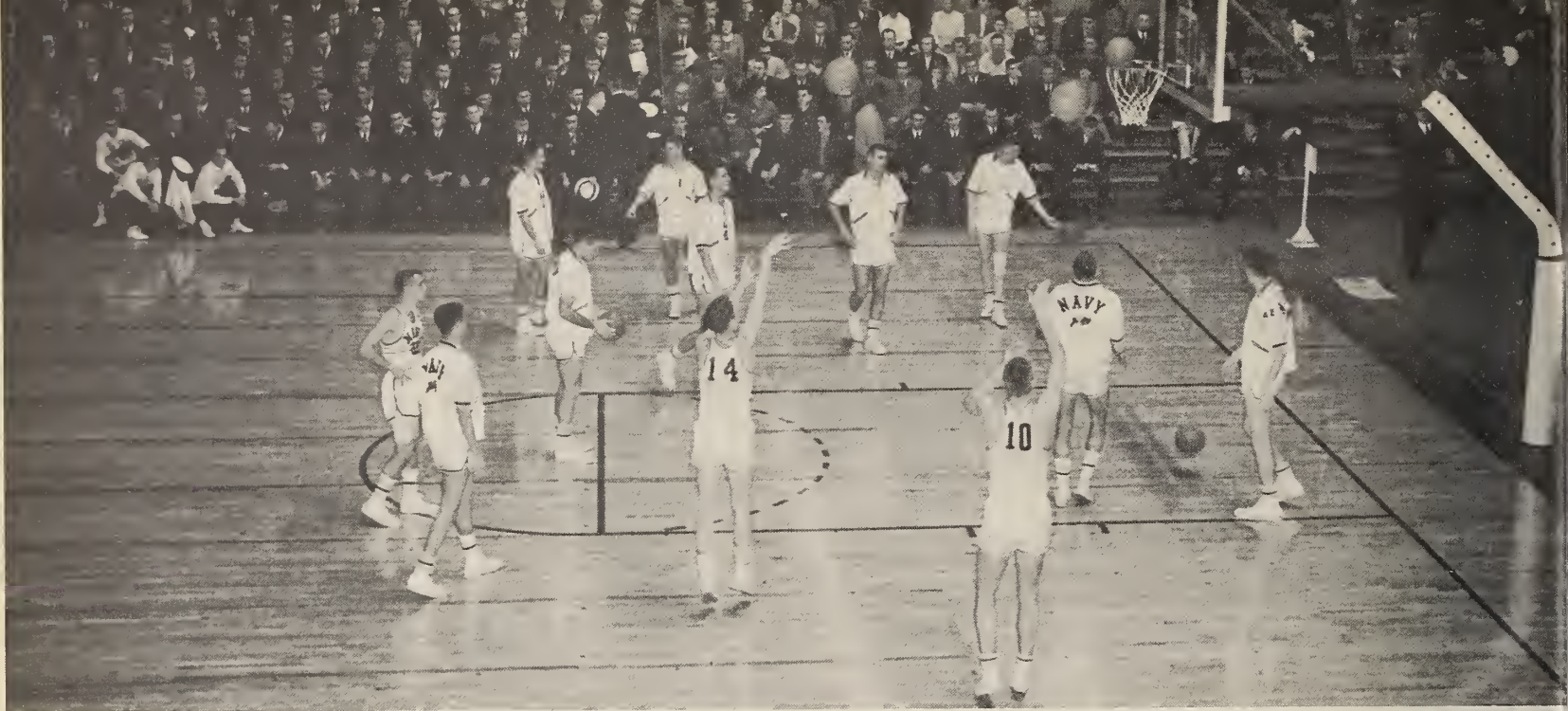
Even the visitors had reveille.



Left to right: Front row—Ingram, McNutt, Stubbs. Second row—Weibly, Demers, Welles.



# before beating them.



The home of the hoopsters.

## *Basketball*



Swanson up for two against Maryland.



Brown goes up for the rebound.

*The hoopsters had a new home,*



Captain Al Swanson and Coach Ben Carnevale.



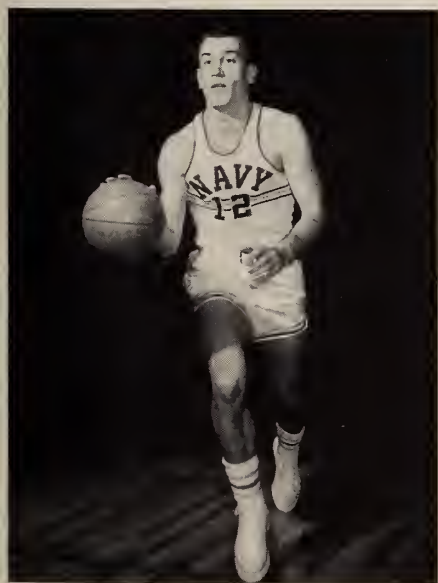
Left to right: Front row—Coach Carnevale, Egan, Johnson, Swanson, Petinos, Sendek, Capt. Daugherty. Second row—Coach Duff, Brown, Higgins, Land, Macke, Metzler, Romo. Third row—Delano, Bower, Mascali, Bagnard, Doyle.

A lot of height, a lot of inexperience, and a lot of spirit gives the profile of this year's basketball warriors. Coach Ben Carnevale must have been a happy man, indeed, when workouts began last fall; he had the cream of one of the great Plebe teams in Navy history plus several returning veterans to wear the Blue and Gold. Better yet, the Youngsters brought a most unusual treasure—height. Choosing to look to the future, Carnevale mixed his Youngsters with the veterans throughout the busy schedule to best advantage, with the overall result that Navy looks like a coming Eastern power.

The season had its ups and downs, with the team looking brilliant on several occasions and painfully cold on others. No one will ever forget the elation that swept the Yard when the hoopsters manhandled the

perennially strong Jaspers from Manhattan to the tune of 90-60. They gave powerful Duke quite a scare before running out of gas in the closing minutes. Low points were encountered as well; several "off" performances resulted in losses to Maryland, Princeton, and William and Mary. The team was always exciting to watch, win or lose; they played the traditional "race-horse" style characteristic of all Navy teams. Teams such as Notre Dame, Duke, Manhattan, and other strong fives filled the schedule. We were always proud of them.

Captain Al Swanson finished off his four years with a great season; his play and leadership were always above reproach. Hustling Joe Sendek was often brilliant; his greatest performance came against Army, when he scored 28 points in a losing effort.



Frank Petinos.



Bower and a Lion in battle.



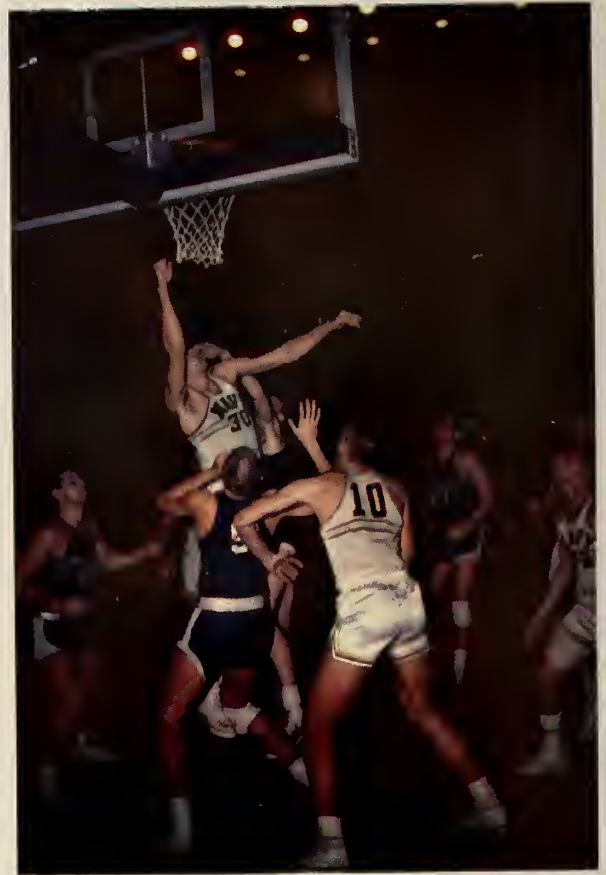
Joe Sendek.

# *many thrills against...*



Bower showed signs of greatness.

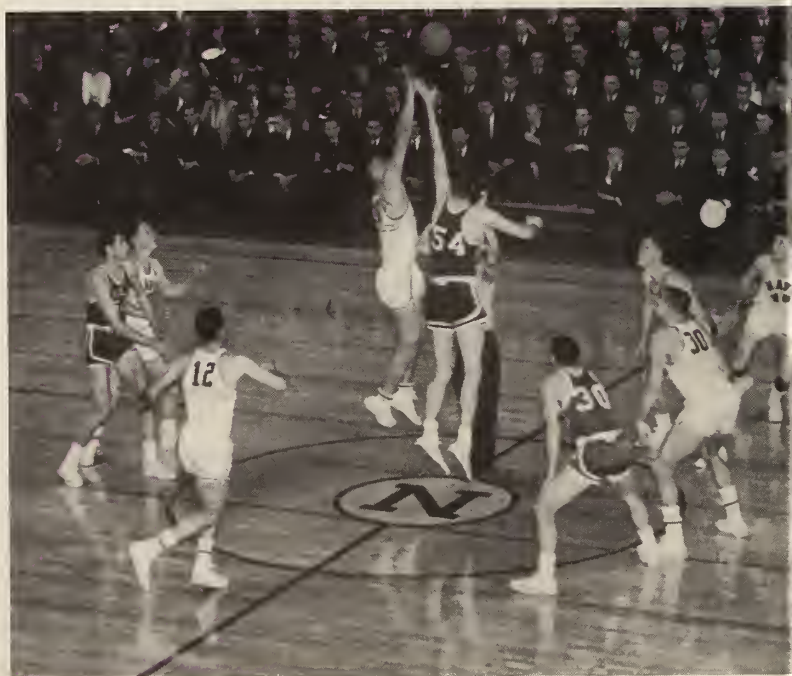
The real story of the season, however, was written by the Youngsters, as a new era in Navy basketball seemed in the making. Jay Metzler and Dick Brown cracked into the starting lineup right away and showed play all season that may put them among Navy's greats. Jim Bower showed signs of greatness with a style of play that soon made him a favorite with the Fieldhouse galleries. Hank Egan, Frank Delano, and Dick Macke rounded out a group that added much needed height as well as skill to our basketball fortunes. Segundos John Mascali and Red Johnson, with firstie Frank Petinos, provided added punch and experience.



A real old-fashioned tangle.



Fast break wizardry.



Opening tipoff against Maryland.



Jump ball.



Sendek had his greatest day.

Going into the Army game with 10-9 record, we were perhaps slight favorites to win our fourth straight over the Cadets. Facing a stubborn zone defense that refused to give, the Midshipmen were in trouble from the start. Failing to score in the first five minutes, the initial deficit was simply too great to overcome. Sendek closed out his career in a blaze of glory as he scored from all over the floor for the rest of the game. The final count stood at 68-58, in favor of the Army, but our men of the hardwood put up a stiff fight in defeat. Losing relatively few by graduation, Coach Carnevale and the Academy can look forward to great possibilities in future basketball wars.

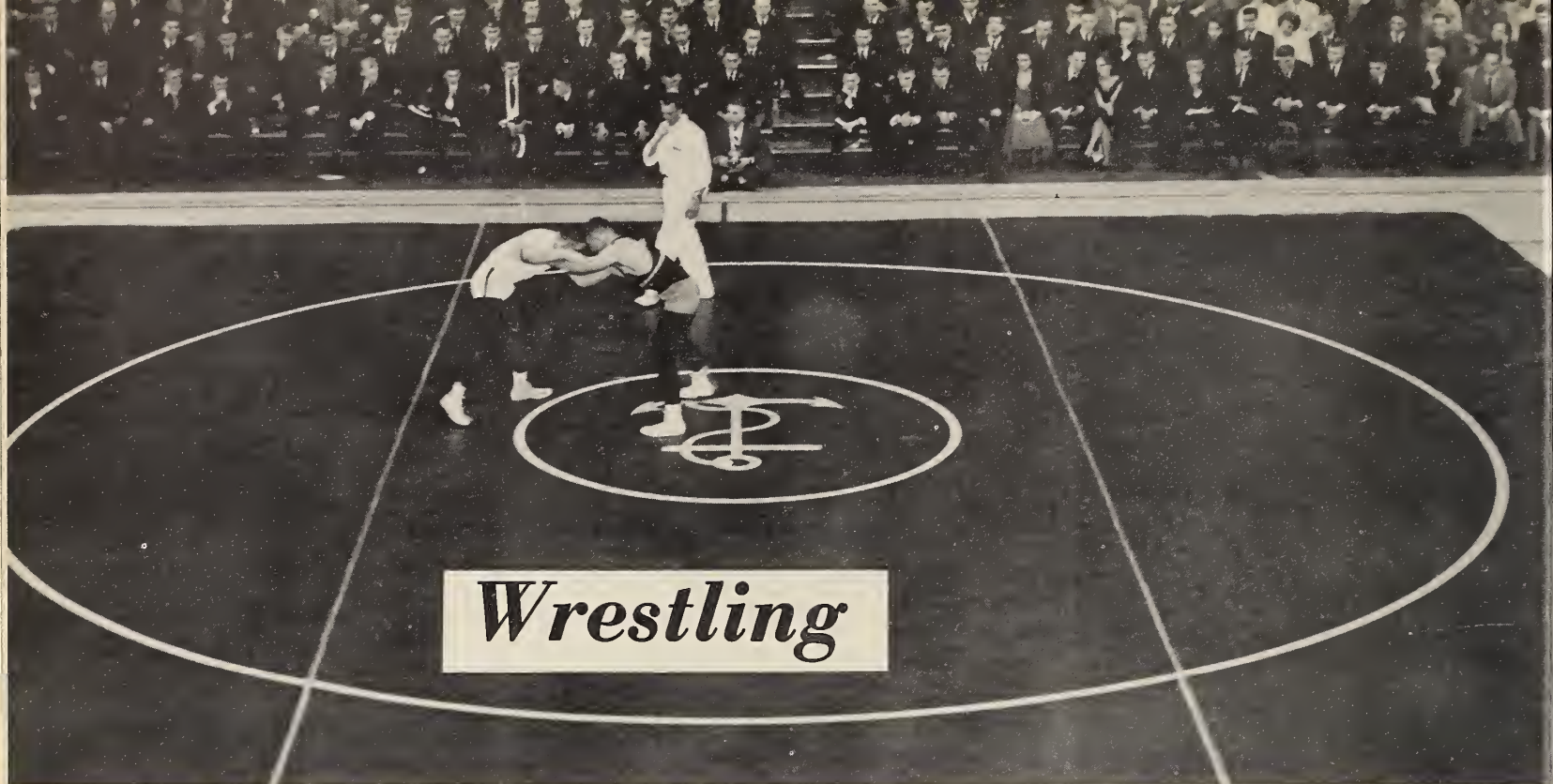


Fierce battle under the boards.



Petinos runs into trouble.

*top-flight competition. Also...*



# Wrestling

Always one of the most popular teams to grace the athletic tastes of Navy fans, this year's version of the "grunt and groaners" had their troubles from the start. Winning three and tying two was perhaps not a true indication of this squad's abilities; the three matches that were lost were to the best teams in the East. Even so, it poses a good question when one thinks of the injuries and sicknesses that plagued Coach Ray Swartz's charges this past campaign. Their popularity never waned; the Fieldhouse was always packed to capacity when the opponents on their formidable schedule came to grapple on the local mats.

Consecutive shutout wins over Columbia and Gettysburg got the season to a good start. Weaknesses were first noted in the lightweight spots, but it hardly mattered; these first teams were simply no match. Now, however, things began to go wrong. A couple of separated shoulders and the winter measles epidemic hit the team hard, and the next few weeks were featured by a constantly changing lineup, as Coach Swartz tried hard to fill the gaps.



Waiting for their turns on the mat.

The squeeze.





*claiming attention were our special...*

With the tough part of the schedule coming up, the outlook was strangely bleak for a Navy team that was long accustomed to success. The opponents were tough, indeed, as we encountered the likes of Lehigh, Penn State, Pitt, and Maryland, with the big Army match in the offing. The Terps and Penn State were tied, while Lehigh and Pitt, the pride of the East, both downed the Blue and Gold. It looked like fortunes were again on the rise when VMI was massacred with a lineup of second-stringers, with only one bout being lost.

Several men are to be singled out for outstanding performances. Heavyweight Tony Stremic closed out a brilliant Navy career in the same fashion that had distinguished him on the football field. Unbeaten and untied, he was one of the best around. Joe Longton and Bob Green, also graduating, did consistently well; Longton, with his many skills and great determination, was the crowd pleaser.



Coach Swartz and Captains Longton and Stremic.

Remember the many times we stared at this?

IF YOU CAN READ THIS  
YOU ARE PINNED



*Left to right: Front row—Coach Swartz, McKinney, Green, Kessler, Lamphear, Longton, Stremic, Minard, Brainerd, Friedman, Volgenau, Cdr. Oliver. Second row—Skinner, Kihune, Phenegar, Cleveland, McMurray, Della Pruta, Chief MacFadden, Baldwin. Third row—Jones, Hinkle, Ganalak, Woodaman, McMinn, Green, TenBrook, Puau, Austin, Ilg, LaGrua.*

*favorites, Mr. Swartz's finest,*

# *annually a team that Navy...*

Segundos Doug Volgenau was rarely in trouble in any of his bouts; points from his 177-pound matches were always counted upon in the final score. Youngster Jim McKinney showed great promise as the little man; we expect great things from him in the future. Wes Phenegar showed a lot of fire and drive as he finally got the chance to wrestle regularly in this, his final year. The bench kept the regulars hopping as always, as the competition for the starting spots was always keen; many of them got their chance with the great amount of injuries. The spirit of the entire team was always high, thanks mostly, perhaps, to the able leadership of Coach Swartz, one of the alltime greats, and Co-Captains Stremic and Longton.



Volgenau finds Lehigh tough.



Wes Phenegar, determination plus.



Jim McKinney, Youngster standout.



Bob Green, always ready to rough it up.

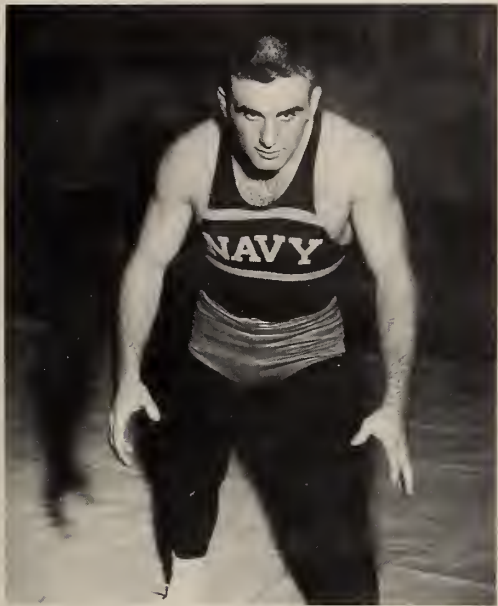


Doug Volgenau, always good for points.



Two points for Navy.

*is very proud to claim.*



Pete Friedman, rough and ready.



Volgenau showing Army how it's done.



Dale Minard, jack of all trades.



Stremic was always the master.

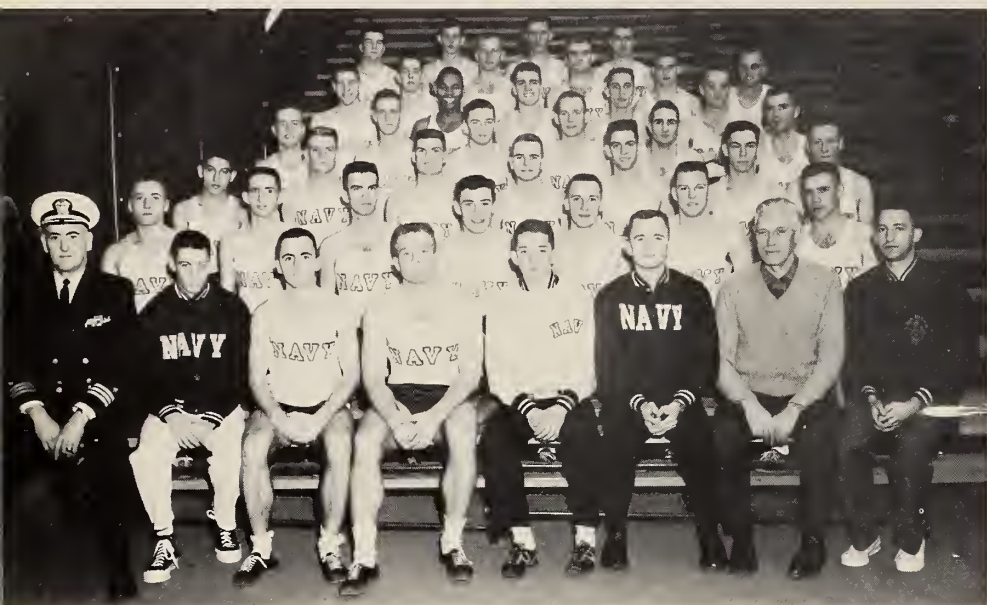


Battle before a packed house.

We knew that the Black Knights were out for blood up at the Point this year. The loss in the first Army-Navy match a year ago rankled deeply. Their record this year showed them to be formidable opponents in every division, but the grapplers still weren't ready for the warm reception that they were to receive. Army's scouting job had been painfully successful; they seemed to be ready for any Navy strategy. Getting off to a roaring start in the lightweight matches, they quickly had a stunning 20-0 lead. The old dependables, Volgenau and Stremic, showed their true class by downing their men, and the final count stood at 20-8. It was, at the same time, both a disappointing and gratifying season. Innumerable obstacles had been met with a lot of fight and spirit, in the face of the traditional tough schedule. Coach Swartz and all Navy wrestling buffs could well be proud of this team.

We finally could see our winter track...

## Indoor Track



Left to Right—Front row: Cdr. Wiggins, Katz, Langford, Morris, Houley, Davis, Coaches Thomson and Gehrdes. Second row: Eshelman, Smith, Palmer, Dunn, March, Dettbarn, Darrow. Third row: Chavez, Monaghan, Baker, Kunkle, Hight, Osburn, Booth. Fourth row: MacLeod, Sharp, Lees, Garrett, Phillips, Beaton. Fifth row: MacHenry, Clark, Van Nort, Michael, Maxson. Sixth row: Bruntlett, Neal, Rippelmeyer, Super, Van Houten. Seventh row: Mankowich, Beard, Teague, Smoot.



Captain Wayne Morris and Coach "Tommy" Thomson.



Passing the baton in the mile relay.

The advent of the new Fieldhouse gave track fans here at Navy their first chance to see indoor track at its finest. Fielding one of his traditionally strong teams in the face of a typically hard schedule, Coach Earl Thomson could point with pride to the accomplishments of his thinclads. Such performers as Jack McMichaels in the pole vault, Lew Hilder in the high jump, a bevy of strong sprinters headed by Jack Langford, Randy Teague in the broad jump, and an outstanding mile relay team kept local track fans in a dither. The team beat some outstanding foes, notably Maryland and Penn State, and copped the VMI Relays championship. It was a fitting debut for winter track on the local scene.

The sprinters digging out of the blocks.



and squash teams display their form.

## Squash



Captain John Griffiths  
and Coach Art Potter



Left to right: Front row—Pinto, LaSala, Martella, Smiley, Osburn, Harmuth, Hanavan, Griffiths. Second row—Capt. Fluckey, Maxfield, Helweg, Hurd, Lowry, Lowsley, Manning, Latimer, Chain, Panzerino, Coach Potter.

Losing six of the first nine men from last year's National Champions, Coach Art Potter had a great rebuilding job to do. The task would have undoubtedly been harder were it not for the presence of John Griffiths, a first classman, who many local squash fans consider to be the best in Naval Academy history. Combining Griffiths' magnificent talents with some very good new blood, Coach Potter could point to his young team with a great deal of pride and hope for the future.

Griffiths, of course, held down the first position

and lost only one match all season. In addition, he won the Maryland State Championships. A Youngster, Dave Lowry, quickly showed a unique style that won him the second spot and some outstanding victories during the year. The team was rounded out by Tony LaSala, Pat Hanavan, and Marv Osborn, with some good Youngsters picking up valuable experience for the future squash wars.

Army took the big one up at the Point, 6-3, but Coach Potter can't help but be proud of the great way that this young team has responded.

Aiming for the corner.



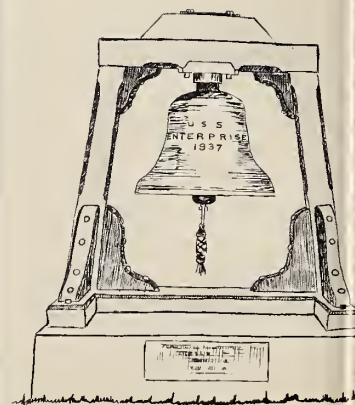
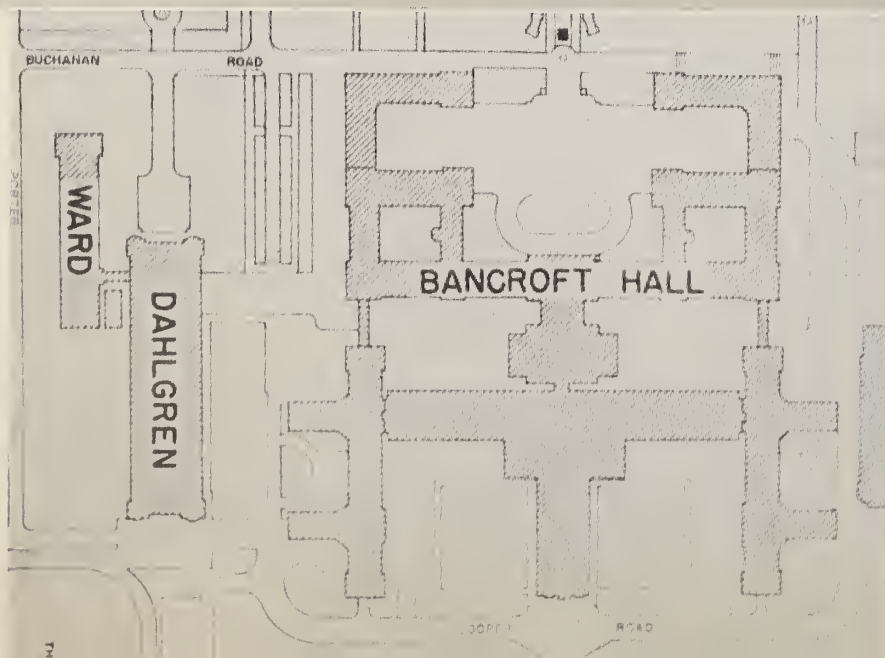
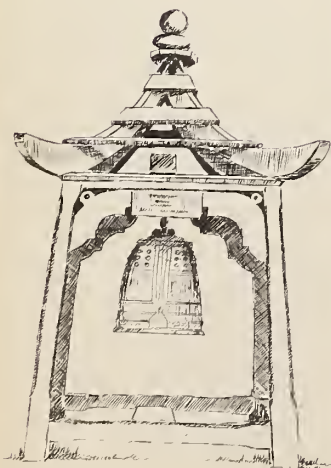
Going for a Navy point.



*Next you see...*



## *Bancroft Hall*





As we now take leave of the Fieldhouse and walk back past Thompson Stadium, perhaps some of you are aware of a sense of enormity. There is small wonder if you are, because you are approaching Bancroft Hall, the home of the midshipmen. There are many amazing things about this building, but perhaps its outstanding feature is the fact that it houses the entire Brigade. We can remember how its complex structure made complete the mass confusion of Plebe Summer; in fact, there are very few midshipmen who can honestly say that they have even seen every part of Bancroft Hall during their four year stay under its roof.

It can be accurately likened to a small city in itself; at least, so it seemed to the unfortunate plebe who had to run an errand from the First Wing to the Sixth Wing. We had our rooms here, some of our classrooms, our store,

our barber shops, our tailor shops, our recreation halls, our messhall, and most of the other needs that we encountered.

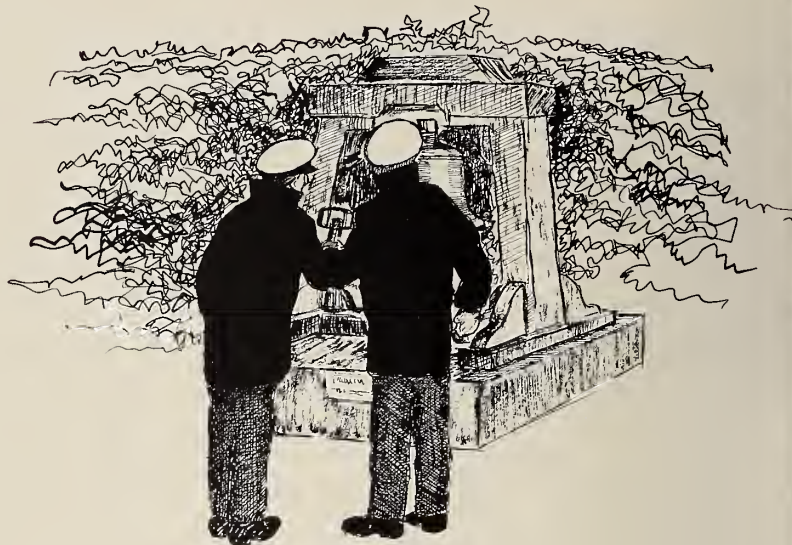
As it was our home for four years, the great majority of the memories that will come to us in the future will evolve from Bancroft Hall. Even after we lived here for awhile, we still couldn't help but be amazed at the size and changing moods of our "big barn." Our fictional character of "Mother Bancroft" looked down kindly and sternly in both good times and bad. It could look gay and bright and it could look forbidding and dark. But, to most of us, it meant the center of companionship and friendships that can not be broken or forgotten. Under her roof, we lived as one for four years, experienced the same triumphs and defeats, and learned that no man is worth anything without friends. For this, we will feel eternally grateful to "Mother Bancroft."

*...our home away from home...*

# *Tecumseh Court, our front yard, where..*

"Hey, gang, there's a pep rally tonight!" With those seemingly harmless words, there was ushered into our lives as midshipmen the phenomenon of the old Navy spirit. From the time we saw our first rally when we were lowly Plebes until that last big one before the Army game during First Class Year, we were to shout ourselves hoarse for the Navy teams. Here, in our front yard, you could find the guiding light of this feeling that there was no better team than a Navy team. This was Tecumseh, who yearly put up with our pennies, our shouts, and a weekly coat of paint during the football season and those Army weekends.

The venerable old man looked down upon us with favor this last year, and the pep rallies and demonstrations which periodically took place on the stones of his realm were better than ever. Behind the leadership of our cheerleaders and the Brigade Activities Committee,



## *...Pep rallies,*

The old hoopla.







Sending the team off.

we enjoyed a year in which spirit reached an all-time high. John Rohrbough and Jack Caughman led their crew successfully through the sometimes difficult task of coordinating the output of the "spirit valve" into something worthwhile, while Jay Galla and the B.A.C. did the job week after week of bringing us closer to our team. Whether it was the light displays which we saw over the main entrance to Bancroft Hall, Tecumseh smiling down on us in his many brilliant colors, or the tremendous "cheering by remote control" for the Notre Dame game, we knew that here was an organization that really got the job done. And how about those posters which continually adorned the Yard no matter where one looked?



*cheerleaders,*

Crigler, Haley, Marshall, Rohrbough, Caughman, Wu, and Snay.

The pep rallies will be what we will remember the most, however; how can you describe them with justice? Who can forget such personalities as the good captain from the Ordnance Department, "Cuddles," or the triumphant return of Bonzo? Or the music furnished so ably by the Chiefs? Or the delighted shouts of "Rief, Rief, Rief!"? Or the bright blaze of guidons, the waving hats, or the many chants that we all came to know so well?

Army going up in smoke.



*and BAC activities...*



Working the old boy over.



The finished product.



The brain trust.



BRIGADE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE. Front row—Miller, Mason, Huff, Galla (Chairman), Doty, Segelbacher. Second row—Parks, Davis, Diesing, Goldenstein, Dunn, Thresher, Young, Sollenberger.



This was the time that we let the team know that nothing mattered as much as a Navy victory; the class of '58 can look back on four years filled with many of them. It can also remember the spirit that was synonymous with Tecumseh and his pebbled expanse.

*helped to vent the spirit valve, and...*

# where we had our countless formations.

We could never remember Tecumseh Court without recalling the countless formations that we made upon its well-worn bricks. The formation became the very keystone of our lives in Bancroft Hall; how many times in each midshipman's career has everything depended upon the necessity of making one of them? It seemed that we could go nowhere without first hearing the all-too-familiar "At close interval . . ."



What's taking so long?



Four years and still the same route.

We formed under the stern eye of Tecumseh to go to class, to meals, to football games, to parades, and even to an occasional change of command or presentation ceremony. The ringing of bells would herald the frantic running of hundreds of feet; who could believe that such mass confusion could so quickly give way to the dozens of orderly lines? Everyone had his place in which he had to be before the second bell. Then came the facing movements and the platoons, units, and sections marched off to leave Tecumseh until the next time. . . .

Saturday noon meal formation



# Into the Rotunda, where we found...



The Rotunda.

After bidding Tecumseh farewell and climbing the wide ladder to the entrance of Bancroft Hall, we found a striking view before us. Whether it was the distant glimpse of Memorial Hall's "Don't give up the ship" banner or the imposing feeling of expanse that came from the high, ornate overhead that first caught the attention of the viewer, the Rotunda was truly an impressive feature of the Academy. As probably the first sight of Bancroft Hall that most of us had, it took a prominent part in our lives and will play a large role in future memories.

Here we found the very nerve center of Academy activity. Looking about, one could see the many offices from which the daily activities of the midshipmen are governed with a firm hand. Here was the home of the Executive Department, whose job it was to assure that our ship was a taut one. From the office of the Commandant, Executive Officer, and the officers of the watch, our most minute affairs were supervised and regulated. Here one could find the Main Office, the very hub of the daily routine.

Here was the home also of the many administrative offices which governed the other aspects of life within Bancroft Hall. Whether it was getting a special liberty chit approved or going to see the chaplain about something, the Rotunda was usually the standard destination. The many "ComdtMidn Notices," extra duty lists, restriction lists, superintendent's lists, and so many other daily facets of our lives came to the Brigade through these offices. Behind these doors such important functions as drawing preference numbers for the first class, aptitude and academic conferences, supervising extra-curricular activities and even planning leave transportation went on. Few of us really appreciated the gigantic effort in our behalf that went on in the Rotunda area, but we realized in varying degrees how necessary and vital it was.



The nerve center.



# *the Executive Department...*



Captain Richard R. Pratt, USN  
Executive Officer

Here were the officers that were charged with the huge task of running the Academy organization. These men taught us the vital importance in a military way of life of chain of command and authority. Knowing that the very structure of our administration bred peculiarities that will probably not be found elsewhere in the service, they nevertheless instilled in us the principles that will guide us throughout our military careers. From the Commandant of Midshipmen on down to the civilian employees in the many offices, we knew that we couldn't have gotten along without them. At least, it seemed that way, because everywhere you turned, there was the Executive Department. . . .



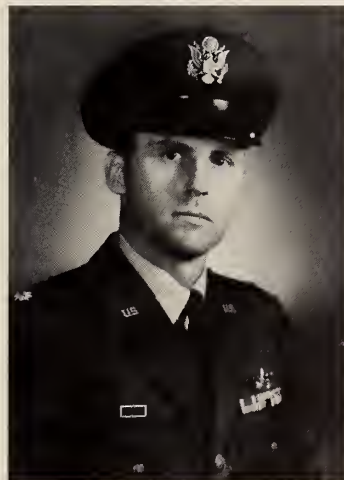
Capt. J. L. Abbot, USN  
Assistant to the Commandant



Cdr. M. E. Wolfe, USN  
Head, Academic Division



Lt. Col. J. S. Gardner, USMC  
Head, Operations Division



Lt. Col. W. W. Gilbert, USAF  
Air Force Liaison Officer



Cdr. J. C. Haynie, USN  
Special Projects Officer



LCdr. C. E. Randall, USN  
Assistant Head, Operations Division



Cdr. J. L. Vandergrift, USN  
Head, Administrative Division



LCdr. A. T. Ford, USN  
First Lieutenant

*...under whose guidance*

*we shined shoes,*



Rigging the uniform.

Every evening during our four year stay here, a certain portion of the Brigade could be seen hurrying to the Rotunda. Frantically checking uniforms for last-minute specks of lint and shoes for that glossy shine, they would quickly fall in and await the familiar command, "Watch squads, atten . . . hut!" This was the changing of the daily watch and the necessary inspection by the officers of the watch of the next twenty-four hours throughout Bancroft Hall. The routine of the inspection became so familiar to us that soon we knew it in our sleep. "Good evening, Sir. Second Battalion watch squad ready for inspection. . . . Officers! Center . . . march!" Then came the right and left face and we marched off to post the oncoming watch . . . .

"Have to get that dimple."



"First Battalion ready for inspection, sir."



# stood watch,



"Second man, middle rank . . ."



"Go tell . . ."



Passing back the bad news.



Soon after becoming midshipmen four years ago, the watch became an integral part of our lives. From the lowly assistant mate of the deck up to the Midshipman Officer of the Watch we learned the importance in the military organization of vigilance, security, and sound administration.

Although we came to dread our turn "on guard," what would we have done for mail without the mates? Who would have run the Main and Battalion offices? Besides getting the necessary day-to-day tasks accomplished, we learned the meaning of responsibility and rank as we moved step by step through the watch organization. Even if we did miss a few weekend liberties, we knew that the watch performed far more than getting us out of an occasional "Four-N" day. . . .



"I wonder what Jean is doing . . ."



A neat and tidy locker—good pictures.



Beginnings of a crime.

Of course, we'll remember the Executive Department the most for the many times that they fried us. Soon after taking the oath, we were introduced to the infamous Form Two; we had no idea at the time just how powerful a force that this harmless looking slip of paper was going to wield during the next four years.

We were "put on the pap" for everything from making coffee in our rooms to studying after taps; the daily raids of the officers of the watch often left us with the impression that it rained Forms Two instead of water. There were all sorts of ways to pay the penalty for trying to beat the system; some of us were ushers, sports contest officials, groundskeepers, and every so often, even helped to put books together. Marching on our own "drill teams" provided the majority of the hours, however, until First Class Year, when we began to sweat our beloved weekends. It made for never a dull moment, though. Salty Sam and the Brigade will never forget such characters as "Bonzo," who kept things "hopping" in more ways than one. We found that crime doesn't pay, but we usually couldn't resist trying, anyway. "Some days you win, some days you lose. . . ."



Villain at work.



The law arrives.



*got fried,*

Crime doesn't pay.



*inspected, and learned the...*



Saturday noon meal.



The Commandant inspects.

We also learned from the Executive Department the importance of maintaining the highest conditions in both personal and material appearance. The inspection became another integral part of our existence under Bancroft Hall's roof soon after we arrived. It wasn't long before we couldn't think of Saturday noon without its personnel inspection by the company or battalion officer or Sunday morning without its room inspections. We also had spot inspections daily which tended to keep us continually on the run; but we soon came to accept this as part of the military life and to appreciate it as we learned to stay "squared away" with a minimum of effort. But, even then, we can remember well the urgency that filled

the air when we found out that our company had the day's duty. . . .

The Executive Department also had the duty of trying to instill in us the soundest principles of leadership and naval administration. We were introduced to this phase of their activities during Second Class Year, when we began the naval leadership course given by our company officers. Naval administration and military law were offered to us as members of the first class. We often tended to take this part of our education rather lightly at times, but realized that it would form part of the hard core of professional knowledge that would help us succeed in our future careers.

## *fundamentals of leadership.*

"Now, when you get out in the fleet. . . ."



Executive lecture.



# *The reception room, where...*



The Reception Room.

The Rotunda was also where we found the Reception Room, where we tried to make our guests feel at home as they visited us. The friendly appearance of this room was always a welcome sight to any midshipman, for it signified friendship and often the presence of loved ones. Visits from parents, relatives, and friends came to mean a great deal to us as a much-needed break from the daily routine. We could not pass its open doors without thinking of more pleasant times and things, Mom and Dad, the brothers and sisters, and that next dragging weekend. It was a unique place in that it could be so close to the OD's office and still seem pleasant. . . .

## *we met friends and relatives...*



Pleasant visitors.



Talking things over.



Meeting the folks.

Finding one of us must have seemed like a staggering task to many of our visitors, but, thanks to the information desks and battalion office messengers, we usually managed to meet them successfully. "Visitors in the Reception Room" was a welcome message to all of us, and no matter how long we had to wait at times for the red tape to clear away, the end result was usually worthwhile. Through the chain of telephone messengers, sound-powered phones, and mates, we would receive the good word. . . .

# ... and our drags!!!

VISITOR/MIDSHIPMAN CONTACT FOLLOW-UP			
NAME - LAST - FIRST - MI (10/17)	DATE		
ACTION DESIRED (CHECK ONE)	PLEASE DELIVER MESSAGE ON RETURN (CHECK ONE)	BATT	ROOM NO
<input type="checkbox"/> I DESIRE TO SEE MIDSHIPMAN			
NAME OF VISITOR - (PLEASE PRINT)	TIME OFFICE REPORTED BACK	TIME VISITOR NOTIFIED OF ACTION	
WHEREABOUTS OF MIDSHIPMAN (WHERE NOT AVAILABLE)			
ACTION TAKEN	NOTE LEFT	<input type="checkbox"/> OTHER (SEE BELOW)	
FINAL ACTION TAKEN			
(CHECK IF MIDSHIPMAN CONTACTS VISITOR)			
DATE: 07/01/50 CINC. ANNAPOLIS, MD.			

This is how you contacted us.



Starting for the draghouse.



It might have been a basketball game . . .



Or an afternoon with the boats.

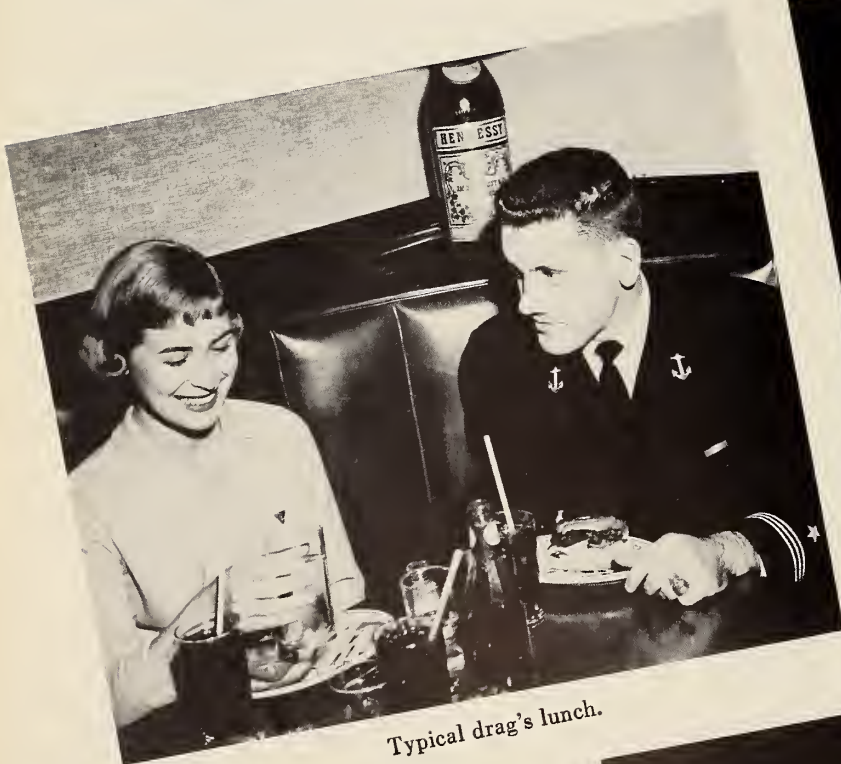
To the great majority of us, the Reception Room usually brought thoughts of the great institution of dragging. Here we usually met our drags, whether it was the OAO or that blind date who had "brick" written all over her. Right after the noon meal formation and inspection on Saturday, the passageway in front of the Reception Room would be converted into a mass of confusion as we searched the crowd for the face we were looking for. "Hi, sweetheart. I thought that you'd *never* get here!" "Why can't these women ever be on time?" It was hard at times to find one out of a sea of faces, and we realize that our distinctive blue suits were no help to the drags. But we usually found her, and we would quickly shove off to begin another weekend of dragging in Crabtown. . . .

# Saturday...

Saturday afternoon was amazing in that it could transform the Yard and the streets of Annapolis from their usual drab appearance to one of gaiety and cheer and change so many long faces to happy ones. There would be a mass exodus from the doors of Bancroft and Tecumseh to destinations all over town, to the restaurants, to the theaters, to athletic contests . . . it didn't matter where, as long as you were dragging. If it was the first time, you might have shown her around the Yard or the cobblestoned avenues of historic Annapolis. You liked to take her out to eat as long as she liked hamburgers and you enjoyed the various athletic contests as you showed her what good teams really looked like. It was always a good afternoon, a fast afternoon, and soon you were making the dash for evening meal formation. Saturday evening might mean a concert in Mahan Hall, another movie, a hop in Dahlgren, or just a few pleasant hours in the draghouse. Soon it was over, and you were looking forward to Sunday.



Meeting her in the Reception Room.



Typical drag's lunch.



Rooting for a Navy win.



Saturday night informal.

# *into Sunday...*

You usually met her for church or had her come in to attend Chapel services. Then would come the few brief moments before noon meal formation before you had to redon the white gloves and hurry to muster. Sunday afternoon was usually the time to relax after the hustle of Saturday and this might have been the time that you showed her the local sights. There might have been a good Yard movie, or once in a great while, a concert. Remember Duke Ellington and the fabulous Satchmo? Soon, a sense of foreboding would creep in, and all of a sudden you realized that the weekend was almost over. You walked her back to the draghouse, picked up the luggage, said good-bye to the drag mother, and made your painful way to the bus station. Then came the moment when you had to say goodbye and soon you found yourself walking back to Bancroft Hall as it grew darker and darker. "How could it end so soon?"



*Church on Sunday morning ...*

*and then...*



*... and a movie in the afternoon ...*



*... and then goodbye.*



*Back to reality.*

*all good things must end.*



## *Memorial Hall*

Climbing the ladder opposite the main entrance to the Rotunda, one finds himself in Memorial Hall, perhaps one of the most beautiful places at the Academy. From the moment that the first glimpse of Lawrence's immortal words is caught, the aura of tradition comes down and surrounds; when the myriad of paintings, statues, and battle trophies comes into full view, the impression is complete. Its name implied its mission—to serve as a memorial to the Navy's countless heroes and to instill a measure of this tradition and inspiration in those who strive for a commission in its ranks. We remember it as we first saw it four years ago. . . .

*And this is where it all began.*



Memorial Hall served us as a fitting introduction to the life that we accepted four years ago. It was here that we were sworn into the Navy and welcomed to the Academy by Vice Admiral Joy, then superintendent. His words were wise ones; Memorial Hall aided us as we strived to live up to them in our subsequent careers as midshipmen. "Don't worry about how the uniform fits you, but rather about how you fit the uniform." We felt that a more appropriate note couldn't have been sounded as we began the road toward graduation.

We came out of Memorial Hall that day, feeling proud and happy with our choice. We came out into a mass of confusion and uncertainty that would henceforth stand out in our memories as Plebe Summer. . . .

*From the very first day we knew...*

# that this place was different...

From all over the states and various parts of the world as well, the new class of 1958 went forth from Memorial Hall to begin Plebe Summer. We knew that the transition from civilian to plebe wasn't going to be easy, but even the saltiest ones among us weren't prepared for the confusion that followed. Where else did it snow in July?

"Run, sweat, run" seemed to be the theme of our new life. From the initial deluge of forms to fill out, gear to stencil, and customs to learn, we could see that the summer was going to be a long one. Old habits were thrown out the window and a host of new ones were accepted. The patient ensigns of '54 helped us over a great deal of the tough spots and they became our first examples from which we tried to pattern ourselves. We quickly learned that the Navy and the Academy expected a great deal from us; we had so much to do and learn that we were soon wondering how time could fly by so fast. . . .

Sweat and black ink.



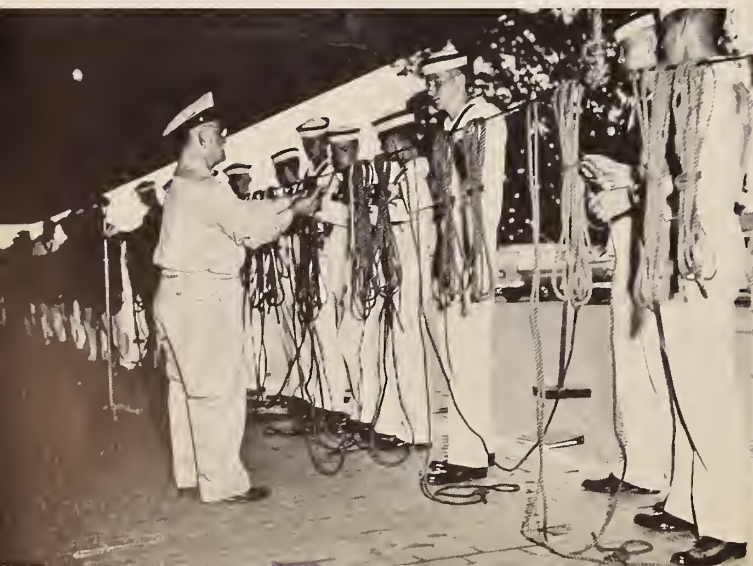
## Plebe

## Summer



Scenic tour of the back terrace.

We became Shorty's newest boys.



Symbols of the new life.

We even learned how to weld.







Officers center.

Shoes had to be shined, rifles cleaned, songs learned, *Reef Points* mastered, and new customs accepted and strictly followed. The infantry periods out on Farragut Field seemed endless; soon we were doing the manual of arms in our sleep. The trips to the rifle range provided a break, if you could call it that; who can forget the duty down in the butts or those "delicious" box lunches? We became firm friends of the knockabouts and yawls and came to

know the famous Shorty as only plebes can. Communications, seamanship, P-rades, and living from day to day with the all important battalion competitions rounded out the busiest summer that we could remember. Suddenly, we found the end near; we felt quite proud at crossing our first obstacle and eagerly anticipated Parents' Weekend. All this was tempered, though, by the impending return of the upper classes and the thousands of questions that plagued us. . . .

The modern Navy.



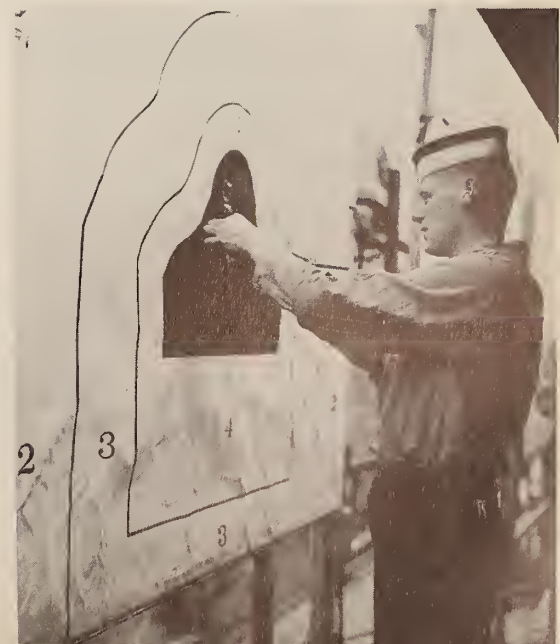
Training with the M-1.



One of the more pleasant moments.



Duty in the butts.



*but...*

# *we never knew...*

Watching the upperclass move in.

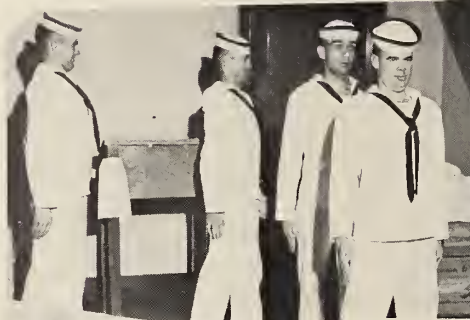


Moving into the new room.



Steerage duty.

Our new way of navigating.



The clutch factor.



A plebe and his "bible".



As the end of Plebe Summer drew near, we thought that surely we would wear out our *Reef Points*; there was so much to learn and not nearly enough time to do it. There were thousands of questions that tormented us as we wondered what was in store. We had watched them return from cruise, looking saltier than we could have imagined; this was our first indication that maybe Bancroft Hall didn't belong to us after all.

Parents' Weekend came and went, and soon we were watching with foreboding as they began to straggle back from leave. Then our summer companies were broken up as we moved into our new rooms; we hated to say goodbye to Plebe Summer for more reasons than one. Finally the fateful day arrived and a sense of urgency filled the air. Soon the dreaded cry of "Plebes will be plebes" echoed throughout Bancroft Hall and Plebe Year began. . . .

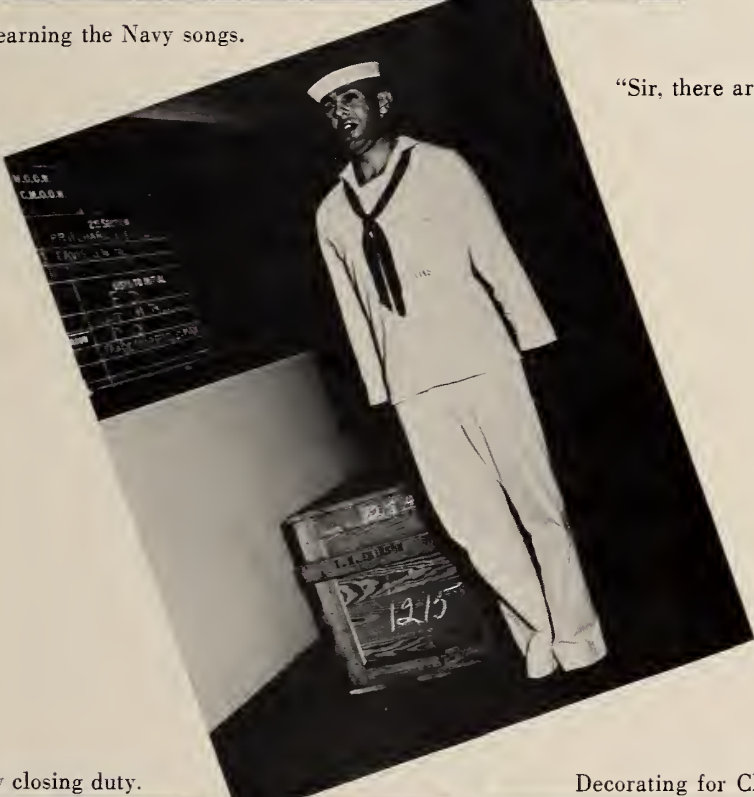
*..just how different*

We were told immediately that we were the lowest form of animal life; soon the upperclassmen had us believing this ourselves. Bracing up, "finning out," and squaring corners all came hard at first, but it was the meals that hit us the hardest. We quickly found out that the upper classes were very inquisitive sorts as we were asked questions on everything from *Reef Points* to the present situation in Afghanistan. The fall brought football posters, "come arrounds," our first classman, and the feeling that it was going to be a long year indeed. We had a P-rade for the Queen Mother and then came the fabulous win over Army and three weeks of carry on. Before we knew it, Christmas leave was upon us; we were back all too soon as we asked ourselves ruefully, "How could it have ended so soon?"



Learning the Navy songs.

## *Plebe Year*

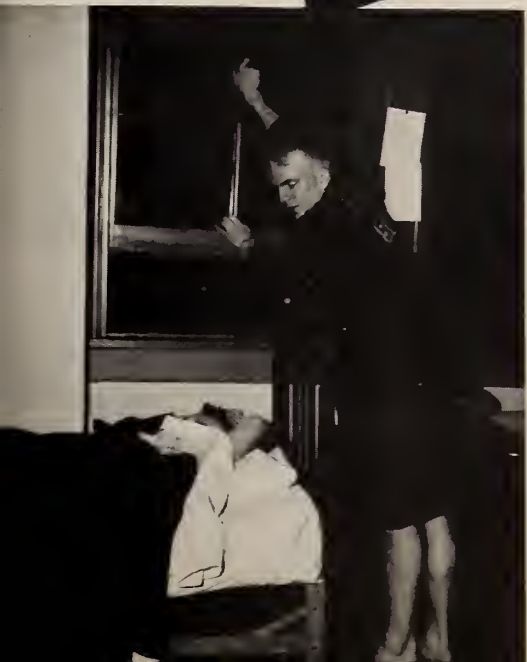


"Sir, there are now . . ."



We had to wear our garters.

Window closing duty.



Decorating for Christmas dinner.



As the minutes flew by . . .





Bringing home that "Team Called Desire".



'55's Hundredth Night.



Sunday evening Happy Hour.

Exams quickly came and passed and we said goodbye to many of our classmates who fell victims to the academic departments. Soon we found ourselves in the midst of the dreaded "Dark Ages," when even the first class seemed ready to quit. Now we settled down in earnest to our daily tasks of folding laundry, making runs to the steerage, looking up professional questions, and keeping up with the books. We thought that Spring leave would never arrive, but it finally put an end to all this. As spring returned to Mother Bancroft, everything looked brighter and we began to feel that the end was finally in sight. We began to count the waning days as never before and to eagerly anticipate and make plans for our first June Week. We watched our firsties make ready for graduation and began to get excited about cruise. At last, exams were over, June Week came and went, and we bade farewell to those of '55. Then came that long-awaited moment when there weren't "any 'mo plebes," we scaled Herndon Monument, and we became the Youngster class. Cruise and many new privileges were upon us. . . .



"There ain't no mo' plebes . . ."

Herndon was ours.

*...it could be.*





"Another day in which to excel, sir!! . . ."



A lot of bells meant a fire.



Study hour inspection.

## *from reveille to taps...*



Waiting for the liberty bell.



On the way to evening meal formation.



Mustering the watch squad.

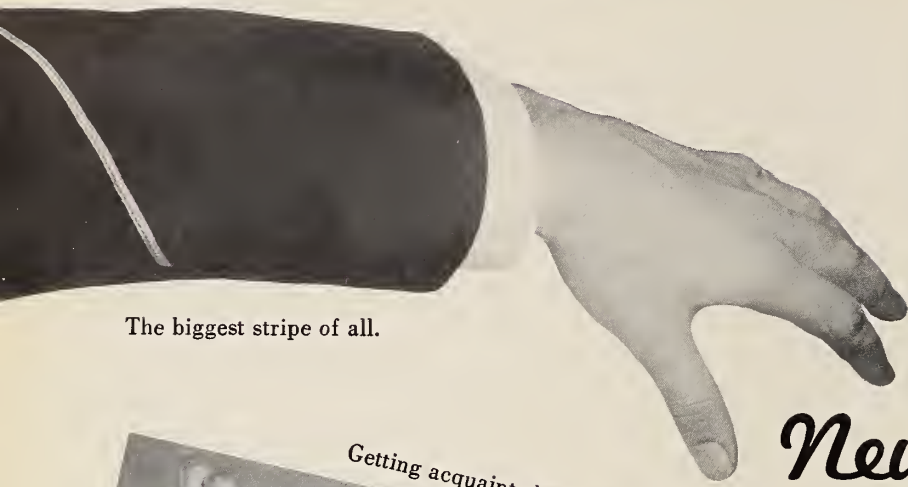
Who can ever forget the continual ringing of bells that accompanied almost our every move from reveille to taps? We found that life in Bancroft Hall depended on these bells; how could anything have been done on schedule without them?

We woke up to bells, we went to chow to bells, we went to class to bells, we even went on liberty and leave to bells. Everything depended on them; they induced promptness and hurry and brought more than their share of conduct reports and extra duty. They were perhaps the biggest reminder of the inexorable daily routine. We grew to hate them, but we knew that we needed them. . . .

## *bells, bells,...*

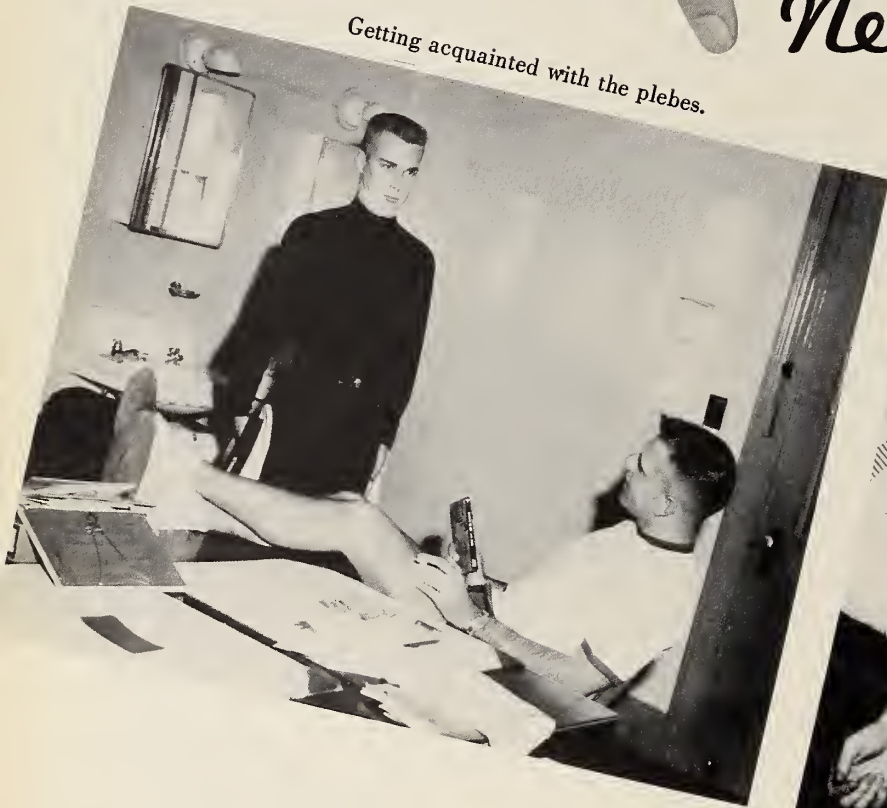
# Youngster Year

After returning from that first great summer leave, we settled down to our new life, which seemed so filled with unaccustomed privileges. We gloried in putting our elbows on the table, using Youngster ladder, being called "Sir" by the plebes, and finding out how nice dragging can be. We sharpened up our pool in Smoke Hall and even watched an occasional TV show. The rack and the radio proved welcome friends, and after only a few days, we wondered how we had ever managed without them. We still had the books to contend with, but with all that extra study time, who sweated them? We took good care of that diagonal gold stripe, which looked so good after the "bareness" of Plebe year.

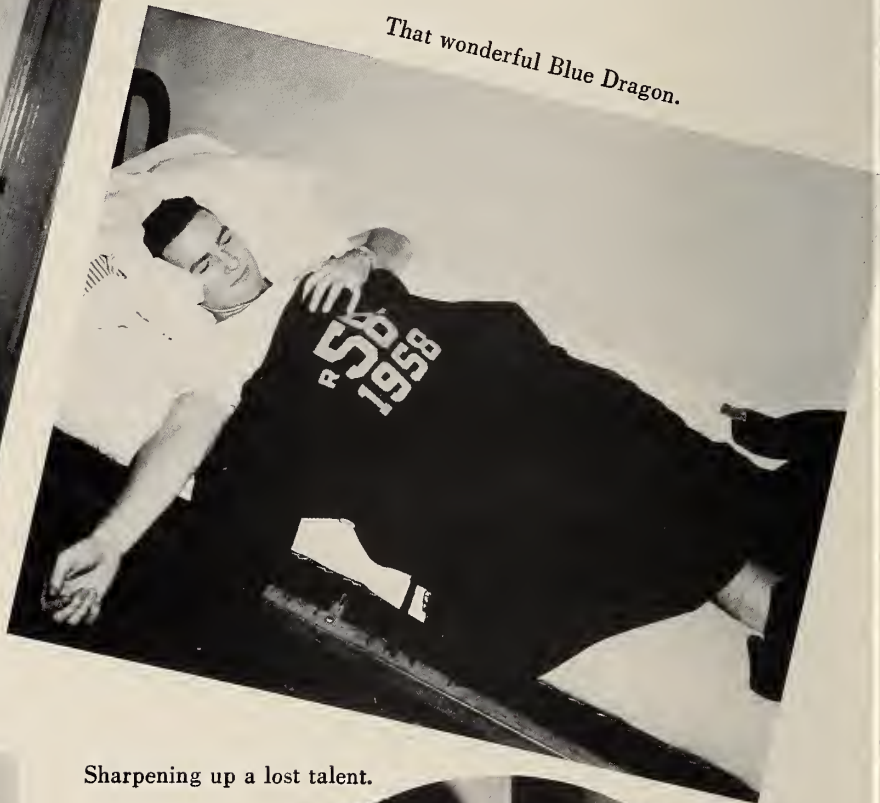


The biggest stripe of all.

## Newly won privileges



Getting acquainted with the plebes.



That wonderful Blue Dragon.

A mid and Dilbert.



Sharpening up a lost talent.



gave "Mother Bancroft"



Working on the new privilege.



Our Youngster hop.



Music could cost money.



Smoke Hall and ping pong.

We found that the time really began to fly by now; another good football season, fall P-rades, and learning the tricks of the Flying Squadron quickly led to Christmas leave, another dismal return, and our third set of "rivers." We found to our dismay that the "Dark Ages" could be rough on everyone; but we now had dragging to help spirit away the doldrums. Spring leave brought another fresh outlook and a new superintendent as Admiral Smedberg took over the conn from Admiral Boone. We always had the books staring us in the face and we began to live for the summer when we could put them away again. As the days quickly filed by, we began to have visions of another June Week, that second gold stripe, and Second Class Summer. Soon another year was over; we had reached the halfway point.

*a different aspect completely, but...*

# Study hour

Bells ringing . . . "All here?" . . . "Where's my steam book?" . . . "Hey, Joe, do you have tomorrow's skinny assignment?" . . . "Holy smoke, *thirty* pages of bull to read!" . . . Stacks of books . . . smoking slipsticks . . . cigarette smoke swirling upward . . . thoughts of the OAO and next weekend . . . "Does anybody have a dime? I have to make a phone call" . . . "Hey, mate, has study hour inspection been completed yet?" . . . "How about this problem, Jack?" . . . "How can they give us three P-works in one day?" . . . "Don't forget to sign out!" . . . "How about a toasted cheese sandwich, men?" . . . "How do you read this blasted chart?" . . . "Mr. Smith, you have the watch next Tuesday" . . . "To think that I went to a party school once" . . . "Let's see now, it goes into the component integrator and then . . ." . . . "I give up on this stuff; Margie needs a letter anyway" . . . "You'll be sorry when you bilge that quiz tomorrow" . . . More bells ringing . . . "Is that tattoo already?" . . . Never enough time to study . . . A dash for the sink and the toothbrushes . . . More bells . . . Taps . . . Another study hour is finished in Bancroft Hall.



Happy hour survey party.



Must be second class year.



Letters were written too.



Hitting for that steam quiz.

*...the books always kept us company.*





# Second Class Year



This is only supposed to happen Youngster Year.

"Finding that other collar anchor" meant that we had to study as we never had before. We had heard a lot about the academics of "segundo" year, but we still weren't ready for the onslaught that followed. It meant added privileges such as a more active part in the bringing up of the plebes, more chow, better liberty, and even a weekend per semester. Some of us were lucky enough to benefit from the newly-installed Superintendent's list with a long weekend. We saw the first class win even more extensive privileges and a visit from King Saud. Who can forget those long P-rade practices during exam week and then the thrill of participating in the Inaugural Parade? We found that rank did have its responsibilities as our striper organization took over whenever the first class was absent. But when we think of Second Class year in the future, we'll remember two things the most—the Exchange Weekend and above all, the Ring Dance. . . .



Time saving privileges.



Inaugural parade.



We all couldn't stay awake during Nav P-works.

*That second stripe brought still more...*

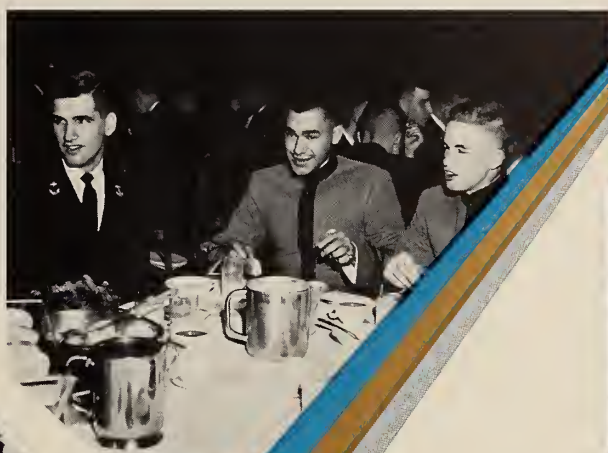
# a look at the other half, but above all,

Exchange Weekend gave us a long-awaited chance to see how the Lesser Half lived. Leaving the Academy Thursday and returning Sunday gave us three days of living like a WooPoo and comparing notes. A program of classes, tours, demonstrations, and lectures gave us a good insight into the life at West Point and the Army as a whole. The same program was afforded them as they came down here. We enjoyed the Weapons Room and no evening meal formation on Saturdays, and they liked going out into town and the old institution of the draghouse. We couldn't see those outside formations at six in the morning or their style of marching and they hated the sudden way we get up in the morning. It amounted to one of the highlights of our four years; more important, it made many lasting friends for us and promoted better feeling and cooperation between the two academies.



Posing for the nation.

Innocent abroad.



Our friends depart.



They have skinny, too.



Socializing in the Weapons Room.



Woo Poo lore.

# *the Ring Dance . . .*



A new crop of ring thumpers.



This was the night when even the chow tasted good.

Second only to graduation in a midshipman's life is the attainment of the class ring and the Ring Dance. This night of nights meant so much in so many ways. It signified the completion of three years of hard study and the realization that the exalted status of first classman was about to be attained. It meant the only time that we could kiss our girls in public view without the accompanying conduct report. For many of us, it meant the sealing of an engagement, usually with a miniature. It meant dancing to the music of Ralph Marterie, who will always be "the best" to us. It marked the one time in four years that we didn't mind eating in the messhall. But, most of all, it meant that from this moment on we were entitled to wear an Academy ring, the symbol for which we had strived so long. We were now officially members of one of the world's most exclusive brotherhoods and so much closer to the dream of graduation. There's a lot more than gold in a Naval Academy ring. . . .



The fraternal bond.

The great moment.

A most charming hostess.





*at last we were on top.*



Coming back from leave.



A mid and his best friend.



## *First Class Year*



Coffee mess privileges.

There was never a feeling quite like the one that we experienced upon returning to the Academy as first classmen. It took us a little while to get used to being on top at last, after three years of looking up to other classes. Now the Brigade was ours to run; its success as an organization depended on us.

After the initial talks with our company officers and the lecture from Admiral Smedberg started off the year, we quickly settled down to our new privileges and responsibilities. We were assigned to a certain plebe, to be responsible for guiding him over some of the more common pitfalls. We found that making room inspections, standing "Bow-wow" watches, and keeping the underclasses "squared away" weren't quite as easy as they had looked. We enjoyed one of the best football seasons in the Academy's history, saw the return of the stagline, and found out how nice it was to have those extra weekends and overnights, not to mention the occasional use of our long-mothballed "civvies." Liberty every day and no evening meal formation for draggers on Saturday night weren't too hard to take, either, and we enjoyed the privileges of more chow and leaving the messhall at three bells. Rank did have its very enjoyable privileges.

*Suddenly...*

# three long years of toil...



Breaking in the new stripers.



A plebe had his advantages.

As the time wore on, we began to get that "graduation fever." We busied ourselves with thoughts of new cars, uniforms, preference numbers, choice of service and duty stations, insurance, Chapel weddings, and so much more. Our last Christmas leave came and went quickly, we finished up our term papers and took one more set of exams. Once the term paper was in and accepted, we finally had that wonderful feeling that it was almost over. The "Dark Ages" didn't seem quite so bad this time, as the preparations for graduation went on. Then came Hundredth Night, and after '61 showed us how plebes *should* be run, we really felt that it was all "down hill."



Next to last time for this.



The plebes were our responsibility.



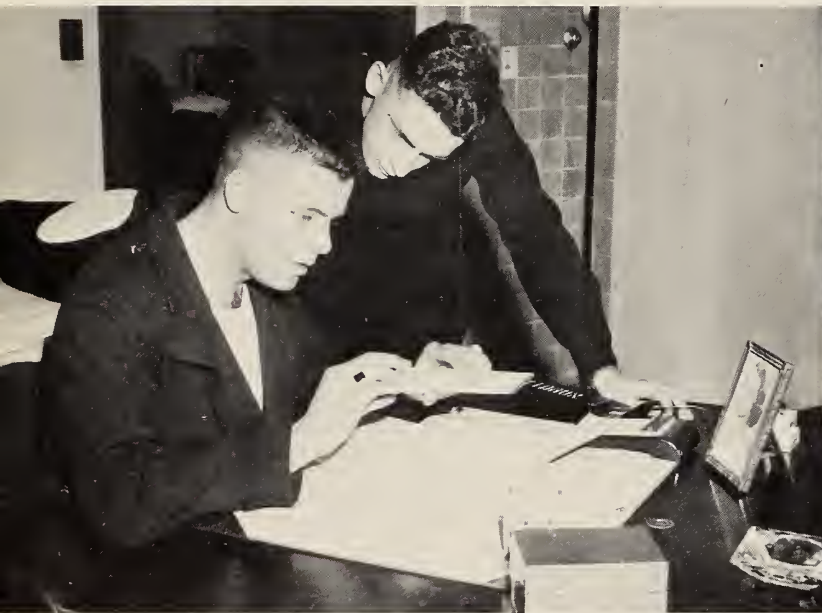
This was our year.



Farewell to an old friend.



Those curves could drive you crazy.



A firstie and his plebe.



The big grab bag.



We still had to shine shoes.

We took officer classification tests, got good advice from all the officers, watched the Academy field some of its best sports teams that we could remember, took more weekends, wondered where all the money was going to come from, and began getting what we needed for graduation. With the end in sight, these thoughts took on paramount importance. Spring leave brought another last, and soon we were counting days as never before. Thoughts of that impending marriage, that last great June Week, and two months of leave helped us through the dragging sensation of the last couple of months. Who can forget the satisfaction of saying, "We now have fewer days than the second class has weeks"? Finally exams came and were history; now we could sing "No More Rivers." Then it was *our* June Week and *our* graduation. We had reached our goal at last.

*... seemed well worth the trouble.*



# *Sick Bay kept us healthy...*

## *Sick Bay*



Captain J. N. C. Gordon, MC, USN  
Head of Department



Sick Bay.

Also within the confines of Bancroft Hall was the Sick Bay, a source of continual jest with the midshipmen. Even though it seemed that the prescription for any type of ailment consisted of nothing more than the famed A.P.C., the fact that Sick Bay was so close was a comforting thought indeed. Here we saw the often overworked doctors and corpsmen deal with the not too infrequent epidemics that plagued us, ranging

from Asiatic flu to the measles. Here also was the home of the Dental Quarters, and those needles that often looked a mile long. The annual physical took place here; who can forget that last one when the all-important tests told us whether or not we had "flying" eyes? We would like to dedicate this page to the Medical Department in Sick Bay and to the laughs and help that we received there.

Big project in Dental Quarters.



Part of the big eye test.



*...while our services helped us.*

## *Service Facilities*



Checking in the civvies.



One of the Regimental laundry rooms.



Remember the lines in the Mid's Store?



Nothing like a haircut, Navy style.



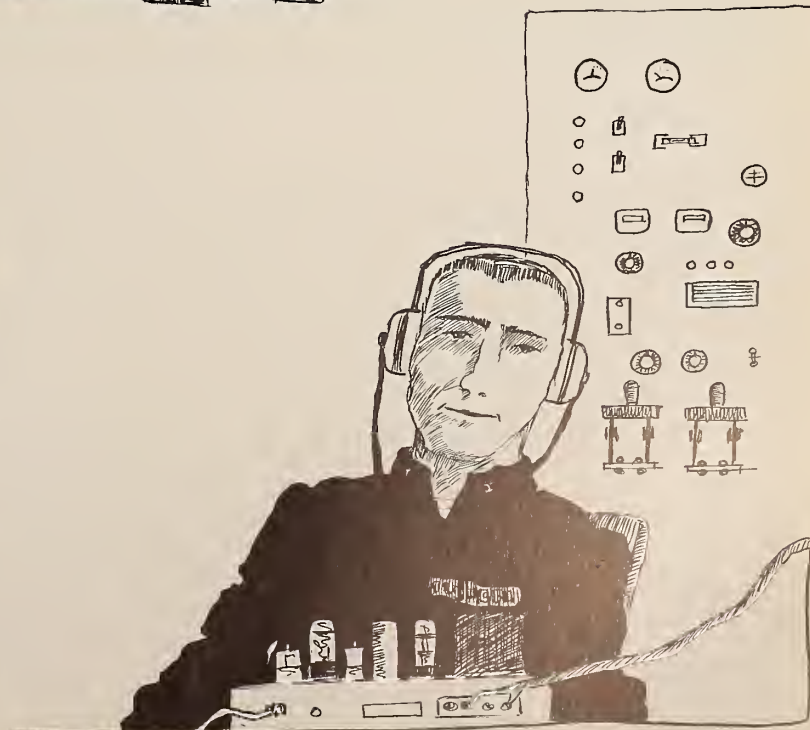
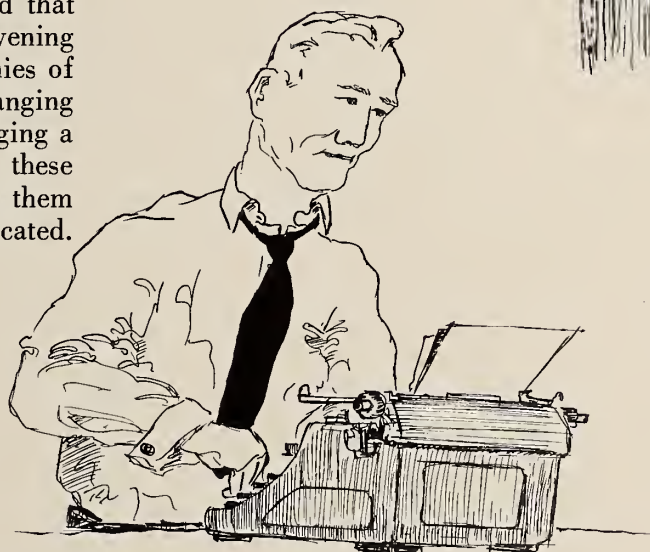
Trying to make the shoes last.

Appropriate to the idea that Bancroft was a small city in itself, the many and varied service facilities made life a little more complete and convenient. The barber shops, the tailor shops, the cobblers, the book store, the Midshipmen's Store, the Regimental laundries, and the post office all were influential in our daily lives. Here were sources of many a laugh and an occasional gnashing of teeth; we had Jerome and the uniform that didn't always come back minus the spots. However, we are more than willing to admit that we couldn't have gotten along without them. They had a huge job to perform, one that wasn't always easy.

*We had many things to keep us busy...*

## *Extracurricular Activities*

Most of us were willing at any time to testify that our days couldn't have been much busier; yet at the same time, the myriad of extracurricular activities that went on within the confines of Bancroft Hall added many more hours of both work and pleasure to the schedule of the average midshipman. These activities were many and varied and served a multitude of purposes, both to the school and to the participants. The reason might have been recognition, an "E" award, the wish to do something to make the Academy a better place in which to live, or simply to wile away the few hours left after the academic and executive departments had exacted their dues. Whatever the reason, the fact remained that every day, from after classes until evening meal formation, many nooks and crannies of our big barn were beehives of activity, ranging from putting out this yearbook to arranging a better layout for model trains. It is to these activities and the many men who made them go, that this portion of the book is dedicated.





*Left to right: Chuck Larson, President; Pete Hofstedt, Vice-President; Larry Higgins, Secretary; Keith Bunting, Treasurer.*

## *Class Officers*

Our class officers were chosen each year to fulfill the administration of the non-military functions that we encountered. The Class of 1958 has been fortunate during our four-year stay here to have elected such outstanding men to fill these posts. Their tasks were many and often unsung; these jobs somehow lacked the glamour of a battalion commander or six-striper.

During this last year, the officers that we had chosen before going on cruise performed their tasks with the same skill and efficiency which we had come to take almost for granted. The things which they accomplished are a part of our lives here that we will remember with a double measure of pride—for they were things we can say were done by and for the class.

*Our elected leaders could vouch for that*



*Brigade Executive Committee. Left to right: Front row—Graver, Manley, Carty, Higgins. Second row—Holroyd, Bunting, Larson, Huff.*

## *Brigade Executive Committee*

Instrumental to the proper running of the Brigade was the honor concept to which we all had to adhere. Responsible for the administration of this system was the Brigade Executive Committee, whose members labored often far into the night to investigate reported breaches of the code, to insure that justice would be meted out, and to report their findings to the Commandant. The Committee was composed of the Brigade Commander, the upperclass presidents, the First Class Secretary, and six battalion representatives. To these men fell the solemn duty of safeguarding the honor and the integrity of the Naval Academy.

Every year, each company elected one of its members to represent it in carrying out duties connected with class activities and to act in a liaison capacity with our class officers. These men met together from time to time to discuss common problems of the class and through their efforts, contributed immeasurably to making our organization function and to bring its far-flung elements together as one. Whether it was talking over coming hops, contributions, or merely "getting the word," they could always be counted upon to do a good job. They never let us down, and for their work they deserve a large vote of thanks.

## *Company Representatives*

*Company Representatives. Left to right: Front row—Carty, Mason, Concklin, Bunting, Caughman, Lawrence, Lisle, Holroyd, Smedberg. Second row—Walters, McCarter, Pierce, Seeberger, MacLean, Graver, Russell, Jones. Third row—Huff, Brophy, Caldwell, Wilson, Kandra, Stack, Victor.*

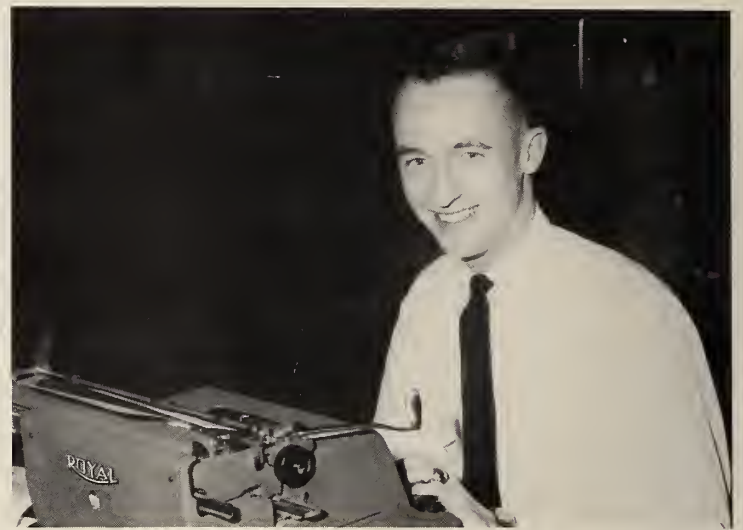


as could the staff of our yearbook...

# Lucky Bag

Looking back upon our three years with the *Lucky Bag* brings back a host of memories; it seems, probably, to the men who put this book together that they've never done anything else. In trying to answer the question, "What goes into a *Lucky Bag*?", one can think all day and not come up with the right answer; so it is that only those who brought it from its days of infancy to its present form can possibly understand the thousands of intangibles that entered into its life.

Back in the fall of 1955, the class elected the editor-in-chief, Larry Gifford, and the business manager, John Davis; the book was born. Those early days were spent mostly in small meetings, talking over ideas and laying the all-important framework on which the *Bag* would function until our graduation. The editor began to recruit interested members of the class, while working with the parent *Bags* and beginning to see what a huge job he had cut out for himself.



Larry Gifford  
Com*Lucky Bag*

The beginning of Second Class year saw operations begin on a full scale. Chuck Medlock was "borrowed" from the *Splinter* to become managing editor and Otto Rice began the long and tedious job of collecting and editing the seemingly endless class biographies. The business manager began sending out bids to the several concerns interested in becoming our contractors. Gifford and Medlock logged many hours down in the First Wing basement as the first dummy of the book began to take form. The remainder of the staff was gradually picked, and we soon found ourselves with what resembled, at least, a working yearbook staff. We chose our printer and engraver, and by the time that the Ring Dance rolled around, the biographies were in, the dummy was in its final state, and we felt that a good start had been made.

Now began the real work that ultimately has made this book possible. Every day was devoted to the *Bag*, plus a "few" evening hours and weekends. We found that deadlines would not wait, and although missed a couple, we usually managed to get the copy in before the ax would fall.



Cdr. Ray Wiggins  
Officer Representative

*Company Representatives. Left to right: Front row—Cartwright, Rice, Bertke, Caughman, Greer, Klinedinst, Carretta. Second row—Goto, Mayers, Bellay, Dittrick, Tucker, Davies, Pabst, Timmer. Third row—Bassett, Duncan, Victor, Meurer, Larson, Pendley, Chevalier.*



# Deadlines...



Mr. Clegg, our printer, had many anxious moments.

Associate editors Frank Butterworth and Dan Mayers sacrificed many an hour down in our "mausoleum", and to them and Medlock goes the heartfelt thanks of the beleaguered editor, who found early that he couldn't devote much time to layout. Mike O'Connor and Carl Triebes began to turn in the art work that made them tops; the many sketches and cartoons in the book are due to their untiring efforts. The photography, our real pride and joy, was handled by mad Joe Fenick, with many assists from Mike McLane and Phil Given. Who can forget the perennial "Where's that picture, Joe?" every time he walked in the door? We also found that the copy would be a headache of the first magnitude. Larry Larson, of *Log* fame, and Lee Gies helped with the sports, and Roger Manley aided the editor with the rest. Page proofs and blueprints began to arrive, another dummy was pasted up, and soon we saw that there was a purpose to our madness; our "problem child" was growing up.



Chuck Medlock  
Managing Editor

## page proofs...



Frank Butterworth  
Associate Editor



Dan Mayers  
Associate Editor



Mayers and Medlock worked many long hours.

... and long afternoon sessions

*all combined to make us...*



Bill Duncan  
Advertising Manager



John Chevalier  
Co-ordinating Editor



Fred Victor  
Circulation Manager

One deadline passed after another, an advertising trip was made, and although our printer occasionally showed signs of panic, the schedule was met and the book now stands before you.

Enough can't be said by the editor for all the men who have worked with him for the past three years. The business staff was wonderful; Bill Duncan handled the tremendous job of advertising, while Al Victor pulled the circulation strings to perfection. One of the most thankless jobs fell to John Chevalier, who coordinated the work of editorial and business. His staffmates still wonder at the marvelous job he did with the scheduling of all the group and biography pictures that was necessary. The warmest appreciation for a job well done is also due to our contractors; their work and assistance were essential to everything we did. Special thanks go to Commander Ray Wiggins, who, although claiming to be "learning along with you", did a wonderful job as Officer Representative. It was always our book to run, but he was forever there with the answers and advice when we needed them.



John Davis  
Business Manager

Fenick, Given, and McLane—photographers by trade.

We all had our troubles.





*wonder why there were...*



The art staff—Mike O'Connor, Carl Triebes, and Tom Jacobs.



Larry Larson and Lee Gies handled sports.



Joe Fenick  
Photography Editor

The company representatives did a great job of providing the connecting link between the desires of the staff and the members of the class. The "right-hand men", Medlock, Butterworth, and Mayers, couldn't be replaced; they were always the answer to an editor's prayers. Last, but certainly not least, our thanks go to the class; first, for the many little jobs, such as captioning pictures, that they helped us with, and second, for providing us with the encouragement and the incentive that kept us going through all kinds of situations.

The book is now finished; we feel both proud and happy to present it to the class for their approval. The hours down in our littered office were long and hectic, but more than worthwhile. It was a job that we all loved, in spite of the remarks; we wouldn't have traded the experience for anything in the world.



Otto Rice  
Biographies Editor

Bernie Ryan and Roger Manley helped with the copy.



George Stubbs, Jack Brophy, and Bruce Bartels go over the layout.



*... only twenty-four hours in a day.*

# The other publications...

## The Log



Dick Stannus  
Editor-in-Chief



Log Staff. Left to right: Front row—O'Connor, Stannus, Klinedinst, Nystrom. Second row—Gerson, Henderson, Larson, David.

Every two weeks we would find one of the best college magazines going waiting for us. This was the *Log*, ably skippered this year by Dick Stannus, for whose untiring efforts to improve his magazine enough can't be said. The *Log* office was always one of the busiest places we could find, where efficiency was taken for granted. With George David handling the purse strings and Paul Klinedinst helping ComLog coordinate the various departments, this outfit never had any trouble meeting deadlines. For appeal to mids, parents, OAO's, and friends alike, the *Log* just couldn't be beat.



Cdr. J. D. Oliver  
Officer Representative



Always the deadline to meet.



Paul Klinedinst  
Managing Editor



George David  
Business Manager

...also worked hard...  
and *Splinter*



Making up the dummy.

From the latest in jokes to the newest in Navy sports statistics, the *Splinter* kept us up to date on the bi-monthly Friday afternoons when the *Log* wasn't published. "Small in size, but large in content" was an apt description of the magazine, conned this year by Jim Ryan. Sharing a common office and business organization with the *Log* proved no hindrance to the *Splinter* staff, which managed to ever come up with a new innovation to keep the troops happy. Many long hours were spent in getting the finished product out to the Brigade, but the appreciation with which we all received it was the kind of reward that the staff sought.



Jim Ryan  
Editor-in-Chief



Ric Thacher  
Managing Editor



Chet Nagle  
Photo Editor.



*Splinter* Staff. Left to right—Battenburg, Jacobs, Nagle, Thacher, Ryan, Gies, Booth, Leon, Taylor, McLane.

...to turn their efforts...

## Trident Society

The Trident Society was conceived as an outlet for the interests of those of us who had talents in the art and literature fields. Through its Executive Committee and its various clubs, the Society successfully lived up to these aims. The annual competitions brought out the best in football posters, short stories, professional articles, photography, and art that the Brigade had to offer. The Society had a lot of work to do in coordinating these activities, but the results of displaying the ideas of the Brigade were always worthwhile.



Trident Executive Committee. Left to right: Front row—Cockley, Thoureen, King. Back—Chodorow.

## Trident Magazine



Roger Lyons  
Editor-in-Chief



Here was the professional magazine of the Brigade, in which midshipmen could try their hand at writing of matters concerned with our future careers in the service. If one of us was interested in military history, present developments, or in the machinery of the service, we could always find a warm welcome down in the *Trident* office. Roger Lyons and his staff kept up and added to the magazine's high standards as they strove to put it on our desks once a month. As a means of expression and mark of achievement, there was no replacement for a copy of the *Trident*.

Trident Staff. Left to right—Lombard, McNergney, Cockley, Lyons, Thoureen, Byman, Morgan.



Organized confusion.

# ...into successful results.



*Trident Calendar.* Left to right—Kraft, Rowe, Hoel, Given, Kenney, Jacobs, Higgins.

On every midshipman's desk, you would find the latest *Trident Calendar*, probably the most familiar product of the Trident Society. Its uses were many, ranging from keeping up with the dragging days to writing down reminders of the next watch or tailor shop party. Jack Hoel and his handful of faithful followers combined this year to give us one of the very best for 1958. Another mark of the Academy, the *Calendar* could be found in every corner of the country, thanks to Christmas and the work of the postal service.



*Christmas Card Committee.* Left to right: Front row—Reynolds, Blatt, Williams, Morris. Second row—Hoel, Bernes, Baker, Pierce, Brenner.

Over the years, it has become standard for members of the Brigade to send a truly distinguished Christmas card to friends and loved ones. This year proved no exception as the Christmas Card Committee, under the leadership of Russ Blatt, put out a card that ranked with the very best. Blending the spirit of the holiday season with a Naval Academy setting proved to be no easy task, but the work of the Committee made short work of the problem and made improvements on the work of their predecessors.



*Reef Points.* Left to right: Front row—Martin, Chodorow, King, Smith. Second row—Peters, Gladding, Friedman, Omberg.

Giving the incoming Plebe the "straight dope" was the mission of the *Reef Points* staff, and its fulfillment was often a long and arduous one. The work was mostly in keeping the traditional sections up to date and conceiving innovations to make the "Plebe's Bible" more interesting and attractive. Their work was ever on display, as the Plebe was responsible for carrying a copy of *Reef Points* with him at all times. Al Chodorow and this year's staff worked hard to publish the best book possible for the Class of 1961.



*House Library Committee.* Left to right—Musgrove, Helweg, Vaughan.

The House Library Committee, under the direction of Otto Helweg, had the responsibility of manning and maintaining the two Regimental Libraries to be found within Bancroft Hall. Watch schedules were set up for two first and second classmen from each company. Through their efforts, the Brigade had at its daily disposal a fine, convenient source of information and entertainment. The Committee toiled hard to improve their system, and their service proved invaluable to Plebes and upper-classmen alike.

*Whether they used cameras or radio,*

## *Art and Printing Club*

The Art and Printing Club provided a place for artistically-inclined members of the Brigade to put their talents to good use. Their main activities were centered in advertising coming events of interest to Academy personnel, whether it was a football game, a tea fight out at Carvel Hall, or the annual show put on by the Masqueraders. The efforts of this year's club, headed by Bob Doty, will be long remembered, especially their work during the football season in conjunction with the Brigade Activities Committee.



*Art Club. Left to right: Front row—Dunn, Galla, Doty, Goldenstein, Diesing. Second row—Greene, Martin, Short, Hildebrand, Palmer, Schultz.*

## *Photo Club*

We found that we had many amateur photographers among our ranks, and the Photo Club was a "natural" for them to express their talents. The Club provided talks, demonstrations, and a chance for comparison of techniques for its members, all of which made for better photography at the Naval Academy. The highlight of the year was the annual contest put on by the Trident Society, for which cash prizes were awarded. Walt Peters and his officers coordinated the Club's activities ably and smoothly.



*Photo Club. Left to right—Peters, Given, Budney.*

## *WRNV—"Radio Navy"*

Who can forget the enjoyment that we all derived from "Radio Navy"? Providing a daily schedule of the best in music, WRNV soon became an indispensable part of our everyday lives. News, broadcasts of Navy athletic contests, and other items of interest all combined to give our radio station a well-rounded aspect. The station also gave interested members of the Brigade a wonderful chance to work with the intricacies of radio. Station Manager Dick Woodley and the rest of the "Radio Navy" staff succeeded in making their program schedules the best that we could remember.



*Left to right—Glaser, Magrath, Green, Woodley, Stubbs, Therrien.*

... *daigo or bull,*

## *Public Relations Committee*

Much of the credit for the increased public interest in the Naval Academy over the past few years must be given to the Public Relations Committee, whose members did everything from announcing at athletic contests to writing publicity articles. They worked through the Public Information Officer, and their agenda was usually long and varied. Al Carretta and his able band of cohorts continued the fine work of the PRC in even finer fashion this year. Publicity plays a big part in the running of the Naval Academy, and their job was an important one.



*Public Relations Committee. Left to right: Front row—Harriss, Figura, Carretta, Williams, Roberts, Ballard. Second row—Bump, Dawson, Fohrman, Polski, Osborn, Wilson, Wilcox, Corr, Wandell, Hunter.*



*Foreign Language Clubs: Left to right—Booriakin, Trudeau, Luders, Garland, Medina, Graham.*

## *Foreign Language Clubs*

The Foreign Languages Clubs sought to present to the Brigade a means of learning to speak a foreign language more fluently. After-dinner speaking, Sunday afternoon movies over in Mahan Hall, and frequent meetings were all means to this end. The presidents of the various clubs in this organization brought the usual interesting program to the Brigade through their efforts. Above all, the Clubs stimulated a growing interest in this aspect of our education which is becoming ever more prominent to the success of the naval officer.



*Foreign Relations Club: Left to right—Felix, Friedman, Daidone, Haumont, Werbel, Creighton, Morris.*

## *Foreign Relations Club*

Keeping abreast of the world situation is important to any military man; this was the belief of the members of the Foreign Relations Club, who studied the current picture carefully. Through a program of guest speakers, films, and discussions, any midshipman interested in today's affairs could find a fine outlet for his views. They even wrote papers on their favorite subjects, to be judged according to merit. This year's activities were better than ever, thanks to the work of Sam Werbel and the club's fine crew of officers.

# ...or hobby club facilities...



*Chess Club. Left to right—Jackson, Ruby, Franck, Dawson.*

## *Chess Club*

Although the butt of many a jest, the Chess Club was a going organization at Navy. The main activity was the Brigade-wide competition for the Ditmar Cup, but no effort was wasted when the check-maters took on their counterparts from up there on the Hudson. Indeed, what other non-athletic activity could boast of such a competition with the Black Knights in the true tradition of Army-Navy? Perry Jackson headed this year's aggregation, as Navy continued to show that within these walls reside some master strategists.



*Model Club. Left to right—Osborn, David, Prince, Pinkham.*

## *Model Club*

If you had the ability and the desire to do things with your hands, then the Model Club was just made to order. With the expert assistance of the Naval Academy Museum model maker, members of the club had the opportunity to work on projects ranging from the fine railroad layout in the First Wing basement to the more conventional ship and aircraft models. Bill Prince directed a program this year that kept all hands busy. With the fine facilities that were available, this club always had something worthwhile to do.



*Stamp Club. Left to right: Sitting—Marangoni, Young, Willingham, Rasavage, Haenze. Standing—Thomas, Davidson.*

## *Stamp Club*

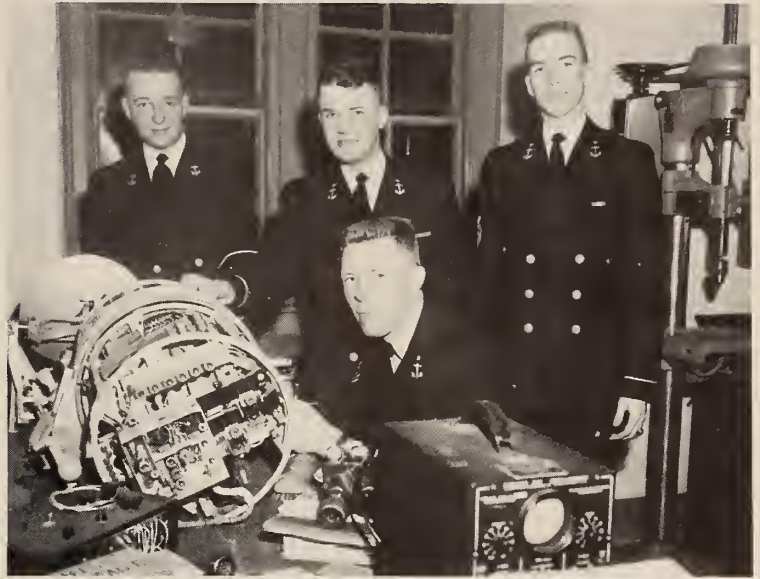
Many of us have pursued the "Hobby of Kings," and the Stamp Club provided an opportunity for interested members of the Brigade to retain this pastime here in Bancroft Hall to best advantage. Frequent meetings gave club members ample chance to keep their collections in top shape through comparison and discussion. If you ever wondered who that was that you saw looking through all the letters during morning mail call, it might have been one of the Stamp Club's finest hunting for some new specimens.



... of all descriptions,

## Radio Club

Those who were "hams" among us must have been delighted when they arrived at Bancroft Hall—for here was the elaborate layout known throughout the amateur radio world as W3ADO. The facilities that we had here would have made even the most fanatic of radio bugs happy, and the Brigade's "hams" always put them to good advantage. This year, under Dave Bertke, the club continued to follow their hobby in the ways of practical experience and just plain fun, besides giving the Naval Academy an occasional plug over the CW and voice circuits.



Radio Club. Sitting — Bertke. Standing — Raymond, McCandless, Peters.

## Gun Club

One of our newest organizations, the Gun Club could also claim one of the largest followings of any within Bancroft Hall. Finding many interested members in the Brigade, the club's facilities were always put to good use. Use of the ranges across the river was extended, informal matches were held, and guest speakers were secured to give members professional views on both the care and use of firearms. Randy Teague conned the activities of the club this year, and he and his officers can look upon their organization as one of the most popular around.



Gun Club. Left to right: Front row—McLane, Means, Gardner. Second row—Smiley, Bass, Teague, Beard. Third row—Schramm, Hicks, Henderson, Rosenberg, Midgarden, Pivarnik, Sudmeyer, Kretschmar.

## Political Economy Club

Another one of our newer activities, the Political Economy Club extended to the Brigade another chance to pursue the principles that sometimes eluded us over in Mahan and Maury Halls. Through frequent meetings and discussions, highlighted by the appearance of several good guest speakers, the members had great opportunity to broaden their interests and educations along these lines. Jesse Hernandez headed up a fine group of officers who never failed to provide the best in both information and entertainment.



Political Economy Club. Left to right: Front row—Held, Hernandez, Davis. Second row—Rogers, Dorwart, Keefe, Legro, Johnson.

*they served us well...*

## *Forensic Activity*

Using both logic and the art of being good ambassadors, the debaters of the Naval Academy made a good showing wherever they went. The program gave everyone a chance to take part, as was evidenced by the battalion teams as well as the "varsity" members who represented us at conferences throughout the nation. This year's organization functioned as smoothly as ever, and brought home another good year for the Academy. Sam Werbel and his officers are to be commended for their work in both improving self expression and in generating good will in their various competitions.



*Forensic Activity. Left to right—Currie, Werbel, Demand, Poindexter, Dorwart.*



*Combined Engineering Clubs. Left to right: Front row—Stiller, Schlang, Peters, Prince. Second row—Ford, Talber, David, Henderson, Wright, Booth, McVey, Hand.*

## *Automobile Committee*

Every year the thoughts of each first classman turns to thoughts of that beautiful new car that will grace his belongings in the near future. To secure the best deals possible for the Brigade and to insure that only good cars are bought by midshipmen are the overall aims of the recently-created Automobile Committee, whose members toiled long and hard to fulfill these goals. Gary Roberts directed operations this year to such a perfection that the prices offered were the best ever; his untiring aides will never be forgotten as well for their efforts.

## *Combined Engineering Club*

With an academic program such as ours, it is only natural that many of us would be interested in pursuing engineering and scientific subjects a little closer than was possible in the classroom. The Combined Engineering Clubs, headed by Walt Peters, offered many opportunities for these desires to be fulfilled; indeed, one could find anything here from nuclear accelerators to talks on naval ship stability. Through a program of lectures and field trips, members were able to stay well informed on almost any current scientific interest.



*Automobile Committee. Left to right: Front row—Swope, Roberts, Chadick. Second row—Mason, Mayers, Fox, Davis, Palmer.*

# Class Ring and Crest Committee



Ring and Crest Committee. Left to right: Sitting—O'Beirne, Poin-  
dexter. Standing—Fleming, McKenzie, Triebes, Lustfield.

Soon after we took the oath, we began to look forward to the day when we would wear the two symbols of brotherhood that would forever mark the Class of 1958—the ring and the crest. To this group of men fell the long and hard task of designing these emblems that would be the possessions of a lifetime. They were organized early in the fall of Plebe year, and from that time until the night of nights finally arrived, they worked hard to produce the best. Ideas, preliminary designs, class votes, orders, and the final distribution were all jobs that had to be taken care of. George Segelbacher headed a committee whose talent and efficiency were second to none—and for the two symbols that they produced, the class will be eternally grateful.

## Ring Dance Committee

Most of us, when thinking of the Ring Dance, will remember only the wonderful night when it finally got here; the men who made up the Ring Dance and Farewell Ball Committee will look back upon many months filled with tasks that had to be completed before the Dance could ever have been a reality. Jesse Hernandez and the rest of the Committee could never be thanked enough for the 1958 Ring Dance—who could soon forget the underwater theme and the melodic strains of Ralph Marterie? Putting the plans on paper, having programs made, arranging for the orchestra, insuring good favors—all were big jobs. As if this weren't enough, the plans for the Farewell Ball took a big share of their time. It was work worth remembering, and the members of the Committee can rest assured that they will never be forgotten by the class.



Ring Dance Committee. Left to right: Sitting—Hocker, Hernandez, Gamboa. Standing—Estep, Phenegar, Wandell, Statton, Johnson, Larson, Kuhneman, Berry, Rennie, Nickerson.

*...in every way*

# Two sports teams also made...

## Pistol



Captain Paul Polski and Coach E. Y. Holt.



Our All-Americans. McAleer, Correll, Rosenberg.

Left to right: Front row—Daugherty, Merritt, Bass, Polski, Correll, Rosenberg, McAleer, Christenson. Second row—Major Claterbos, Packard, Maynard, Guay, Nelis, Garrity, Tidd, Zierden, Major Holt. Third row—Hagen, Shafer, Tollaksen, Hastie, Phelan, Martin.

The pistol team, over the years, has compiled a record of which the Academy can well be proud. Champions of the United States Revolver Association for the past six straight years, they looked forward to another great year as Major E. Y. Holt found himself with no less than five All-American marksmen left from last year's squad. Counted on to carry on Navy's rich tradition were Captain Paul Polski, George McAleer, Ward Correll, Fred Rosenberg, and Barry Packard, all of whom had received either first or second team AA rankings. The team quickly showed itself to be one of the best, establishing a new Academy record with an outstanding 1412 against MIT. In one of the frequent postal matches that decide the USRA champion, the pistoleers broke a National record with a brilliant 1458. Coach Holt's charges knew that Army was the only team in collegiate circles who could give them any competition and that they would be tough—tough they were, as we lost up at the Point on that memorable Black Saturday. But it was another great season for the pistol team, of whom we're all proud.



Polski shows the form that broke records.



# Rifle



Coach Ken Barber and Captain Al Roach.



Left to right: Front row—Coach Barber, MacGregor, Roach, Lima, Peterson, Vaughan, Lt. Col. Ryder. Second row—Ramsey, Plowden, Todd, Wishart, Gamba, Willmarth, Gunther, Ballentine, Roberts.

Faced with the loss of no less than two All-Americans and three other outstanding shooters from the record-breaking 1957 squad, Coach Ken Barber knew that this season could be a long road uphill. Nevertheless, he quickly settled down to the task and showed the skill that has made him one of the top coaches in the sport. Back from last year's team were Captain Al Roach, along with John Gunther, Bob McGregor, and Carl Peterson, all of whom had seen some experience. Segundos Ben Todd, John Vaughan, Jim Ramsey, and George Ballentine rounded out a team that proved consistently harder to beat as the season wore on. Losing only one match during "regular" season shooting, to a strong St. John's team, the rifleshooters went into the big match with Army as definite underdogs. With a great fight, characteristic of all Army-Navy contests, we lost by only one point, 1432-1431, with Roach firing a great 288. Things are looking up for Coach Barber, as only three of his shooters will be lost at graduation.



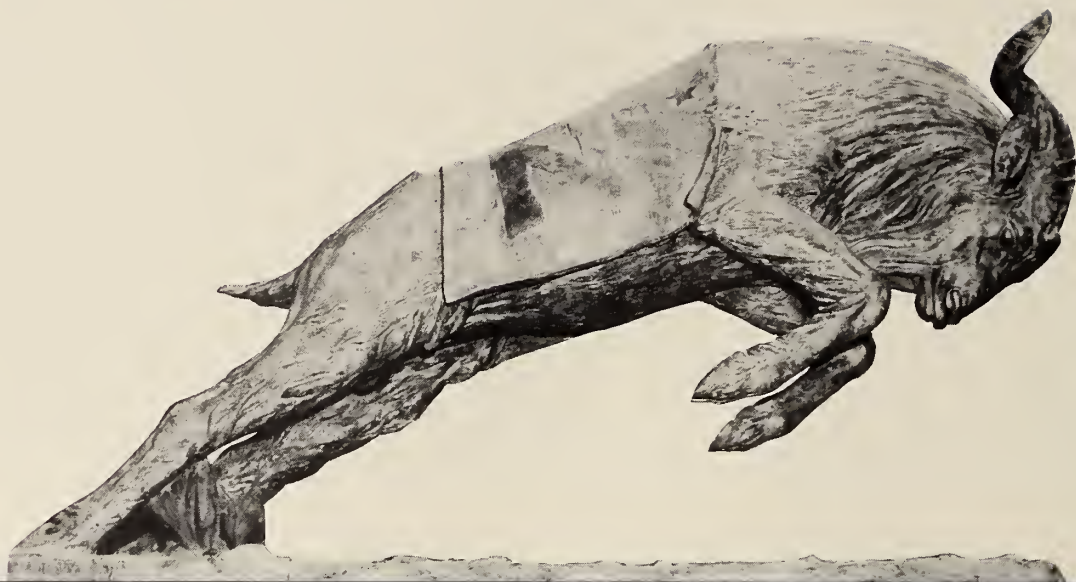
Sighting in.



Navy's sharpshooters.

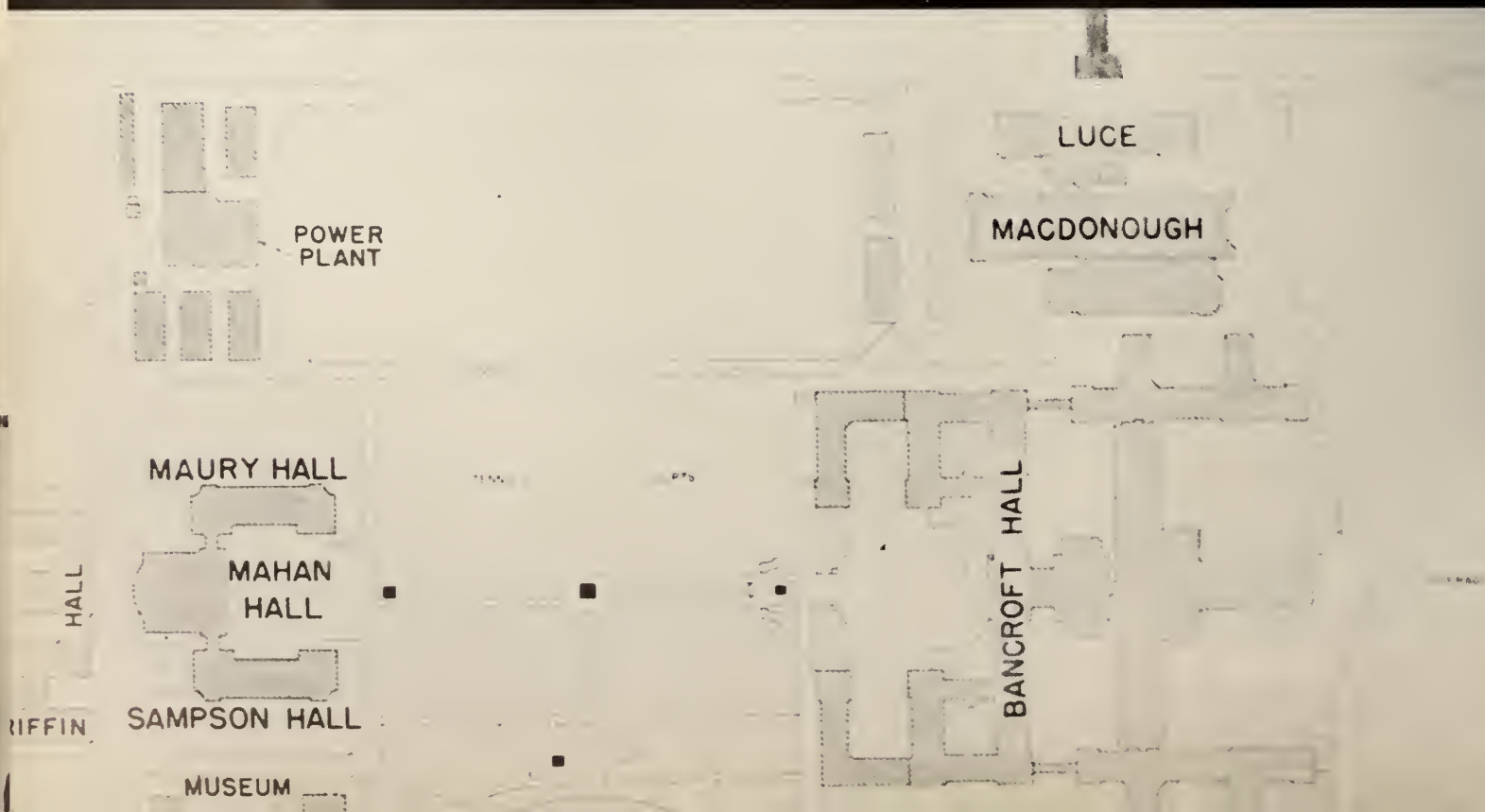
*...homes in Bancroft Hall.*

# MacDonough Hall



“The next stop in our tour is MacDonough Hall. Perhaps the statue outside its main entrance tells you right away what function that this building plays in the life of a midshipman. MacDonough is the central symbol of Navy athletics; here you will find the main trophy room, dedicated to the scores of sports teams and heroes who have done so well by the Academy down through the years. Here is the sports program office, around which the extensive intramural activity of the Brigade is governed. Several of our sports teams

make their home here, and others did before the new fieldhouse was completed. It is the center of the Physical Training Department, whose exacting standards we all had to meet before receiving commissions. Athletics of all kinds played a very major role in our education and MacDonough Hall will always be the identifying link with this phase of our training. Come in and take a look around and I will try to show you what it meant to us. . . .”





*Symbol of Navy athletics,*

...home of those who taught

# Department of Physical Education



Captain Slade D. Cutter  
Head of Department



Left to right: Front row—Foster, Kennedy, Orland, Adrian, Cutter, Bennett, Miller, O'Halloran, Swarz. Second row—Hendrix, Lamey, Higgins, Rubino, Carnevale, Thomson, Warner, Kraft, Williams. Third row—Richards, Bilderback, Muller, Deladrier, Callow, Earl, Lenz, Phillips. Fourth row—Rammacher, Duff, Gehrdes, Smith.

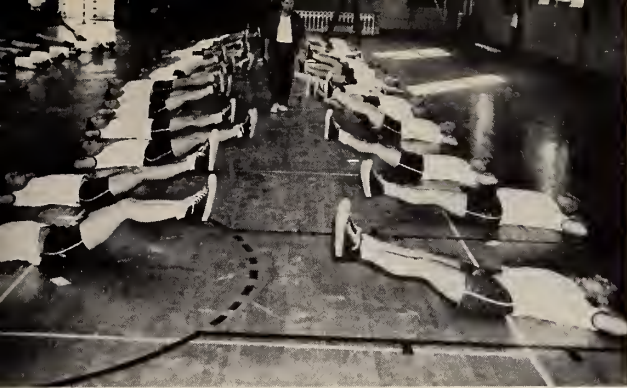
We found that the Physical Training Department had high standards of fitness that we all had to meet before graduation. The variety of the program to which we were introduced during Plebe summer amazed us; we thought that they worked us hard then but it was nothing compared to some of the hurdles we had to clear during the regular academic years.

Remember the second class swimming test when we all felt like we were turning into fish? Then there was the manly art of self defense in the form of boxing and wrestling. They tried to make proficient gymnasts of us Plebe year, and of course there were always the agility and applied strength tests looming before us.



E. E. "Rip" Miller  
Assistant Director of Athletics





Applied strength and sore backs.



Navy's version of Forest Hills.



Sluggers all.

They did let us relax once in a while, though, with basketball, tennis, badminton, and other sports. We learned a little about officiating and were continually impressed with the importance of athletics and competition to the Navy. Then there were those three hour sessions over on the local links during First Class year when we tried to make like Sammy Snead. The instruction was excellent and we always had some of the best to observe in all fields of athletic endeavor. If you could stay off the Sub and Weak Squads, P.T. was always a welcome break from the routine. All except for the obstacle course, of course. . . .



The old college try.



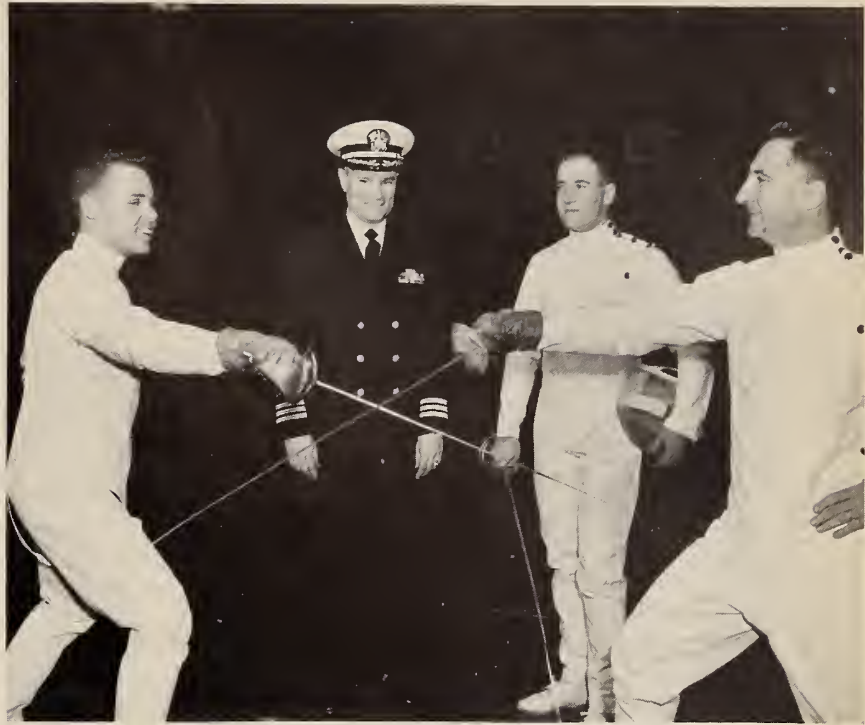
Making sure that they were counted.

*us to play and to fight.*

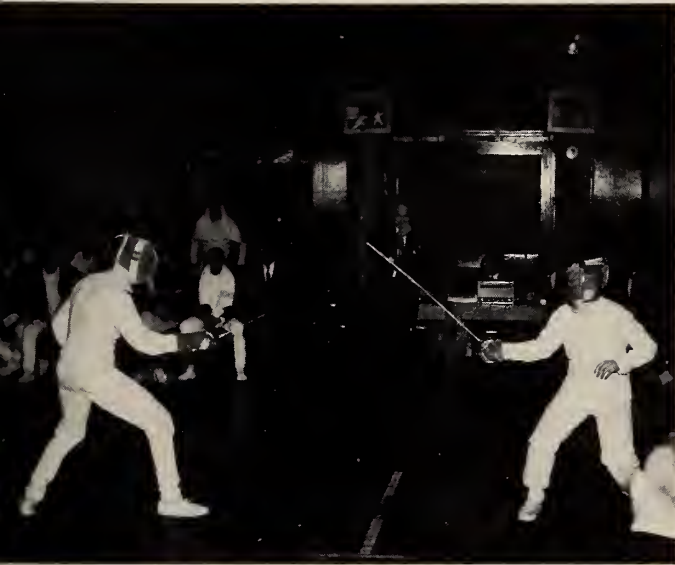


# Fencing

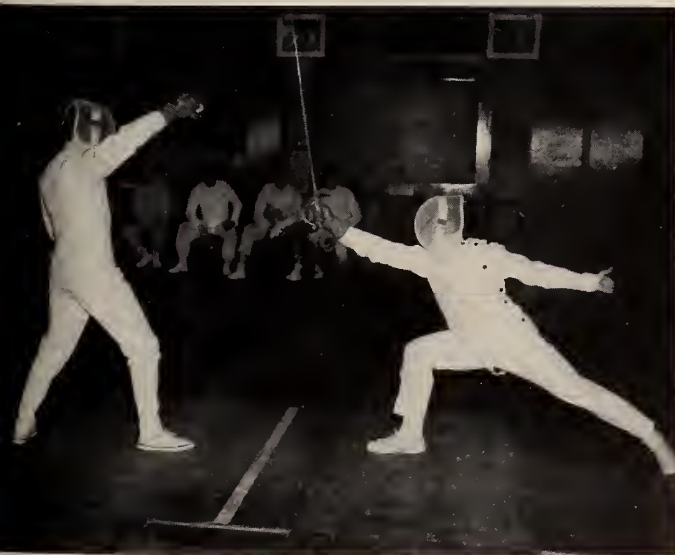
Under the skillful leadership of Coach Andre Deladrier, the Navy fencers had a very successful season, losing only to perennially strong Columbia and NYU. Hopes were high for both the Easterns and the Nationals at this writing, as the strong team depth seemed to indicate a very good chance. Foil was the apparent strong point of the team, with segundos Stu Wommack and Bill Larson doing well. Sabre was held down by Co-Captains Jim Estep and Larry Polk. Epee was marked by a constant shuffle to find the right combination; Bob Davies, Paul Stiller and Hugh Strachwitz were the best here. Often accorded little note in the athletic picture here, the fencers never failed to bring the greatest of credit to the Naval Academy.



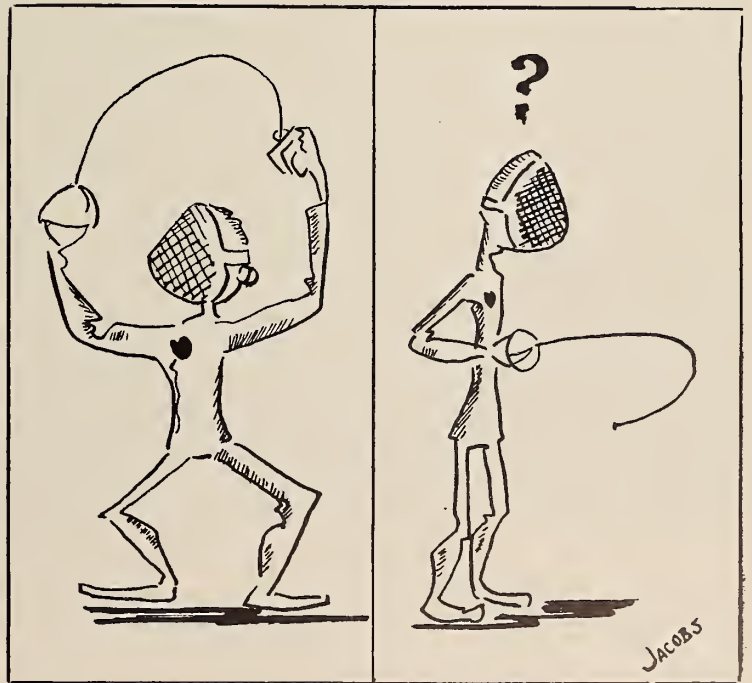
Co-Captain Jim Estep squares off with Coach Andy Deladrier as Commander Ellerbe and Co-Captain Larry Polk look on.



Meet in the fencing loft.



Lunge and parry.



JACOBS

*Here we saw the fencers,*

# Gymnastics



The captain looks great.



Coach Chet Phillips and Captain Ken McNutt.



Left to right—First Row: Midgarden, Davidson, Cooper, McNutt, Kimmel, Ryan, Houston. Second Row: Rucker, Cromer, Morgan, Sheppard, Radecki, Wheatley, McFarlane, Chamberlin, Fairchild. Third Row: Rammacher, Carwin, Stumbo, Lt. Col. Kicklighter, Sparks, Logan, Williams, Phillips.



Davidson, flexed for action.

A big winter drawing card this past winter was Coach Chet Phillips' gymnasts, who had another of their fine seasons. With several outstanding individuals and strong team depth, they came off with all but two meets; fittingly enough, these were to be the strongest teams in the East, Penn State and Army.

Several men had to be singled out for fine performances, although any victory in this sport is essentially one of the entire team. Furman Sheppard came

on strong after his amazing finish last year to become one of the finest sidehorse men in the East. His flawless routine won many a point. Captain Ken McNutt finished his four years on the MacDonough boards with a year that must certainly rank him as one of the finest ever to wear the Blue and Gold. Guy Houston bolted out of nowhere to become one of the best in the East on the flying rings, while Rick Davidson was better than most in the art of scaling a tricky rope ladder.

*the grace and skill...*



Ryan climbs the rope.



Terry always made it look easy.



Houston, our "flying young man."



Sheppard, sidehorse man superior.

Terry Cooper, with his antics on the high bar, and Pete Midgarden, of tumbling fame, were two firsties who did well in any showing, to be sorely missed next year. Outstanding underclassmen who will be back for another whirl were Jack Morgan and Don Cromer on the high bar, Paul Carwin and Paul Sparks on the tumbling mats, and Bud MacFarlane on the sidehorse. Points in other events were garnered by Walt Ryan, rope climb, Leigh Kimmel, sidehorse, and Phil Chamberlain, flying rings.

Losing only to Penn State before the big one with Army, the team was in a prime position for an upset, but, as usual, the Cadets had too much depth. With only McNutt and Houston copping first places, the Black Knights came off the victors, 58½-37½. Hopes were high for the Easterns for the individual performers as Coach Phillips could look back on a very satisfying season.

*of the gymnasts,*

# Brigade Boxing

MacDonough Hall was the annual site for the Brigade Boxing Championships, an event that was a highlight of any winter season. Carrying on the traditions of the days when Navy was the scourge of Eastern intercollegiate competition, these intra-Brigade finals yearly bring out the best fighters in the Hall and provide a great deal of spectator interest and thrills.

This year's finals were run, as usual, by Coach Art Rubino, with an able assist from Manager Tommy Reeves. Working their way up through preliminary, quarter- and semi-final eliminations, the fourteen finalists were truly the best that Navy had to offer. The final bouts were all decisions except one, showing the even pairings of the matches and the closeness of the competition.



Manager Tommy Reeves and Coach Art Rubino.



Moving in for the uppercut.



Concentrated action on title night.



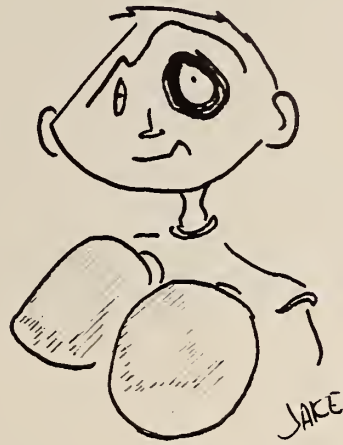
A hard left to the chin.

*our own version of...*

# ...the Friday night fights,



Mack Johnson  
127-lb. Champion



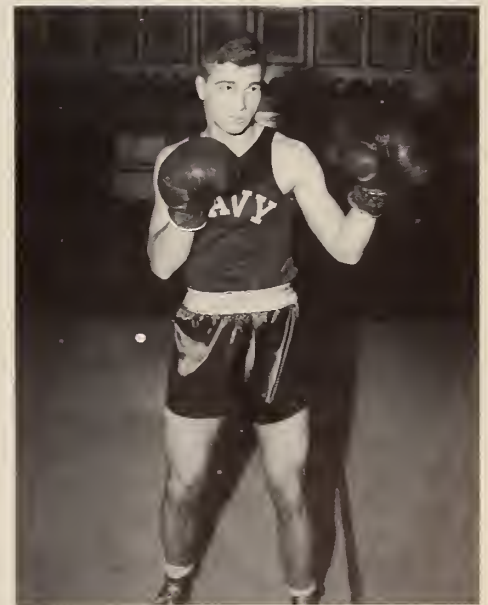
Frank Shotten  
135 lb. Champion



Jim Duffy  
145-lb. Champion

The finals were highlighted by the fourth straight championship for Jim Tipton, who has never lost a bout here. Youngster Jack Herbein won his second straight title by recording a T.K.O. over Peter Bevans in the 165-pound class. Little Mack Johnson dethroned defending champ Dick Hamon in the 127-pound fight, while Jon Shelton decisioned Mike Lewis in the heavyweight brawl. The other decisions were won by Frank Shotten, Jim Duffy, and Bob Darby. The entire program was marked by the typical rugged type of fighting that every MacDonough gallery has grown to appreciate.

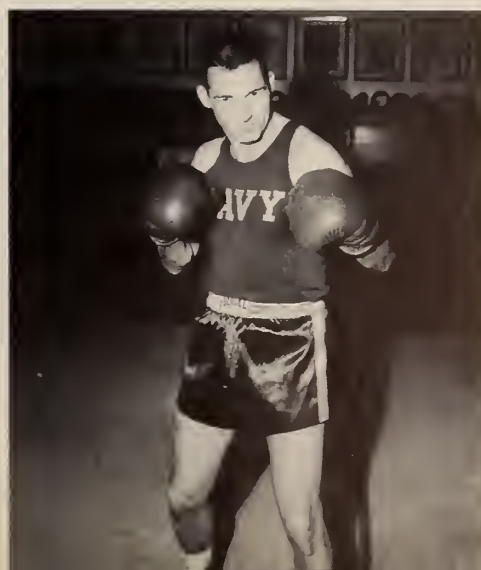
Jack Herbein  
165-lb. Champion



Bob Darby  
155-lb. Champion

Jim Tipton  
175-lb. Champion

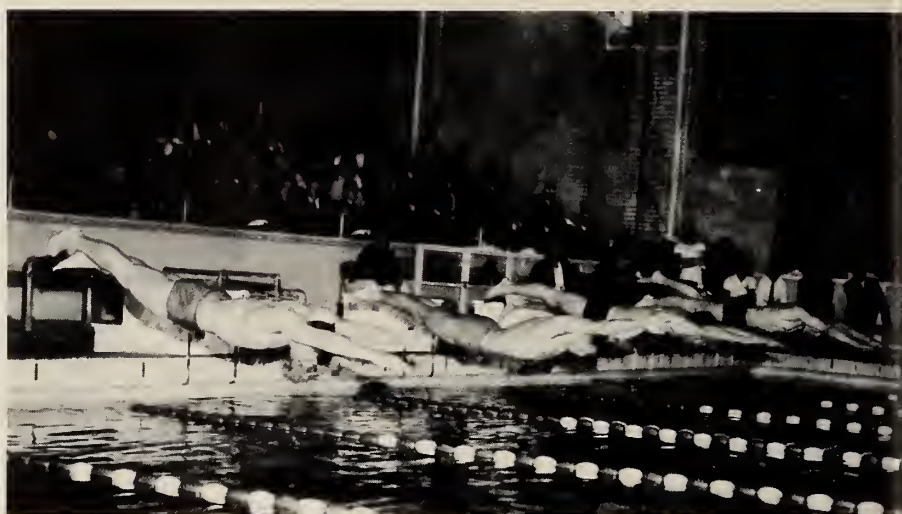
Jon Shelton  
Heavyweight Champion



*and the natadors...*



Captain Gene Peltier and Coach John Higgins.



As the gun goes off...



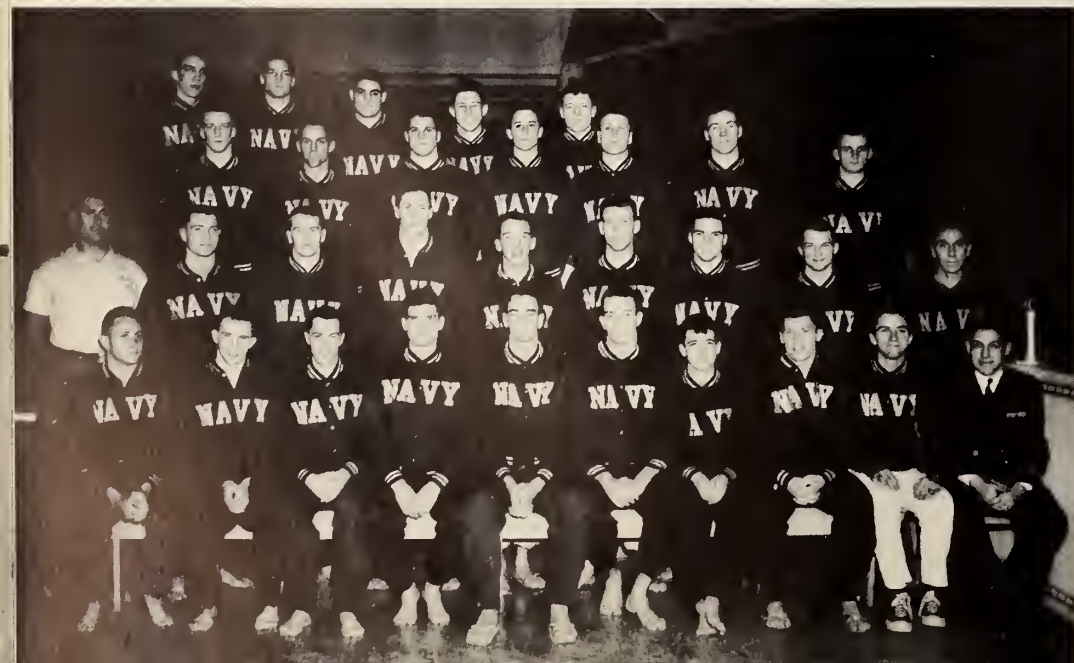
Curt McGaffin, always good for points.

## *Swimming*

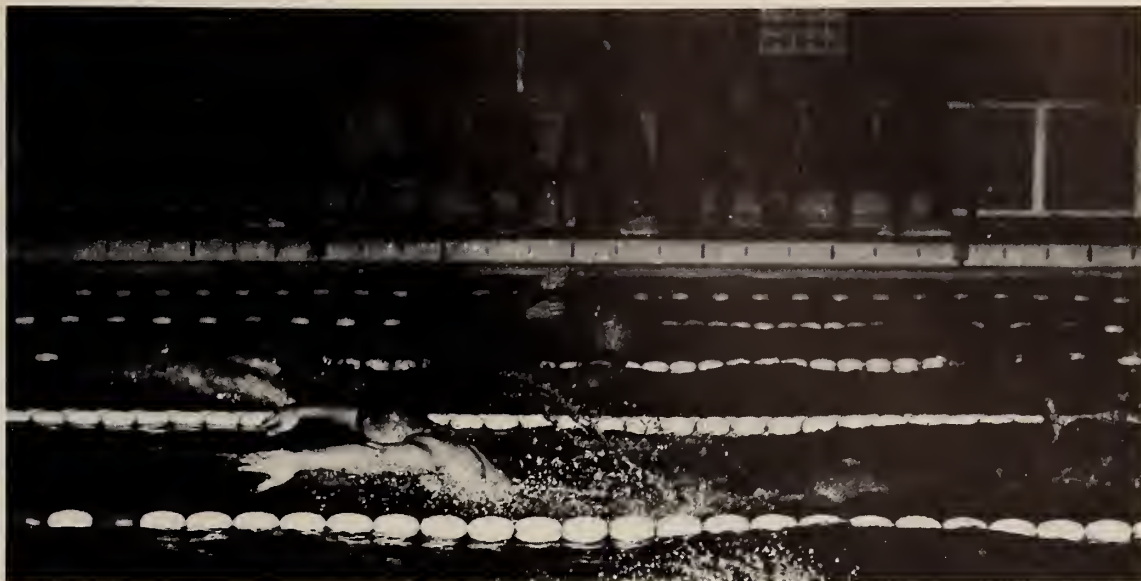
Starting out with a rather bleak outlook due to the loss of Captain Gene Peltier to an unknown virus, the swimming team went hard to work to take on their usual hard schedule. Losing a sprinter of Peltier's caliber was serious from any outlook, but the outstanding performances of a group of Youngster stand-outs did much to alleviate the situation and make the season a much happier one for both Coach Higgins and Navy swimming fans. Winning six meets while losing to Yale and Harvard, perennial powerhouses, the natadors went into the Army meet as heavy underdogs, but with high hopes. Hopes for the annual Eastern championships for certain individuals were also high.

*Left to right: Front row—Chapple, Russ, McMillan, O'Beirne, Peltier, Greer, McGaffin, Flood, Wright, Cdr. Grkovic. Second row—Coach Higgins, Regan, Bromwell, Gabrielsen, Ceres, Powers, Blount, Neville, Coach Robinson. Third row—Cecil, Bolden, Porter, Long, Boggs, Montague, O'Brien. Fourth row—Marti, Hoke, Blanke, Shepeck, Booth.*

Marsh Greer, star backstroker.







Churning the water.



Bob Ceres, freestyler extraordinary.

Youngster Mike Porter and firstie Marsh Greer set the pace as individual performers, with Porter breaking several records in his specialty, the 200-yard butterfly, and Greer continuing the fine swimming that has made him one of Navy's great backstrokers. Youngster Dave Bolden pushed the records in the sprints all season long, with Pat Flood and Bill Gabrielson not far behind. All the freestylers were good, spearheaded by Boots Ceres and Jim Regan. Another outstanding Youngster, Ward O'Brien, took the first diving spot away from firstie Mickey O'Beirne and consistently showed a form that will make him one of the best in the East. Firsties Mike Chapple and Curt McGaffin, along with Carl Russ, Flood, and Greer, all rounded out careers notable for their success. One of the strongest Army teams in years downed the nators to the tune of 48-38, but the future looks bright.



Mike Chapple, a jack of all trades.



Ward O'Brien, Youngster diving star.



Mike Porter, one of our record-breakers.

*... win many a thrilling meet.*

# Our extensive sports program...

## Intramurals



Off to the wars.

Just about every afternoon after last class, Bancroft Hall would disgorge practically the entire Brigade upon the "fields of friendly strife" that became such a prevalent part of the daily routine. Required by regulations to participate in a sport during all three seasons, we soon found that only a few could be varsity athletes, and the extensive intramural schedule was designed to fill up the slack. As part of the annual company competitions, it became far more important than merely a chance to relax and flex a few study-worn muscles.

The program was almost amazing in its versatility and its administration was often a long and arduous job, as any self-respecting battalion operations officer will attest. Every season had its sports and its hectic competitions; we had everything from yawl maintenance to football. From the offices in MacDonough and the Fieldhouse, the program was governed and regulated.



Just like the varsity.



They're off and running.



Grunt and groan.



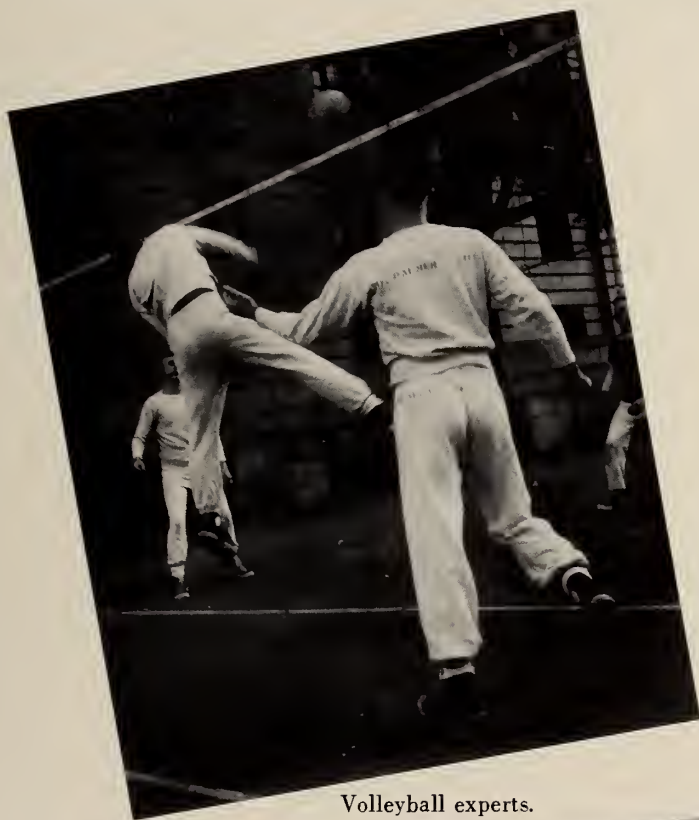
We even had bowling.

# ... kept our afternoons busy.

We'll have many memories of this part of a mid-shipman's life—the intricacies of the Hospital Point cross-country course, the boat rides, the rough and ready games of fieldball and touch football, the way that Worden Field blossomed out in softball fields in the spring, how cold it could get during the winter over on Hospital Point, the way that the points were sweated for the competitions, the sterling officiating, the many posters that graced the bulkheads of Mother Bancroft, and many, many more. The competition was always keen, and the rewards often great, whether it was just pure satisfaction from winning a game or winning class numerals for the B-robe. Most important of all, the program gave us a rare opportunity to play, to learn, and to pass many hours with the maximum of enjoyment.



Scramble for the casaba.



Volleyball experts.



Battalion boxers.



Concentration plus.



## *Along the Seawall*

RIVER

“As you walk along the seawall and look across the river, there is unfolded before you a striking panorama of Naval Academy activity. Here is the symbol of many things that came to be important parts of our new way of life. It seems only fitting that the Naval Academy was built around a setting such as this.

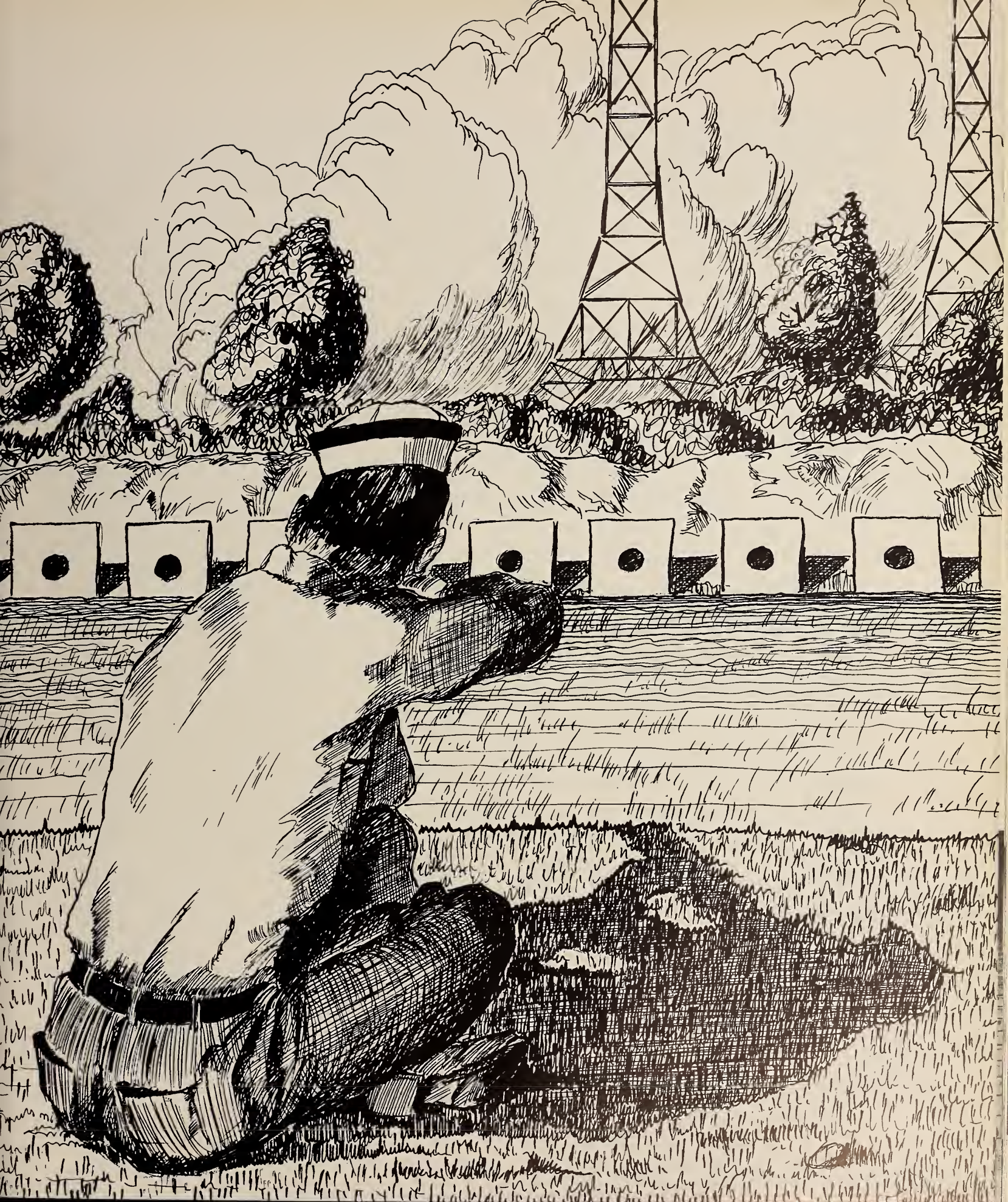
“The seawall introduced us to Luce Hall, where the Department of Seamanship and Navigation makes its home. Here we learned navigation, seamanship, and many other facets of the life of a naval officer. Here were Dewey and Santee Basins with their fleets of knockabouts, yawls, and dinghies that combined to give us so much valuable experience and so many enjoyable hours. Here were the Maine Mast, the home of the Seventh Battalion, the America Dock, and until this year, the ‘fastest ship in the Navy.’ We watched

POWER PLANT

many visiting ships tie up here, and every summer would see us leave for cruise via the seawall, whether it was by YP, motor launch, or LST. The seawall will also bring to mind the many times that all of us boarded motor launches for the ride to Hospital Point or across the river.

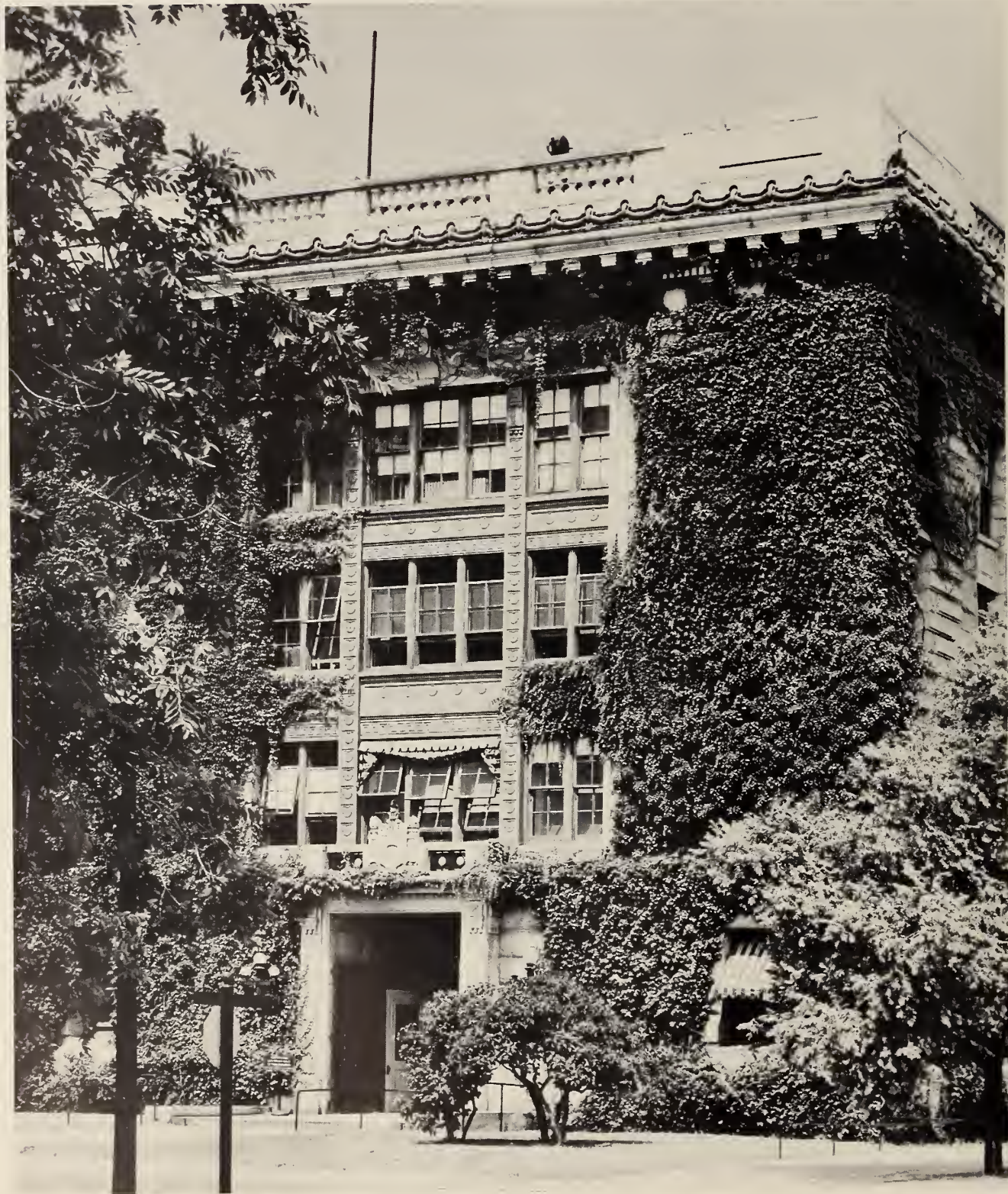
“Across the river is found the center of the aviation activity of the midshipman’s life. Here is the Naval Air Facility, home of the famous ‘Yellow Peril.’ Then there was the golf course and the cross-country layout, where two of our most unsung sports teams brought home many an honor to Navy. These and many other thoughts will blend into a lasting impression of variety and flexibility in our future memories of the Academy.”

MACDONOUGH



*And Across the River*

*... where we found...*



## *Luce Hall*

Appropriately named after one of the Navy's greatest scholars, Luce Hall became the center of many of our professional activities. Home of the Department of Seamanship and Navigation, this ivy-covered building was soon symbolic of our way of life and the career for which we worked. . . .

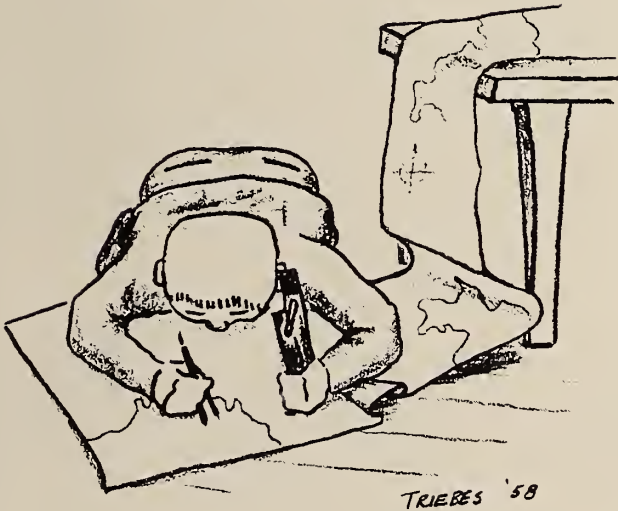
# Department of Seamanship and Navigation



Captain Kenneth G. Schacht  
Head of Department



Left to right: *Front row*—Ashcroft, Hartle, Dibrell, Meahl, Orser, Schacht, Hines, Garvin, Lindsey, Truxler, Stanard. *Second row*—Vardy, Kaulback, Meek, Dungan, Schmeltzer, Dittmar, Mikles, Mode, Hanson, Lukas. *Third row*—Madera, Buck, Cobb, Wassell, Shimer, Stump, Chertavian, Breen, Shafer. *Fourth row*—Mallinson, Foley, Buford, Bardwell, Hausler, Van Der Naillen, Lake, Dalla Mura, Mehl. *Fifth row*—Zeigler, Wilson, Clough, Harris, Headrick, Henry, Yeager.



We were first introduced to Seamo four long years ago when we met the whaleboats, knockabouts, and Shorty's famed jackstay. Through the days of Plebe and Youngster years, we continued with drills in communications and seamanship and had an occasional outing in the "Yippees." Then came the second diagonal stripe and the harrowing days of parallel rulers, drafting machines, Monday morning P-works, and the feeling that we were in reality learning how to carry every book we owned rather than the fine points of navigation.



"... and ship A moves to ..."

... *Seamo with its drills...*

# ...and Monday morning P-works,



All ahead Bendix.

All back one-third.



This passed quickly, however, and soon we found ourselves in the midst of tactics and Rules of the Road and trying to look like competent OD's during those weekly YP drills. Much of our "free time" belonged to Seamo as well, as will be attested by the hours spent with flashing lights and flag-hoists in Bancroft Hall. Now that we look back on the past four years spent with this department, we can't help but feel that we are ready to take our places in the Fleet.



"Your move."

Latitude 85-58, longitude ???





# Department of Aviation



Principles of aerodynamics.



An aerial sea story.

Also in Luce Hall was the home of the Aviation Department, whose small contingent of instructors sought to familiarize us with the concepts of air warfare and its role in the Navy. We began this study during Youngster Year when we took up aerodynamics; these principles of flying stood the class in good stead for our activities during Second Class Summer, when we came to appreciate the capabilities of naval aviation as never before. We again came into contact with the department First Class Year, when we studied air operations and meteorology. Although barely an introduction to the many facets of aviation, the curriculum offered to us here began many of the class along the road to flying careers and gave all of us a keen insight into this all important phase of modern naval warfare.



*Left to right: Front row—Steuteville, Gibson, Lamb, Weymouth, Cyr, Coleman, Morgan. Second row—Schultz, Pfefferkorn, McCarthy, Jones, Williams, Walden, Hendrickson, Kriser.*



Captain Ralph Weymouth  
Head of Department



*and an introduction to Aviation.*

# Dewey and Santee Basins,



Dewey Basin.

No tour of the Yard would be complete without Dewey and Santee Basins, both because of the striking view they provided and the large parts that they played in our lives. It wasn't long before we became very well acquainted with Dewey Basin; the boatshed with its whaleboats, the seawall with its knockabouts, and Shorty and his jackstay all figured very prominently during the days of Plebe summer. We didn't see it too often after that, unless you considered the many times that we marched to class along its length, that some of us were dinghy sailors, or the walks along it with the one and only.

Santee was also the center of a great deal of activity ranging from visiting ships which tied up at America dock to boarding the YP's for a tactics drill. Now that the landfill has been started, we feel in double measure that we are bidding a final farewell to two old friends.



Along the seawall.

The boat shed.



# home of the dinghy sailors...



Keeping it level the hard way.



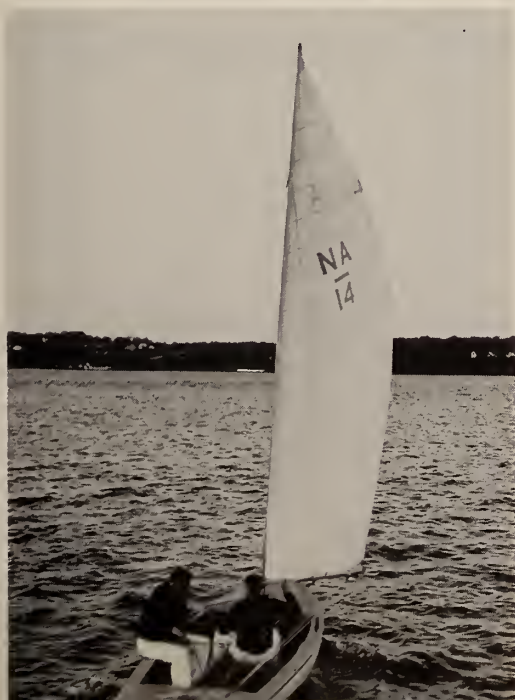
Rigging to win.



1956-57 NATIONAL CHAMPIONS

Standing: Slaven, Reed, Friedland, Tillman.  
Kneeling: Evans.

On the way to the line.



One of the more successful athletic teams at the Academy is the dinghy sailors who went into the 1957-1958 season as defending National Champions for the second successive year. Launching the season with thirty new fibre-glass boats, it wasn't long before we had aspirations for a third straight title and permanent possession of the prized trophy. In the first five regattas during the fall, the team, led by Captain Cal Reed, won two and placed no worse than third against at least twelve opponents every time out. The boats were led by Reed, Tillman, Friedland, and Evans, who were all returning N-winners from last year's championship outfit. Constantly showing a good depth, it looks as though Navy will maintain the top spot in the Inter-collegiate Sailing Associations for quite some time to come.

Left to right: Front row—Caine, Lehmberg, Friedland, Tillman, Reed, Evans, Asher, Messerschmidt. Second row—Franklin, Taff, Uhmstead, Wylie, Leech, Herrin, Walter, Peek, Hartman, Walters. Third row—Merrill, Feeney, Knight, Rice, Nolan, Mollicone, Shanley, Kleis, Moore, Nash, Sisson, Trippe, McCork, Lewis, Nystrom, Cant.



*...and our fine sailing fleet.*

## *The Boat Club*

One of the truly distinctive marks of the Academy was the impressive sailing fleet that adorned the waters adjacent to the Maine Mast. These craft were the charge of the men of the Boat Club, which operated under the guidance of the Naval Academy Sailing Squadron. Keeping these beautiful boats in the finest racing trim in addition to caring for the numerous yawls were large concerns for them; however, they found time to win a few races as well. Conducting the annual Thompson and Holloway Trophy competitions, the club also saw to it that we never went without in the longer Queenstown, Newport, and Jamaica races. Commodore Gene Porter headed this year's organization.



Leaving everything shipshape.



Standing out.



With the sails full of wind.



*Boat Club. Left to right: Front row—McLean, Porter, Reinarz. Second row—Wells, Talbert, Peterson, Bertke, Kenney, Craig, Coyne.*



# We went across the river...



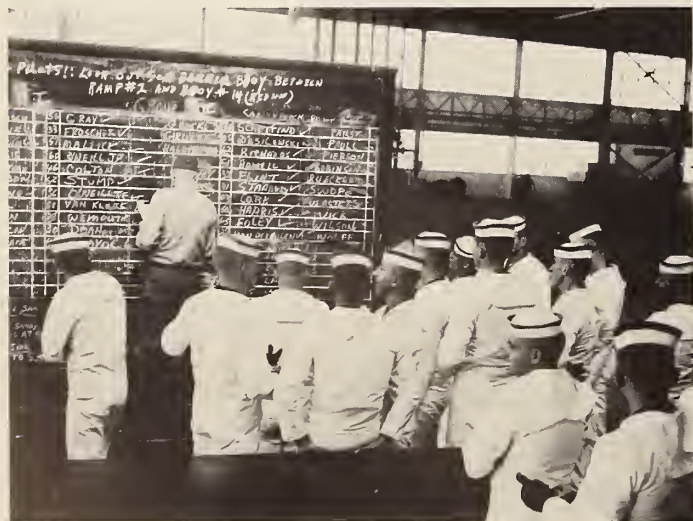
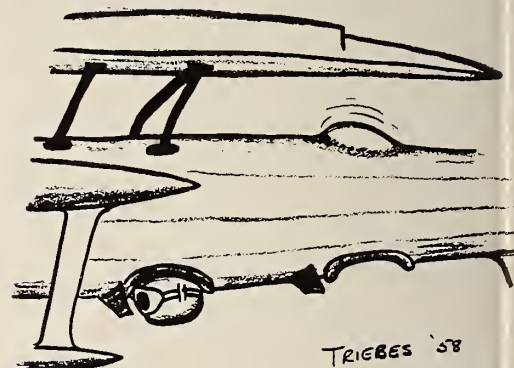
Usnay's modern squadron.

On any trip across the river, we came into at least visual contact with what has become the symbol of the Aviation Department here at the Academy—the fabled “Yellow Peril.” This antiquated flying boat, although the object of many jokes, continued to serve the department’s interests faithfully during our four years here and to provide the class with much more than merely an introduction to the “feel” of flying.

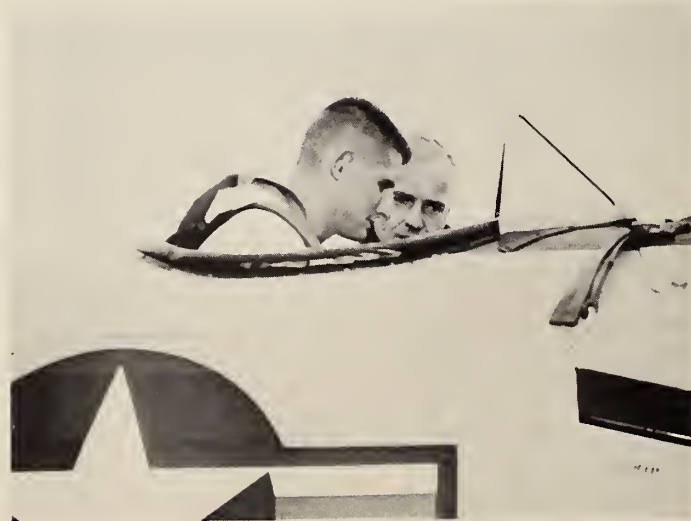
From the time that we had our first flights in them during Second Class Summer until our last ride First Class Year, we all looked forward to the next three-hour drill when we could make like a bird and do a little flying “by the seat of our pants.” We couldn’t help but marvel a bit at how easy it seemed most of the time, and, at other times, at the patience of the officers who rode in the front seat.



It'll never fly!!!



Instructor—student.



... and this is the altimeter.

...to fly

*...the Yellow Perils,*



"Group I report to the flight board, and Group II go to Classroom One."



Humor interjected to keep us awake.



"... and once we clear the area, we will ..."



Ten minute break between movies.

We'll always remember the hours spent in the N3N's for the good times we had and for the new outlook they provided for us concerning aviation.

Then there were the occasional flights up to Atlantic City in the UF's. We didn't get much flying done, but most of us got pretty well checked out in navigating by loran. It seemed that there were also a "few" hours spent over in Classroom One, either during bad weather periods or when we were awaiting our turns with the N3N's. We might have thought that Robert Taylor must have been the only good pilot in the Navy, but we must admit that these sessions over in the projection room were good for one thing—sleeping.

The time spent with the Aviation Department across the river at the Naval Air Facility proved both enjoyable and valuable. Through it, we found that naval aviation was to play an important part in our future careers.

*to hear lectures,*

*to watch our harriers...*

# Cross Country

Believing that this was definitely our year, the harriers of Coach Jim Gehrdes launched the most successful season in years. Led by Captain Dick Winter, they won all but one meet, and the loss was to a great Penn State squad. Such tough foes as NYU, Georgetown, Pitt, Syracuse, and Maryland were downed as the team pointed for Army. It had been twelve long years since Navy had come away with a win over the Black Knights. After finishing a strong second to Cornell in the Heptagonals, the team felt ready and ready they were—Army couldn't match the record-breaking strides of Brad Smith or the Navy depth. The final count showed us on top to the tune of 24-32. It was truly a keynote to one of the greatest fall sports seasons on record.



*Left to right: Front row—Boyer, Smith, Palmer, Monaghan, Kunkle, Winter, Young, Baker, MacLeod, Krese, Chavez. Second row—Hight, Ablowich, Bourke, Vaughn, Derbes, Goodrich, Koontz, Sturr. Third row—Coach Gehrdes, Coach Clark, Houley, Khoury, Bell, Triebes, Tuggle, Katz, Cdr. Maher, Rogers.*

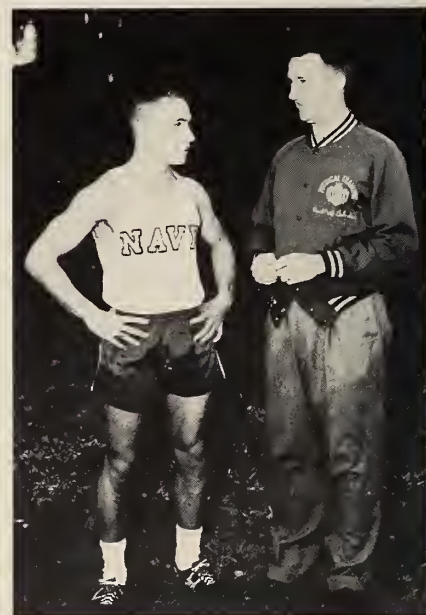


Tom Monaghan.



Brad Smith.

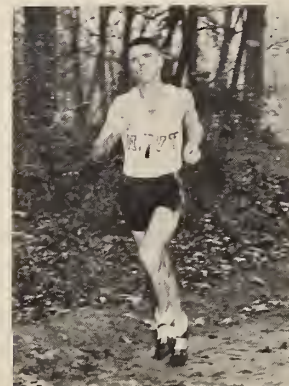
Monaghan, a WooPoo, and mud.



Captain Dick Winter and Coach Jim Gehrdes.



Les Palmer.



Frank Young.



Lining up against Penn State.



# ...our golfers perform.



Front row—Left to Right—Cdr. Hartley, Rhodes, Smith, Gridley, Rowland, Coach Bob Williams. Second row—Left to Right—Mauz, Hornsby, Legro, Rosser, Chambliss, and Blackwood.

A trip across the river might bring sight of the attractive Naval Academy golf course, home of our Varsity stickmen, always among the best in intercollegiate circles. An early writing prevents much in review of this year's squad, but it has always gone without saying the charges of Coach Bob Williams have a great amount of success and bring a lot of credit to the Naval Academy. The usual round robin tournament picked the men in the early spring who would tread the fairways for Navy; at this writing, the best of the lot appeared to be Captain Gib Smith and firstie Tom Rosser. A tough schedule will bring out the best that this team has to offer. Their record has always been good; this year should prove no exception.



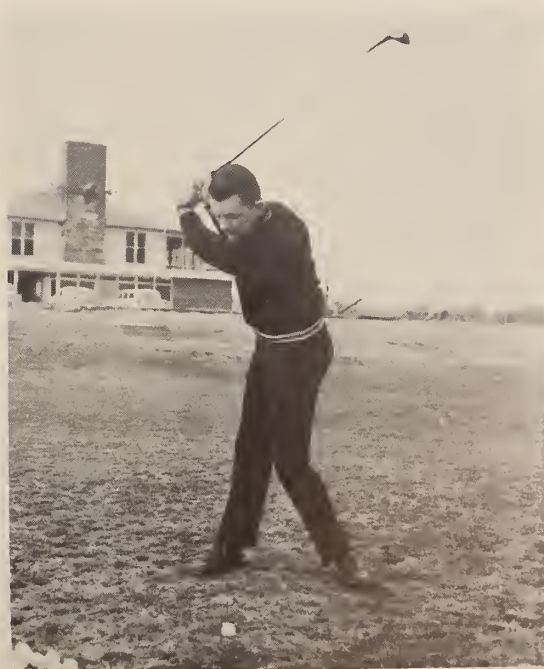
Coach Bob Williams watches Captain Gib Smith.



Finesse in a sandtrap.



Form and concentration count on the green.

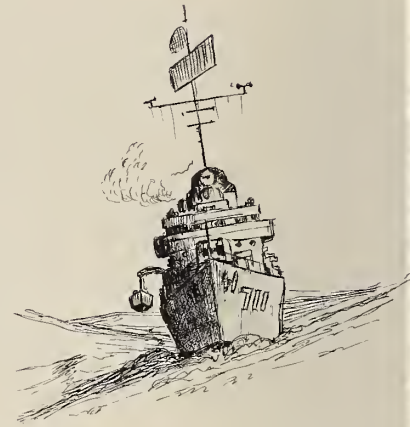


Tom Rosser teeing off.

# The seawall always brought...



Pre-embarkation working party.



Loading up the Jersey.

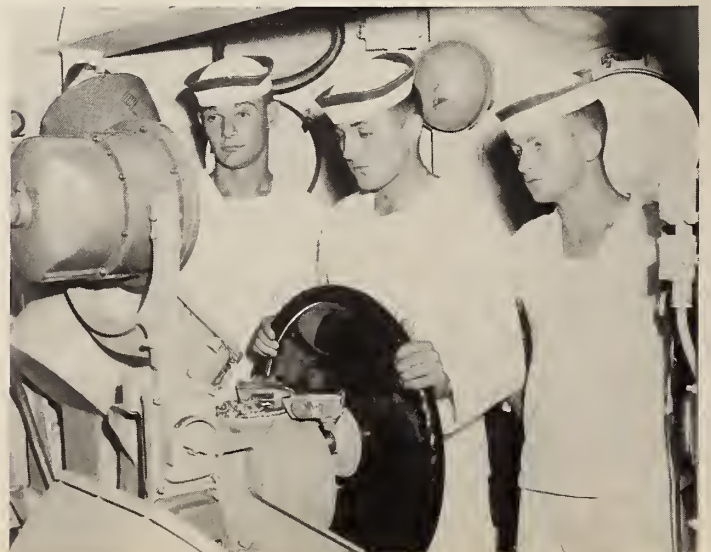
## Youngster Cruise

Bright and early one June morning, we loaded up and went to sea for the first time. All during the spring of Plebe year, tales of past Youngster cruises had filled our ears and painted all sorts of pictures of what lay in store for us. Now we were ready to live our own, and expectations were high as the motor launches picked up and disgorged their loads into a dozen and more assorted ships.

Stopping off in Norfolk to pick up our Rotcee brethren and "enjoy" a few hours of liberty there, we quickly shoved off. We soon found that life aboard ship was far from easy and that we had a multitude of new things to learn. Who can forget the sensation when we first saw the tiny lockers into which we had to put the contents of the entire sea bag?



After hours relaxation.



A trick at the wheel.

# *...to mind those fabulous cruises.*

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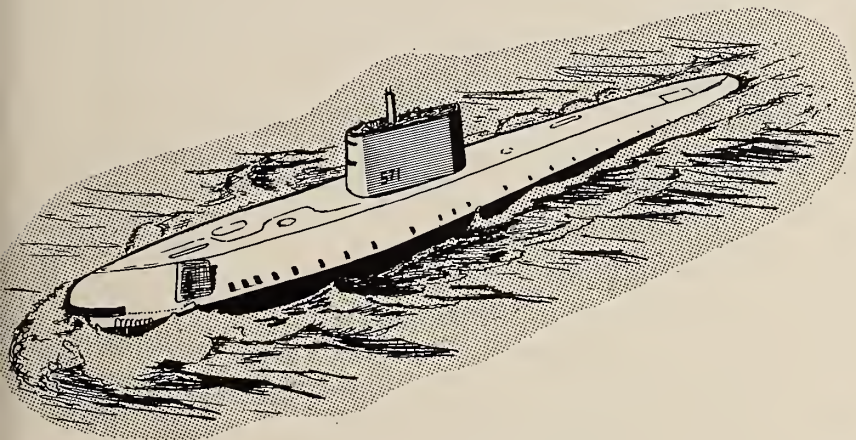
Stopping off in Norfolk to pick up our Rotcee brethren and "enjoy" a few hours of liberty there, we quickly shoved off. We soon found that life aboard ship was far from easy and that we had a multitude of new things to learn. Who can forget the sensation when we first saw the tiny lockers into which we had to put the contents of the entire sea bag?



Throttle watch.



Sweat and polish.



Transfer at sea.





Spanish countryside.



Spain was beautiful.

## *Spain*

Life at sea naturally breeds an inordinate attraction for those "far away places", and we found ourselves to be no exceptions. From the day that we stepped aboard our ships, we found ourselves looking forward to the hours that we would spend in the ports and countries to which we would go.

The Atlantic was crossed in time, and soon, the cruise force split up and proceeded into three different ports on the Mediterranean side of Spain. Whether we stopped at Barcelona, Valencia, or Malaga, the ultimate destination was gay Madrid. It was here that we enjoyed for the first time the experience of life with another people, and the role of ambassador. The night clubs, the bullfights, the souvenir shops, the guided tours—all combined to make the four days in Madrid some of the best that we had ever known. We'll long remember the sights we saw, the trains we rode, and the crazy feeling experienced when we tried to make a cab driver understand where we wanted to go . . .



Part of Toledo.



A quiet part of Madrid.



We met the nicest people.

*We saw exciting Madrid,*



On the Thames.



English scenery.

# England

After bidding farewell to Spain, we proceeded quickly northward, and soon found ourselves enjoying the hospitality of England. Some of us were lucky and wealthy enough to be able to make the trip across the Channel to Paris, but most were more than content to wend their way via train to London, the city of the pub and Big Ben. Although we found that the big city often closed a little early at night, the daylight hours were more than full. Seeing many places of which we had heard so much, we began to get that "well-traveled" feeling—Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace, Scotland Yard, and so many more were our destinations. A few were even lucky enough to get into the Palladium, where Danny Kaye was playing. We found the English people serious, but very friendly, and couldn't help but feel that we had discovered a rare understanding and bond with these people. Soon we left, and began the long voyage home.



Nothing like the guided tour.



Watching someone else being inspected.



A page out of the past.



Mate watch.

*and serious London...*

# *before returning home...*



Loading drill.

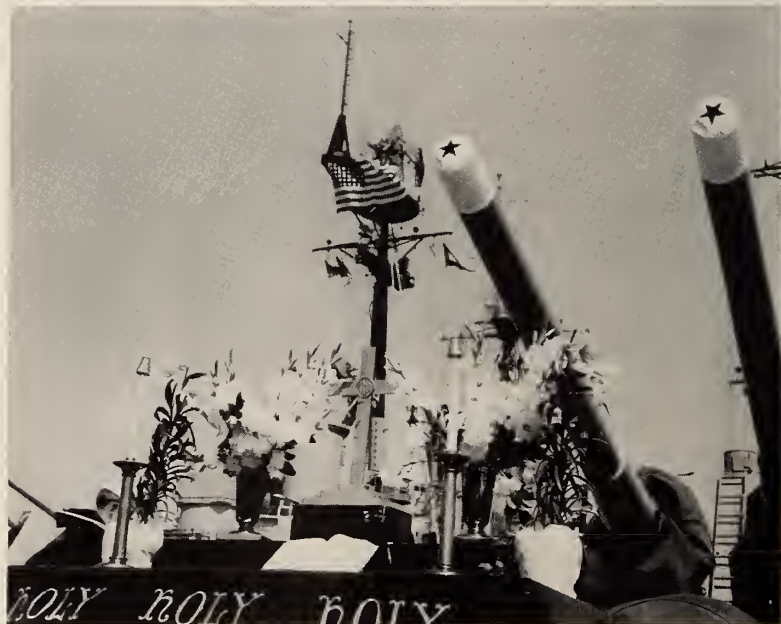
The trip back was the longest time at sea during the entire cruise, and it was complete with the honor of providing President Eisenhower with a plane guard as he returned from Geneva. The thoughts of home came stronger than ever, and the days began to drag. The daily routine of work and more work made them pass by, however, and soon we were almost there. We stopped at fabled "Gitmo", where we fired the big guns, stretched our sea-worn limbs, and sampled those 15¢ beers. Then we were on the way home—it had been a long and fruitful cruise, but our first summer leave was almost overpowering. After dropping our Rotcee brethren off in Norfolk, the ships turned up the Chesapeake. At last, the Chapel dome came into sight; we were Youngsters at last!



And we thought Jerome was bad!



Compartment cleaners.



"Eternal Father . . ."

*...from our first cruise.*



A mid and the sea.

# Tramid...

As Youngster Year finally ended, we were really ready to do something on our own; complete with new shoulder boards, we set off for Tramid with the realization that another milestone had been reached. We had always heard great things about Second Class summer, but even then we weren't prepared for the many activities that waited for us. From the very first day, we knew that this one was going to be different; who can forget the confusion that reigned in Mother Bancroft on the day that the rains came down?

At Little Creek, we were introduced to the complexities of the amphibious operation and it soon grew into quite a hectic acquaintance. Although most of us were dismayed when we found out about the early reveilles and saw those quonset huts, we were willing to accept anything when we first sampled the famous Tramid chow and started to enjoy that everyday liberty. The Tramid Ball provided a welcome break from the routine, although it must be said that we will never be able to get used to marching to a dance.

Who can forget the sweat, the lectures, the demonstrations, the wet net drills, the dry net drills, spending a day out in the boats, marching back from the beach, "All right, you people! Put your hands on the verticals and your feet on the horizontal!", and then trying to get a good night's sleep on those pint-sized pads? It was here also that we first learned the full significance of the lecture; it seemed that they would never end.



A mid playing marine.



Hitting the beach.





# ...brought in Second Class Summer,



Marching to chow.

The period of preparation went quickly, and soon we found ourselves ready to make our landing. The last few days were spent in boarding the amphibious ships and getting acquainted with our Marine counterpart. It was a fitting climax to a hectic two weeks, during which we had developed a fine appreciation for the role of amphibious warfare in our future lives.



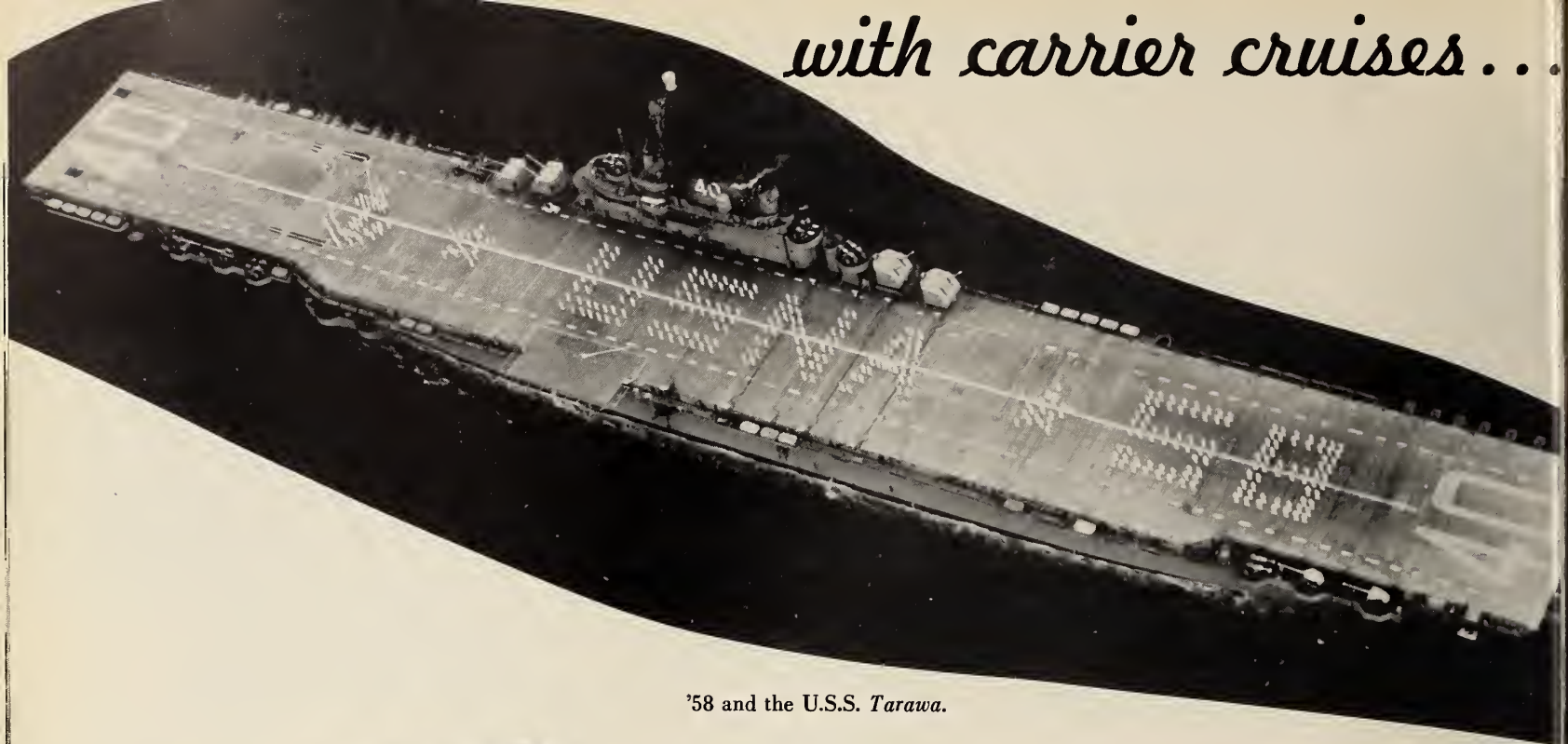
Little Creek society.

Mail call was still a big event.



The big Tea Fight.

*with carrier cruises...*



'58 and the U.S.S. *Tarawa*.



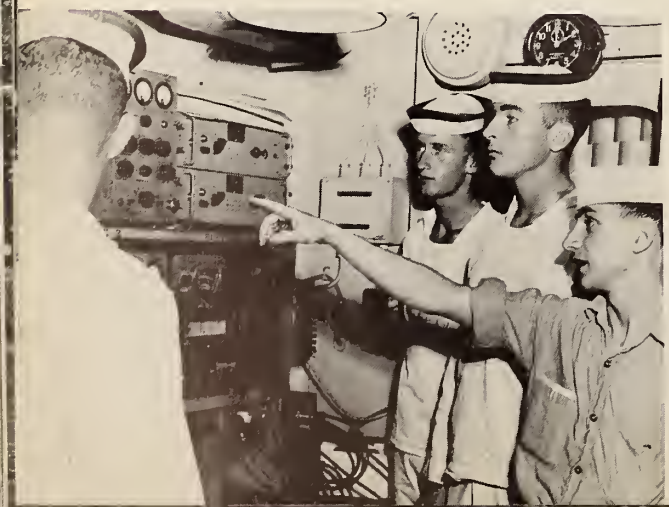
Smoker on the hangar deck.

Remember all those lectures?



Highline to a day of tin can duty.

Chowing down carrier style.



# ... to Halifax ...



Coming aboard.

fighting to the various flight operations that we all liked to watch so much. In addition, we were each high-lined over to one of the accompanying destroyers for a twenty-four hour period, to observe and take part in their role.

The destination was Halifax, the friendly Canadian city that had been so kind to midshipmen over the years. After arriving there, we quickly got into the swing of things with a dance given for us by the Cadets at Stadacona; we reciprocated with a hangar deck affair a couple of days later. The hospitality was unparalleled anywhere; the whole city opened its doors to us and made us feel completely at home. The times were great—we almost hated to leave. Soon, however, we were on our way back to the states, with only three weeks of the summer left . . .

The *Tarawa* never had it so good.



High stepping on the hangar deck.



Marty and a Canadian queen.

# ...to Jax...



Observing flight ops.



Jacksonville hospitality.

For the first time in several years, part of the class would make a different carrier cruise; the Third and Fourth Battalions were to go to Jacksonville aboard the "Flying A," the U.S.S. *Antietam*. Loading up from Annapolis, this half of the class soon found themselves busy with the schedule that had been planned—lectures, lectures, and more lectures. The role of antisubmarine warfare in today's Navy became almost as second nature to us as the days went by. Standing a few watches, watching the many flight operations, and going to lectures and demonstrations filled up the time between writing letters home or learning the game of hearts all over again. The day's duty on one of the destroyers also proved worthwhile; it helped fit the whole picture together.

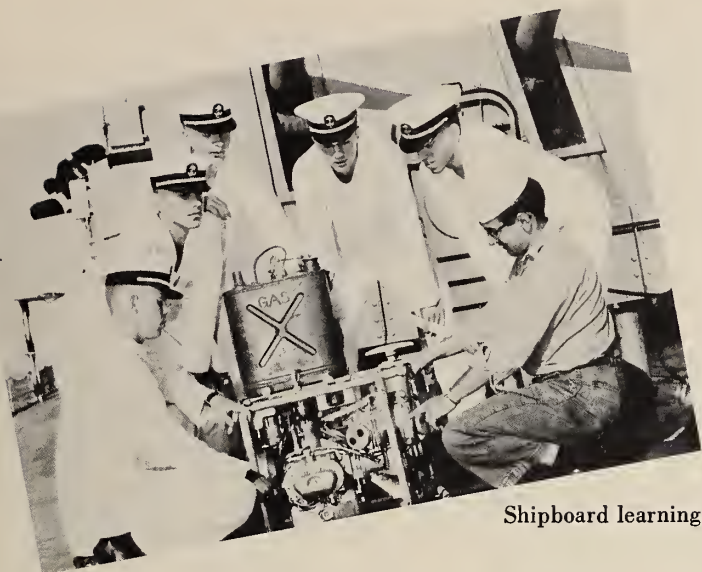


Panorama of pleasure.



Telling sea stories.

# *... and then back to sea.*



Shipboard learning.

Jacksonville and sunny Florida were ready for us; we were amazed and happy to see how ready. A steady round of entertainment and relaxation was provided, complete with gala dances, reception committees, and playing beachbums. It was wonderful to feel so welcome in a place strange to most of us, even if it was Stateside. The days there passed all too quickly, and soon we found ourselves on the way back to Annapolis. We couldn't have been unhappy, though; the summer's training was over. Another summer leave was upon us.



Demonstration of Navy teamwork.



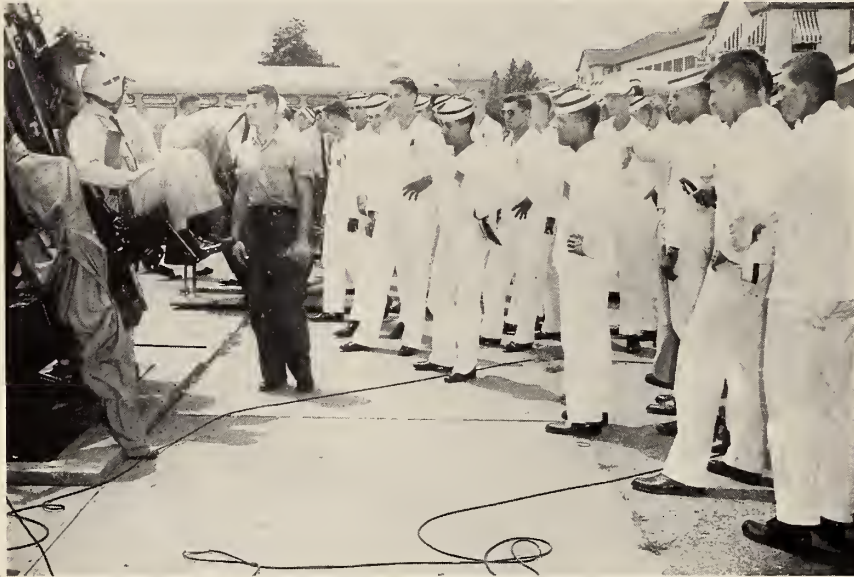
Flight preparations.

Seasoned aviators all.

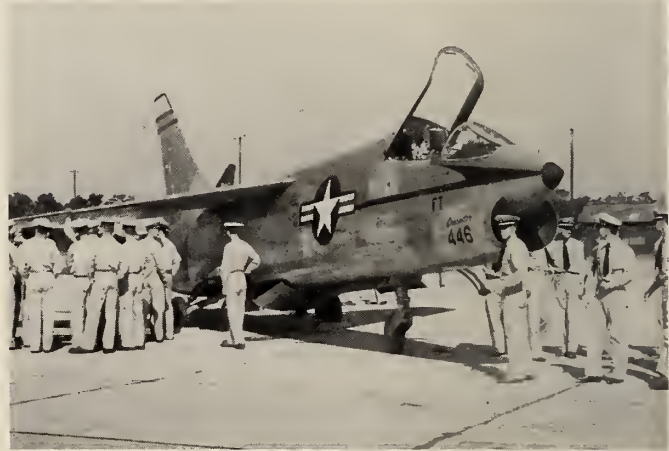


Flight deck relaxation.

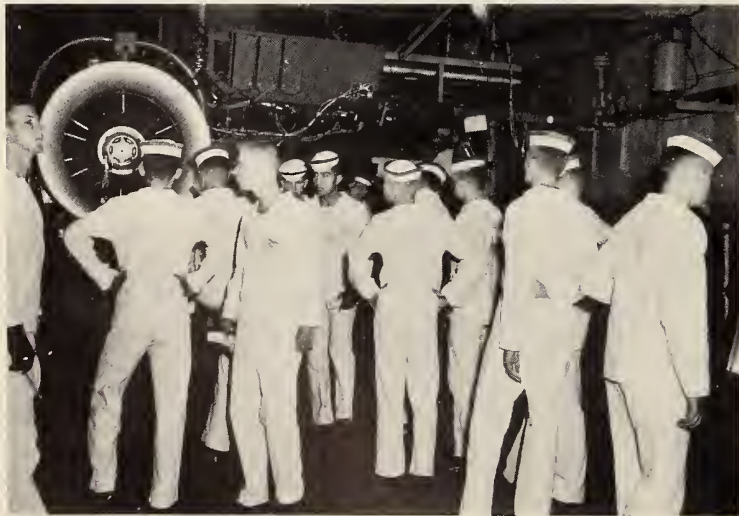
# Then there were field trips...



Ejection seat demonstration.



Looking over the merchandise.



Learning by looking.

One of the more enjoyable phases of Second Class summer was the several field trips that were scheduled to supplement the broader training imparted on the cruises and Tramid. We went to Philly for a whirlwind tour of several installations, being briefed in such things as damage control and ejection seats. Not to be forgotten were the dances given for each battalion at the Officers' Club. We went to the Naval Air Station at Chincoteague, where we each got a jet ride and learned a lot about guided missiles and the newer units of the air Navy. Who will forget the friendly get-togethers at that O-Club? Finally, there was the guided tour of Martin Aircraft Company outside of Baltimore. For education and enjoyment, these field trips turned out almost unbeatable.

Air show at Chinco.

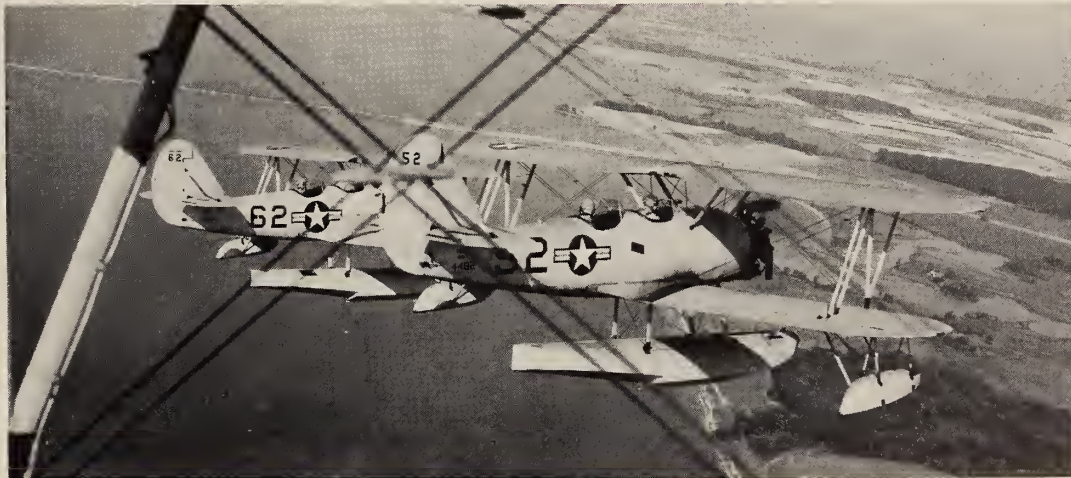


# ...and finally back to Annapolis.



Getting ready to sprout wings.

Two weeks of the summer were to be spent right in Annapolis, where we would get the practical end of the training by actually doing some flying ourselves. This was to be done in the famed N3N's, the "Yellow Perils", with a few sideline trips in the UF's. We all enjoyed the hours that we were able to spend up in the air, and derived much knowledge from them that would have been unattainable otherwise. The Bull Department gave us a short course in conference procedures; we couldn't ever seem to get away from them. The daily liberty was strange at first in our own "back yard", but getting used to it was no job at all. Finally, the end of the summer drew near; it had been a great two months but with another summer leave coming up, no one could say that the end wasn't welcome . . .



Precision flying.



# First Class Cruise...



Orderly confusion.



Getting the word.

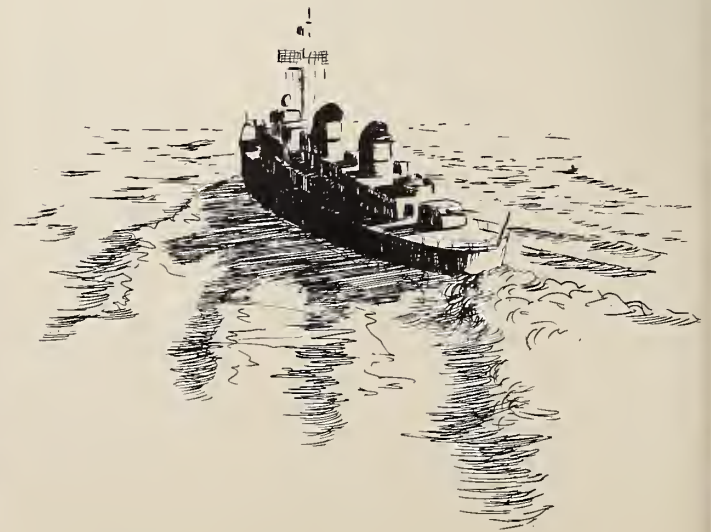


Morning quarters.

This time we watched.



Complete with new rings and curved shoulder boards, we put to sea once more; this time was different—this time we went as First Class. Again going to Norfolk, we picked up the Rotcees and then took part in the International Fleet Review, a high point that no one will ever forget. None of us had ever seen so many ships in one place before, and it gave us a chance to see some of the other navies of the world, besides some of the finer units of our own. We found overnights extended to some, and renewing acquaintances over in Virginia Beach was somewhat easy to take. From all we had been told of the many facets of this cruise, we didn't know quite what to expect, but soon found that the contrast from the previous cruises was very enjoyable.







Even the ships had blackboards.



Getting used to the future.



Midshipman O.D.

We soon left Hampton Roads on the first leg to South America. As the days went on, we found that we had new responsibilities, but also new privileges. No more holystoning or working parties (at least, for most); instead, we ran the midshipman organization and got a brief glimpse of the life of a junior officer at sea. Our first chance to conn a ship, our first meal in the wardroom, acting as division officers, and other such things combined to give a much keener impression of the life many of us would soon lead. The constant exercises that the ships conducted taught us many of the finer points that could never be imparted in a classroom. We found the ever present lectures and demonstrations, and discovered that the cruise journal had been vastly improved in the two years since we had last seen it.



Standing throttle watch the easy way.

*... split for the first time ...*

# ... some crossed the line ...



Salt water showers.

We drew closer and closer to the Line; preparations began in earnest for the mass initiation into the realm of King Neptune. Memories of Plebe year came rushing back as the handful of worthy Shellbacks informed us of how lowly we were as Pollywogs. The King and Davy Jones were escorted aboard with appropriate pomp and circumstance, and soon we were in the midst of becoming worthy of their consideration. Who can forget the crazy day of induction into his order? The grease, the Royal Baby, the skull and crossbones, the paddles, and the "haircuts" all formed an impression that we will carry with us always; we soon found ourselves Shellbacks and will always guard jealously this exalted distinction. The day of reckoning over, we sped on towards Brazil, which beckoned stronger than ever . . .

The pollywogs had fun, too.



Into the tank.



A lowly pollywog.



All this just to cross the Line?

# ... saw Brazil and the Caribbean ...



The long ride up Sugar Loaf.



Looking around Rio.

After nineteen days at sea, the coastline of Brazil at last hove into view. Some went to Santos, while the rest wended their way into the beautiful harbor of Rio de Janeiro. The next few days will always form a part of our memories pleasant to all of us; we found that Brazilian hospitality, even with the Portuguese handicap, was second to none. Sugar Loaf, Corcovado, places we had always seen in pictures, now came to life as we took in the real thing. Part of us saw beautiful São Paulo and were amazed at its modernity. Then we left, with many new friends to see us off. We sailed northward to the Caribbean, where the cruise force split up and went to Puerto Rico, Trinidad, and the Virgin Islands. The stay was brief, but enjoyable . . . all we had heard of the Caribbean was true.



Fabulous Rio at night.

Occupational hazards.



We liked this type of water.



# ... while others went to the Med.



Pure relaxation.



Copa artwork.

Another big first was to be enjoyed by a "cross-section" of the class; 180 men were to go to the Mediterranean to go aboard ships of the Sixth Fleet in their actual operating schedules. After being flown to Spain, they were split up into their various groups and began their brief life as junior division officers at sea. Watches, daily routine, and life in general were never more realistic; here was a chance to learn and to observe rarely possible. Many saw again the ports of our Youngster cruise; others found new and even more enjoyable places to include in their sea stories. Palma, Naples, and the Riviera all came into view over the short two months. When they came back to the States, all hands agreed that "Fleet Cruise" was an idea that should be here to stay.



This was South America.



On the way to Copacabana.



Shipboard hospitality.

# *Suddenly our mid cruises...*



On the way back.



Socializing time at sea.



Must have been that last smoker.



Suddenly it was all over.

After leaving the Caribbean, thoughts of home once again flooded into all our minds; our first stop was to be at Gitmo for the last of the gunnery exercises. An extra break was provided when Cruise Bravo joined us for a demonstration and we saw another "fleet review", this time all our own. Gitmo looked much the same, and this time the stay was to be shorter. After a few hours of rest and some relaxation, the force left for Norfolk and we suddenly found our last midshipman cruise almost history. We would never have believed it possible, but the Chapel dome looked better this time than it had two years before.

*... were history.*

Toward the Mahan Hall group.



Our route to the math buildings.

# The Academic Group

"The next group of buildings that you see in our walk across the Yard is what we call the Academic Group. These are the buildings that house the majority of the classrooms and laboratories to which we marched each day. We came to identify each of these buildings with the particular form of academic torture that awaited us there; we couldn't think of any of them without visions of slide rules, lectures, quizzes, and the always lethal P-work. Their passageways, entrances, and section rooms became an integral part of the daily routine.

"Accompanied by the monotonous beat of a drum,

we marched to and from the Academic Group so many times that it seemed we spent most of our time in transit. We always expected the quiz, but prayed for the free ride that would put off the grade until the next time. Out of these buildings came the exams by which we paid the semi-annual rent and the weekly sheets of grades that graced the bulkheads of Bancroft Hall.

"These were the homes of the academic departments that governed so many aspects of our lives. Other activities took place in these buildings, but we will remember the academics the most. . . ."

CREEK

CREEK

MELVILLE

CREEK

SAMPSON HALL

MUSEUM

BLDG.

CHAP

SUPT QTRS

DAHLGREN

WARD

PA



## *Mahan Hall*

*... showed us a variety ...*

*...of activities, ranging...*



Dan Coughlin, as the irrepressible Foxy.



Ely Chan and a deck of cards.

## *Musical Clubs Show*

An annual highlight of the winter season is the musical production put on by the Combined Musical Clubs in Mahan Hall. The most remarkable feature of this show that is always enjoyed so much is the fact that everything is done by the midshipmen themselves, from the writing of music and lyrics on down to the less glamorous work of moving around the various props. Directed by Jack Chrisman and produced by Rich Cockley, this year's Clubs put on "One Too Many", a zany musical comedy staged about a certain jail in a certain precinct in New York City.



Lover Boy sings of "Many Wives".



Erstwhile pickpocket at work.



As usual, the show was a booming success, and played to packed weekend audiences. The music was great, the laughs were many, and the individual performances were good. Neal Parker's rendition of *Lover Boy*, with his many loves, and Teddy Wu's inimitable Ely Chan were especially memorable. Director Chrisman did a nifty job of narrating the action, and who could forget the strains of the *Hungry Five*? The various Gangs that worked behind the scenes showed their many skills to great advantage on the many sets that graced the stage in Mahan Hall. The members of the various organizations that put so much effort into "One Too Many" can well be satisfied with another good musical to add to the lore of the Combined Musical Clubs.



"One Too Many" 's chorus.



Bill Macauley, Jack Chrisman, and Rich Cockley—the masterminds.

## Glee Club

An organization that really did us proud, the Glee Club was a traveling ambassador for the Naval Academy and good song. Their harmony was heard all over the nation, via both personal appearances and television. Any type of melody was their specialty, and Professor Gilley saw to it that they never lost the brilliance that continually marked their performances. It will be a part of the Academy that we'll never forget.



*Glee Club. Left to right: Front row—Hunt, Hanna, Hardin, Edwards, Guthrie, Coughlin, Meredith. Second row—Williams, Evans, Bargar, Smiley, Fleming, Wade, Reynolds, Asher, Kuhns. Third row—Triebe, Burns, Rowe, Slyder, Gilbreath, Sanner, Stitzel, Geller. Fourth row—Shields, Fox, West, Tucker, Hoppin, Taylor, Benjamin, Merrick. Fifth row—Potter, Ealick, Eldridge, Norwood, Gibson, Wilgers, Auchy, Sanders. Sixth row—Mucha, Chancy, Rosenberger, Galbraith, Willingham, Livingston, Myers, Abbit, Macauley. Seventh row—Barnes, Cody, Dandrea, Ryan, Kalb, Myers, Ballantine, Mitchell. Eighth row—Larson, Calmes, Stanley, Peterson, Polski, Kleindorfer, Griggs, Williams. Ninth row—Helweg, Veazey, Oliver, Forrestal, Gainer, Hilder, Legro, Bonifay, Dawdy.*

... from musicals to ...

...the intricate job of...

## Masqueraders

In observing the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Masqueraders as an organized activity at the Naval Academy, this year's group picked an outstanding play to present to the Brigade and their guests. The immortal "Stalag 17" was the choice, and a performance in Mahan Hall was never better. John Nickerson directed the effort almost to perfection, as any of the packed-house audiences will attest.

The performances of this year's cast will be long remembered; who could ever forget such characters as Stosh and Harry Shapiro? Jim Martin and Tony Marks played these memorable roles with such skill as to delight any Navy theater-goer.



Left to Right—Gelinas, Business Manager; Denny, Sales and Publicity; Jones, Producer; Nickerson, Director.



One of our Thespians.



Clash of "Stalag" personalities.



Interrogation.



Tempers flare.

Chip Buerger bowed out of his Masqueraders career with a great portrayal of Duke; his wise-cracks brought down all four houses. Others to be remembered were Walt Kopp, Brad Keyes, Scotty Gibbons, and Don Babcock.

Don Jones graduated from his usual acting roles to produce this year's show, and his skills perfectly supplemented the efforts of Director Nickerson. Bill Gelinas and George Denny handled the tedious jobs of business and sales in this, one of the Masqueraders' most successful productions. As usual, the winter season was one of a great deal of praise and credit for this fine organization.



The plan.



Jim Martin as Stosh.



Tony Marks as Shapiro.



Jim Holds as Hoffy.



Dave Kalb as Price.

*...putting on a dramatic play...*

...with the help of those behind the scenes.



*Juice Gang. Left to right—Accountius, Borden, Bredbeck, Marshall, Berry, Peters, Brodeur.*

## *Juice Gang*

Although most of them hated skinny, the Juice Gang performed feats that made us think that they must have been a crew of Einsteins. Who could forget some of their electrical displays that adorned Mahan and Bancroft Halls? Whether it was for Army-Navy weekends or for a coming concert, their ingenuity was amazing. John Berry and his followers never failed to come up with the new idea that made us wonder what was coming next. Here was a crew who really rated having their names up in lights.

## *Stage Gang*

Making the various productions that came to us in Mahan Hall all the more successful was the big job of the members of the Stage Gang. Building props, changing the sets, pulling curtains, and a myriad of other small but vital functions all fell to the hard working members of this group. George Allender guided the workings of this year's Gang, and to him and his followers, the Masqueraders, the Musical Clubs, and the Brigade all owe a big vote of thanks.



*Stage Gang. Left to right—Robinson, Arneth, DuPont, Sachse, Williams, Hunter, Kristensen.*

## *Property & Make-up Gang*

Did you ever wonder how the actors in our various productions managed to make such quick and complete changes between scenes? This was the result of the efficiency and know-how of a small group of men known as the Property and Makeup Gang. A lot of work had to be done preparing for each production, but each organization participating could count on this group to do the very best. Ray Williams directed the many and varied activities that were instrumental in making things go right backstage.



*Makeup Gang working over the Masqueraders.*



## NA-10

*The NA-10. Left to right: Front row—Mowery, Presley, Kazenski, Pavlick, Henderson, Strosahl. Second row—Wright, Pheris, Curtis, Maiden, Stephens, Donahoe. Third row—Fohrman, Lammers, Peek, Lingle, Stryker. Piano—Vaughn. Leader—Phillips.*

Our own swing band, this year's NA-10 continued the fine traditions that this organization has built down through the years. Smokers were their main activities, but occasionally they would strike up a few dance numbers over in Dahlgren Hall. A style all their own endeared them to popular music lovers throughout the Brigade. Bob Phillips directed things from his trombone spot and continually showed us how enjoyable good music can be.

We saw a great deal of the Concert Band during the year, mainly down in the Mess Hall as they serenaded the Brigade. They contributed a large part to the football season as well, with their frequent appearances in a role to help vent the spirit valve. We came to identify them with such pleasant thoughts as good music and pep rallies. Stu Merriken directed the Band this year and from the sound of things, musicians were better than ever.

## Concert Band



*Concert Band, Left to right: Front row—Bump, Stephenson, Hagen, Maiden, Danitschek, Wade, Garverick, Curtis, Merriken. Second row—Korrell, Council, Rollinsow, Griffen, Oliver, Holthaus. Third row—Hill, Mackey, Udebrock, Wynn, Moore, Kazenski, Burke, Ropasky. Fourth row—Stewart, Carwin, Rickey, Burge, Seagarth, Holly. Fifth row—Harper, Jones, Lyman, Brown, Larson, Holroyd. Sixth row—Allen, Warner. Seventh row—Taylor, Salene, Converse, Brown, Smith, Heacock. Eighth row—Holdeman, Kleindorfer, Carwin, Allison, Stromberg, Schinn, Terry. Ninth row—Grafton, Rhodes, Stebbins.*

*Not only used for musical activities,*



Admiral Burke



General Pate



Admiral Holloway

## *Some of the men who spoke to us . . .*

Another way in which we'll remember Mahan Hall in the future is thinking of the many hours that we spent trying to find a comfortable position at the evening lectures. "What? Another lecture tonight?" Although we may have heard this remark many times, there was no doubt that the lecture program arranged for the first class was definitely one of the highlights of the year. It gave us a good opportunity to hear some of the top leaders of the services speak and offer us their observations and advice on the careers that we

would soon take up. We heard from them all—ranging from the Chief of Naval Operations to the Head of the Department of Physical Training. Getting to know the confines of Mahan's auditorium was no chore when there were such good talks in store for us. Although it might have seemed uncanny that we always had a lecture on the eve of a "4-N" day, the time was well spent, for where else could we have gotten such good "dope"?



What it looked like from the balcony.

*it was also used for lectures.*

# Naval Academy Library



Vernon D. Tate  
Librarian



The main reading room.



The first step of research.



Getting the right material.



Writing the rough draft.

Mahan Hall was also the home of the Library, with which we were to become only too familiar during the four years that we spent here. We were introduced to it during Plebe summer and did not see the last of it until late in First Class year. Whether it was for pure enjoyment or for the frequent papers we had to write for the Bull Department, we found it a fountain of wisdom. One of the most complete of its kind to be found in the world, it often amazed us with what it contained.

Plebe year found us making frequent trips to the Library to find the answers to the myriad of questions asked at the tables. After that, it was usually a trip to find a good novel or to do a little research. We never really knew what hours spent in the library could mean, however, until First Class year when the awesome term paper began to plague us. Who can forget the hours spent in the racks and the feeling of frustration when it was discovered that all our books were gone? All those books, and still not enough. . . .

*Here we found the term paper,*



"Cheer up, gang! They can only bilge us. . . ."

The section was one of the entities of our existence that we came to accept quickly. The smallest unit of the Academy organization, its function was to divide us into groups for classes in the various departments. Every day found its presence in our routine; every day we thought of it in one way or another.

"Listen up to muster!" With these words, the section leader began to call the roll as part of the system's all-important accountability. In all sorts of uniforms and weather, we listened to his drone, sometimes wishing to be on our way, sometimes wishing to be back in the pad. "First unit, at close interval . . ." and we would dress up the formation; the words "Sail ho!" might come passing through the ranks, signifying the presence of authority and the demand for even smarter appearance. Then would come the facing movement and we would march off to class—happily and noisily in the fall and spring, and drearily during the "Dark Ages."

## *The Section . . .*

As we marched along the seawall or Stribling Walk, many thoughts would come across our minds. Maybe it was the impending quiz or P-work, maybe it was how much we hated the weather, or maybe it was the next weekend that beckoned so tantalizingly. Soon we would arrive at our destination, "Section leaders fall out and take charge" would be given, and we would march down the passageways to the section rooms. After halting, we faced, fell out and proceeded into the room, hoping that we could talk the prof out of another quiz. "Section Two-thirteen, sir. All men present," then "Section, seats," as another class would start. . . .



On the way to class.

*and also constant reminders . . .*



# ...of academics...



Slugging it out.

"The semi-annual sweepstakes" — this was the term often applied to the exams which plagued us twice each academic year. How many times did it seem that they *were* just a big game? Many times, perhaps, but one can't forget easily the tension that moved in with us when January and May rolled around. Paying the rent was not the easiest part of our lives here, and with the weight that the exams carried on our final grades and standings, it was seldom a laughing matter. The week before would see seldom touched books come out of hiding for the frantic last-minute cramming that was so essential. Then would come the day, Tecumseh's shower of pennies, the tension, and finally, the exam itself. After it was all over, the wait would come — the rush to the boards, the happy faces and the sad faces. . . .



Giving Tecumseh and the Navy Juniors their due.



Pulling for graduation.



Study in concentration.



Getting the bad news.

# ...and exams.



Maury Hall.



Captain Alan M. Nibbs  
Head of Department

## *Department of English, History,*

This was the department that tried to fulfill that part of John Paul Jones' stipulations that said a good naval officer should be a man of liberal education as well as a capable mariner. Although we often thought that the various courses that were thrown our way over in Maury Hall were taught in Greek, the four years that we spent with the Department of English, History, and Government helped immeasurably in broadening our education toward the standards expected of the modern military man.

We struggled with the often "less than obvious" fine points of composition and literature during Plebe year; we had thought that we knew how to write a theme before, but we found that the professors didn't always agree. Soon we found ourselves dealing with European and American diplomatic history, economics, and the principles of government.



*Left to right: Front row—Dibble, Mahoney, Pitt, Bryan, Cutting, West, Jeffreys, Nibbs, Henning, Cook, Potter, Quinn, Lacey, Fredland, Kirk. Second row—Alfonse, Werner, Johnson, Mack, Eldredge, Paone, Anderson, Greer, Carpenter, Adams, Winfield, Huston, Riegle, Belote, Boyagy. Third row—Reed, Pole, Mason, Kelly, Richmond, Lynn, Hughes, Heflin, Allen, Owsley, Johnson, Darden, Crane, Arnold. Fourth row—Probert, Colletta, Russell, Lewis, Dunleavy, Bradford, Thornbury, Boatman, Bell, Lundeberg, Thomas.*

*Whether we bilged...*

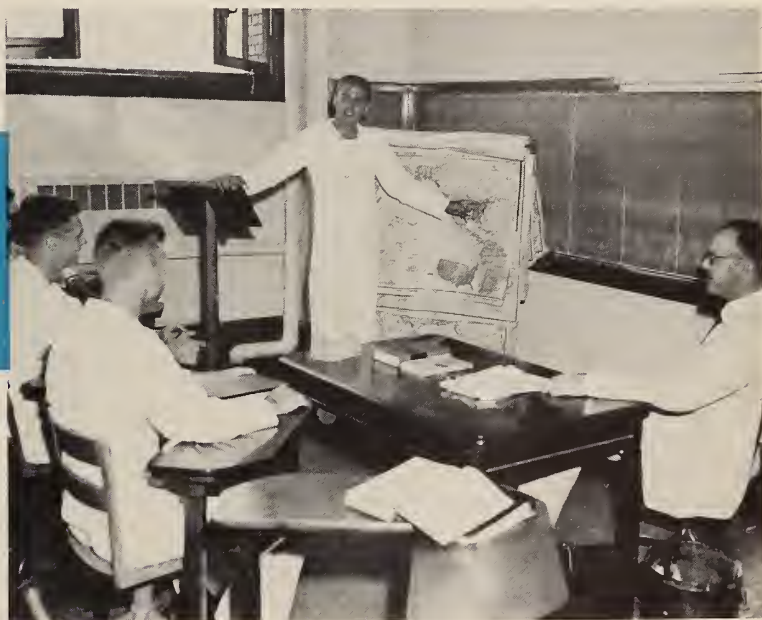
# ... Shakespeare or naval history,



Heavy reading.

The high point of the course was reached during First Class year, when we began our study of naval history and tackled the legendary term paper, of which we had heard so much. Who can forget the feeling of desperation as the deadline grew closer and we hadn't found our books yet? Then there were the occasional sessions of after-dinner speaking down in the Chesapeake and Severn rooms. But the last river was crossed before we realized it and we couldn't help but feel that we were by now experts in everything from Shakespeare to the Law of Diminishing Returns.

## & Government



The prof's relief.



Boning up on how to invest.



After dinner pun.



Sampson Hall



Captain Eugene B. Fluckey  
Head of Department

# Department of Electrical Engineering

When someone asked the question, "Who has the duty this year?", we could invariably count on the answer, "Skinny, of course!" So it seemed, at least, as the instructors who taught us the elusive principles of electrical engineering gave us the frequent quizzes and a large portion of the weekly bushes and trees. We knew that the courses they brought to us were essential in our quest for a commission, but often we couldn't help but wonder what connection there was between the "FBI rule" and the Navy.

From the wonders of chemistry during Plebe Year, we proceeded quickly to the vectors and laws of physics. Then we found ourselves in the midst of electricity, which ultimately gave way to the complexities of the vacuum tube and modern electronics. The quizzes and exams will always be rather ruefully remembered, and we won't soon forget how the slide-rules of even our slowest brethren could smoke on occasion.



*Left to right: Front row—Prigmore, Cook, Wilson, Baker, O'Brien, Goodwin, Pauli, Fluckey, Thomson, Montgomery, Lee, Quinn, Daley, Adams, Pinkston. Second row—Vernon, Kmetz, Fowler, Lissy, Maling, Midgett, Kelley, Mackeen, Leydorf, Barrett, Smithson, Wheeler, Pennington, Adelfson, Oldham, Jones, Arnold, Swanson. Third row—Kyle, Schweizer, Golding, Kay, Bjerke, Gutsche, Butler, Zimmerman, Coontz, Ressler, Dennis, Rollins, Compton, Klein, Deranian, Klose. Fourth row—Dacus, Harmon, Quinn, Janowski, Nordling, Thompson, Warner, Ressler, Kampe, Pitz, Martin, Gomba, Degnan, Owens, Less, Skilling, McCanless, Williams. Fifth row—Waltmire, Sverdrup, Sundius, Bates, Alles, Merritt, Eberhardt, McClure, Gilheany, Maher, Hall, Quackenbush, Hollywood, Sanders, Morgan, Pitz, Prestia, Hunt.*

*Skinny with its quizzes...*

# ... and intriguing labs,

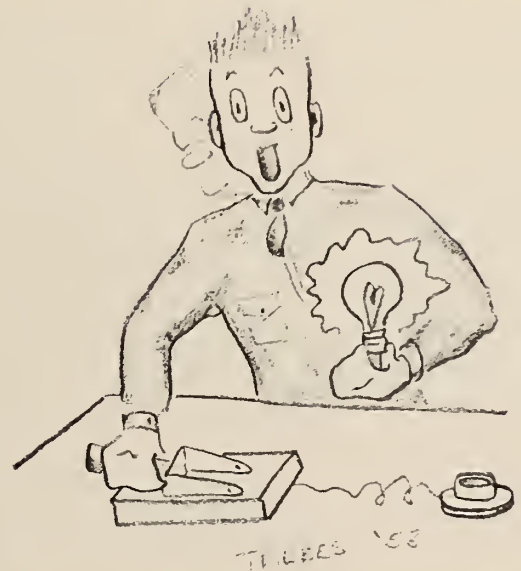


"Careful, now . . ."

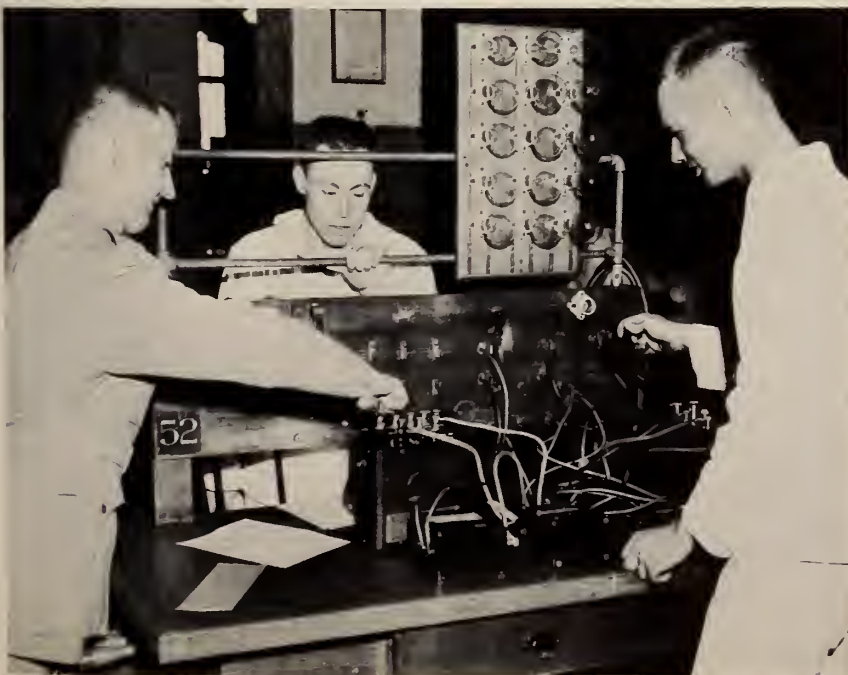


Testing radioactive material.

Then there were the many hours spent in the various laboratories; we still shudder to think of test tubes, lampbanks, and "just a few" blown ammeters and voltmeters. "Gentlemen, you've got to take the leads out of the deck first!" We learned to appreciate the many wonders of today's science and the fact that the modern officer must grasp its principles.



Confusing, isn't it?



"At last! The right hookup!"



Captain William D. Brinckloe  
Head of Department



*Left to right: Front row—Gillmer, Bays, Ellerbe, Tate, Froscher, Clark, Brinckloe, Johnston, ErkenBrack, Taliaferro, Jefferies, Clark, Bock. Second row—Boscole, Doan, Eckley, Latham, Ackley, Smith, Neil, Huckenpoehler, Losure, Mann, Rule, Mullen, Bergeaux. Third row—Heintz, McCaskill, Temple, O'Neil, Little, Smith, Howell, Waller, Whithe, Halley, Schulden, Gamber. Fourth row—Bourne, Flint, Richards, Gorski, Miller, Caple, Elmwood, La Rosa, Van Kleek, Merrill, Adams, Ditto. Fifth row—Spayde, Wakeman, Fryksdale, McKinney, Stobaugh, Mallick, Haines, Weber, Brown, Wasilewski. Sixth row—Johnson, Ahlenius, Stubbs, Schettino, Blackley, Grimm, Thompson, Read, Leahy, Lockridge, Scarlett, Fox. Seventh row—O'Neill, Weymouth, Smith, Davis, Knoble, Bond, Carrington, Justice, Lester, Storm, Owen, Linn.*

## Department of Marine Engineering

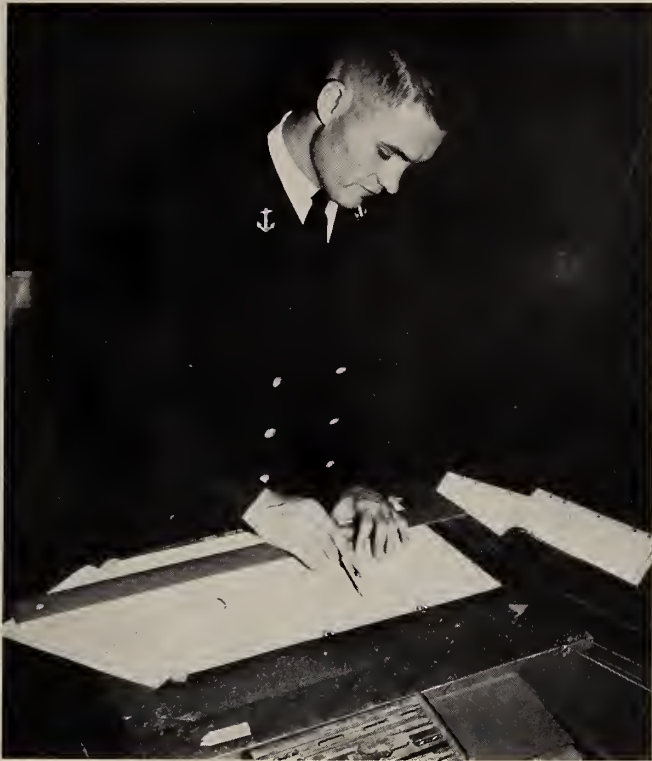


Isherwood Hall.

When we first saw the huge drawing rooms of Isherwood Hall at the beginning of Plebe Year, we knew that the Steam Department would play a large part in our academic lives. Whether it was trying to show us how to draw straight lines or how to read the Mollier charts, it gave us a battle every inch of the way.

*Steam with its maze of...*

# ...charts, models, and diagrams,



Most of us couldn't even draw a straight line.



The Steam Department's guillotine.



Becoming "qualified" draftsmen and boiler experts during Plebe Year, we quickly launched into the complexities of turbines and naval auxiliary machinery. Who will soon forget basic mechanisms and the power of the Irish Mail to strike terror into even the stoutest of hearts? This gave way to fluid mechanics and thermodynamics in turn, and First Class Year found us studying ship stability and construction along with modern internal combustion engines. The long classes, quizzes, and lab periods tended to give us fits and when the last river was crossed, even the "stars" drew a deep breath of relief. It was an important part of our professional education and one that was continually stressed. Now that we don't have to worry about the grades anymore, we can see that its lessons will be invaluable in future years.



The roaring mechanisms of thermo.



Briefing on ship stability.

*Math, where anything could...*



The Mathematics Group.



Captain Donald M. White  
Head of Department

## *Department of Mathematics*

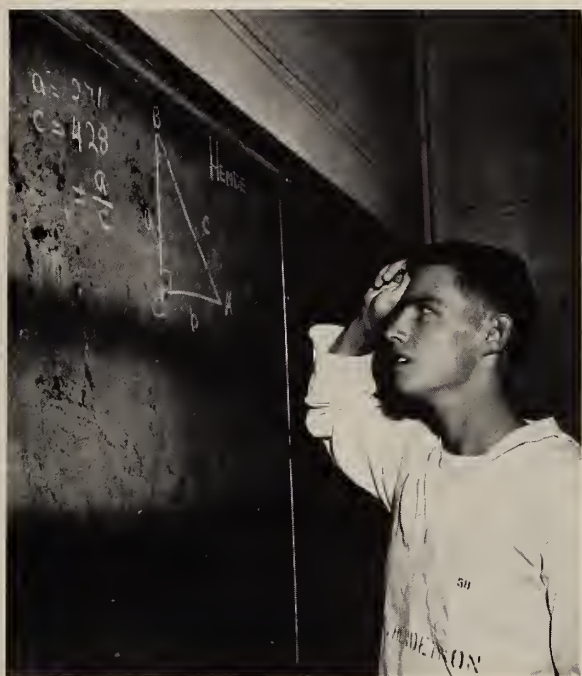
From the day at the end of Plebe Summer when we first walked into a math classroom until we bade the department farewell during Second Class Year, we felt that here was a diabolical attrition scheme. The mysteries of trig, calculus, and mechanics all combined to take their frightful toll and soon we were wondering what the Navy would ever do without a slide rule and log tables.



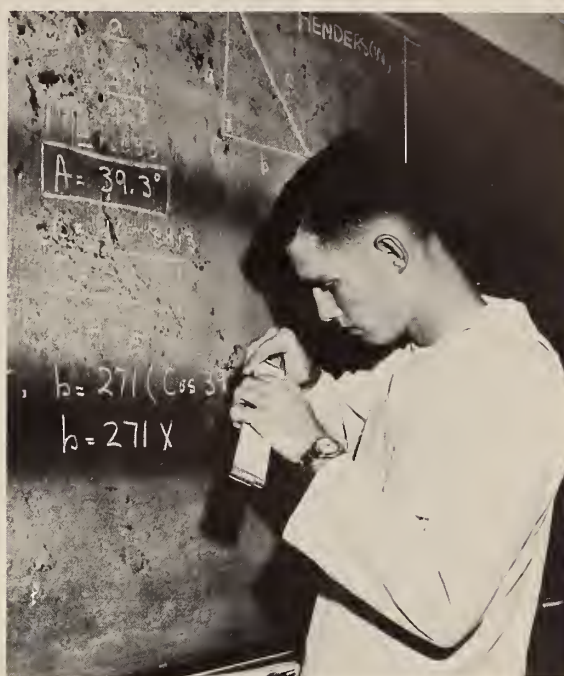
*Left to right: Front row—Benac, Saslaw, Ball, Chambers, Moore, Maher, White, Stotz, Currier, Hammond, Bailey, Hoyt, Betz. Second row—Swafford, Hager, Barfoot, Anagnostos, Mercier, Simcich, Lewis, Krider, Hansen Killeen, Lake, Seal, Abbott. Third row—Seekins, Brady, Palmquist, Robinson, Strange, Wolfe, Popow, Stilwell, Mahoney, Gras, Simpson, Molloy. Fourth row—Gorman, Milkman, Thompson, White, Tierney, Gibbons, Holme, Thomas, Wierenga, Sears, Buikstra. Fifth row—Wallers, Morrow, Mann, Strohl, Karwath, Kinsolving.*



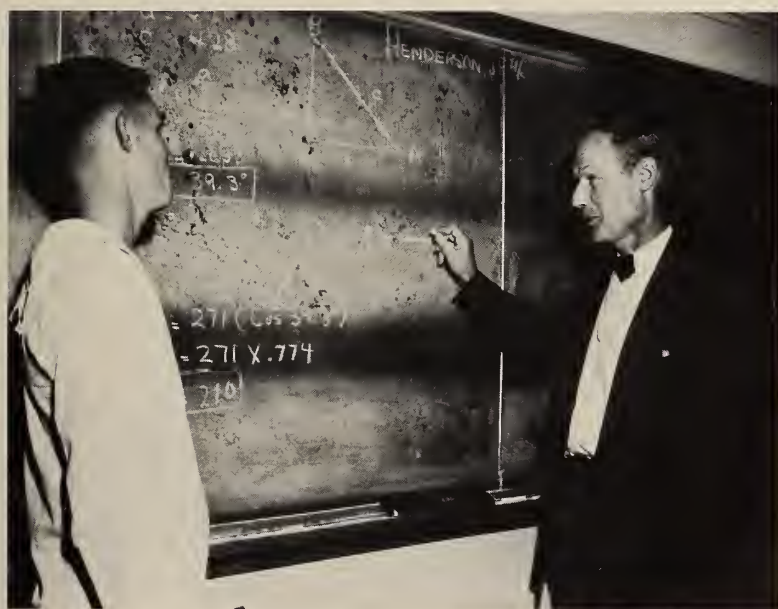
*...and usually did happen,*



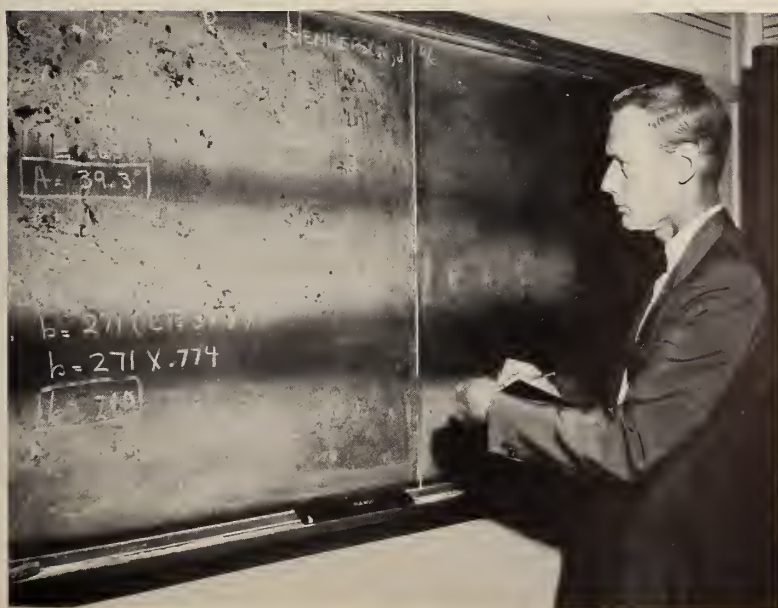
"Gosh, how do ya start this thing?"



"?????"



"Simple, isn't it?"



Some days you just can't make a dime.

We found that a thorough understanding of the principles taught us was essential to a naval officer as knowing how to navigate. How could we have ever passed some of our other courses without them? Although the unsat lists and extra instruction sessions always seemed to be full, we have to admit that the department gave as much as they took and the instruction was among the best the Academy had to offer. The frequent quizzes, board sessions, and P-works instilled in us the ability to think through a problem methodically and accurately and to form a framework for the scientific part of our future careers.





The Foreign Languages Building.

## *Department of Foreign Languages*



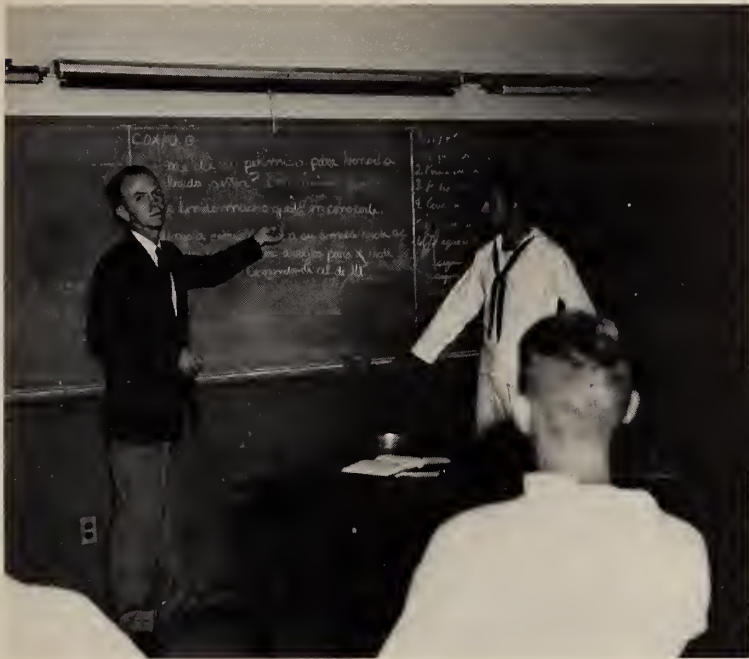
Captain Joseph E. Dougherty  
Head of Department

Dago might have been called a midshipman's favorite if only because it afforded us our only choice in Navy's curriculum. But there were also many of us who strongly maintained that this was the only "gift" that we ever got from them. Soon after Plebe Summer ended, we began the study of the language of our choice, and learned quickly that here we were supposed to talk as well as understand. We benefited greatly from the versatility and knowledge of a fine group of professors and much opportunity for added activity was afforded the Brigade through an extensive program of clubs and after dinner speaking.



*Left to right: Front row—Fernandez, Hefler, Lemieux, Cabrillo-Vasquez, Grkovic, Dougherty, Winchell, Starnes, Muller, Drexel, Beadle. Second row—Berry, Michaud, Bader, Yarbrow, Buffum, French, Taliáferro, Roderbourg. Third row—Whitman, Riccio, Lappin, Pritchard, Griffiths, Dole, DeRosa, Satterthwaite. Fourth row—Sewell, Donahue, Blair, Barrow, Hutchins, Elsdon.*

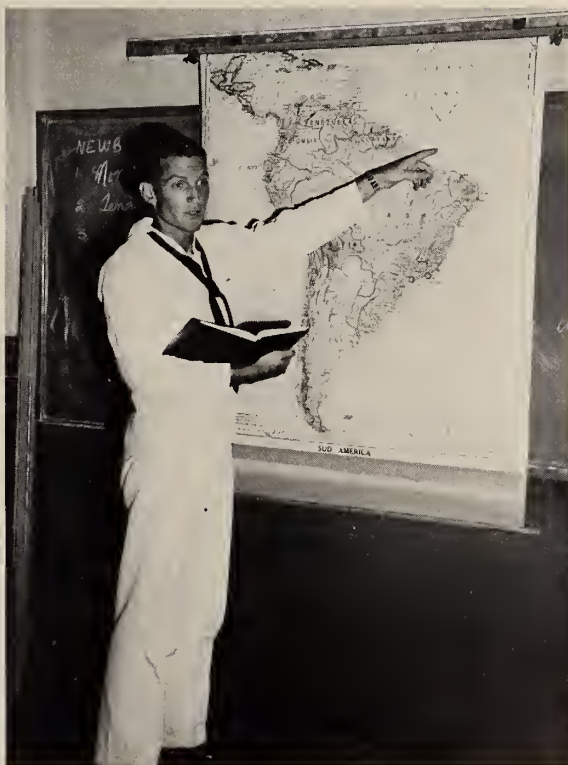
*or the idioms of Dago,*



Forties were hard to come by.



Sure beats mess hall service.



Some of us even tried to teach the course.



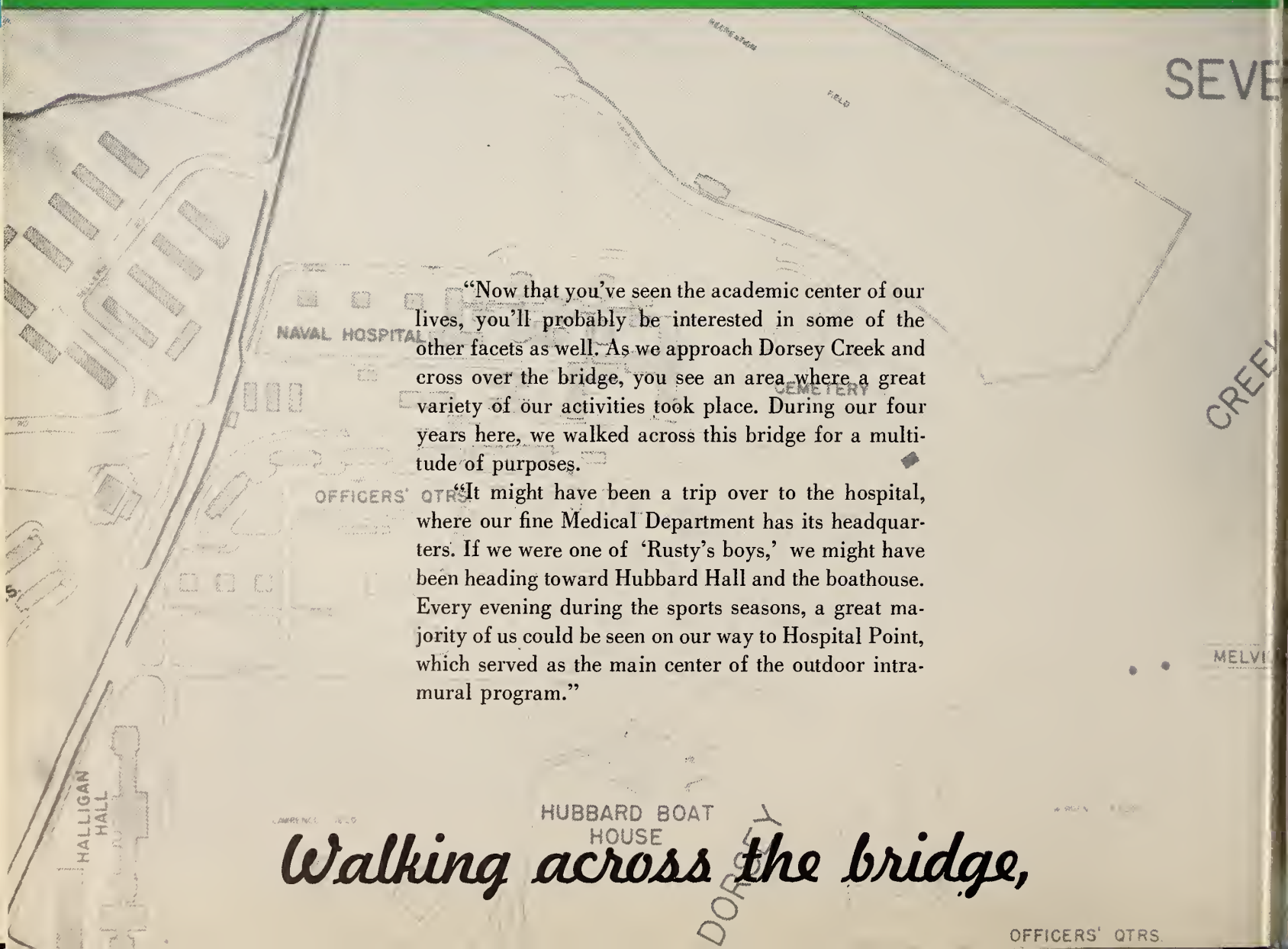
Must be busy today.

Perhaps our deepest appreciation for the Dago Department came during the summer cruises, when many of us found that we could carry on an intelligent conversation and derive an extra pleasure through at least a working knowledge of the language. The department's efforts will help greatly in the Navy's aim to make us diplomats as well as competent naval officers.

*... it was always the same.*



## *Across Dorsey Creek*



“Now that you’ve seen the academic center of our lives, you’ll probably be interested in some of the other facets as well. As we approach Dorsey Creek and cross over the bridge, you see an area where a great variety of our activities took place. During our four years here, we walked across this bridge for a multitude of purposes.”

“It might have been a trip over to the hospital, where our fine Medical Department has its headquarters. If we were one of ‘Rusty’s boys,’ we might have been heading toward Hubbard Hall and the boathouse. Every evening during the sports seasons, a great majority of us could be seen on our way to Hospital Point, which served as the main center of the outdoor intramural program.”

*Walking across the bridge,*

# *we could find...*

"During the fall, we came over the bridge to watch the soccer teams do battle on Upper Lawrence Field; in the spring, Lawrence also saw our interest turn to baseball. Here also you will find the famous Naval Academy cemetery, the final resting place of many Navy men and their families. Here we found the Jeannette Monument, of which we heard so much Plebe year. Once in a great while, you could see some of us on our way over the bridge toward Gate Eight with thoughts of a leave or a weekend beckoning strongly.

"The area of the Yard across Dorsey Creek, while not so much in the spotlight, formed one of the most striking pictures of our activity. The Creek itself was quiet and pleasant; perhaps we identified it most strongly with thoughts of one of Navy's famous shells..."



Lawrence Field.



Hospital Point.



Hubbard Hall.



The bridge across Dorsey Creek.



The Naval Hospital.



*...the shells and strong backs...*

*Varsity Crew*



# ...of Rusty's varsity...

The venerable dean of American rowing coaches, Rusty Callow, looked forward this year, perhaps, to a return to the days when Navy was at the top of the world of shells and strong-backed crewmen. With men from last year's National Championship Plebe crew, plus several outstanding veterans, returning to the boat house over in Hubbard Hall, the outlook for a very successful season was extremely bright indeed.

At the time of this writing, the starting shell was, as usual, not absolutely set, although it seemed certain that several men would most surely be heard from before the season was out. Youngster Lyman Perry, who stroked last year's national championship Plebe boat, moved up to take the same oar without too much trouble. First classman Taylor Keith returned to lend his experience and strength to the bow position, while the other six positions were all held by second and third classmen.



Captain Don Meyer and Coach Rusty Callow.



*Varsity Crew. Left to right: Front row—Wilderman, Pax, Featherston, Anderson, Holroyd, Morgan, Wright, Mulholland, Russell, Stevens, McCullough, Ericksen, Griffiths, Kischker, Ives. Second row—Pivarnik, Hanley, Robbins, Stack, Eppling, Keith, Nulty, Meyer, Bond, Christenson, Curtiss, Clements, Bryan, Pechaur, Coach Callow, Cdr. Clark.*



...and other crews.

## 150-pound Crew



150-Pound Crew. Left to right: Front row—Pinkham, Marbain, Howard, Lovejoy, Nicholas, Claman, McCullough, Port, Gardner, Johnson. Second row—Holdeman, Turner, Kinch, Gorham, Priebe, Fields, Stumcke, Christy, Lekebusch, Gates, Coach Lt. Kilmer.



Captain Terry Priebe and Coach Lt. Don Kilmer.



## J. V. Crew

Skip Sweetser, Frank Kay, Roy Smith, and Pete Bos were Youngsters who moved into starting positions, while Grant Wright and Keith Christenson filled the other seats. The coxswain's duties were being disputed by Pete Russell and Jake Morgan, with little to choose between them. It seemed a young crew, but one that packed a lot of muscle and potential into the strokes of its oars.

Coach Callow didn't have only these men to draw on, however; people such as Moston Mulholland and Don Meyer, this year's captain, were ready to move in at any time. The frequent changes in the lineup of the first boat indicated the team's overall strength and spell trouble for any of Navy's foes on the water this year.

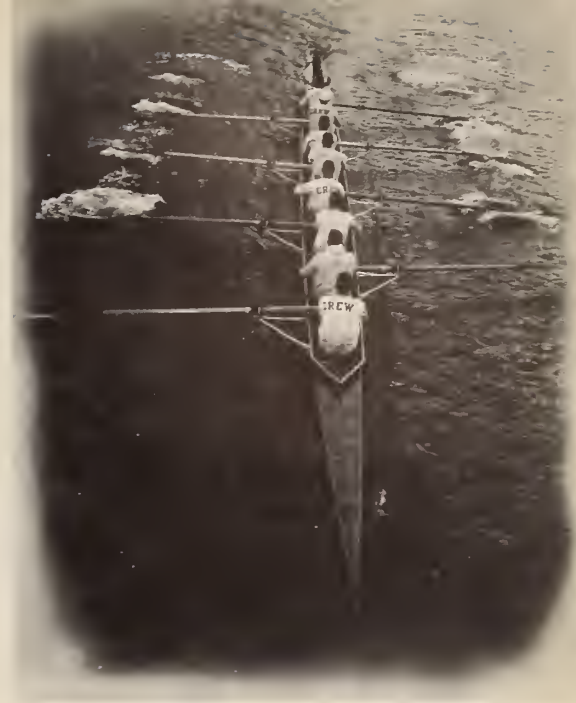
Junior Varsity Crew. Left to right: Front row—Ravetta, Phillippi, Cogdell, Kay, Gardner, Beam, Clexton, Sammon, Kovacevich, Moran, Land, Sweetser. Second row—Cdr. Clark, Coach Quinn, Williams, Treseder, Colegrove, Adler, Suddath, Perry, Stone, Bos, Coach Callow.







Taking the shell down to the water.



Poetry in motion.

The preponderance of underclassmen in the first and second boats spell better times ahead for the rowing fans of the Naval Academy, so long accustomed to the finest crews afloat. Men rowing for the junior varsity crews could expect to move up to the parent boats at any time in return for constant hard work and effort. Princeton, a perennial powerhouse, is the first opponent, on April 19th; after that, it will be constant work for the ultimate goal of bringing home another National Championship to the Naval Academy.

Also occupying the boat house was our fine light-weight crew, captained this year by Terry Priebe and coached by Lt. Don Kilmer. Not usually accorded the recognition they deserved, these men worked their way through a tough schedule with great credit to the Academy.



This could be dangerous.

Rowers' panorama.



# Soccer

At season's beginning, one might have heard sounds of lamenting from the camp of Coach Glen Warner, who had seen the loss of many top-notch stalwarts when '57 graduated. He quickly found that he had really nothing to worry about as the nucleus of a solid bunch of returning veterans combined with a lot of fresh new talent to give the Blue and Gold another good team and outstanding season.

Returning from last year's combo were Captain and fullback Harvey Cameron, who led the team well. Also back with him was centerhalf John Meehan, a segundo who came to be known as Navy's best before the season was over. Zeke Zariquiev and Mike Woodbury also came back to resume their feats as outside and inside rights which drove opposing defenses crazy. The goal was again defended by firstie Sam Parker, who did a superb job all season. Other names which became familiar to Navy soccer followers were Ortega, Rippelmeyer, Haumont, Freakes, McCall, and Abington, all of whom contributed to a lot to the team's fine season.



Coach Glenn Warner and Captain Harvey Cameron.

Zeke Zariquiev  
Right wing  
Pete McCall  
Left halfback

Cameron against Maryland.

Mike Woodbury  
Inside right  
Jack Haumont  
Inside right



Dick Abington  
Left wing

John Meehan  
Center halfback

*Lawrence Field,*



Rough going against Army.



Left to right: Front row—Warner (coach), Freakes, Clarkson, Leary, Medina, Cameron, Mayhew, Mason, Ondishko, Abel, Flora, High. Second row—Cdr. Belt, White, Carter, Martin, Ortega, Zariquiey, Parker, Woodbury, Meehan, McCall, Abington, Ruth. Third row—Kee, Herbein, DeMasi, Martin, McKee, Haumont, Yerkes, Ripplemeyer, Bob Parker, Temple, Krulich.



A WooPoo trying to use his head.



Navy downfield against Maryland.



Upper Lawrence symphony.

The subsequent weeks saw the booters record wins over some of the best teams in the East, plus a thrilling tie with a fine squad from College Park. As is the case with every Navy team, the whole season was a preparation for the battle with Army; beating the Black Knights in soccer is an old Blue and Gold tradition, and this year's team worked hard for another one. The big day finally rolled around and after jumping off to an early lead, it seemed to be just a matter of time before we claimed another N-star. The final gun saw us victorious by a score of 3-1; combined with the cross-country win, it made for a bell-ringing day . . .

*home of the soccer team . . .*

# N-Club

Becoming a N winner in any of the varsity sports at Navy meant automatic membership in the exclusive N Club, an honor in itself. From their headquarters in Hubbard Hall, the men of this group worked to further interest in athletics at Navy, often cooperating with other organizations with the overall aim of venting the spirit valve. Pat Flood headed the club's efforts this year, with the outstanding achievement being the institution of drag swimming in MacDonough Hall. Informals in the clubroom over in Hubbard Hall were always pleasant events. As usual, the biggest activity of the year is the preparation for the annual N Dance in Hubbard Hall during June Week.



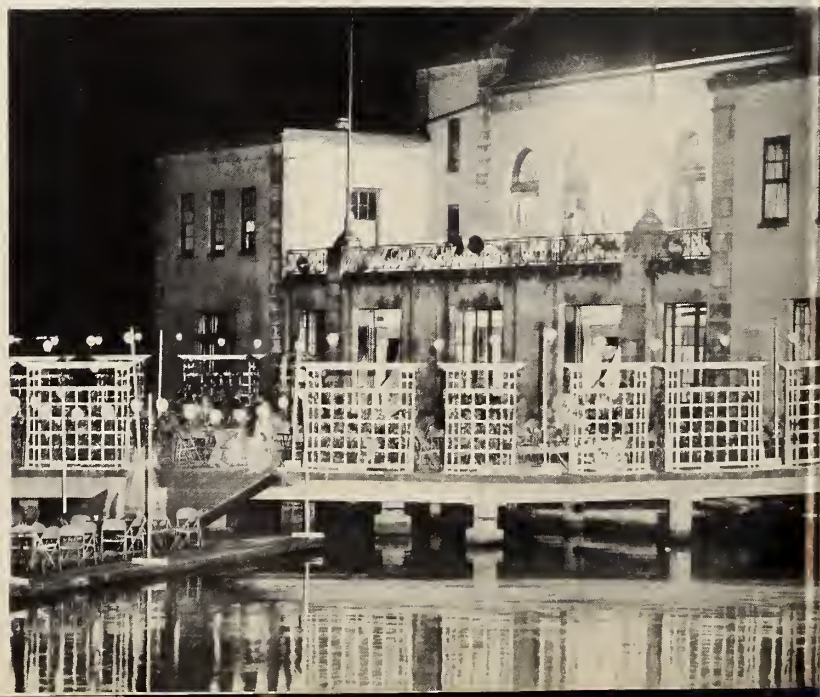
*N Club Officers. Sitting—Cameron, Flood. Standing—Hofstedt, Stremic, Swanson.*



*Being an athlete had its finer points.*



*Informal in the Clubroom.*



*Hubbard Hall and the N Dance.*

...and the horsehiders...

## Baseball

Hampered by adverse weather conditions, the horsehiders of Coach Max Bishop worked hard during the early season to round themselves into shape before the schedule came upon them. Finding himself left with the nucleus of last year's young team together with some outstanding Youngster prospects, Coach Bishop could look forward to a good year. Upper Lawrence Field seemed blessed with power, speed, and the necessary experience blended to the right degree with fresh new talent.



Left to right: Front row—Abbot (batboy), Steidle, Willen, Hofstedt, Marshall, Montoya, Oistad, Whittlesey, Shields. Second row—Vaughn, Flynn, McGlinchey, Anderson, Manerheim, Marsh, Antonio, Delano, Pfouts. Third row—Norkin, Hawthorne, Mascali, Hoecker, Brown, Bagnard, Orzechowski, Elliott. Fourth row—Capt. Abbot, Coach Buck, Weeks, Morrissey, Hill, Hallowell, Evans, Coach Paone, Coach Bishop.



Following through on the swing.



Ben Montoya, ace chucker.

*...whose skills and thrills...*



Beating out the throw.

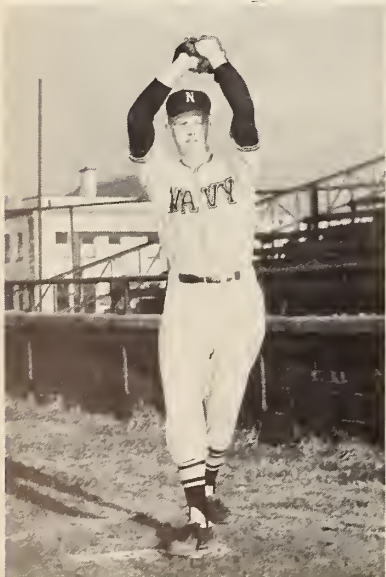
Captain Ben Montoya returned for his third year of leading the Navy mound staff; this righthander, blessed with both speed and brains, had the stuff to beat anyone with his hurling, besides being one of the best hitters on the squad. Big Fred Anderson backed Ben up with a blazing fast ball and tremendous endurance, while Pete Hofstedt and Jack Hawthorne had the stuff to both start and relieve. Don Norkin, the only southpaw, and Youngsters Jerry Hill and Frank Delano rounded out the staff.

Mike Willen held down first base with both a booming stick and a smooth glove, while steady Joe McGlinchey provided the Tars with good strength at the keystone sack. Fleet Bob Steidle was one of the best fielding shortstops in the league, besides being the perfect leadoff man. Youngsters Gary Bagnard and Doug Manekheim were fighting it out for third base; both showing a lot of promise, they must have brought a gleam to Coach Bishop's eye.



Whittlesey legging it to back up the throw.

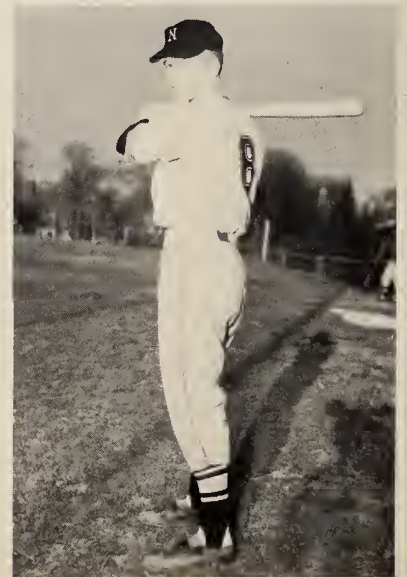
Pitcher Peter Hofstedt



Marshall scoring for Navy.



Centerfielder Jim Marshall.

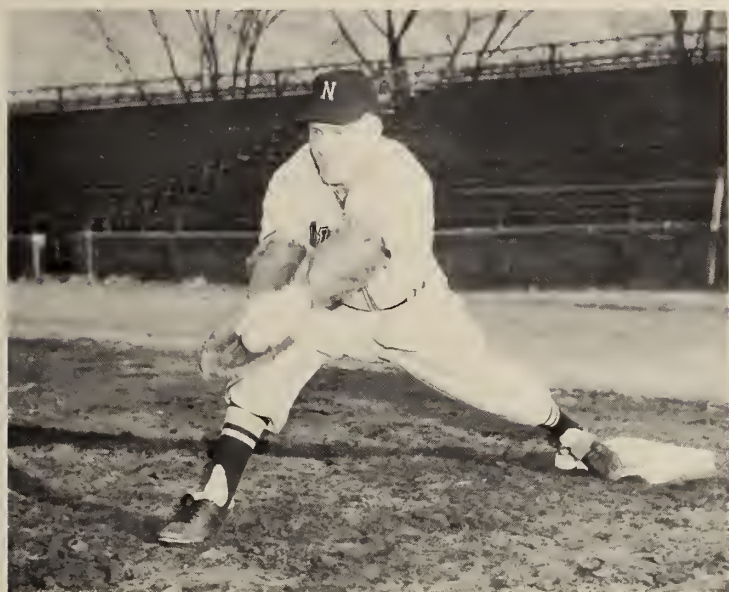


Dick Brown and John Mascali alternated in left field, both providing good bats and strong arms. Jim Marshall was all by himself in the center pasture; returning for his last year, he looked ready to repeat as "Most Valuable Player" in every respect. Ferd Shields and Bob Oistad kept the coach guessing in right field; between Oistad's clutch hitting and Shields' classy glove work it looked like a tough choice to make. Whit Whittlesey was the top receiver, tough to beat as both a glove man and the team's "holler" guy and sparkplug.

The Tars opened the season with a close 9-8 loss to Colby and a 4-2 triumph over Maine. Featured by some brilliant pitching by Anderson and Hawthorne, plus timely hitting by Shields and Oistad, they seemed the keynote for a highly successful year. We know one thing; any trip across Dorsey Creek to see them play was certainly worthwhile.



Willen shows good glove work.



First sacker Mike Willen.



Shortstop Bob Steidle.

Taking the big cut.



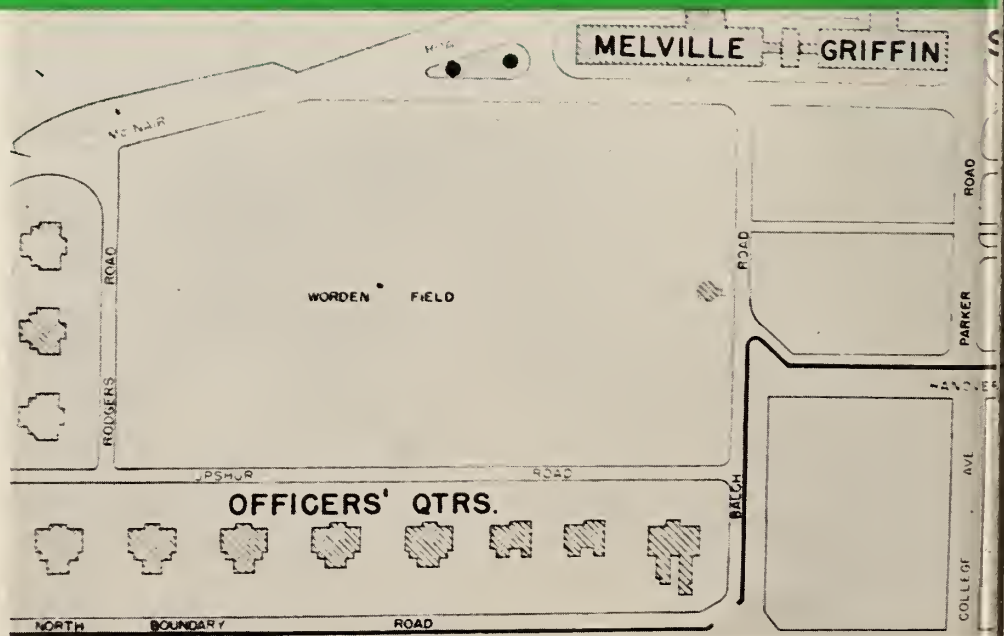
*... we watched every spring.*



## *Worden Field*



The color guard.



*Our parade ground...*



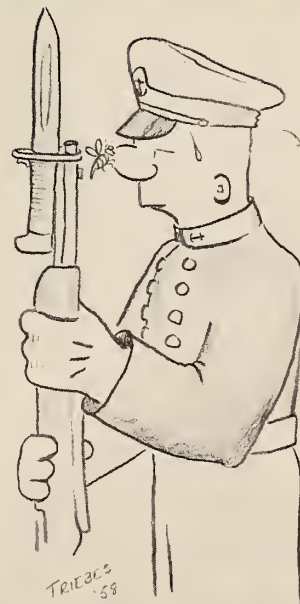
... where we had to look good ...



Passing in review.

“Your last stop in your tour of the Naval Academy is picturesque Worden Field, home of the Brigade’s weekly parades and numerous athletic contests. As a symbol of one of our more famous activities, this field is probably more in the public eye than any other location in the Yard. We feel that we have seen enough visitors here during our four years to populate the entire city of New York.

“The Wednesday afternoon parade was the culmination of a great amount of effort from everybody in the Brigade. Here on Worden, we attempted to live up to the highest standards of military precision both for the spectators and the grades awarded for the company color competition. The parade was both liked and disliked; we came to hate the seemingly endless practices which accompanied every week of the competition but we enjoyed the chance to see visiting dignitaries, watch the civilians, and hear some of the best in martial music. Here we honored such figures as the Queen Mother, Prince Albert of Belgium, and the Secretary of the Navy. Here we paid tribute to our leaders, and in a small way, we hope, to the Naval Academy and the Naval Service.”



The Brigade staff.

...with the help of practice, the Chiefs,



"Officers center!"



Formation on Tecumseh Court.

## *The Naval Academy Band*

The P-rade will be one of the strongest memories that we will have of our life as midshipmen. From the time that the companies formed up to march to Worden, we knew that we were expected to look good. We learned during the first three years the importance of "taking a strain" on P-rade day and spent the last year trying to instill this same feeling in the underclass. The routine was always the same, yet somehow new every time. The manual of arms, the music of the Naval Academy Band, the Drum and Bugle Corps, "How many guns today, mister?", and "Pass in review" all became familiar thoughts that identified each P-rade. In all kinds of weather we marched, even though sometimes we thought that it never rained on Wednesday because of a ComdtMidn Notice.

Waiting for a V.I.P.



"Sound off!"



LCdr. Max E. Corrick  
Director of Band

# *and the Hellcats.*



The Hellcats.

The Drum and Bugle Corps, affectionately known as the "Hellcats," was another of our traveling organizations that made us extremely proud. Its performances at football games and parades were always something to boast about. The main function of the D & B, however, was the provision of martial music for all our outside noon and evening meal formations. From the first time we heard them Plebe summer, we knew that here was an outfit that could always be counted upon. This year saw them perform their regular duties in the same manner which we have come to take for granted. Thoughts of Worden Field will always bring back memories of the "Hellcats" and their traditional marches.

## *Drum and Bugle Corps*



*Fall Strippers:* Holthaus, Browne, Newcombe, Gorton, Lackey.



*Winter Strippers:* Smith, Lorusso, Darius, Shroyer, Williams.

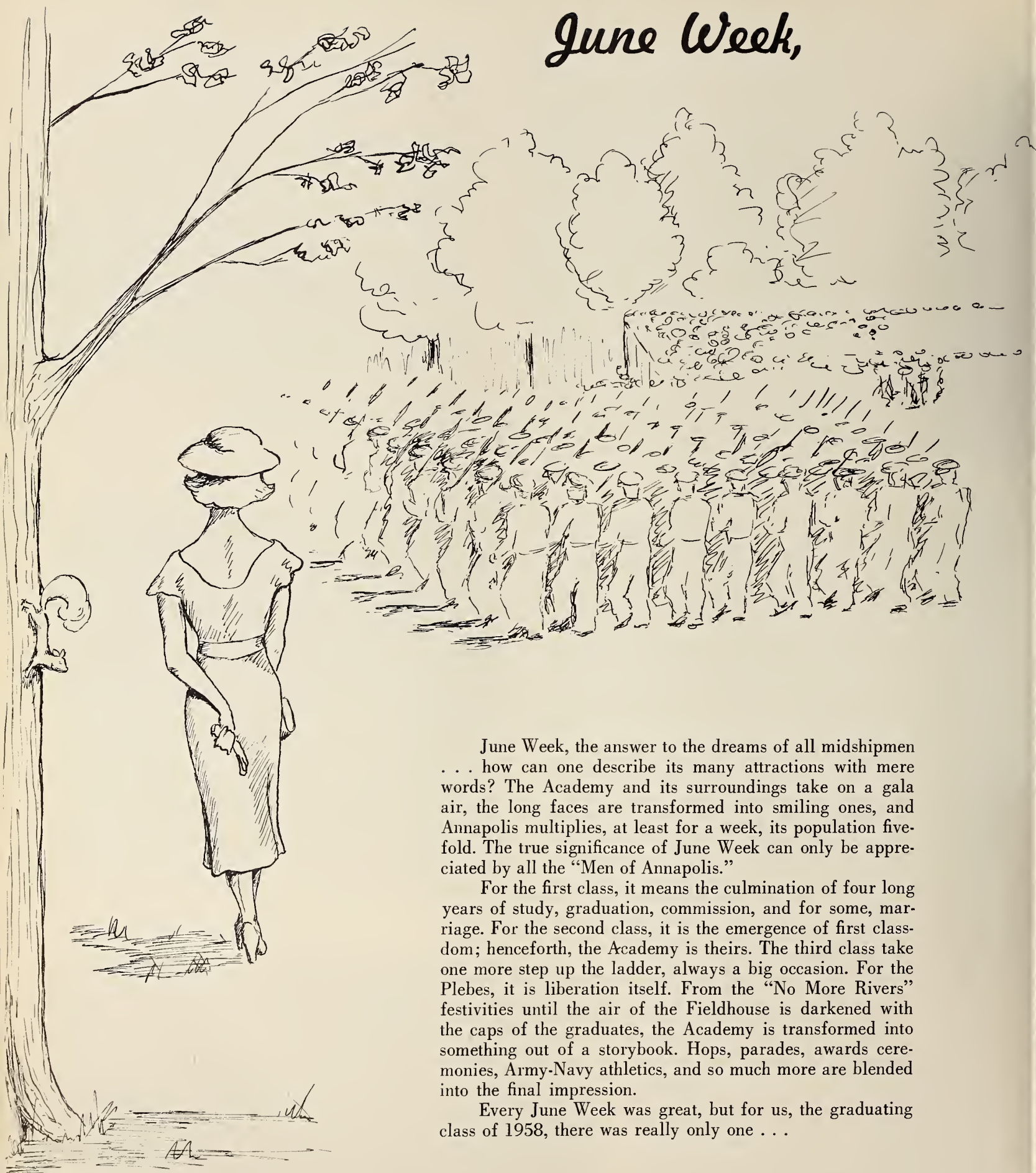
## *Parades always reminded us of...*

Thoughts of Worden Field will bring us many thoughts in future years. We will remember the music, the crowds, and maybe some of us will even remember the feeling of pride as we passed in review. We'll remember the thrill when we first heard "Fifty-eight men absent, sir!" and the even greater sensation when fifty-nine men were reported absent for the first time. We'll remember the sweat, the leggings, and how heavy that M-1 could get. Perhaps most of all, when we think of Worden Field, we'll remember June Week. . . .

Worden Field and her friends.



# June Week,



June Week, the answer to the dreams of all midshipmen . . . how can one describe its many attractions with mere words? The Academy and its surroundings take on a gala air, the long faces are transformed into smiling ones, and Annapolis multiplies, at least for a week, its population five-fold. The true significance of June Week can only be appreciated by all the "Men of Annapolis."

For the first class, it means the culmination of four long years of study, graduation, commission, and for some, marriage. For the second class, it is the emergence of first classdom; henceforth, the Academy is theirs. The third class take one more step up the ladder, always a big occasion. For the Plebes, it is liberation itself. From the "No More Rivers" festivities until the air of the Fieldhouse is darkened with the caps of the graduates, the Academy is transformed into something out of a storybook. Hops, parades, awards ceremonies, Army-Navy athletics, and so much more are blended into the final impression.

Every June Week was great, but for us, the graduating class of 1958, there was really only one . . .

TRIEBES '58

*the greatest week of all.*

*...and the class...*



*Brigade Staff, Fall Set. Left to right—Herold, Lukenas, Corder, Larson, Bertke, Sudmeyer, Yost, Iles, Pidgeon.*



*Chuck Larson  
Brigade Commander*

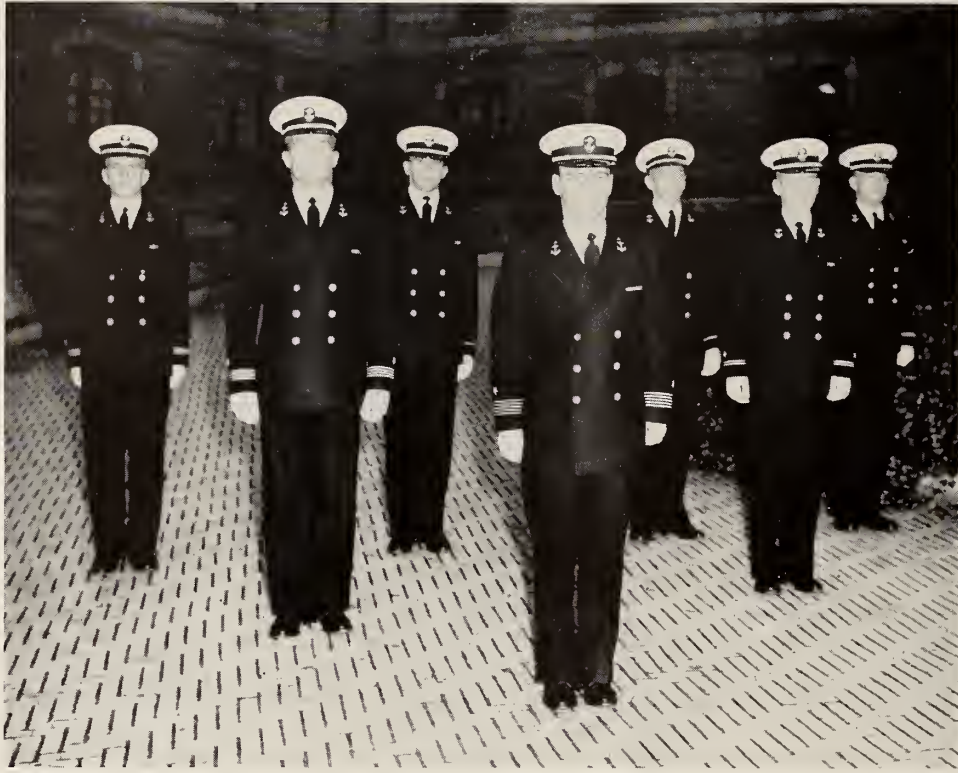
*...of 1958*



*John Poindexter  
Brigade Commander*



*Brigade Staff, Winter Set. Left to right—Mason, Moore, Schaaf, McClure, Eytchison, Guinn, Hoel, Barrett, Poindexter.*



*Fall Set. Left to right—Wells, Morris, Russ, Phenegar, Green, Shafer, Bartels.*



## *First Regiment*



*Winter Set. Left to right—Allard, Topping, Westbrook, Marbain, Taylor, Mulholland, Williams.*





Cdr. A.D. Engle, USN  
Battalion Officer

The First Battalion . . . always high in the colors . . . lived in the First Wing . . . famous for sports teams, bricking parties and squared away plebes . . . led this year by Commander Engle . . . the Third was the Color Company and was near the top again . . . famous for "Bonzo" and "Treadhead" in previous years . . . liked to march off Worden Field first . . . liked to march, period . . . always got the word first . . . had a good year in every respect.

## *Fall Set*



*Fall Set. Left to right—Phillips, Thoureen, Cantrell, Lord, Sutton, Chrisman.*

## *Winter Set*



*Winter Set. Left to right—Ballard, Flora, Morgan, Keith, Fuller, Swart.*

# *First Battalion*



Lt. "H'R. Hunter, USN  
Company Officer

The little yellow guidon with the big blue "One" has directed our every step for the past four years of marching—first on the field for football games, first off the field for P-rades, and first back in the showers while the poor Twenty-fourth was still passing in review. Few people will deny that our brick-ing parties were the loudest, our happy hours the happiest, our Forms Two the longest, and our sports squads the finest in the Brigade. Add to this the uncanny ability to attract a main office inspection three times daily and draw the company watch every June Week and we will agree that it has been a short but unforgettable period of our life. Years from now, we'll still be able to look back and laugh

## *First Company*



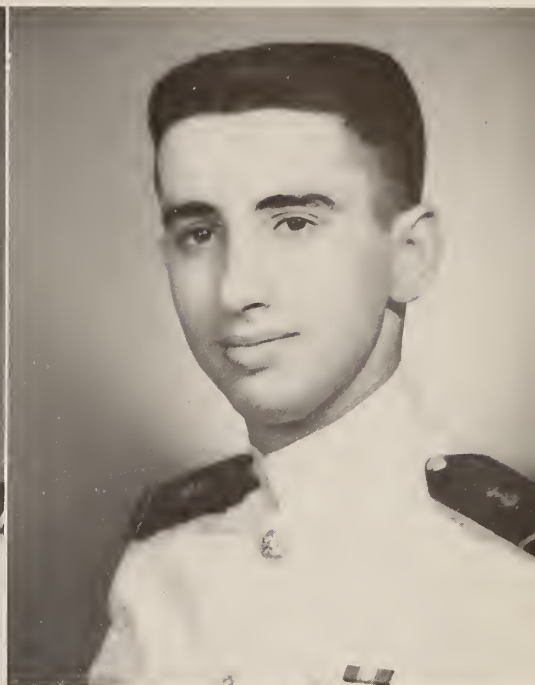
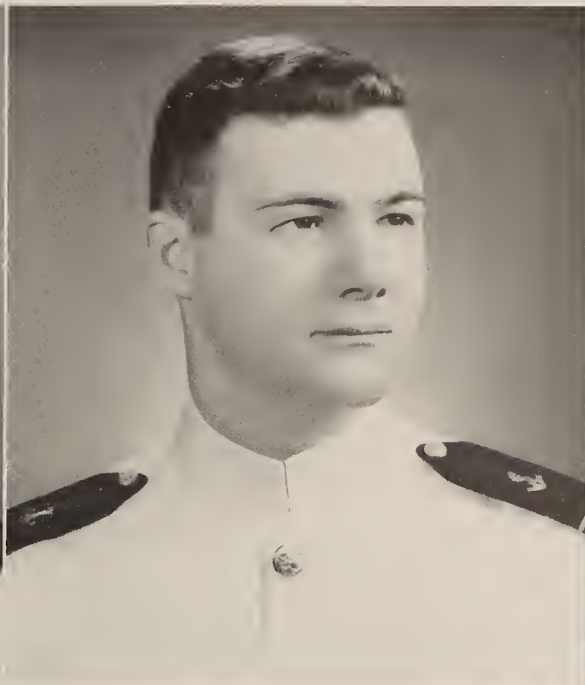
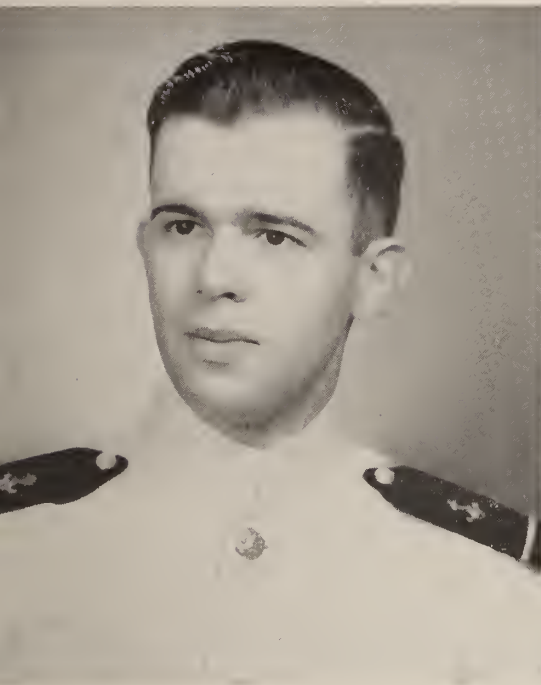
*Fall Set. Left to right—Davis, Taylor, Kirkley, Wiedemann, Gentry, Palmer.*



*Winter Set. Left to right—Schroeder, Streeter, Woodley, Westphal, Moore, Wright.*

at "Booga Red's" devilish tricks and Tony's invisible horse. Then there were Tom's unending battle with the system and Bruce's difficulty up in Mem Hall. We'll remember Yost and his Drag of the Week, Duncan making the advertising rounds for the year-book, Woodley and WRNV, and of course the "leaders," Weidemann, Westphal, and Eytchison. It's been a long haul from the fourth deck Plebe year to the main deck of the Fieldhouse on graduation day, but we managed it with a minimum of pain and a maximum of humor and good will. Now we leave, feeling certain that the men of the First will be among the very finest found anywhere.





**JAMES ELMER AYARS**

Shiloh, New Jersey

All of Shiloh was happy when personable Jim received his appointment to the Academy; Bullis Prep readied him for any academic onslaughts. He gave up, at least temporarily, his preferred life in the great outdoors, but intramural soccer and football provided a substitute. He could usually be seen every morning almost knocking down the mate's desk in his attempt to get the daily letter from the OAO. Jim's heart was always up in the wild blue yonder, and when graduation finally rolls around it should see him on his way to Pensacola and a long career with the Navy fly boys.

**SAMUEL ABRAM BELCHER III**

Anderson, South Carolina

"Buck" had an affinity for both the Southern belles and a set of golf clubs when he arrived at Navy Tech. His life here seemed to evolve about the local links where he was constantly trying to improve his techniques in the gentleman's sport. He used to entertain in the usual hospitable way of his homeland, and the dreams of his own magnolia-studded plantation never seemed to ebb. But first he plans to put in his thirty in the Navy line. Who knows? Maybe by then even South Carolina might have a navy of its own.

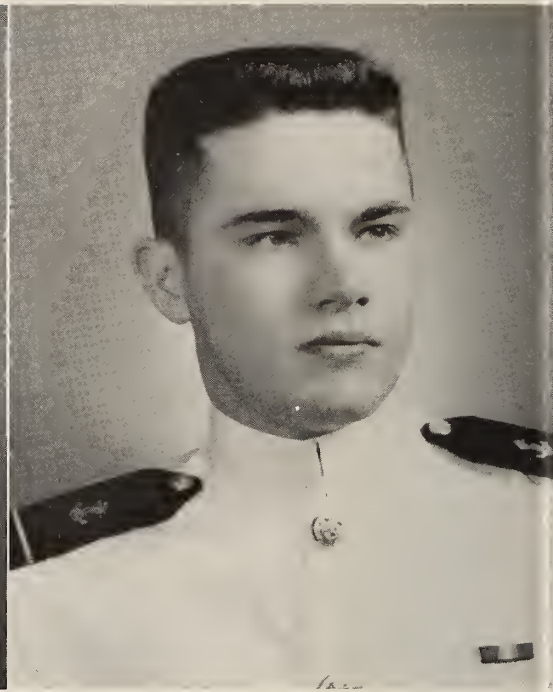
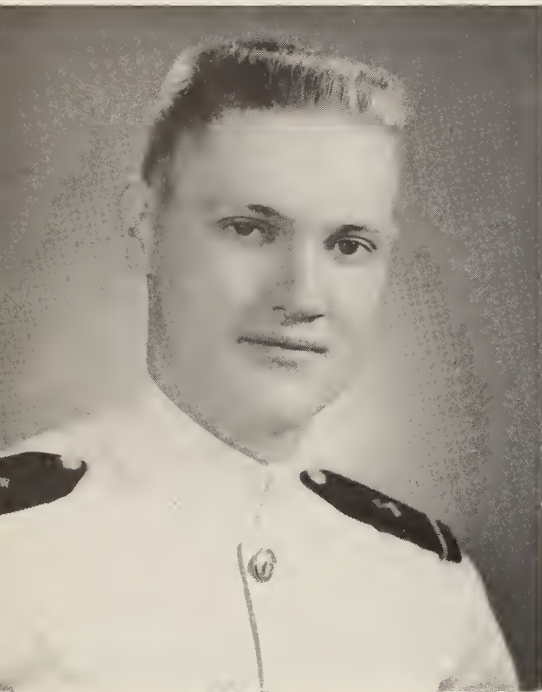
**GEORGE HILLSON BRENNER**

Somerville, Massachusetts

This diminutive social cut came South from New England to lend his talents to Navy's hops. His small size seemed to help him rather than hinder him in any undertaking on the lighter side, with or without the females. He seemed to like to run and never stopped; his career with various track and cross-country squads would attest to that. He did find the books extremely unfriendly, but he could dance his way through anything. George came to us from the Marine Reserves and has long awaited the chance to return; as long as they keep the skinny books out of Quantico, he's a cinch to come through in fine style.



*United States Naval Academy*



**WALTER HOLLINGSWORTH CANTRELL**

Brevard, North Carolina

Leaving his heart in the mountains of North Carolina but bringing his body here, Walt was always a welcome man to have around. Whether it was his extremely good humor or his ability and willingness to help any unfortunate classmate over the deeper academic pitfalls, this Southern gent was tops to all who knew him. His proficiency with the slipstick was matched by his athletic prowess, shown many times in behalf of the First. But probably the most remarkable thing about Walt was his daily ton of mail which kept us all in envy. He hopes to put his brains together with a great future career in C.E.C.

**JOHN AUBREY CHRISMAN, JR.**

Charlotte, North Carolina

After two years as an aviation electrician in the Fleet, Chris discarded his white hat for one of the classy blue-rimmed jobs of Navy Tech. Academics never bothered him and he never seemed to bother them; consequently, his pad was much more worn than his sliderule. He had music on his mind most of the time, whether it was his latest find in progressive jazz or singing with the Chapel Choir. He also avoided the books by putting in a few hours with the Class Crest and Ring Committee. Chris seemed to enjoy his Severn stay; the Silent Service will be getting another fine prospect if his dreams of traveling to New London come true.

**CHARLES ALBERT CONLEY, JR.**

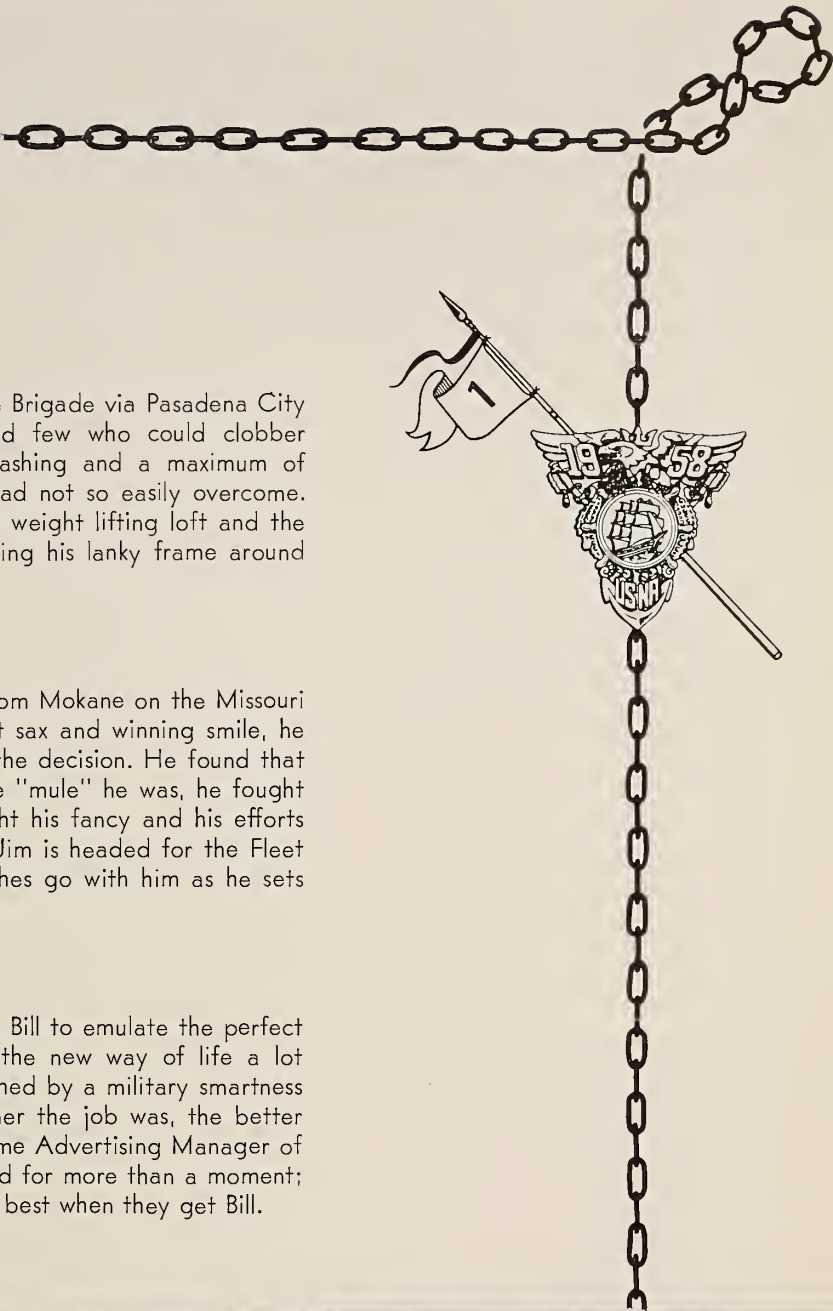
Portsmouth, Ohio

Always a favorite liberty mate or conversationalist, "Chumley" was a specialist in friendliness. Kiddled unmercifully about the amount of sand he would blow askew at every step, he took it all in good stride and usually gave back as well as he received. As long as there was hillbilly music on the hi-fi, "Chumley" was happy; Tennessee Ernie was known to keep him cheered up all day. Musical talents of his own were evident in the "Hellcats" and the Antiphonal Choir. A thirty-minute snooze was always his way of preparing for the ever-present quiz. "Chumley's" love for people and good times will make him a welcome addition about any wardroom table.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## BRUCE THOMAS CONZELMAN

Pasadena, California

A Californian through and through, Conzey joined the Brigade via Pasadena City College and the submarine reserves. One of the fabled few who could clobber USNAY's various slipstick courses with a minimum of slashing and a maximum of dragging, he nevertheless found Russian and the Sub Squad not so easily overcome. When not dragging, B. T. was a staunch proponent of the weight lifting loft and the company harriers. The future will probably find Conz coiling his lanky frame around the periscope of one of Uncle Sam's submarines.

## JAMES VERNON DAVIS

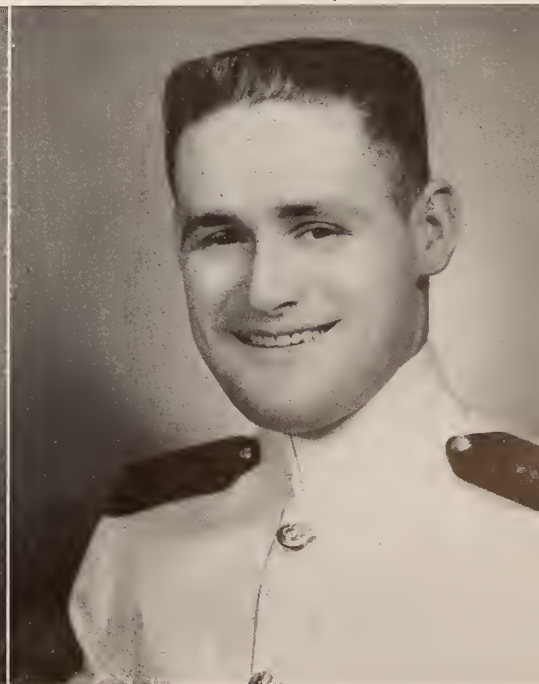
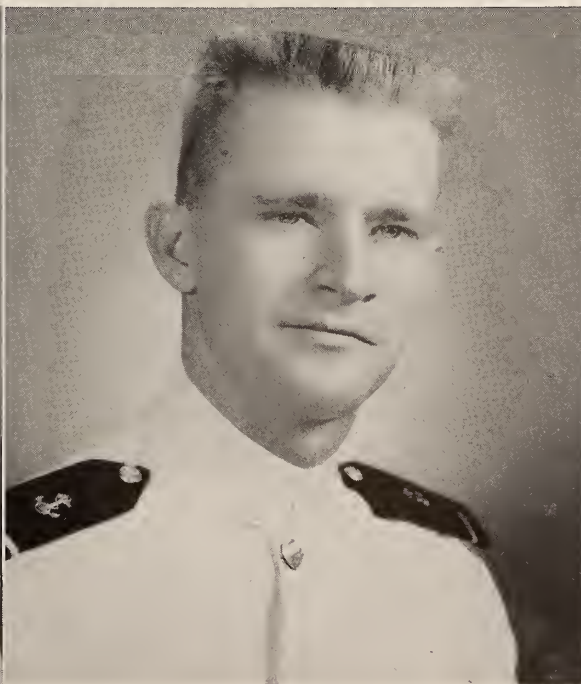
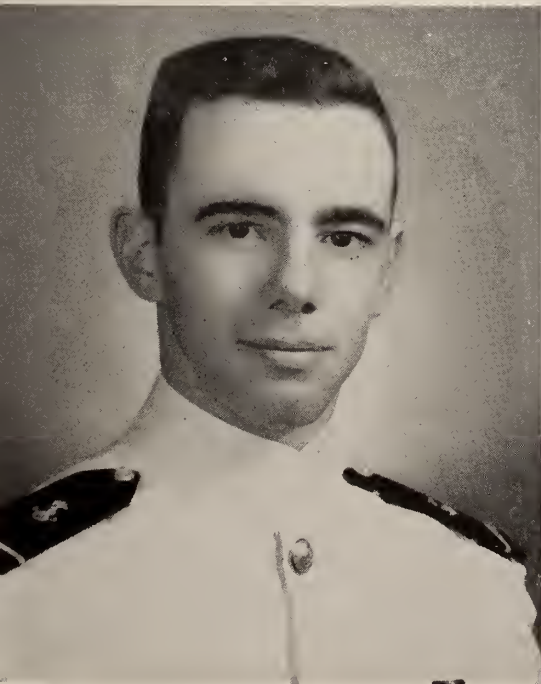
Mokane, Missouri

Jim made the long trek to Annapolis on the Severn from Mokane on the Missouri after compiling a splendid high school record. With a hot sax and winning smile, he gave up the grades for enjoying life and never regretted the decision. He found that Skinny, like Missourians, had to be shown; but like the true "mule" he was, he fought the Sampson Hall crowd to a close decision. Sailing caught his fancy and his efforts paid off with participation in the Bermuda Race in 1956. Jim is headed for the Fleet with the golden wings particularly in mind. Our good wishes go with him as he sets out on his aviation career.

## WILLIAM EDWARD DUNCAN

Weymouth, Massachusetts

From out of the venerable wilds of New England came Bill to emulate the perfect example of rock-ribbed Massachusetts success. Grasping the new way of life a lot quicker than most of us, his knack with the books was matched by a military smartness and enthusiasm second to none. It seemed that the tougher the job was, the better Dunc liked it; he tackled one of the roughest when he became Advertising Manager of the **Lucky Bag**. Nothing was big enough to keep him stymied for more than a moment; the tin can fleet will be getting one of Mom Bancroft's very best when they get Bill.





# United States Naval Academy

## RONALD MARVIN EYTCHISON

Boise, Idaho

It was indeed a sad day for Idaho when Ron said goodbye to the potato farm and came east to the Factory. Jumping in directly from high school, this proved to be no hindrance as he adjusted himself to the routine quickly. Memories of that terrible day when he bilged four P-works (the Lone Ranger) will probably always haunt him; otherwise, his academic record was virtually spotless. His sunny disposition led to success both with his cohorts here and with the femmes that he couldn't seem to do without. Ron's sterling leadership qualities were always apparent and should continue to spring him along in leaps and bounds until that happy day when he takes over the command of his own tin can.

## KERRY FORD GENTRY

Sedalia, Missouri

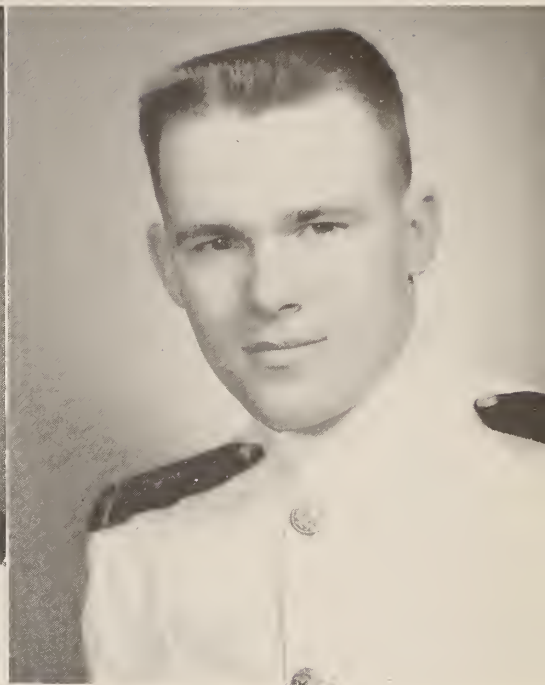
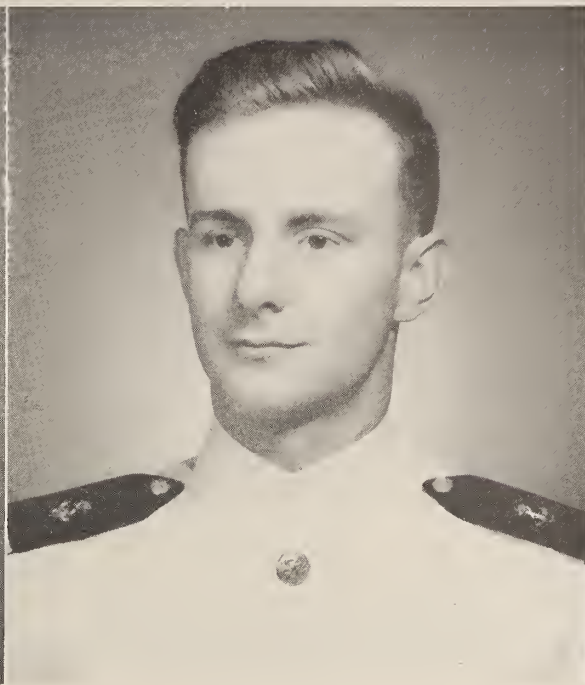
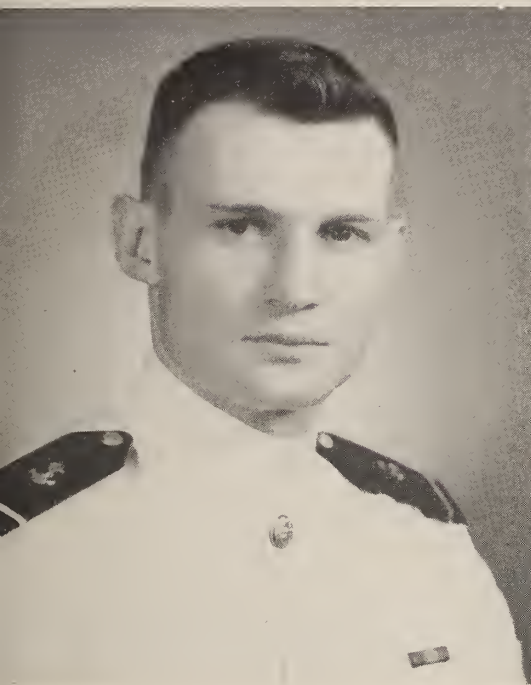
Hailing from staunch Missouri stock, Kerry always exemplified the typical red-headed Irishman. A roving eye and unquenchable spirit found him many an escapade; his practical jokes and subtle wit were known far and wide. He often maintained that the staff of life consisted of good food, much sleep, and constant happiness. During the rare times when he wasn't thinking up some new prank, Kerry could usually be found cutting the books to ribbons or being coaxed to run company steeplechase. His ability to enjoy every minute of every day will always surround him with friends and his wardroom should be one of the happiest in the Fleet.

## GEORGE EDWARD KENEFICK

Binghamton, New York

George was sorry to have to leave his old mattress behind in Binghamton, but wasted no time in breaking the USNAY model into the desired shape. Here was a man who truly believed that a man's rack was the closest thing to a castle. Once in a while, he could be persuaded to leave it to march some E. D. or think up new ways to foil the Steam Department. Otherwise it was perfectly satisfying to sit back and follow the fortunes of the Dodgers. George's friendliness and sincerity made friends of us all, and we wish him the best of luck in the future years.





**LEIGH GWYNNE KIMMEL**

Atlanta, Georgia

Making the transition from a "Ramblin' Wreck" to an old salt with hardly the bat of an eyelash, Nick never had any troubles here if academics were put aside. There was no love lost between this Georgia Peach and the books but his graduation shows who always came out on top. Showing good athletic abilities, Nick's work on the sidehorse for the Varsity gym team helped boot home many a Navy victory. The femmes were a necessary evil; need we say more? The rest of his time was spent in being just one of the boys. Nick showed a preference for the sea-going life and should handle any future assignment with ease.

**OWEN MAJOR KIRKLEY**

San Antonio, Texas

Owen brought his trusty slide rule in from Rice Institute, ready to embark on a career of wrecking the academic average. Math was his oyster and he could usually snow even the pros. His Southern drawl and tall tales left no doubt as to his preference for the Lone Star and his discourses on the land of the Yellow Rose were long and boisterous. He gave Plebe golf a try and then concentrated on bringing home points for the company in a variety of intramurals. Owen's friendliness and natural alertness will always stand him high; his immediate goal is receiving a commission in the CEC, where he'll probably design a new look for the Fleet.

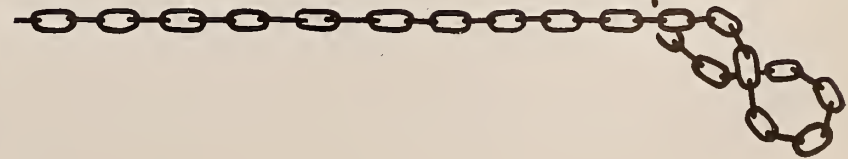
**CHARLES WILLIAM LORD**

Pottsville, Pennsylvania

"The Duke" came south from the Pennsy coal mines to win a big niche in Academy affairs. His friendly personality and great ability enabled him to remain always in the middle of things and he soon showed a sterling leadership. Boxing turned out to be his forte and his activity over in the MacDonough rings won him a Brigade championship. Steam threatened to make life a bit unpleasant but with a characteristic shrug, he rode out the storm. As long as the Cardinals were winning, "the Duke" was in seventh heaven. Naval Intelligence is his goal, as is a long and successful career and home life.



*United States Naval Academy*





**JAMES EDWARD McNULLA, III**

Vergennes, Vermont

Three and a half years in the Naval Reserve convinced Jim that the blue and gold was good for what ailed him and he came to Navy Tech. A time spent at the University of Vermont briefed him in the college life as well, and he always put the two backgrounds together to good advantage. A knack of hitting bullseyes made a spot for him on both the Plebe and Varsity rifle teams. An ardent Green Mountain boy, Jim's big complaint was in having to restrict his boat racing and water skiing into those all too brief summer leaves. It looks like Jim is headed for Navy air and he should feel at home in any ready room. We wish him the best always.

**WILLIAM NEWTON MOORE**

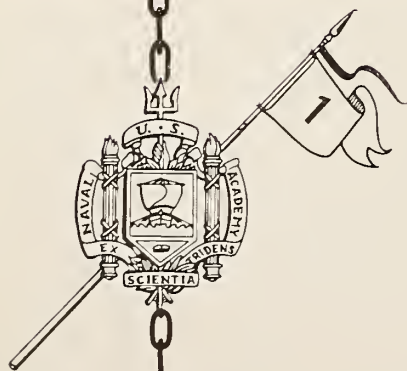
Hopkinsville, Kentucky

Born and raised in a land which he claimed to be full of good bourbon, beautiful women, and fast horses, Newt cast aside his Rotcee blues at Vanderbilt to come to Mother Bancroft. He soon ran head on into the "Magic of Steam" which he always claimed would be the death of him yet. His only musical talent seemed to be in turning on the radio, but he loved to listen to music of all kinds—except the "rock n'roll" which never fitted the tastes of a Southern gentleman. Not considering dragging a requisite for successful graduation, Newt could take 'em or leave 'em. A thirty year man from way back, he hopes to spend it all on tin cans.

**DAVID EUGENE MORGAN**

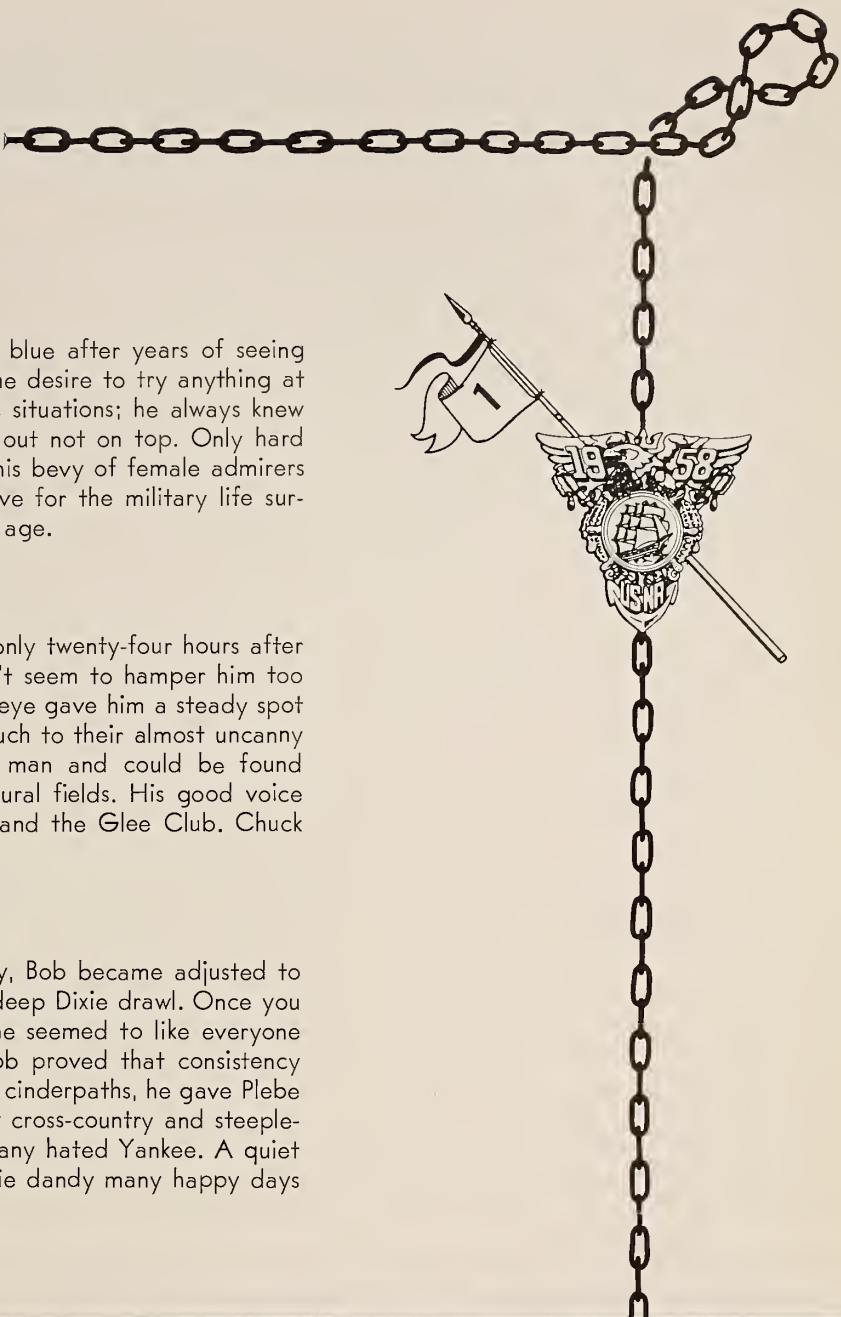
Pottsville, Pennsylvania

Dave found that he preferred the seagoing life to that of a coal miner, so he left home with the blessings of Pottsville ringing in his ears to come to Navy Tech. A short stay at Wyoming Seminary seemed to have done some good, for he was one who always fought off the academic buzzards with ease. Company and battalion soccer took up many an afternoon, with writing to the O.A.O. sandwiched in. The Newman and French Clubs also combined to give Dave a chance to make friends and influence people. Here's a man for Navy line; if he can con a ship like he's conned his life here, there is nothing but smooth sailing ahead.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## NYAL EUGENE PALMER

Lawton, Oklahoma

Tony decided to trade his Army khakis for the Navy blue after years of seeing the country as a doughboy. Here was a fellow who had the desire to try anything at least once, and his abandon found him in many precarious situations; he always knew how to take care of himself, though, and he rarely came out not on top. Only hard study carried Tony past the books; the many letters from his bevy of female admirers helped pull him over the rough spots. He developed a love for the military life surpassed by few; he will undoubtedly get his stars at record age.

## CHARLES ORSELL PETERSON

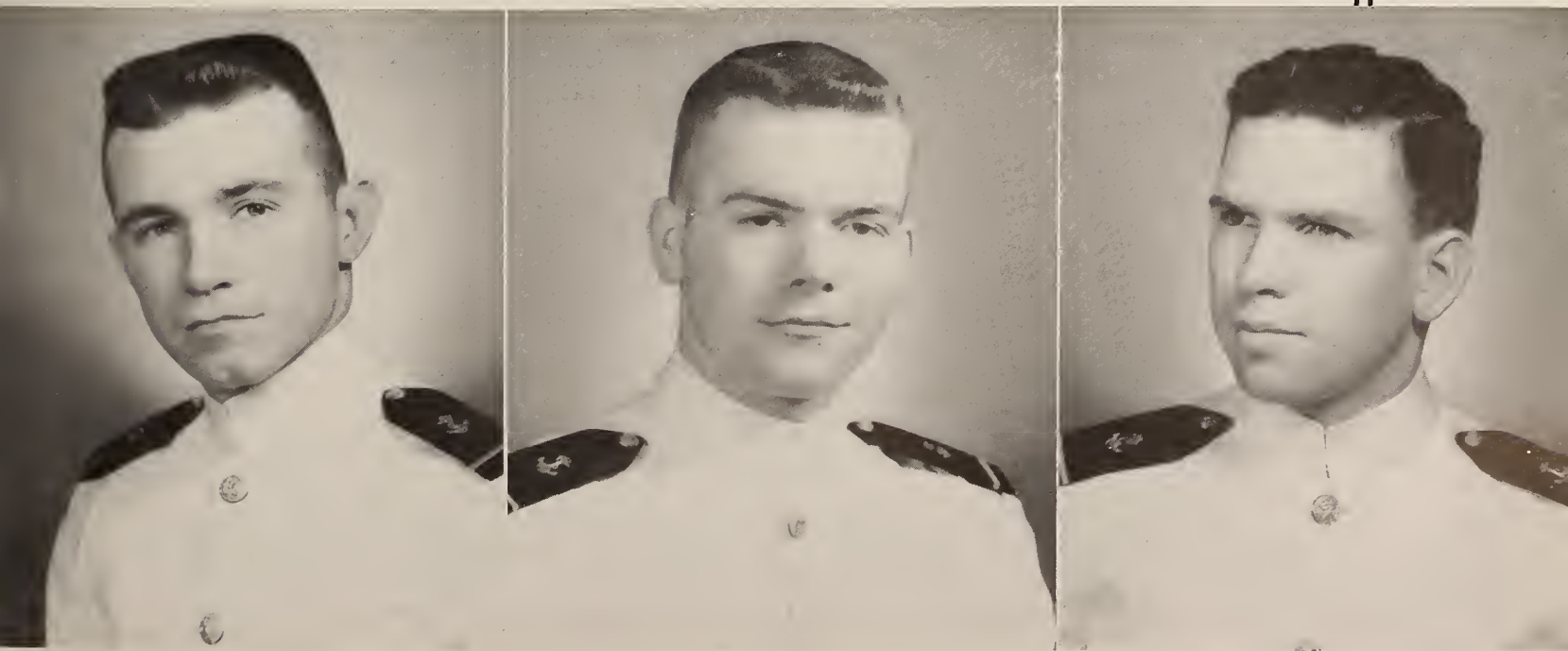
Sheridan, New York

Caught up in the rush of things, Chuck arrived here only twenty-four hours after graduating from high school. His all-too-brief respite didn't seem to hamper him too much for he soon got into the swing of things. An unerring eye gave him a steady spot on the Plebe and Varsity rifle teams and he contributed much to their almost uncanny success. Other than this, Chuck was strictly a company man and could be found throwing his bulk around with gay abandon on the intramural fields. His good voice could often be heard blending in with the Chapel Choir and the Glee Club. Chuck looks forward to a long and busy career in the Navy.

## ROBERT JAMES PRATHER, JR.

Laurel, Mississippi

Snatched from the honeysuckle and corn pone country, Bob became adjusted to Navy Tech life a lot sooner than it took us to interpret his deep Dixie drawl. Once you got past that, it was no problem to get to know "Boff"; he seemed to like everyone he met. Persistent in his love life as well as academics, Bob proved that consistency and patience could solve almost any problem. Handy on the cinderpaths, he gave Plebe track a fling and then settled down to star on the company cross-country and steeplechase teams. An interest in judo prepared him to take on any hated Yankee. A quiet sincerity coupled with intelligence and tact will net our Dixie dandy many happy days in the years ahead.





## United States Naval Academy

### THOMAS BELL ROSSER, III

Dyersburg, Tennessee

Tom hated to leave the beloved Delta Country in the heart of Dixie, but he soon became acclimated to the relatively Yankee country of Maryland. A knack with the golf clubs gave him a lot of success with the Varsity hackers and he could usually be found pulling pins over on the local course. A true advocate of the best in "rock 'n roll", his room was always full of jumping music and good cheer. The easy life of the Old South gave him a great love for any form of relaxation and good times. A potential jet jockey, Tom's career can't help but be a booming success.

### CLYDE CARL SCHROEDER

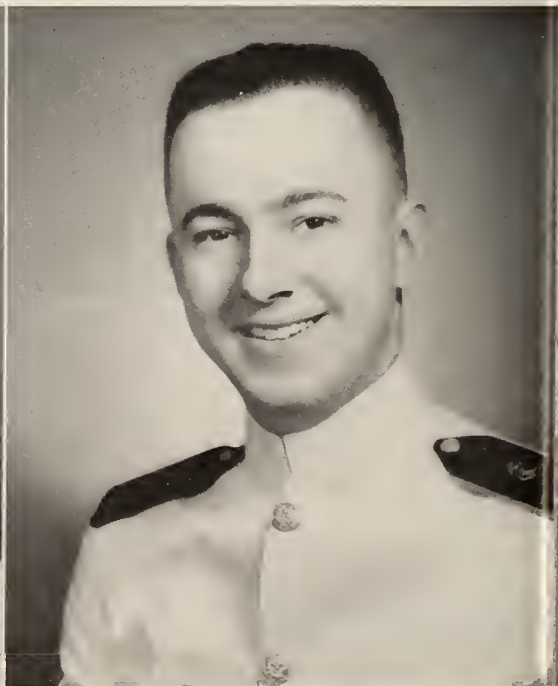
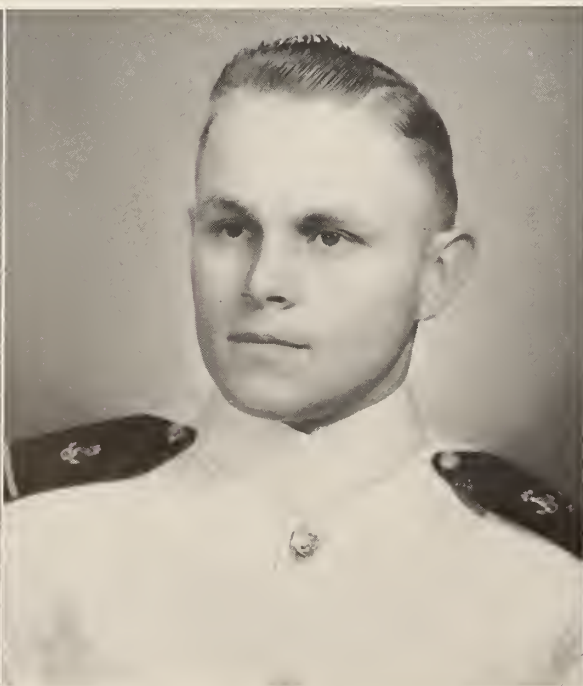
Pacific Grove, California

After "Skip" took the long trip from way out west to the Severn, he soon found an enemy which he fought valiantly; not the drags, not the books, but his waistline. When he wasn't concocting some ingenious new diet, he usually was dragging; to see him around the Hall on weekends was a rare occasion. A jovial person, his good humor was welcome anywhere, ranging from those great liberties to the friendly group about the card table. Academics never bothered this prolific booster of the big land beyond the Rockies. Skip will try to get his sea legs on the bridge of a can, after which he hopes to get his own command soon.

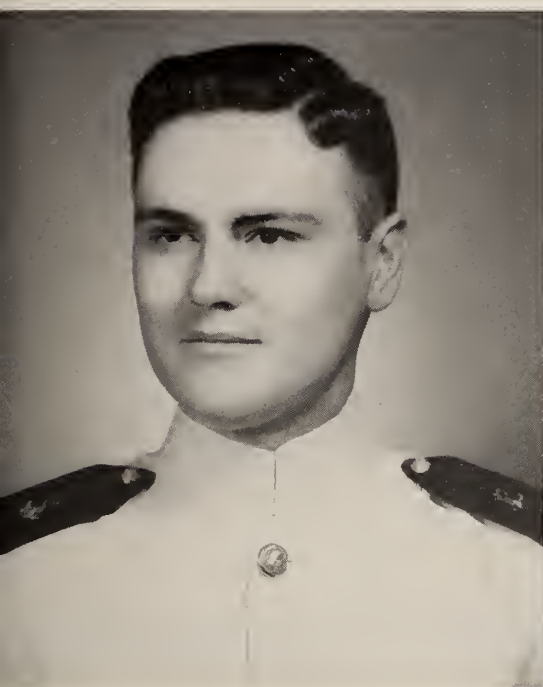
### WILLIAM JOHN SCHULZ

West Point, New York

The best thing to do when Woo Poo is around is to take a powder; Bill did just this, leaving his home at "Hell on the Hudson" to come south to the real Trade School. With an excellent background, he jumped right into the academic whirlpool Plebe year and has decidedly come out on top ever since. With a live and let live philosophy of the first water, Bill could always be counted upon to have a ball or resist any threatening advance toward the sacred crest on his tie. Otherwise, bowling or swimming never failed to keep him contented. His future career in Navy air looks bright indeed.







**ALLEN BROCK SCHWITZER**

Corpus Christi, Texas

A veteran of two years of college, Al came North from the Lone Star State to take his place as just one of the boys. A quiet yet forceful manner solved any problem and made a long list of friends. His proficiency with the Texas tall tales became so legendary that soon he almost had us believing them. A discerning Southern gentleman, he had a lot to say about everything, but his favorite topic was always the latest drag. His friendly "I can lick any man here" became a stock statement with the boys of the First. It is entirely safe to say that Al will always be one of which even Texas can be justly proud.

**STANLEY EDWARD SHARP**

Portland, Oregon

Stan always will be an easy man to remember; his gimpy lope was famed throughout the Hall as was his high propensity for collecting bricks. A rather off-beat sense of humor plus a sometimes distressingly fertile ingenuity always meant a lot of laughter for all of us around him. This same ingenuity was often taxed in his encounters with the boys on the other side of the Yard, but with a friendly referee, Stan never failed to wrestle the books to at least an even tie. There is little doubt that upon graduation, this widely-traveled man of the world will be a credit to whichever service he chooses. Any difficulty will lack the gear to stymie him.

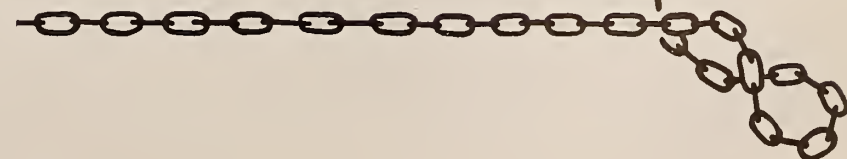
**JAMES EDWARD SHEEHAN**

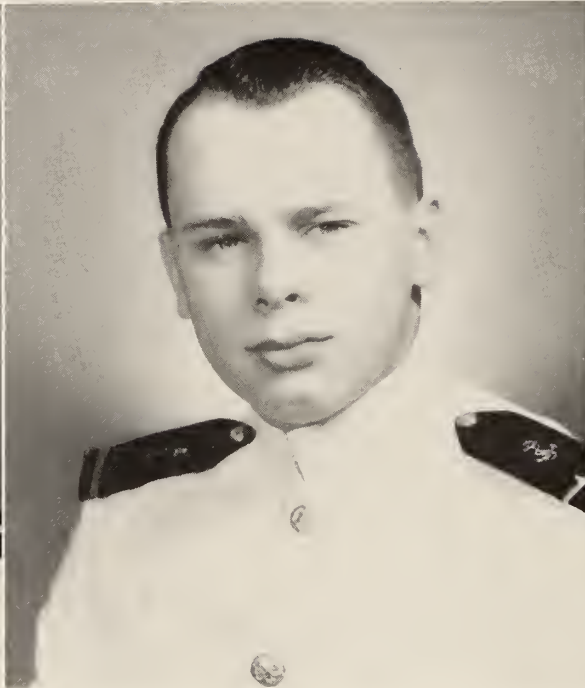
Johnstown, Pennsylvania

Wanting to see more of the water that his podunk was famous for, Shane came to Navy Tech, stopping at Wyoming Seminary along the way. With a prolific sense of humor, he could always be found at the bottom of many a jesting plot perpetrated on anyone. His somewhat worn pad was a favorite hangout; the only times that you couldn't find him there were when he was in class or whenever one of his intramural teams was out on the battlefield. Otherwise, music was a time passer, whether it was listening to some hot jazz or blending his voice with the Catholic Choir. Shane's love for life will always assure him of a full house of friends.



*United States Naval Academy*





**ROBERT KNOWLES SLAVEN, JR.**

Blue Hill, Maine

Bob came to Navy already an experienced world traveler. His father, who is in that other service, took him to many exotic places before shipping him up the Severn River. Bob attended school from Maine to Japan and finally graduated in the wilds of nearby Jersey. A lover of the sea from way back, he spent spring and fall on the USNAY yawls or with the Varsity dinghy sailors. He was a confirmed lover of redheads, but this never seemed to cramp his style with any other fair damsel. Skinny never gave him troubles; his ham radio interests probably explained that. With a great desire to attain flag rank in record time matched with the ability to do so, Bob should go far in this man's Navy.

**KELSON EDWARD SLAYMAN**

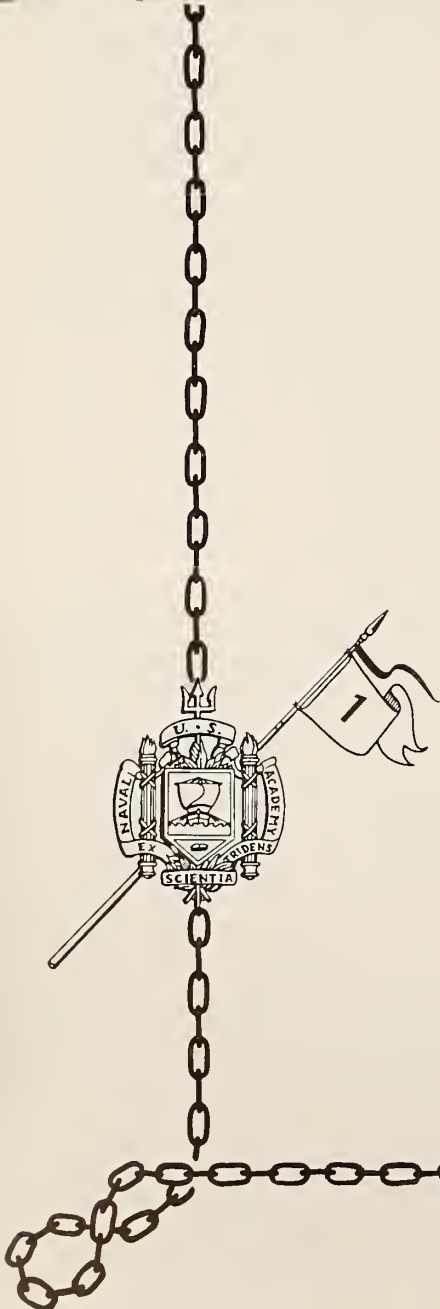
Wabash, Indiana

Coming straight from the high school campus on the banks of the Wabash, this "Cannonball" soon found his way around Mother Bancroft. Never really savvy in his studies, Kels did manage to keep his head above water most of the time, although the "Magic of Steam" did its best to drown him. Although he had an affection for the femmes, he wasn't much of a dragger; on weekends you could usually see him taking in a flick at one of the local cinemas. He did like sports and he was busy each season in some intramural endeavor. His favorite color was always gyrene green, and he hopes to don it upon graduation.

**GREGORY FREDERICK STREETER**

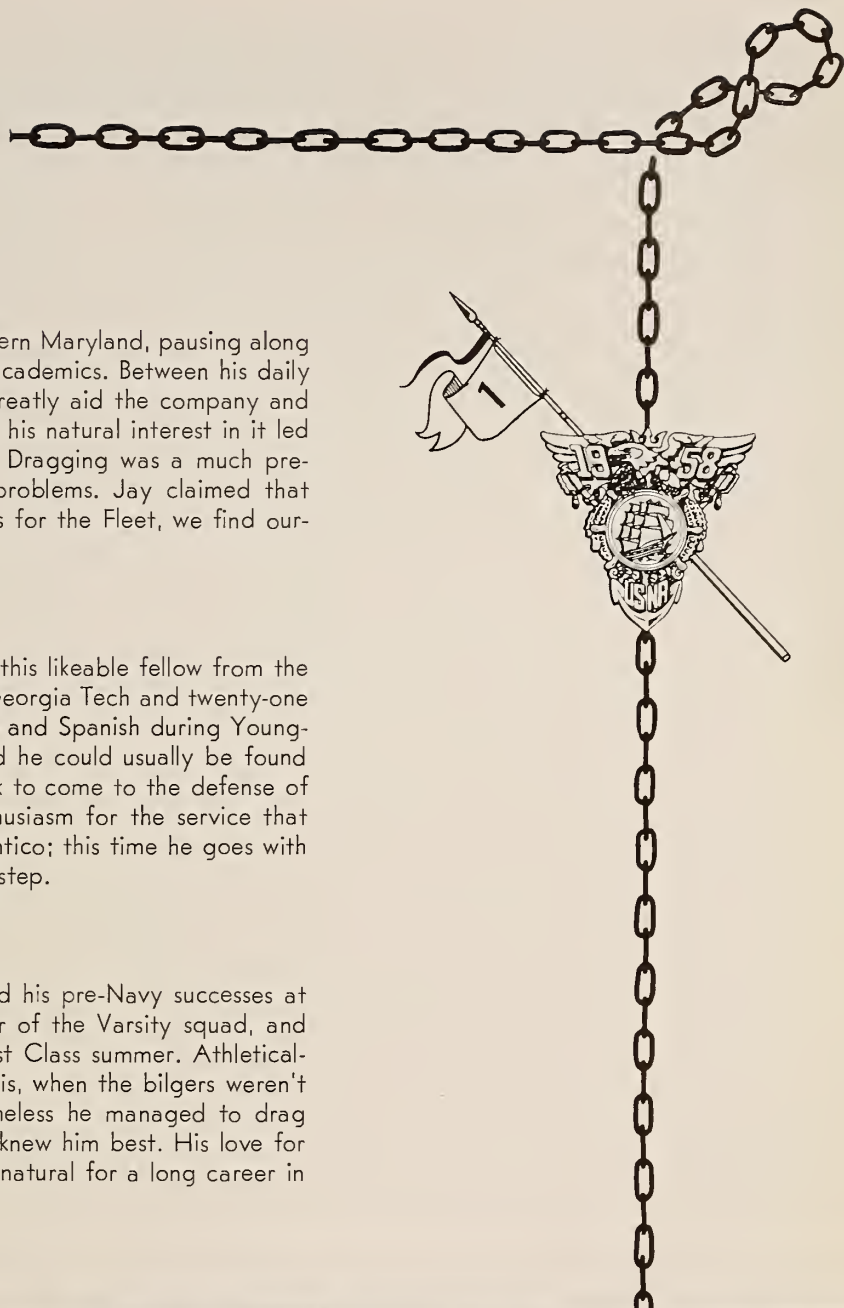
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

With his red hair and a deep love for the fortunes of the Braves, Greg left the brewery city and Marquette University to frequent the shores of the Severn. Although an avid follower of sports, the big redhead could play them with the best as well, as could be seen on the battalion gridiron. Between his athletic interests, the Foreign Relations Club, the Public Relations Committee, and academics, Greg's life here was a busy and fruitful one. No amount of activity could ever induce him to forego either the pad or dragging, as well as constant aid to any and all classmates. We hope to see him soon on his submarine with the familiar smile and red hair still untarnished.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## JAMES THOMAS TAYLOR, JR.

Frostburg, Maryland

Jay strolled down to the seashore from the hills of western Maryland, pausing along the way at Severn Prep to prepare to do battle with the academics. Between his daily workouts with the books and the rack, he found time to greatly aid the company and battalion on the soccer field. Bull was a friend to J. T. and his natural interest in it led him to active membership in the Foreign Relations Club. Dragging was a much preferred, but often missing, ingredient due to academic problems. Jay claimed that making admiral is just a matter of time, and as he departs for the Fleet, we find ourselves agreeing in his case.

## PHILIP HARLEY TAYLOR

Sarasota, Florida

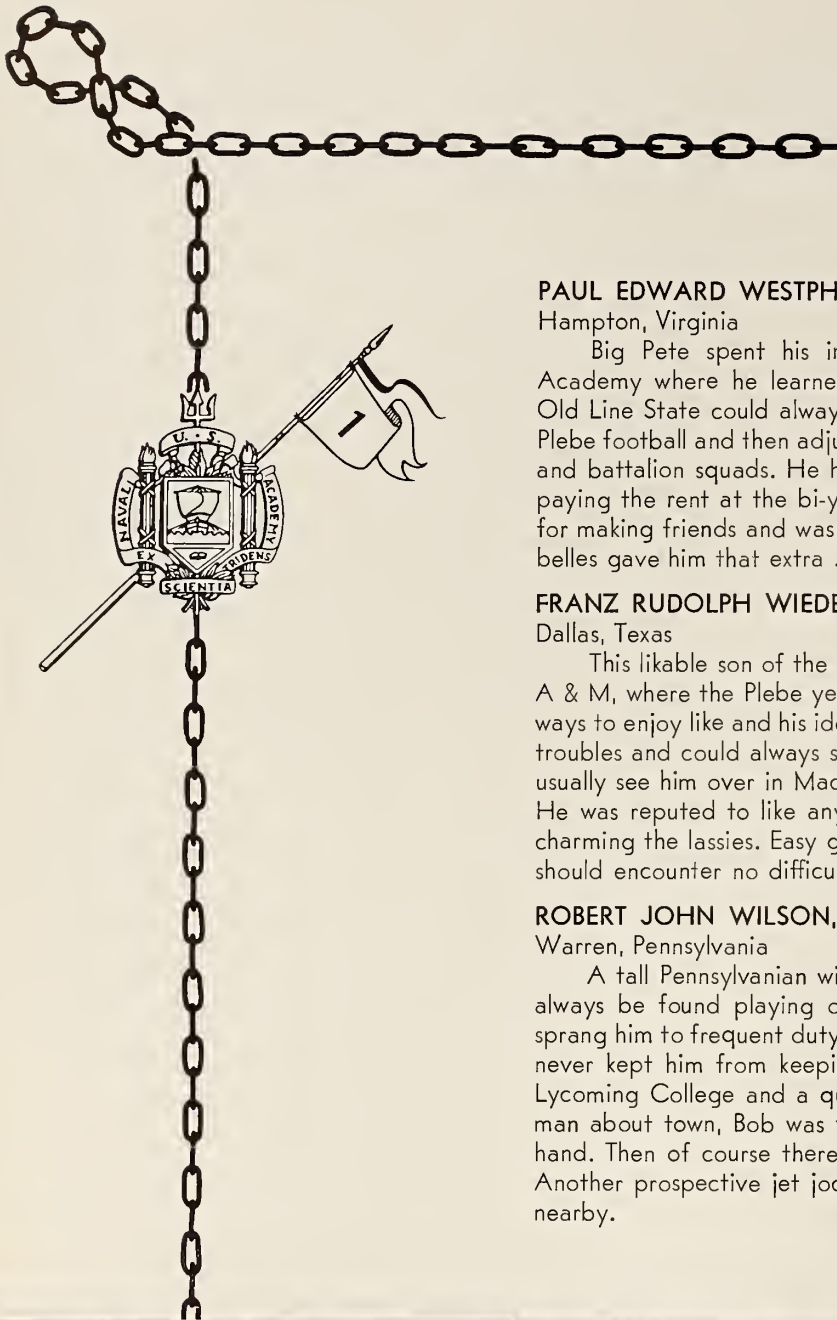
"Once a Marine, always a Marine" was the motto of this likeable fellow from the Sunshine State. "Flip" came to Navy Tech after a year at Georgia Tech and twenty-one months with the Corps. Distinguishing between Portuguese and Spanish during Youngster year seemed to be his only real academic worry, and he could usually be found out playing football or basketball with gay abandon. Quick to come to the defense of his beloved Corps, "Flip" always showed a love and enthusiasm for the service that was unbeatable. Naturally he will return, this time via Quantico; this time he goes with dreams of someday being Commandant guiding his every step.

## RICHARD LLOYD TILLMAN

Elkhart, Indiana

A real sailor despite his Indiana origin, Dick continued his pre-Navy successes at the sport begun in high school. He was a regular member of the Varsity squad, and sparked the team to the national championship during First Class summer. Athletically endowed, he worked hard for the company teams; that is, when the bilgers weren't on his trail. Studies never came easy for him but nevertheless he managed to drag often and generally make life a bit happier for those who knew him best. His love for the salt water and billowing sails will naturally make him a natural for a long career in the Fleet.





# United States Naval Academy

## PAUL EDWARD WESTPHAL, JR.

Hampton, Virginia

Big Pete spent his immediate pre-USNAY days at the Fork Union Military Academy where he learned that the military was the only way. The glories of the Old Line State could always be heard from him, at length and to infinity. He played Plebe football and then adjusted his various athletic talents to the need of the company and battalion squads. He had a few troubles with the academic powers that be, but paying the rent at the bi-yearly sweepstakes proved no great task. Pete had a knack for making friends and was welcome company in all situations. Dragging the Southern belles gave him that extra .2 for a 4.0 time at Canoe U.

## FRANZ RUDOLPH WIEDEMAN

Dallas, Texas

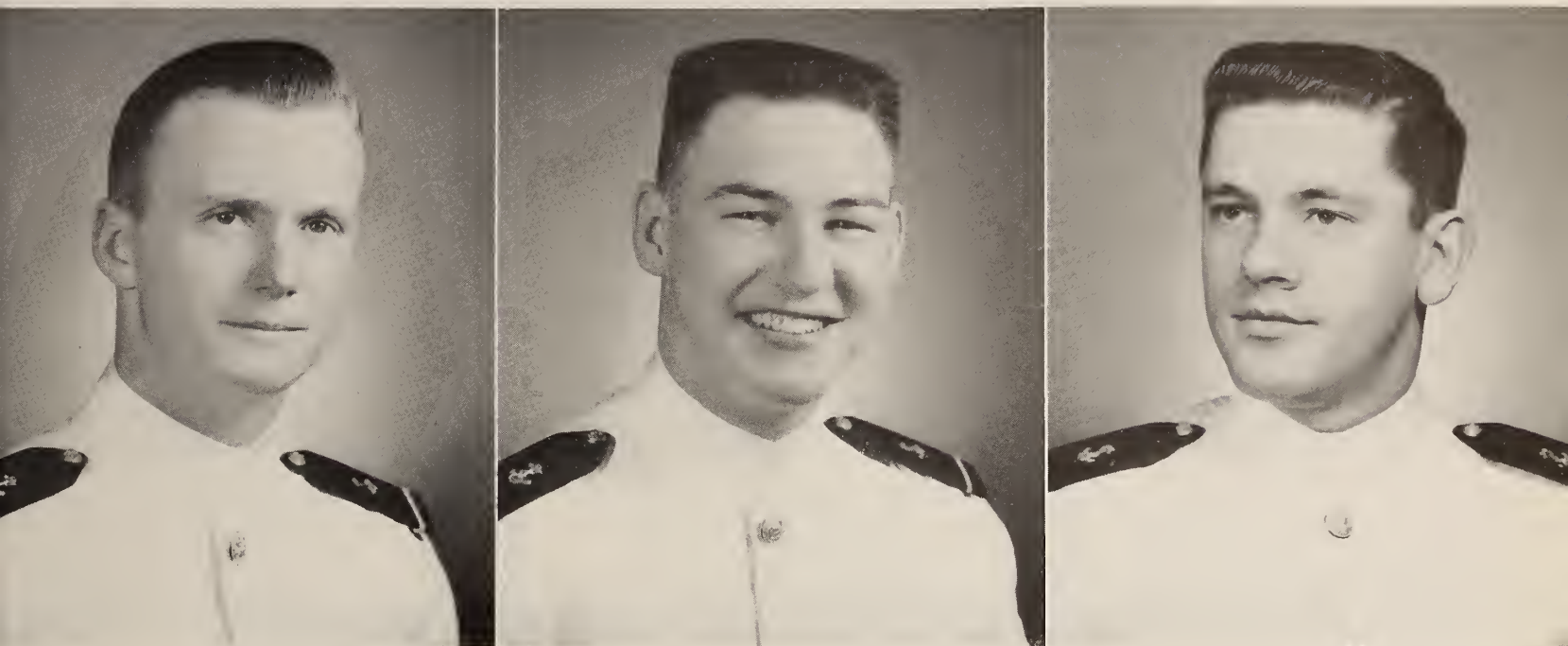
This likable son of the Lone Star State came to Navy after a time spent at Texas A & M, where the Plebe years are really tough. Pete was always busy thinking up new ways to enjoy life and his ideas kept us all in good spirits. He seemed entirely devoid of troubles and could always see the funny side of things. A gymnast of note, you could usually see him over in MacDonough soaring about on the flying rings for the Varsity. He was reputed to like anything with a skirt and spent many an enjoyable weekend charming the lassies. Easy going and always popular, Pete was a big man at Navy and should encounter no difficulty in extending his successes into the Fleet.

## ROBERT JOHN WILSON, III

Warren, Pennsylvania

A tall Pennsylvanian with a special knack on the basketball hardwoods, Bob could always be found playing or talking his favorite sport. Stardom on the Plebe team sprang him to frequent duty as one of Carnevale's shock troops. His full sports schedule never kept him from keeping well ahead of the books, thanks in part to a year at Lycoming College and a quick haul with the slipstick. Always a popular and efficient man about town, Bob was well known for the frequency and ability of a big helping hand. Then of course there was the uke, on which he finally learned to play a tune. Another prospective jet jockey, he'll always be happy as long as there's a basketball nearby.





**RICHARD PAUL WOODLEY**

Buffalo, New York

Here was the cheery voice who greeted us every day over "Radio Navy"; one of the guiding lights of WRNV, his programs were well known and widely received throughout the Brigade. Three years of fraternity life at Union College gave him the know how to stay well ahead of the academics and to put on bigger and better parties on liberty. Known to do battle with the best on the athletic field, Dick's busy schedule didn't prevent him from always sharing his part of the company load. Dragging was the only way to spend a weekend for this social cut, and he went as far as the monthly insult would stretch. Who will soon forget his yeoman work in helping to make life a little brighter!

**LEO CHARLES WRIGHT**

Park Rapids, Minnesota

Tired of the two-bit size of most of the ten thousand lakes up Minnesota way, Leo got on his horse and rode down to the sea to become a salt-water mariner. Finding that both the academic and sports programs were up his alley, he could usually be found wrapped up in a letter either to or from the O.A.O. or wielding a wicked hand across the bridge table. His caustic wit would grind away, always alert for a freshly tailored pun. He never forgot to be a friend, though, and his sincerity and warmth will long be remembered. Leo has made a habit of achieving his goals and success in the tin can Navy should prove no exception.

**ALBERT NEVIN YOST**

New Holland, Pennsylvania

A devout Yankee from the coal mining state, Al blew in to Navy after a hitch at Franklin and Marshall College and two years in the Naval Reserve. Always a great help to anyone who needed it, he showed a lot of cooperation and friendliness that made him never lack close friends. The B.A.C. gave him plenty of chance to do his best by Navy, something which we could always count on. He modestly claimed himself a lover and had a girl in every port to prove it. Al will follow the trail of Navy air down to Pensacola, and after that? Someday we may see him marching his own E.D. squad.



*United States Naval Academy*



Left to right: First row—Morgan, Cunningham, Davis, Garrity, Carter, Martin, McMurry, Burgess, Mummy, Kihune. Second row—Brown, Roberts, Laton, Hill, Kelch, Lloyd, Hanford, Logan, Kau. Third row—Bognanni, Dunn, Cudlipp, Walker, Tuggle, Keyes, Brainerd, Wiley. Fourth row—Mitchell, Nield, Currie, Babcock, Williams, Baskin, Robertson.



Left to right: First row—LaGrua, Mariano, Steele, Eason, Bourke, Liakos, White, Eppolito, DuPont, Second row—Scheffer, Bosco, Ross, Crow, Szweda, Hastings, Chain, Allison, Fraser. Third row—Fisher, Stasko, Geer, Boggs, Lansing, Hastie, Rosengren, Mankowich. Fourth row—Simpson, Pariseau, Foster, Winslow, Griffin, Kristensen, Alford. Fifth row—Davis, Marti, Bower, Garfield, White.



Left to right: First row—Mitchell, Gothie, Warner, Painter, Boyer, Dickey, Kieny, Kirk. Second row—Allan, Zenyuh, Clune, Bruno, Lunsford, Block, Hux. Third row—Nutt, Braendle, Wells, Reidy, Smith, Middleton, Griffin, Benedict. Fourth row—Walker, Moss, Simmons, Butsko, Underwood, Blanchard, Mergner.



Capt. F.D. Leder, USMC  
Company Officer

The Second Company—"second to none" was our motto; if spirit was the criterion, we didn't miss the mark by far. From the humble beginnings of Plebe summer, we had the initiative. We will never forget the night-riding vigilantes of those long-gone days of Plebedom. The famous seagull trapping project on the fourth deck will be the subject of many a bull session in the future when men of the Second get together. During Second Class year, the "Red Vesters" were born with appropriate ceremony, and by the time we were firsties the lid really blew off. Remember the "Transom Lowering Ceremony" and Captain Brown? The ogling-TV set fiasco

## Second Company



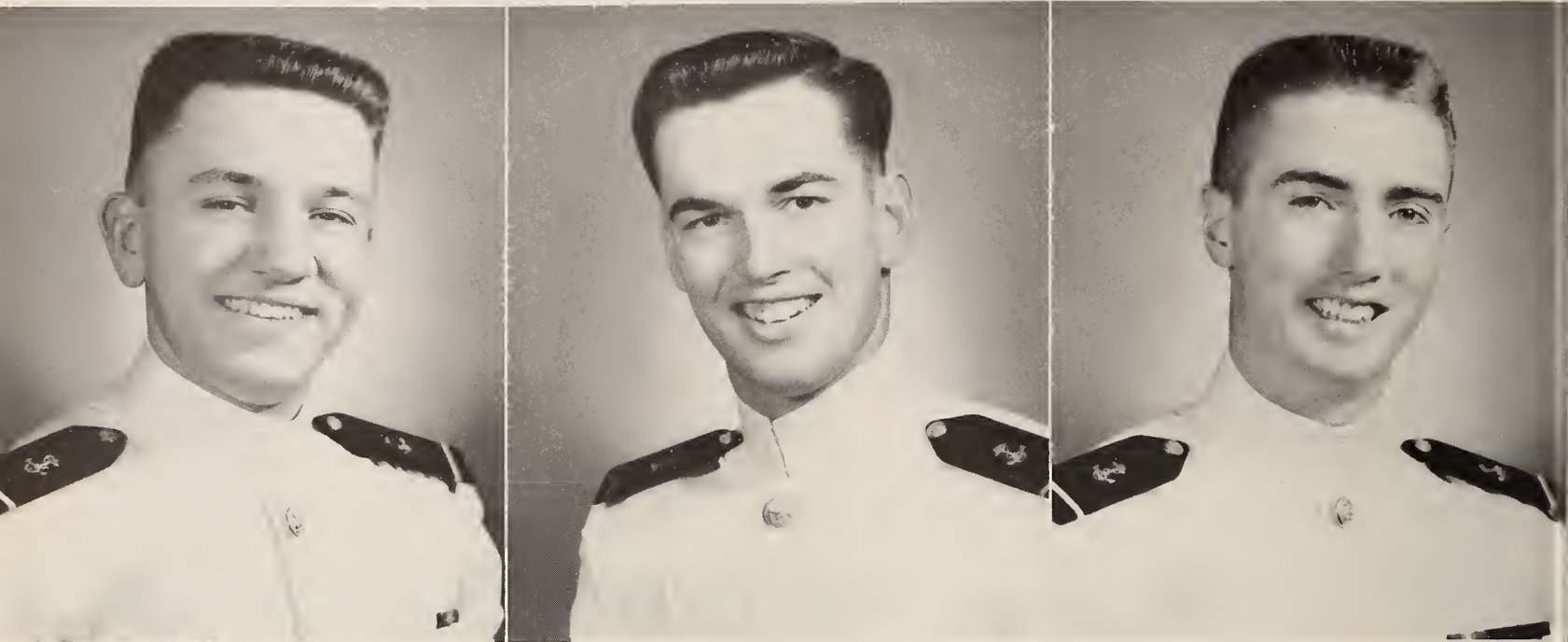
Fall Set. Left to right—Cockley, Lamoureux, Vreeland, Figura, Marshall, Panzarino.



Winter Set. Left to right—Cobb, Hekman, Hicks, Graver, Ruwwe, Immerman.

that Sunday morning? Don't forget where Salty Sam got all the word.

On an individual basis, happy memories prevail. There were Rod's guitar music, Rue's expedient justice, Bill's poetry, Peter's college career, Fat Jack and "PJ" in the back rank, and Ron and Al, the Chinese twins. This last year was the best in memory, with '58 at the helm; we'll remember those with whom we worked and played and those whom we leave behind fondly. Our days as some of the "Pampered Pets" are gone forever, and in retrospect we can confidently say, "If Two didn't do it, it wasn't worth trying anyway."



**RONALD HOWARD BALLARD**

Long Beach, California

"Igor", in winding up at USNAY, has travelled about as far as one could ask. He was born on the other side of the globe in Shanghai, China, but calling him a dyed in the "sun" Californian would seem to be an understatement. At the Academy Ron's activities included batt track and wrestling, company soccer, and membership in the Gun Club, Public Relations Committee, and the Russian Club. The "wandering Russian", who claimed Long Beach as his home, always said that San Francisco should be a mid-shipman cruise port. We wish the best of luck to "Igor", who will undoubtedly find many homes during his career.

**STEPHEN PHILLIP BARRETT, JR.**

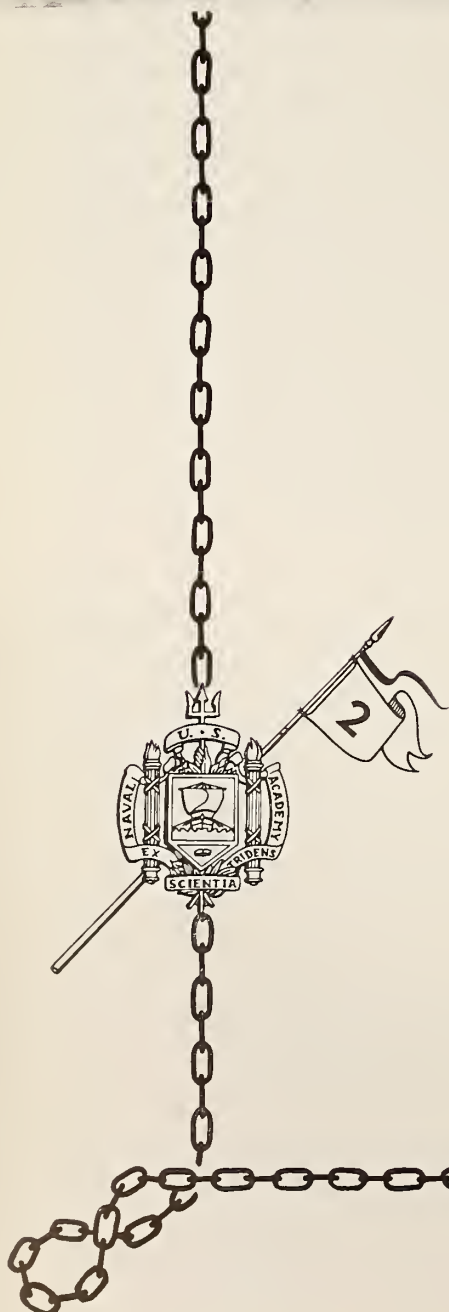
Berkeley, California

Following his firstie to Canoe U. from Berkeley High School in California where both were student body presidents, Steve developed a liking for Navy life. He played Plebe basketball and Junior Varsity soccer but handball became his favorite weekday pastime. Weekends often found him as a "Teafight Warrior" out at Carvel Hall. The French Club boasted him on its membership rolls. Steve wants to start in Navy line, but later switch to some specialized branch of work. His ability and leadership will always stand him in good stead in any walk of service life.

**ARTHUR EUGENE BASS**

Cedaredge, Colorado

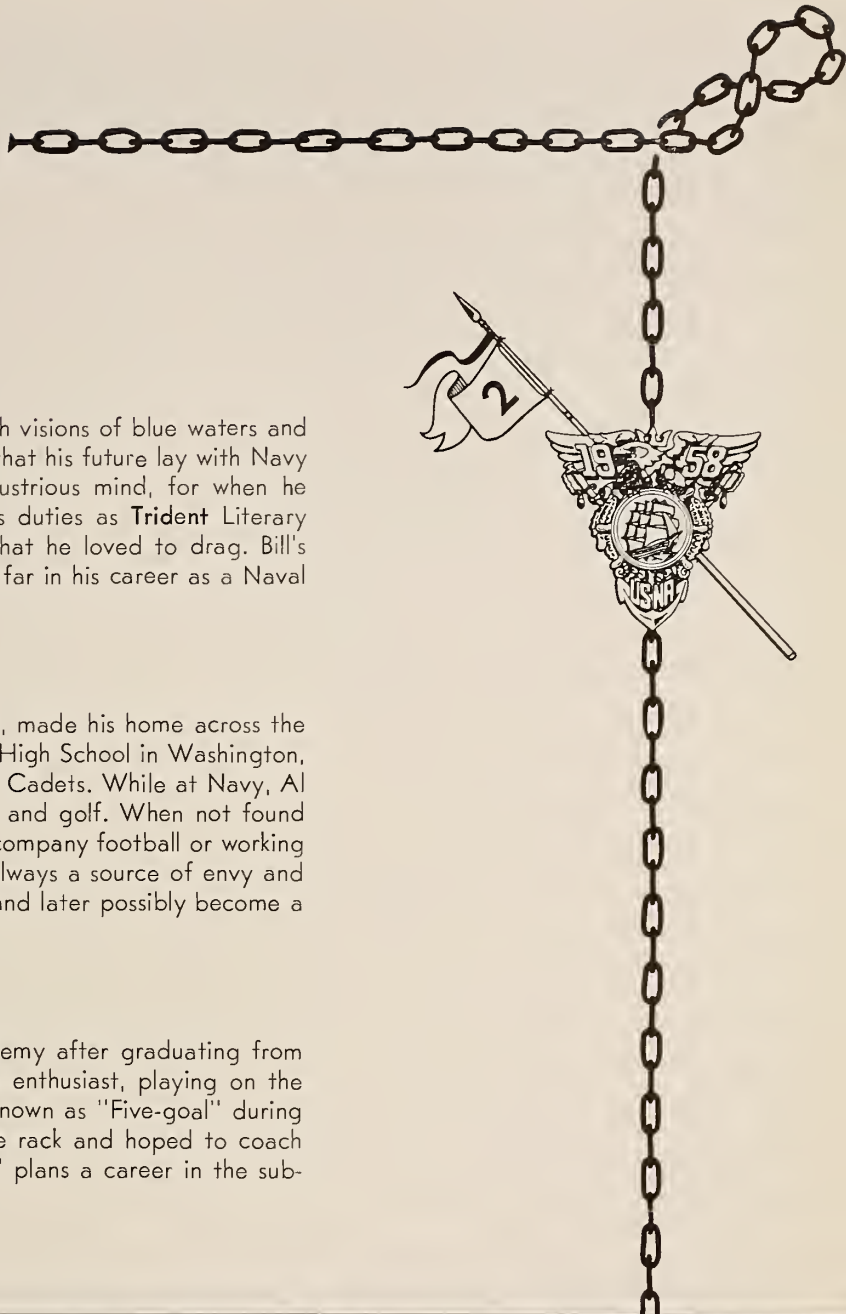
Art came to the Academy from a small farm in western Colorado immediately after graduation from high school. Since then he has been occupied by shooting with the pistol squad, sailing, and running cross country. He was an active participant in the Gun, Judo, and French Clubs. Art's summer leaves were divided between voluntary submarine cruises and fishing in the national forests of Colorado. Art's varied interests showed him as a well rounded individual. His ability to do well in any undertaking will aid him when he joins the submarine fleet and in his intended post graduate work in nuclear physics.



*United States Naval Academy*



# United States Naval Academy



## WILLIAM EVERETT BYMAN

Loveland, Ohio

Bill, a son of the Midwest, came East to Canoe U. with visions of blue waters and fleecy clouds. His sojourn here only further convinced him that his future lay with Navy line. Actually the future wasn't all that occupied his industrious mind, for when he wasn't running track or cross country, he was deep in his duties as **Trident** Literary Editor, or lost in thoughts of the blondes and redheads that he loved to drag. Bill's industriousness and his high sense of duty should carry him far in his career as a Naval officer.

## ALBERT ALOYSIUS CARRETTA, JR.

Arlington, Virginia

Al, born in nearby Takoma Park twenty two years ago, made his home across the river in Arlington. He came to Navy via St. John's College High School in Washington, D.C., where he was a battalion commander in the Corps of Cadets. While at Navy, Al divided his time between his two greatest loves, dragging and golf. When not found on the links with the golf squad, he could be found playing company football or working for the Public Relations Club. His academic average was always a source of envy and admiration. After graduation, Al plans to enter Navy line and later possibly become a submariner.

## JOHN REISTER CARTER, JR.

Baltimore, Maryland

Born and raised in Baltimore, Jack came to the Academy after graduating from MacDonough School. "Duffy" was always an avid lacrosse enthusiast, playing on the Plebe and Varsity squads during his four years, becoming known as "Five-goal" during Second Class year. He spent most of his spare time in the rack and hoped to coach the Varsity sack squad someday. After graduation, "Duffy" plans a career in the submarines, provided that they widen the hatches a bit.





# United States Naval Academy

## ODDINO STANLEY CHIOCCHIO, JR.

New Orleans, Louisiana

Stan came to Canoe U. from New Orleans where he attended Newman Prep School. While at Newman, he received an NROTC Regular scholarship and went on to Tulane University. After this brief taste of Navy life, he liked it so much that the next year he showed up here at Navy Tech. Although manifesting a skill and a liking for physics and related subjects, he still looked with horror every time he passed the Foreign Languages Building. By sampling the extracurricular activities of the *Trident*, the Gun Club, the Foreign Relations Club, and the Masqueraders, Stan got his hand into many pies. A service career for Stan should afford him many opportunities to continue his success.

## JOHN BRUCE COBB

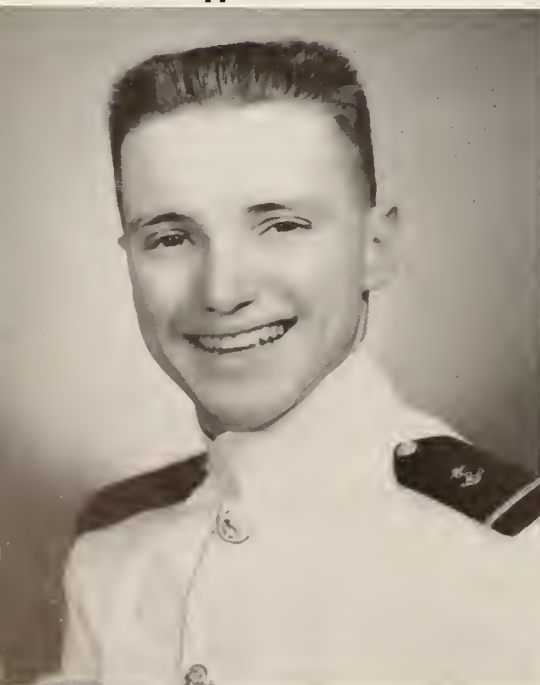
Pasadena, California

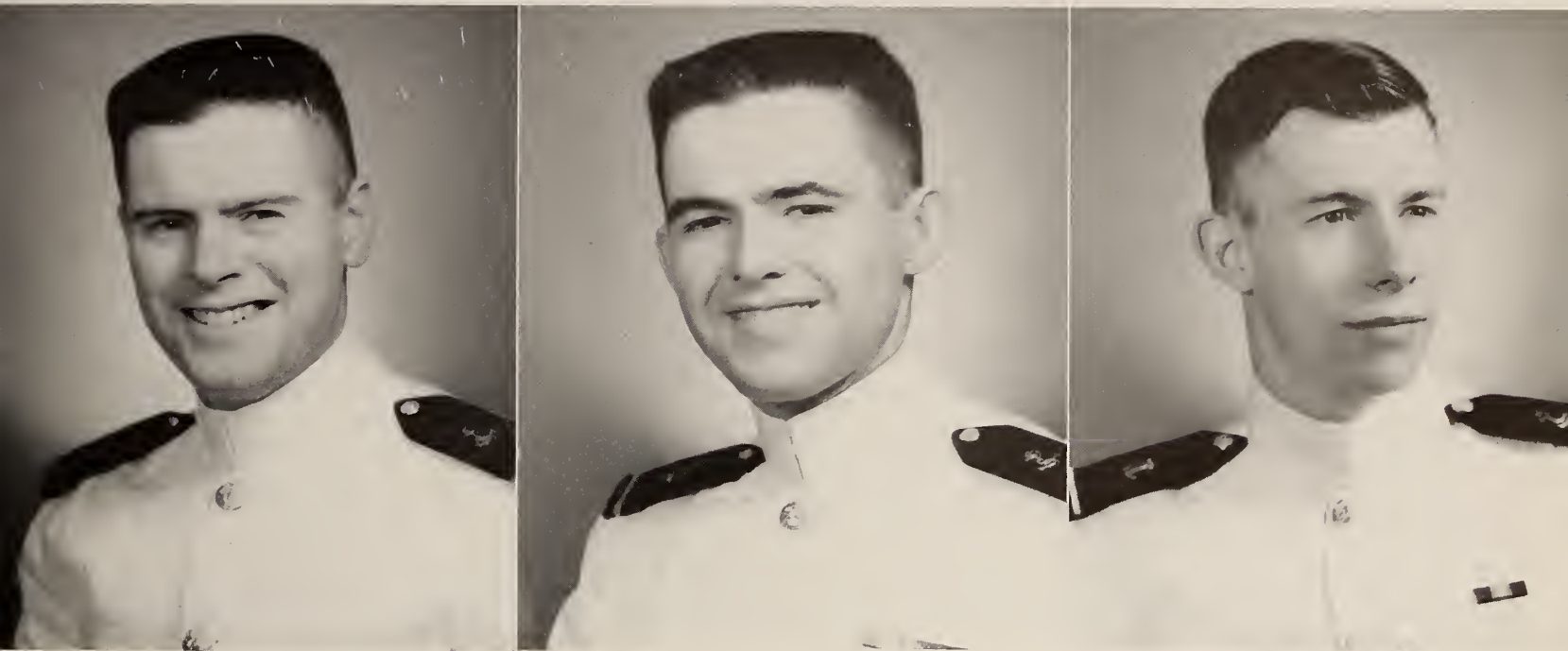
John was born in Rochester, N. Y., but the cold weather soon forced him to call sunny California his home. He was not a "Yankee" and became an avid supporter of his adopted state. His schooling prior to coming to Navy included four years at St. Francis High School and a year at Pasadena City College. As a stepping stone to USNAY, he spent nine months with the Fleet. His favorite sport was battalion tennis and during the off seasons he participated in company pistol, fieldball, and steeplechase. One might say that he had a "positive" attitude toward women, but he also found time for reading, sports, travel, and dancing. To John there is only one branch of service, Navy air.

## RICHARD MATHISEN COCKLEY

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dick came to Navy via Penn State College where he majored in Electrical Engineering. He was a native Pennsylvanian and could always be counted on to recount the glories of William Penn. A tour in the NROTC at State and his four years at the Academy filled him with a desire to make the Navy a career with special interest in Naval Intelligence. Two of Rich's many contributions to life at Navy were his work on the editorial staff of the *Trident* and the production of the Musical Clubs Show. His other activities included company softball, football, soccer, and out-of-season crew. Dick's drive and amiable personality will be sure to carry him far and make him a great asset to any command he joins.





**PAUL ZACH CUMMINS, II**  
Syracuse, New York

Although born in Massachusetts, Zach claims upstate New York as his home. He reached the academy only two days after graduation from William Nottingham High School in Syracuse. Here at Navy, much of Zach's time was spent on the Reception Committee and in just plain dragging. He possessed quite a bit of artistic ability and found a ready outlet for it working for the **Trident** and drawing posters during the football seasons. These activities along with membership in the French Club never prevented Zach from becoming interested in math and skinny which will fit well with his desire to wear Navy wings. Zach has the ability and we wish him all the luck he may need in the "stove pipe league."

**ROBERT RICHARD FIGURA**  
Buffalo, New York

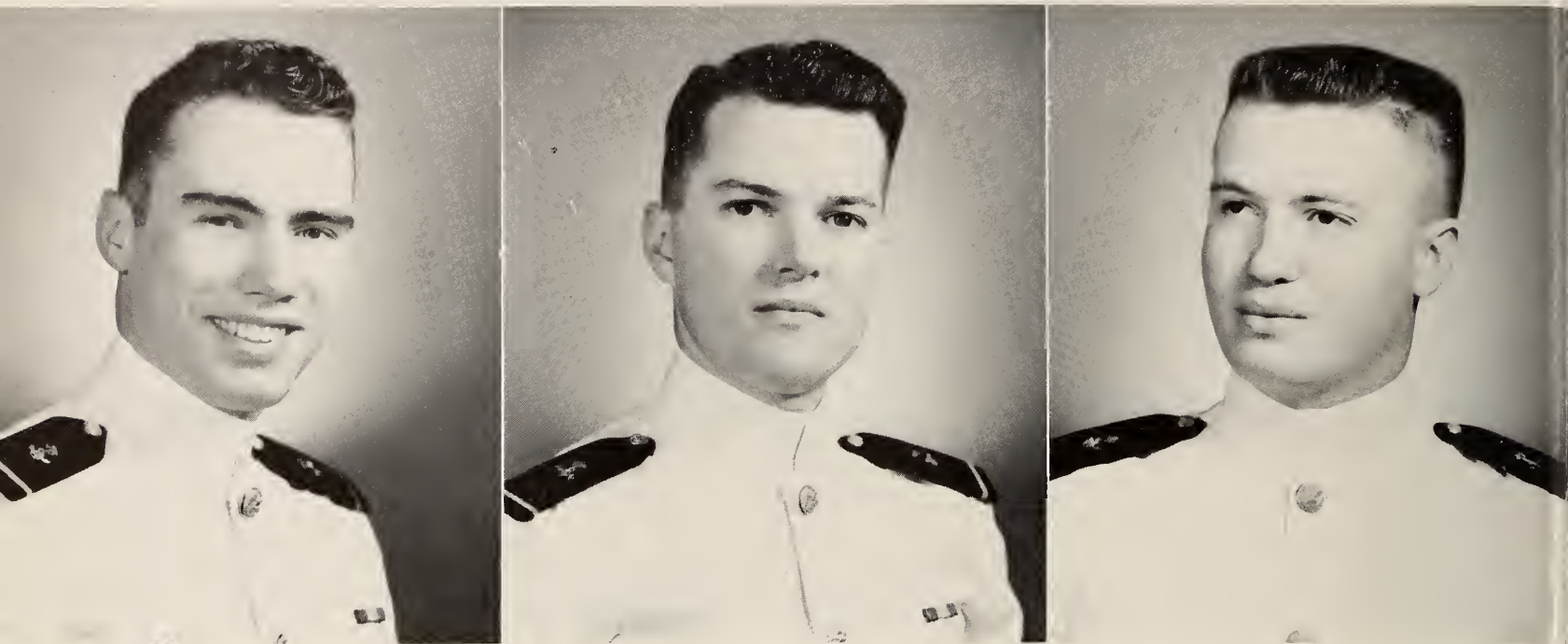
Bob, prior to entering the Naval Academy, studied engineering at the University of Buffalo. At Navy, he devoted time to extra curricular activity in the Catholic Choir, the Public Relations Committee, the Concert Band, the Newman Club, and two years as a Varsity Football manager. "Rick" may hold an all-time record for dragging almost every weekend of the year and usually a different lass each time. As soon after graduation as possible, he hopes to enter the submarine service and later have a second go at steam by returning as a prof for that first tour of shore duty.

**CHARLES RANDALL FORDHAM**  
Muskegon, Michigan

Before coming to Navy, Chuck attended Muskegon Senior High School, and then stayed in his home town to attend Muskegon Community College for a year and a half. While at Navy, Chuck was a member of the Juice Gang, the Aeronautical Engineering Club, manager of the rifle team, and active in company crosscountry and softball. His ability in second class Skinny, his favorite subject, should aid him in his career for after graduation. "Chuckles" plans to enter the field of guided missiles. We know he'll go far with the combination of his abilities and the good wishes of his many friends.

*United States Naval Academy*





**WAYNE DOUGLAS GARDNER**

Flint, Michigan

Wayne came to Navy from Flint Technical High School. None of the obstacles at the Academy gave him trouble with the exception of those regulation hair cuts. He brought to the Academy plenty of ambition, a love of hillbilly music, and a great boxing talent. Three years of battalion boxing and a year in the Brigade Boxing Championships were more than enough to prove not only his ability but also his characteristic spirit and determination. All who know Wayne like him and wish him every success in what will be a successful Naval career.

**RODERICK McCOLLUM GORTON**

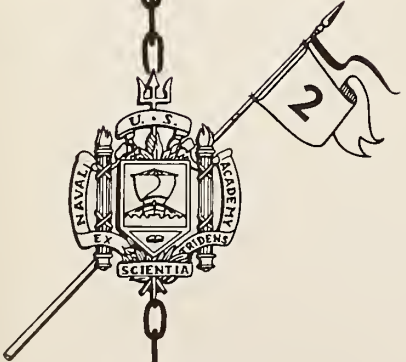
Los Angeles, California

Although born in the East, Rod claimed to be a full-blooded Westerner, having lived in Los Angeles most of his life. It took three years after high school to make the Class of 1958, which was one of the factors behind Rod's enthusiasm for the Academy. Much of Rod's extra time was spent in his favorite extra-curricular activity, foreign languages. "Rodrigo's" Mexican songs and guitar enlivened many happy hours and company parties, and a familiar sight around the hall was his custom-made green bugle bag; he was a member of the Drum and Bugle Corps for four years. He continually proved his enthusiasm and the future should provide ample opportunities for Rod to do well.

**THEODORE HENRY GRAVER**

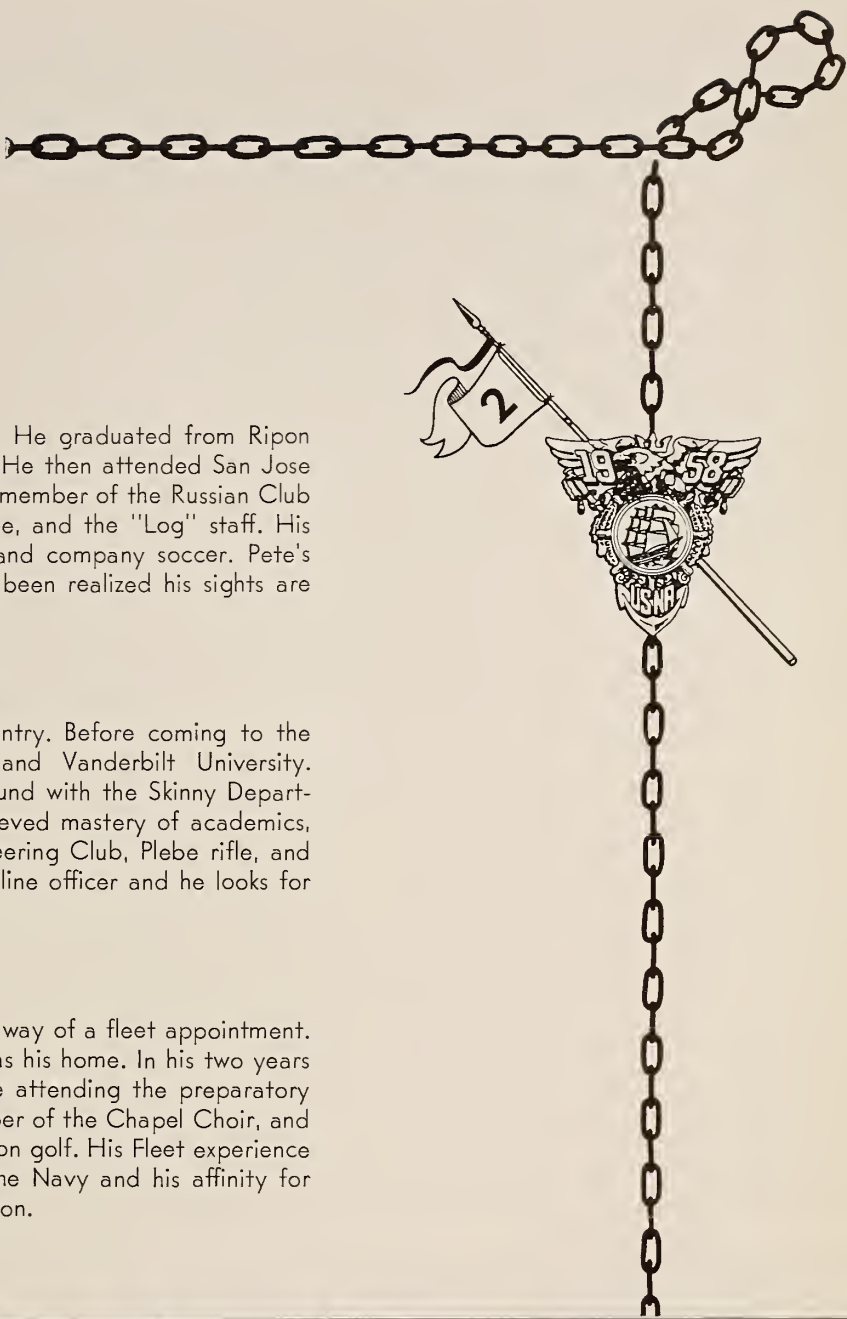
Clarksville, Indiana

Ted came to the Academy a month after graduation from New Albany High School in his home state of Indiana. To hear Ted talk you wouldn't think that the world could revolve without the place. While at the Academy, sports and dragging played the largest role in his after hours life. Battalion football, company football, soccer, and softball were his sporting interests. Ted, known affectionately as "Bear," was class representative for his company each year and a member of the Aeronautical Engineering Club. After graduation, flying will be the next step.



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## PETER MAYNARD HEKMAN, JR.

Ripon, California

Pete was born and raised out on the Golden Coast. He graduated from Ripon Christian High School and from Modesto Junior College. He then attended San Jose State College for a year where he was a Rotcee. He was a member of the Russian Club and active in the Chapel Choir, the Reception Committee, and the "Log" staff. His sports activities included Plebe crew, company softball, and company soccer. Pete's main objective has been graduation, but now that it has been realized his sights are set on the submarine service.

## CHESLEY MARSHALL HICKS

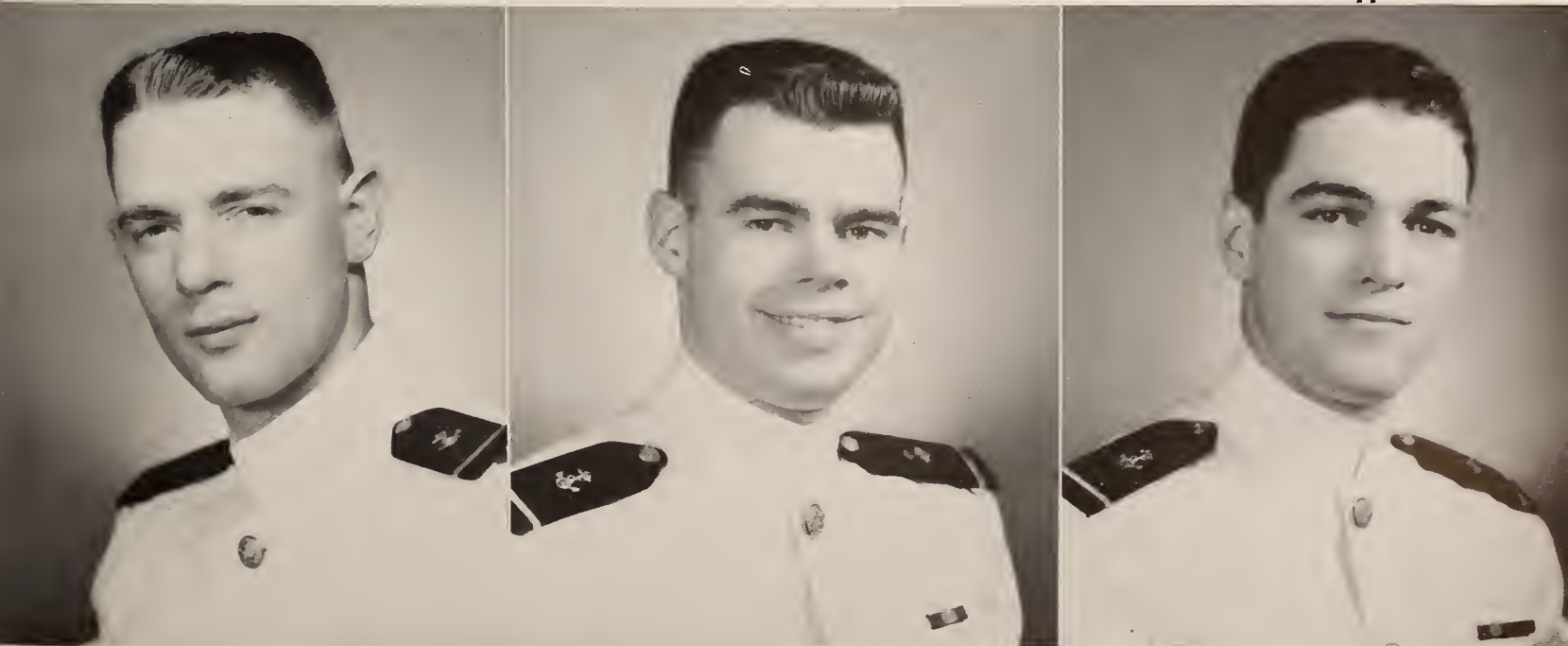
Madisonville, Kentucky

"Marsh" hails from the heart of the Blue Grass country. Before coming to the Academy, he attended Columbia Military Academy and Vanderbilt University. Originally a member of the Class of '57, Marsh ran aground with the Skinny Department and came back to join forces with us. Once he achieved mastery of academics, he devoted much of his time to the Gun Club, the Engineering Club, Plebe rifle, and his model boats and airplanes. Marshall is strictly a Navy line officer and he looks for plenty of opportunity as a destroyerman.

## ALAN EVEREST HOSPES

Vancouver, British Columbia

Al took the long route in coming to the Academy, by way of a fleet appointment. He was born in Shanghai, China, but now claims Canada as his home. In his two years with the Fleet, he travelled throughout the Pacific before attending the preparatory school at Bainbridge. In the past four years, Al was a member of the Chapel Choir, and participated in Plebe and Junior Varsity soccer, and battalion golf. His Fleet experience makes him a man who ought to know what he wants in the Navy and his affinity for steam indicates that he should be a success in Naval aviation.





# United States Naval Academy

## ARTHUR LESLIE IMMERMAN

Roselle Park, New Jersey

Art came to USNAY after graduating from Roselle Park High School and spending a year at Stevens Institute of Technology. His year in engineering provided gravy for the first year, but after that it was "grind, grind, grind." His extracurricular time was devoted to Plebe, battalion, and Varsity wrestling plus membership in the Aeronautical Engineering, Foreign Relations, and Russian Clubs. Dragging, bridge, and the stock market took up the remainder of Art's spare time. His immediate objective is Pensacola and after that . . . well, obviously, the sky is the limit.

## ROBERT JOSEPH LAMOUREUX

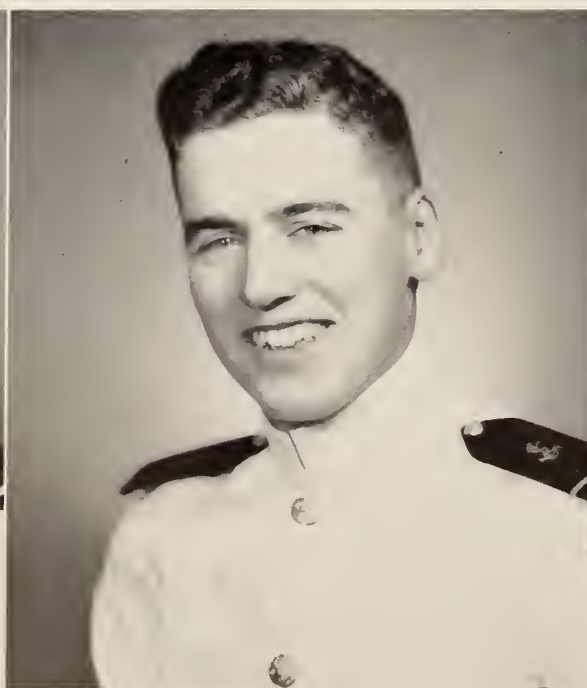
Marlboro, Massachusetts

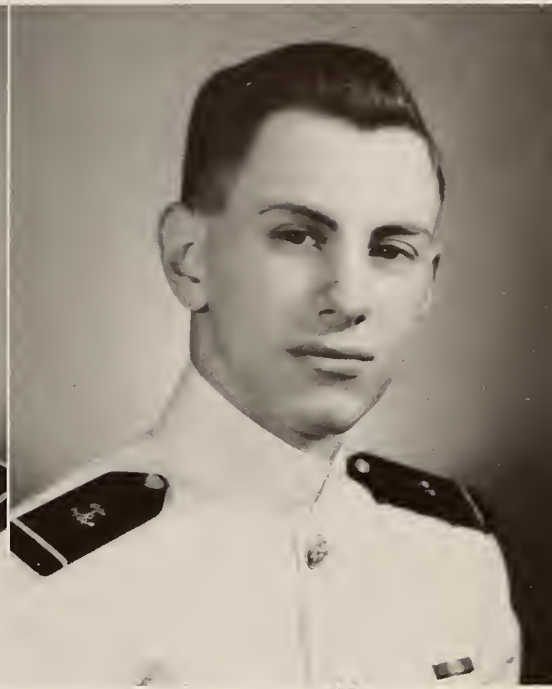
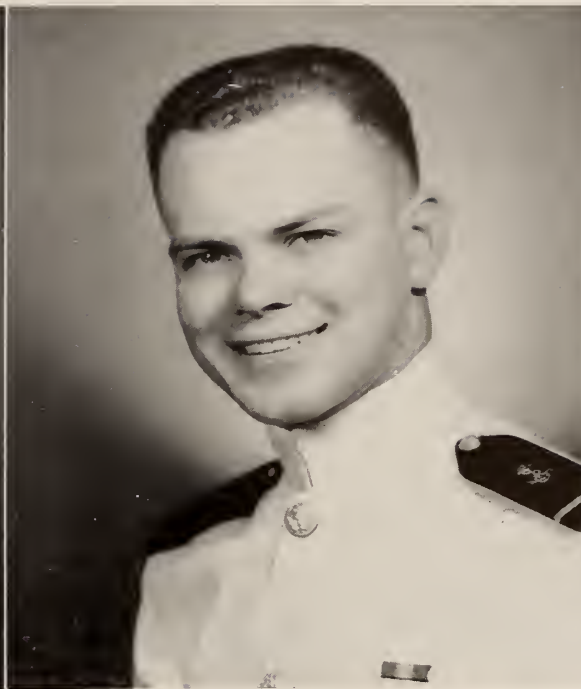
Bob was no newcomer to the Navy when he joined the Brigade. Having served a two year tour in the Arctic aboard the **U.S.S. Benewah**, he became acquainted with the ways of the sea. His quick wit and rare sense of humor made him popular throughout the Brigade, and he was the friend of all who knew him. Lacrosse claimed many of his spare hours, and this rugged sport gave him the stamina to keep going when the academic road got rough. Through his extraordinary devotion to the service and his "never say die" attitude, Bob succeeded where many others failed.

## JOHN ARTHUR LIMA

Fort Worth, Texas

Fort Worth and Texas A & M lost a loyal son when John came North to serenity on the Severn. Being a salt at heart, John was an active yawl sailor during his Academy years. Mention must be made of his being left high and wet after the famous sinking of the **Resolute** in the bay. John was also a manager of the Varsity rifle team and spent some of his spare time in extracurricular reading and designing his dream house. Navy line is John's choice for a career and success should easily be forthcoming.





**LEWIS DUDLEY LOVITT, JR.**

San Francisco, California

Being a Navy junior, "Lucky" didn't call any place his home town but claimed California as his state. Drag sailing and pistol shooting replaced driving and animals as his pastimes when "Lucky" entered the Academy. He also participated in battalion wrestling and company steeplechase. He kept his interests varied but the Naval service was always his main objective. A strong attraction to Navy air should see this West Coaster to Pensacola for the start of a successful career.

**MICHAEL DAVID LYONS**

Pittsburg, Kansas

After two years at Notre Dame along with fifteen months in the Marine Corps Reserve, Mike decided to try his hand at Navy Tech. He was born in Texas, but the Sunflower State is now his home. He was active in gymnastics, touch football, cross country, and judo, along with membership in a variety of clubs. From the outset, Mike planned to join the ranks of the career officers and his determination and ambition are sure to be a valuable addition to the Naval Service.

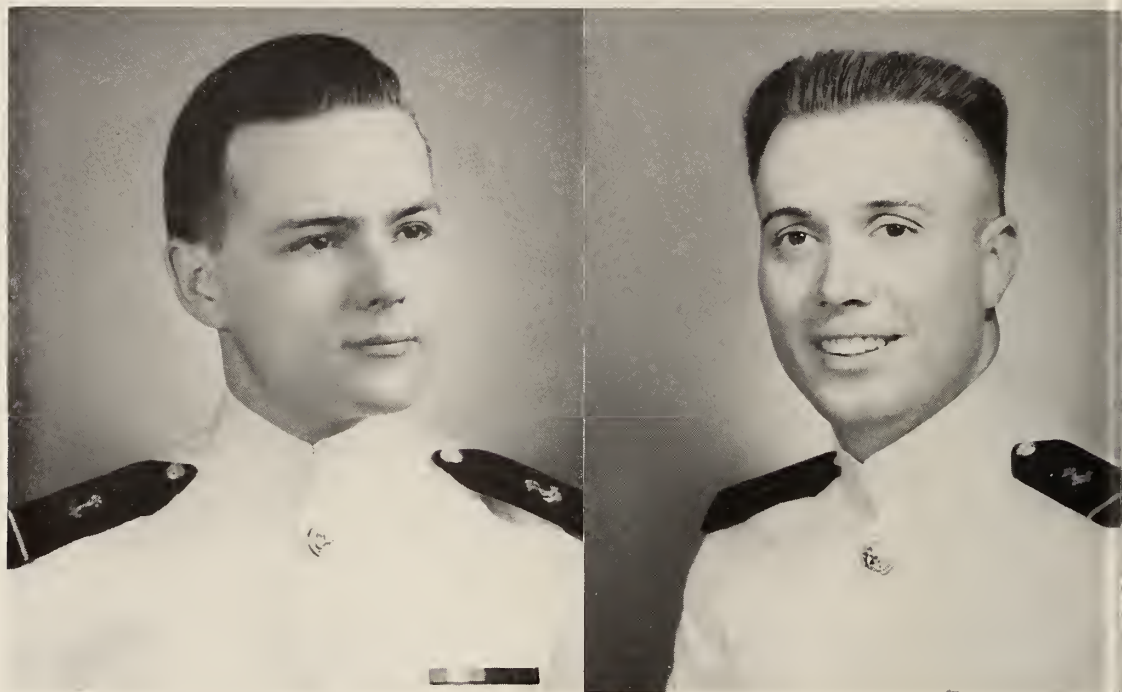
**WILLIAM FREDERICK MACAULEY**

Roselle Park, New Jersey

Bill came to Navy via Newark College of Engineering where he majored in Electrical Engineering for a year. At Roselle Park High School, he was an honor student and was active in dramatics. This background was reflected by Bill's high standing each year and by skinny being his favorite subject. Besides being on the Supe's List, "Mac" found time to sing in the Chapel Choir, the Musical Club Show, and the Glee Club, and to participate in intramural sports. Bill always kept his eyes open for that short blonde. He plans to remain in the Navy with a pair of gold wings over his pocket.



*United States Naval Academy*



**WALLACE WILLIAMS MARSHALL, JR.**

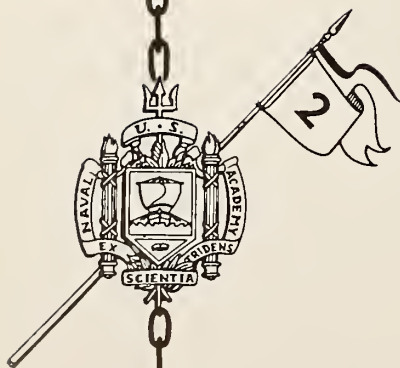
Reidsville, North Carolina

Billy, although born in Virginia, claimed the land of the "Tar Heels" as his home. He came to Annapolis by way of Columbian Prep School in Washington, D.C. At Navy, Billy's favorite pastimes were dragging and yawl sailing, but extracurricular activities like softball, steeplechase, and the Antiphonal Choir also found his attention. Possessing a liking for the sea and the Navy, Bill hopes to win his dolphins and join the submarine service.

**PAUL JAMES MILLER**

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

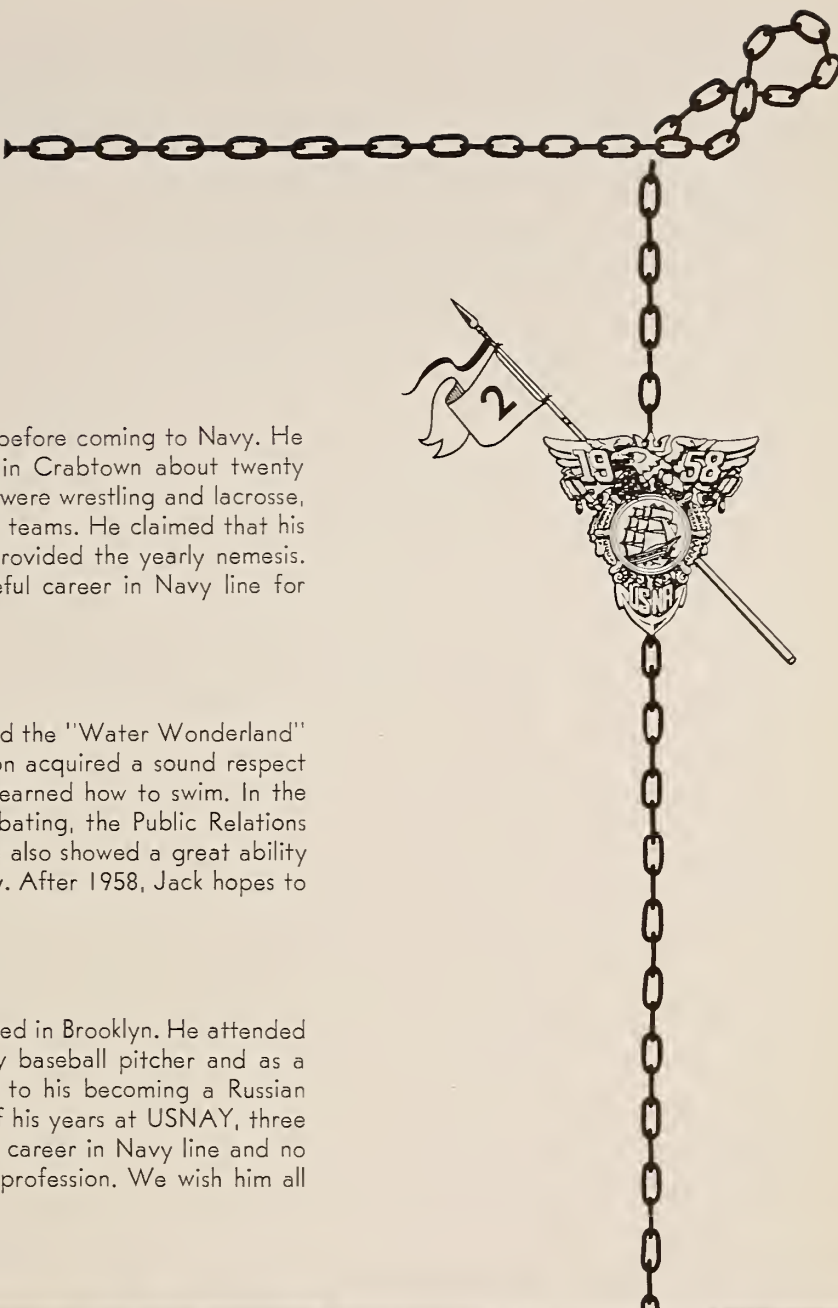
Paul, affectionately known as "P.J.", came to the Navy by way of the University of Oklahoma, the Fleet, and NAPS. Although his Fleet time was spent "state side," he was considered worldly-wise and could often be found giving fatherly advice to plebes or anyone else who would listen. As a member of the Boat Club and an enthusiastic sailor, Paul achieved his yawl command during Plebe year. Since academics never posed a serious problem, he spent much of his spare time sailing the Chesapeake. Paul's friends know that he will be an asset to the service and is destined to go far in his chosen career.



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## CHARLES HUME NICHOLS, JR.

Annapolis, Maryland

Charlie graduated from MacDonough School in 1954 before coming to Navy. He was born in Washington, D.C., but now makes his home in Crabtown about twenty minutes from Gate Three. Charlie's major athletic interests were wrestling and lacrosse, but he also logged some time on the field with his company teams. He claimed that his favorite subject was bull, and that "the magic of steam" provided the yearly nemesis. These four years should be the prelude to a long and useful career in Navy line for Charlie.

## JACK DAVID OSBORN

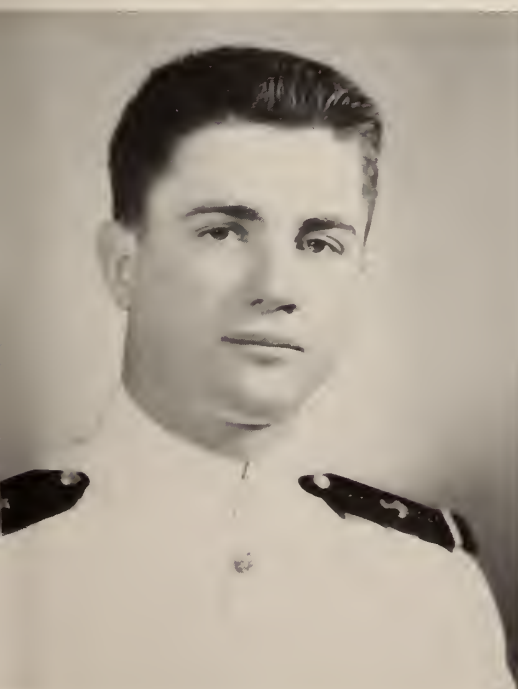
Mount Pleasant, Michigan

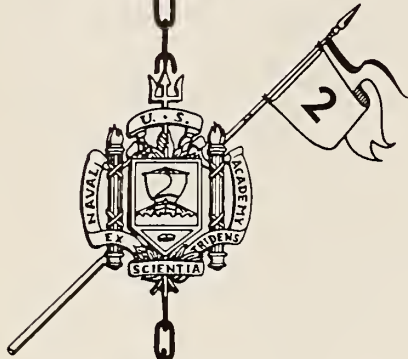
Jack came to Navy via Mount Pleasant High School and the "Water Wonderland" of Michigan. His first spoken word was "water" and he soon acquired a sound respect for the sea when his father threw him into a lake and he learned how to swim. In the past four years, Jack was active in the choir, battalion debating, the Public Relations Committee, Aeronautical Engineering and Photo Clubs. He also showed a great ability on the intramural field to win many a point for the company. After 1958, Jack hopes to enter the Silent Service for his career.

## JOSEPH NICHOLAS PANZARINO

Brooklyn, New York

Since that December day when he was born, Joe has lived in Brooklyn. He attended St. Regis High School and while there starred as a varsity baseball pitcher and as a debator. His classical language studies in high school led to his becoming a Russian "cut." Squash, Joe's favorite sport, has occupied all four of his years at USNAY, three of them as Varsity manager. After graduation, Joe plans a career in Navy line and no matter what happens he should be a success in his chosen profession. We wish him all the luck in the world.





**ROBERT EARL PHILLIPS**

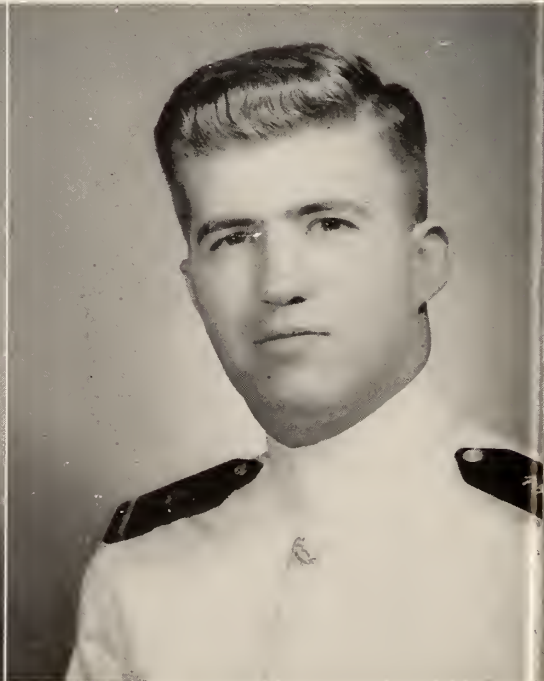
Fort Worth, Texas

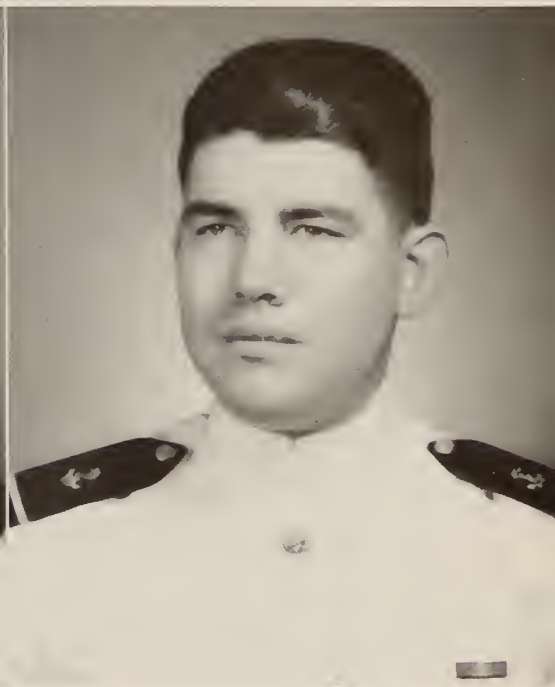
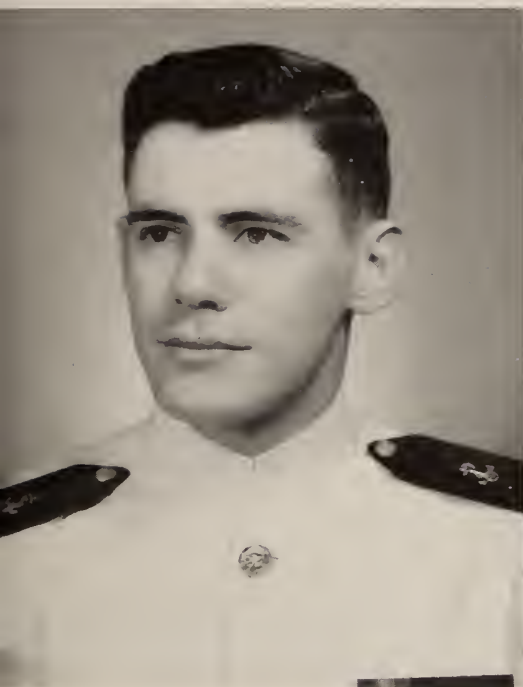
Bob, one of the old men in the class, was born in Dallas, but now makes his home in Fort Worth. It was readily evident that "Twig" was a Texan since he owned the biggest feet in his company. A lover of music, he joined the NA-10 during Plebe year and his trombone brought much enjoyment to the Brigade. Bob participated in company sports but his major athletic interest was Varsity fencing. Although "Twig" dreams of owning his own band and aircraft factory, his present ambition is to make his fortune in Naval Aviation; if he puts his best "foot" forward, he will have taken a big step toward success.

**ROBERT HUNTLEY PIDGEON**

New Haven, Vermont

Bob was born in the Green Mountain State and grew up working on his father's farm and attending Beeman Academy. Academics were no obstacle and Robbie was an active member of the Newman Club and an imposing tackle on his company and battalion football teams. He still enjoyed farming and hunting, but he was more enthusiastic about Navy line, destroyer duty in particular. Many of his classmates fear his possible effect on the center of gravity of a tin can, but he should have no trouble in the future if he confines his activities to the ship's center line.





**PAUL ARTHUR POLSKI**

Eveleth, Minnesota

Paul came to the Academy from the town of Eveleth deep in the northwoods of Minnesota. Skiing was his favorite pastime and he suffered a big disappointment when he learned that Navy didn't sponsor winter sports teams; worse yet, Maryland didn't sponsor snow. Paul participated in the Newman, Public Relations, Radio, Italian, and Gun Clubs, besides singing in the Catholic Choir and the Glee Club. In the sports field, he was on the Varsity pistol squad, along with intramural handball and cross country. Paul's popularity should carry him far in his future of Navy air.

**HAROLD WAYNE REED**

Paducah, Kentucky

Hal came to Navy via Sullivan's Prep. He never excelled in academics, but nonetheless found time for bridge, tennis, and dragging. He spent four years competing actively in company squash, basketball, steeplechase, and softball. His only pitfall seemed to be the yearly torture of the obstacle course. Hal felt that his future lies in aviation and will be working toward a successful career as a wearer of the golden wings. His friendly smile and love for the party life will long be remembered.

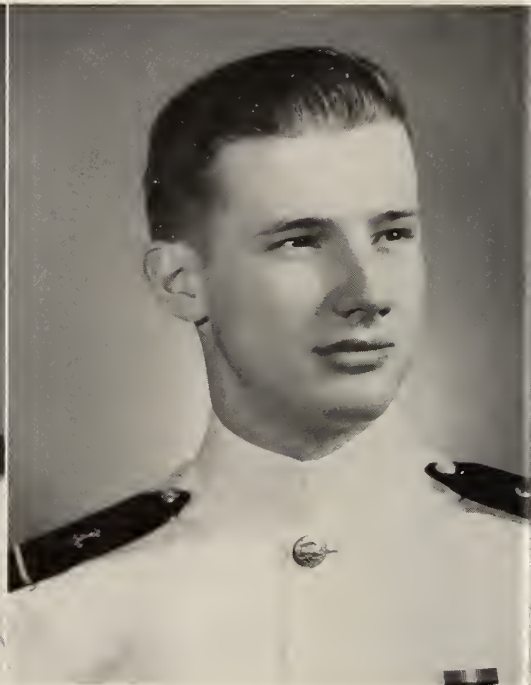
**WILLIAM REYNOLDS RING**

Coronado, California

Bill arrived at Canoe U. via Coronado, his birthplace, Naples, and Sullivan's Prep, with blue and gold already in his veins. A world traveler, he had an inclination towards the Foreign Relations Club and spent time and effort doing his part to develop the club and himself in the process. Never one to be bothered by anything, Bill's sense of humor was enjoyed by all. In the sports field he put in a year of yawl sailing, and when not busy with academics, he could usually be found in the third wing squash courts or the swimming pool. With his determination, Bill is bound to be an outstanding member of the group who say, "Navy line is mighty fine."



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**GEORGE ROBERT RUWWE**

St. Joseph, Missouri

George, a native of the "Show me" State, arrived at Navy Tech by way of Bullis Prep. At the Academy he took particular interest in and was a member of the Foreign Relations and Public Relations Clubs. It followed naturally that he would be interested in bull and in travel, and it was no surprise when he spent his summers in those "far away places with strange sounding names." George will get a lot more opportunities to travel and should find success abundant in the Navy line. He goes complete with the good wishes of his many close friends.

**JACK DELONA SUTTON**

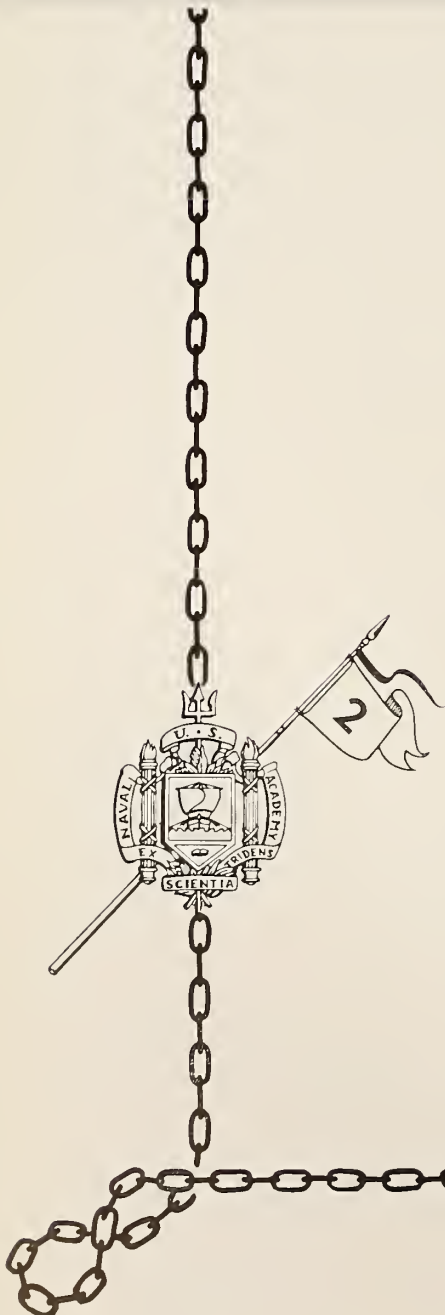
Shelbyville, Tennessee

"J. D." hailed from a small town in Tennessee and graduated from Shelbyville High School. With an idea of eventually coming to Severn's shores, Jack enlisted in the Navy, survived boot camp in California, and breezed through NAPS, where he spark-plugged the basketball team. Putting his athletic prowess to work at the Academy on a company level, Jack starred on a host of company teams. He was also a member of the Portuguese Club. Now that he has completed the four year campaign against combined academic forces, Jack should be in for an even more successful career in the line.

**THOMAS HOWARD THOUREEN**

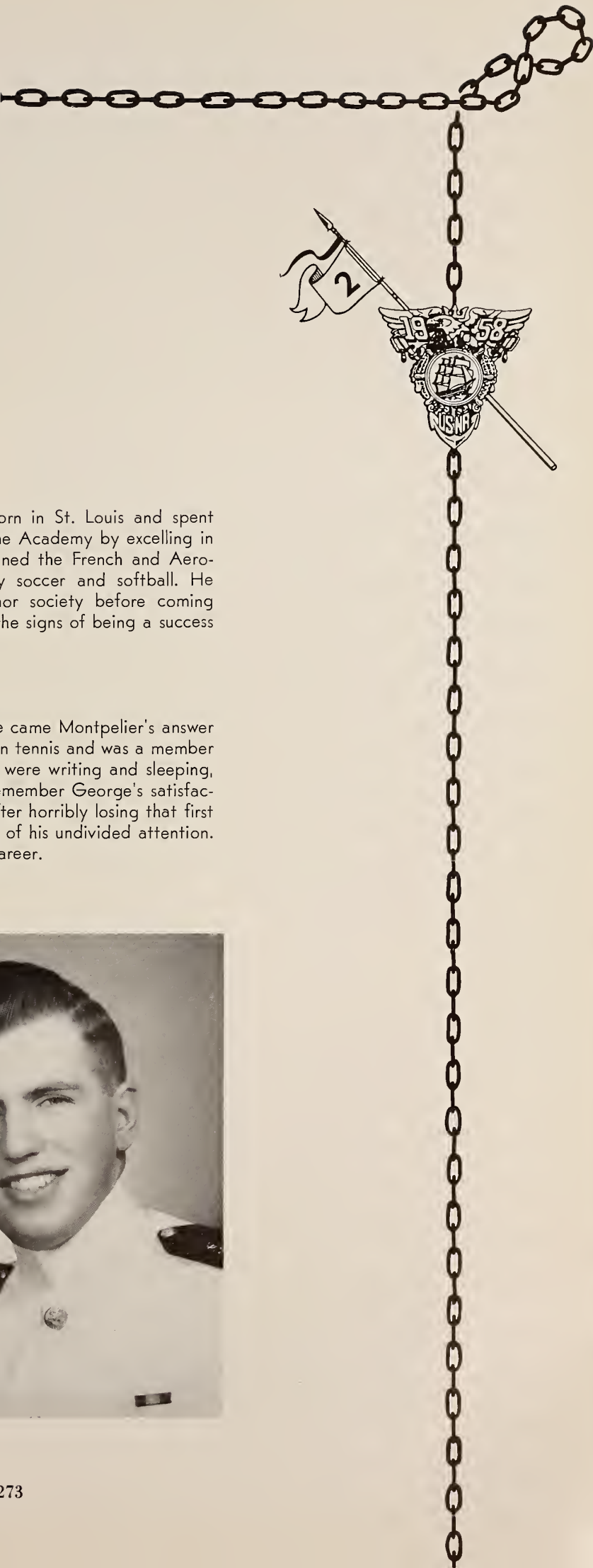
Galesburg, Illinois

Tom was born in Illinois, and spent his high school days running track, playing football, and maintaining an honor standing academically. At the Academy, he ran Plebe and Varsity track and was consistently in the upper half of the class. He participated in the activities of the Physics Club, the Russian Club, and the **Log** and **Trident** staffs. He is Navy all the way and he should go a long way in the service. We all wish him the very best of everything in the future.



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## RUSSELL ELIAN VREELAND

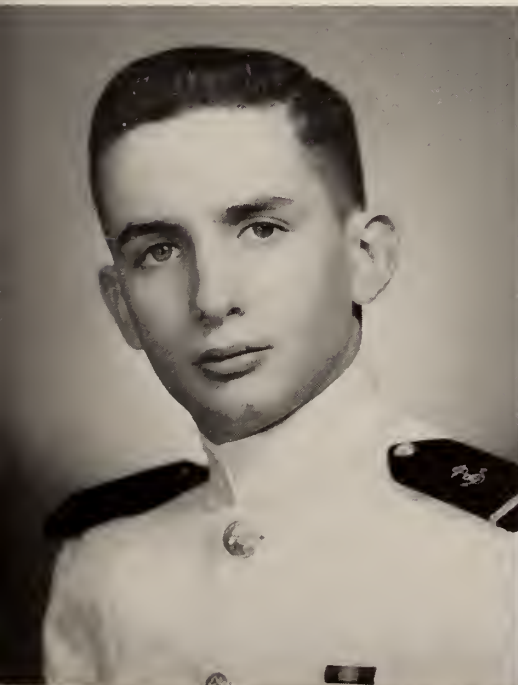
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Russ called Fort Lauderdale his home but he was born in St. Louis and spent several years in Canada. He left his permanent mark on the Academy by excelling in Brigade and battalion boxing for four years. Russ also joined the French and Aeronautical Engineering Clubs and participated in company soccer and softball. He attended Admiral Farragut Academy and made its honor society before coming to Navy. From his performance at USNAY, Russ shows all the signs of being a success in the Fleet.

## GEORGE WALTER WILLIAMS

Montpelier, Vermont

Straight from high school in the Green Mountain State came Montpelier's answer to John Paul Jones. While at Navy, George played battalion tennis and was a member of the Drum and Bugle Corps. His other favorite pastimes were writing and sleeping, both of which he followed with amazing zeal. We always remember George's satisfaction upon keeping his hair complete with unshorn cowlick after horribly losing that first battle with the Bancroft butchers. The pad claimed the rest of his undivided attention. All are confident that he will be successful in his chosen career.





*Left to right: First row—Butterfield, Umsted, Marangoni, Corbelli, Branch, Buchanan, Pheris, Shiverdecker, Kennedy. Second row—Boyd, Sullivan, Ceres, McCabe, Knief, Marron, Zscheile, Hydinger, Larkin. Third row—Richardson, Ballantine, Field, Geiger, Pollock, Town, Ihlv, Nargi. Fourth row—Adamson, Beaton, Pizineer, Tracy, Gainer, Longfellow, Lukish, Brown.*



*Left to right: First row—McCrary, Foster, Delano, Schumann, Antolini, Zambra, Griffin, Rinnert, McCarthy, Matulka. Second row—Byrne, Shaw, Stevenson, Farrell, Weaver, Herbein, Mucha, Porter, Traister. Third row—Clark, Bathrick, Blanke, Solak, Hight, Skidgel, Bigby, Crawford. Fourth row—Arcuni, Moran, Clay, Daudel, Wilson, Roche, Stephenson. Fifth row—Morrschel, Collicott, Bos, Burkley.*



*Left to right: First row—Valerio, Pappas, Grafton, Durkin, Benvides, Demchuk, Kemble, Kidron, Plaughter, Frankenberg. Second row—Avant, Pelott, Wight, Rooney, Sullivan, Guiffreda, Martin, Ricketts, Hubbard. Third row—Hartman, Wasserman, Nichols, Sutelow, Lynch, Rosengren, Murray, Thompson. Fourth row—Galbreath, Reimann, Stanley, Mentiews, Komoroske, Cody, Pyke. Fifth row—Baily, Anderson, Rosdahl, Ellis.*



LCdr. R.G. Bagby, USN  
Company Officer

Proud to be the Brigade's Color Company this past year, the boys of the Third can look back upon four fabulous years. There was never a dull moment; how could there have been with three years spent under the immortal Bonzo? He of the granite jaw and booming voice left his mark on each and every one of us, and will never be forgotten. We'll always remember Oz's motorcycle and miss Lube's system. Of course the Duper will no longer receive BOOW chits from the Bombing Foursome, but then graduation will save them from having to purchase any more door windows—compliments of Suds. Ernestino can now purchase his ice skates which he impetuously lost and may even get a ride in Cuddles' car. If that fails, the Fitzer might be able to get help through Ermma. Jim will never forget his mad dash through

## Third Company



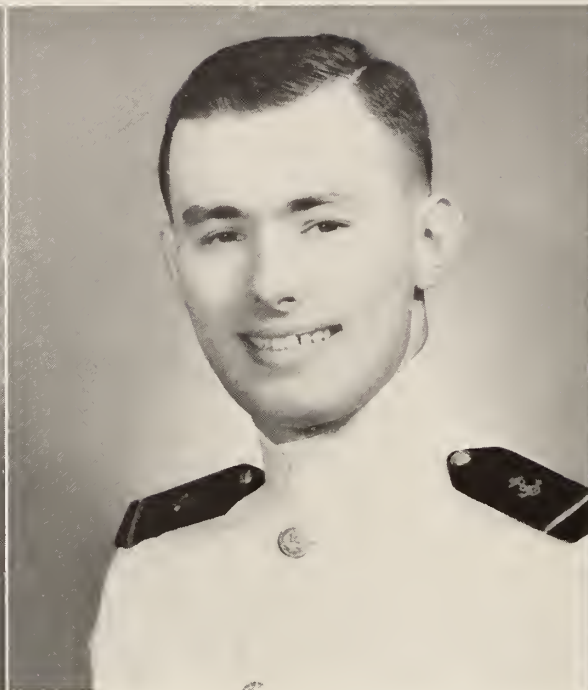
Fall Set. Left to right—Luders, Moore, Guinn, Hernandez, Rosadino, Held.



Winter Set. Left to right—Juliano, Corder, Neely, Jones, Pendley, Sudmeyer.

a Madrid hotel one night, and the company will never forget that Veteran's Day overnight when we set an untouchable record. Doug set a record with his Mark 19, Mod O cast model. Many of us enjoyed New York visits that included a two-hour Italian feast. And last, but not least, we salute those who will go down the tubes during the sixty day Utopia after graduation. Then, of course, the company party will stand high in our minds as we think back—especially Touchdown's portrayal of "The Missing Link" and the adaptability of the Plebes in imitating Dratoh and Mugs.

We'll never forget the experience of being Color Company and in so doing, working with the greatest underclassmen in the Brigade; it was quite an honor.



**WILLIAM AUGUSTUS ARATA, III**

Jersey City, New Jersey

Bill came to Navy Tech after a year at St. Peter's College. An easy-going Jersey City gentleman, he could always be counted on to enliven any conversation with his ready wit. Athletics played a big part in his life here at Navy with lacrosse his specialty. He was a good team man and consequently a dependable player. The Public Relations Club can also attest to his habit of accomplishment. Bill is Navy all the way and hopes to head for the subs as soon as possible after graduation.

**EDWARD TALBOTT BRITTON, III**

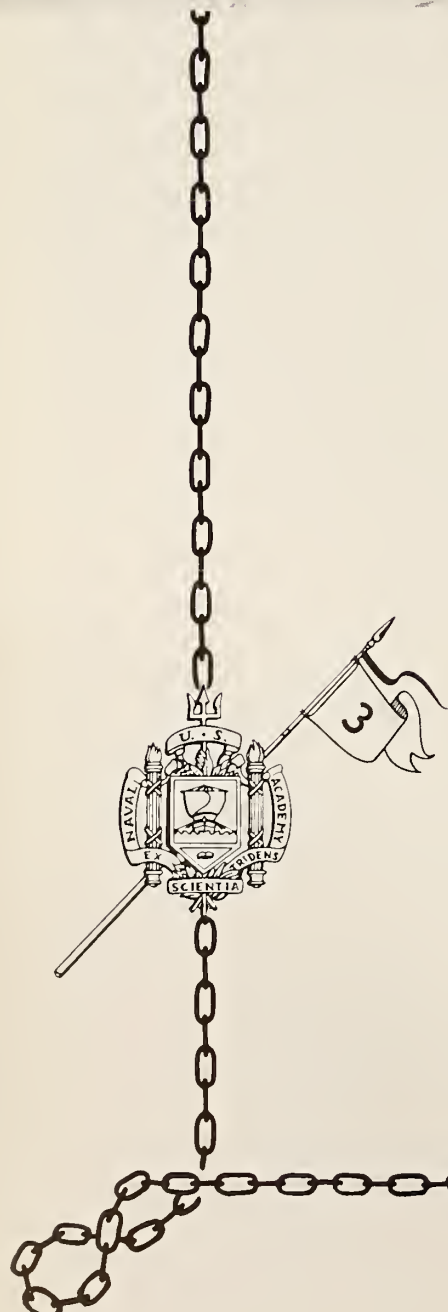
Towson, Maryland

Ed was one of the few among us who rooted for the University of Maryland; that is, as long as he wasn't bumping heads with them on the lacrosse field. His local origins gave him the necessary fundamentals with the stick and he starred for three years at defense for Dinty's proteges. Staying clear of steam and skinny were his aspirations because they gave him some uncomfortable moments; however, his perseverance was not to be denied. A sincere devotion to his beliefs and a heart as big as a house always made Ed one of the best people to know.

**NEWTON WEBER BUERGER, JR.**

Pebble Beach, California

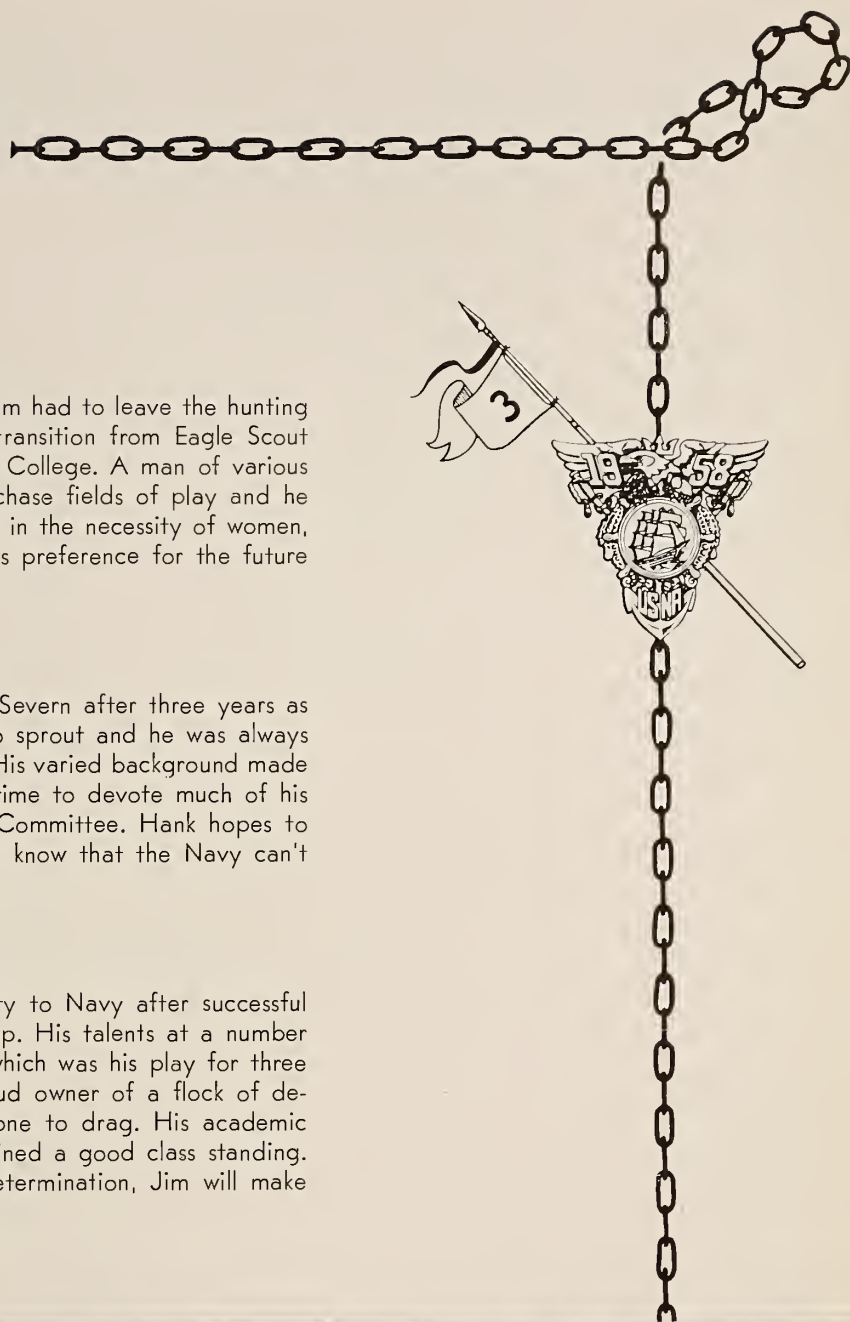
"Chip" was not without misgivings when he first traded his gala life of beach parties for the Navy routine of 4-N days and extra duty. However, he settled down quickly and soon came to fall in step with the rest of '58. Depending on the perpetual game of bridge and the femmes to pull him through the tight spots, he never was disappointed. The Drum and Bugle Corps made good use of his musical abilities. A true social bug, his favorite pastime was any and all weekends, whether here or away. "Chip" is another who seems destined to make his mark in Navy air.



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## JAMES LEE CORDER

Durant, Oklahoma

Hailing from Oklahoma and a life in the outdoors, Jim had to leave the hunting and fishing behind. However, he successfully made the transition from Eagle Scout to midshipman with a little help from Southeastern State College. A man of various abilities, he aided the volleyball, basketball, and steeplechase fields of play and he contributed many points to his company. Firmly believing in the necessity of women, he kept dragging until the monthly insult evaporated. His preference for the future is tied up in flying for Uncle Sam.

## HENRY ANTHONY DARIUS, JR.

Blairstown, New Jersey

One of the "greybeards" among us, Hank came to Severn after three years as a Rotcee at Tufts College. The grey hairs soon began to sprout and he was always good for a few sage words of advice in any and all fields. His varied background made the books easy for him; hence, he had a great deal of time to devote much of his talent to the "Hellcats" and the Class Crest and Ring Committee. Hank hopes to take his worldliness and experiences to the Fleet. We all know that the Navy can't help but benefit from them.

## JAMES LEO FITZGERALD, JR.

Syracuse, New York

Fitz brought his red head of hair and athletic ability to Navy after successful careers at the Christian Brothers Academy and Bullis Prep. His talents at a number of activities soon became evident, the most evident of which was his play for three years with the Varsity and J.V. football squads. The proud owner of a flock of devoted femmes, Fitz's only problem was deciding which one to drag. His academic efforts were also never wasted and he continually maintained a good class standing. With a variety of winning ways and a great deal of determination, Jim will make himself felt in any future career.





# United States Naval Academy

## RICHARD COLUMBUS FREEMAN

Mount Airy, North Carolina

Dick made his home here after a short stay at Columbian Prep. Faced with the continual choice between studying and having a ball, this Rebel generally gave up the academics. However, he managed to stay a step ahead of the Bilgers Society. His fire on the intramural fields made him a valuable man to have on your side. The rest of his time was usually spent in dragging and being a wicked fourth in any floating bridge game. Dick has a long and successful future in the Navy line ahead of him.

## JAMES CLIVIE GOODWIN, JR.

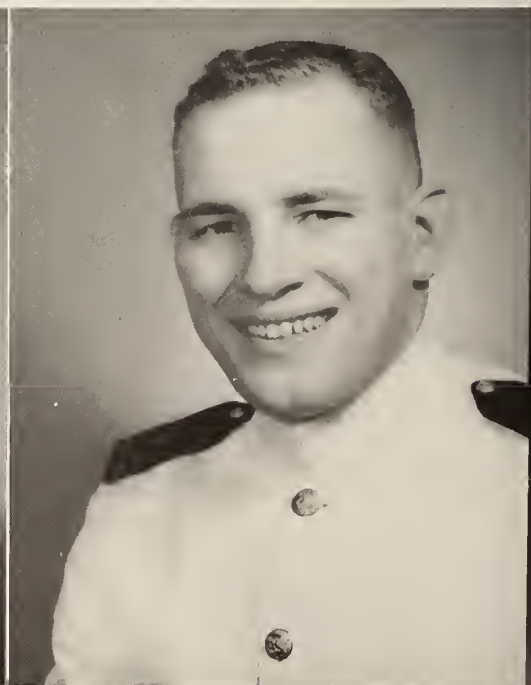
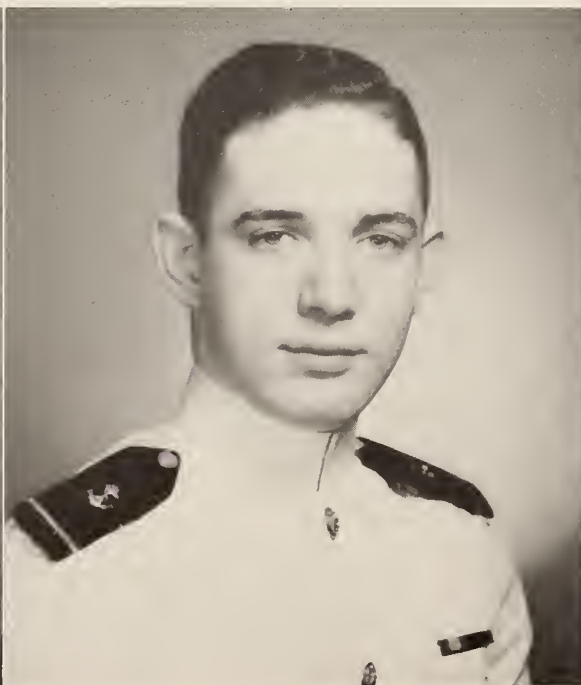
Elizabeth City, North Carolina

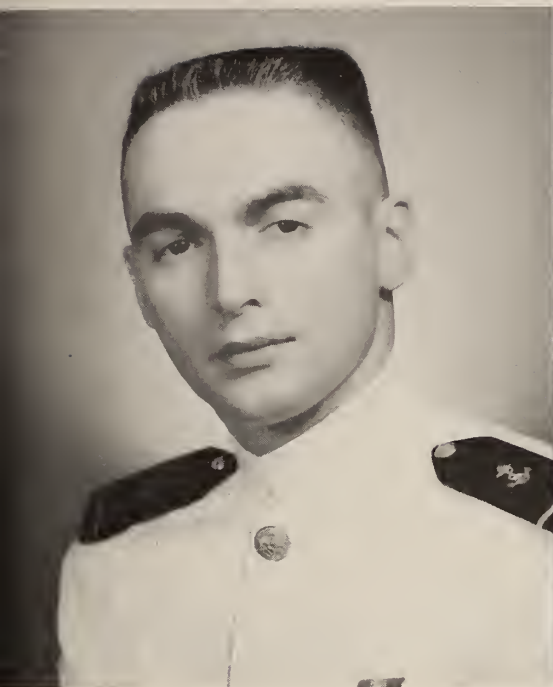
Clivie, a Virginian by birth and a Tarheel by choice, came to USNAY out of Fork Union Military Academy on a Congressional appointment. Known as easy-going, especially after Plebe year, his interests varied greatly. He took up yawl sailing after two years of getting his skinny E. I. as a member of the Juice Gang. A real lover of music, he could always be found working on his hi-fi or puttering around WRNV. Navy line is his choice of service and he soon hopes to go into the Silent Service.

## THOMAS DIXON GRIMM

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Tom hailed from the Smokey City and came to Navy via a year at Bullis Prep. A good student and a great competitor, he played Varsity and J.V. football for three years and usually managed to stay inside the green fence. Mixing seriousness and play to the right degree, "Grimes" had few of the dark moments that plagued us all. He was a lot happier, though, when we said goodbye to dago. Tom will go far in any service that he chooses; we wish him the best of everything always.





**JULIUS PHELPS GUINN**

Paris, Tennessee

"Jub" knew the Navy well when he entered the Academy, because he had previously spent a year and a half with the Fleet. One of the few among us who really enjoyed dago, his proficiency in French might be traced to the name of his podunk. Every day he could be found over in the Natatorium; his seniority made him an honorary coach of the sub squad. Known for his sharp wit and stag liberties, "Jub" was always a welcome friend. The future should hold success and undoubtedly his own submarine someday.

**WILLIAM BARNETT HALE**

Riverside, Texas

Bill will always be remembered for the high quality of sportsmanship that he frequently displayed on the tennis courts and across the bridge table. Known chiefly as an amateur detective, his work in uncovering the notorious practical joker in the third wing was the crowning achievement of a long Academy career. Indeed, he'll probably be attending the reunions of four different classes. "At last—I graduate!" will be heard from his lips on that happy day. His perseverance predicts that the best is in store for him.

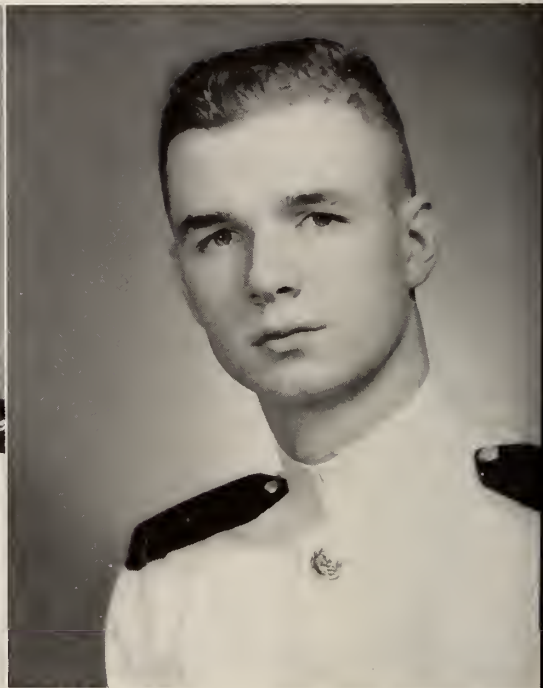
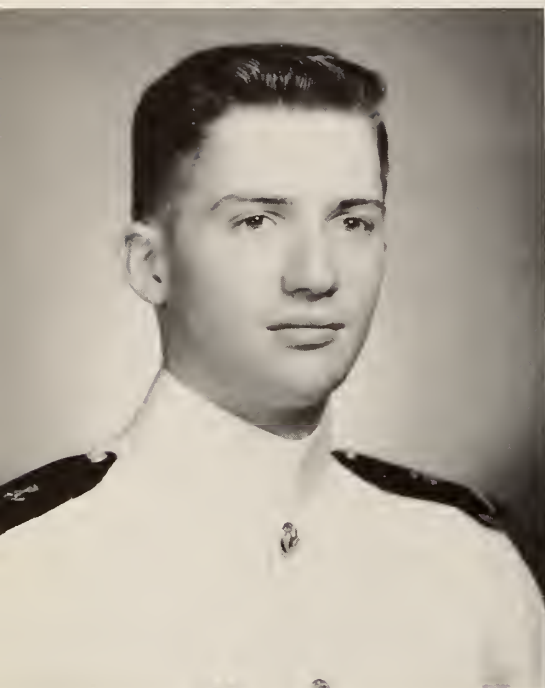
**PAUL HERBERT HARRINGTON, JR.**

Alexandria, Virginia

Pat could call anywhere from Hawaii to Norfolk his home but always answered up for nearby Alexandria. A scholar and athlete of note, he always pulled down top grades and starred on the sports field. A proud member of a Brigade championship lightweight football team, Pat's slingshot arm accounted for many wins. The Varsity baseball team also became a familiar friend. Graduation will mean a lot in many ways to him and he looks forward to a happy life in the Service. He deserves only the very best of everything.



*United States Naval Academy*



**JOHN WAYNE HELD**

Elwood, Indiana

Jack came to us from both Indiana and Florida, and always had a hard time in choosing between them. He never let it bother him though, and soon established himself as a hard man to beat. His academic prowess kept him on the Supe's list and gave him plenty of time to drag around the Academy. His freedom from academics also enabled him to distinguish himself on the intramural field. Working out with the battalion gymnasts or pitching many victories for the company softball team both proved easy for him. His demonstrated abilities and friendly manner add up to a bright future for Jack in any career.

**JESSE JIMINEZ HERNANDEZ**

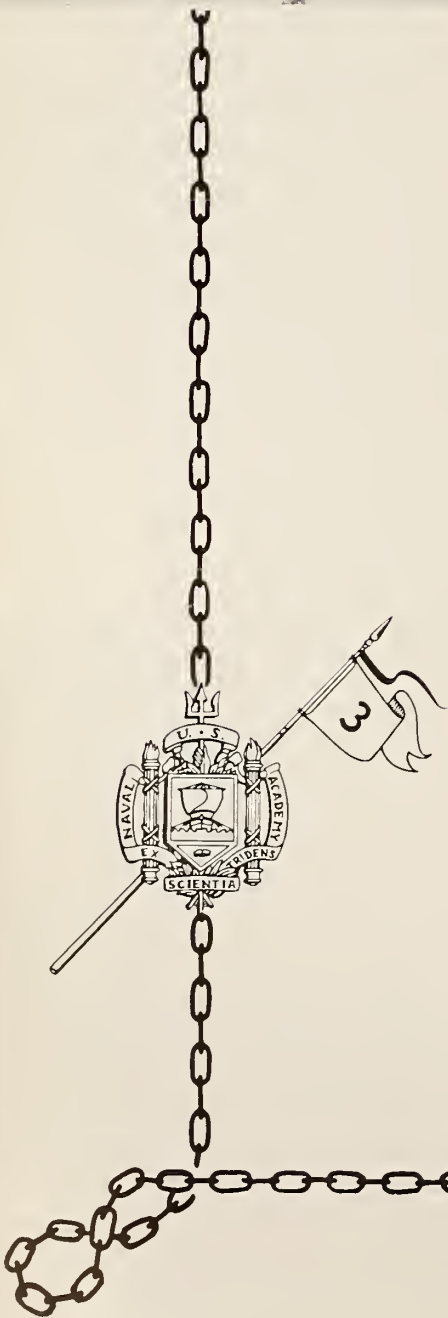
San Leandro, California

Another devoted son of the Far West, Jesse's praises for the Golden State bordered almost on the legendary. A year at Northwestern Prep put him ahead of the academic departments and any traps they were able to devise. Jess was a man who liked to stay busy and he was instrumental in the staging of our Ring Dance as chairman of the Hop Committee. He also found time to lead the company squash team to a Regimental championship. Jesse always showed the greatest ability and spirit; these qualities will make him a welcome man in any future wardroom.

**WILLIAM CARROLL HOTARD**

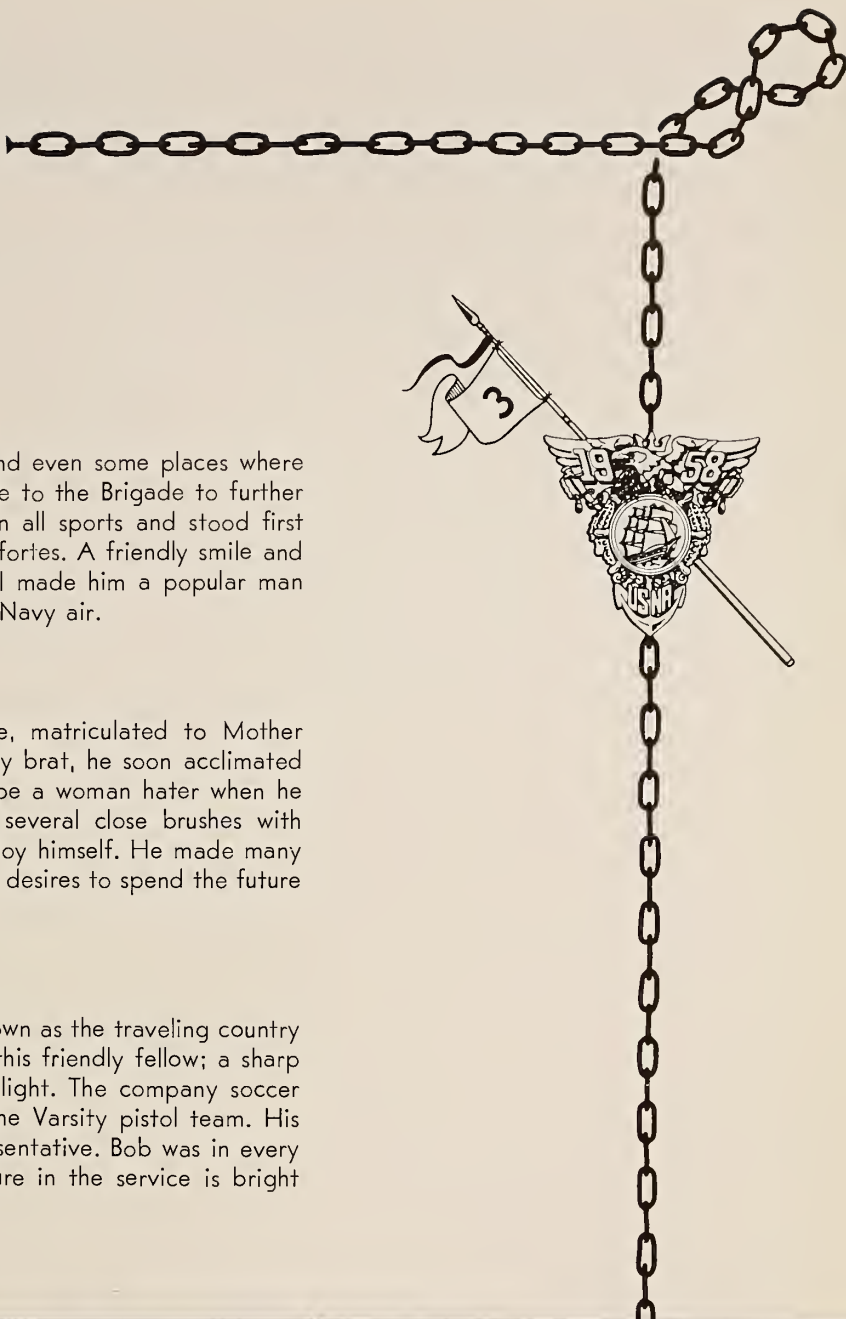
Bryan, Texas

Long on good nature and length of foot, Bill could always be spotted a mile off. Proud possessor of the largest feet in the Brigade, he even got oars with his shoes. Keeping a high academic average was only one of this lanky Texan's activities. He also found time to manage the Varsity basketball team, work for the Juice Gang and put together his own hi-fi rig. His only worries came in defending himself against the practical jokes of his wives. Bill should be a great success as an aviator after he finds a plane that fits.



*United States Naval Academy*

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## FRANCIS MASSIE HUGHES, JR.

Norfolk, Virginia

Massie hailed from anyplace the Navy had a base and even some places where they didn't. Prepping at St. Joseph's in Kentucky, he came to the Brigade to further the family tradition. An athletic slash, he was a natural in all sports and stood first in the class in P.T.; company squash and football were his fortes. A friendly smile and an ability to shoot the breeze about everything in general made him a popular man at any gathering. Massie hopes to put in a long career in Navy air.

## FORNEY HURST INGRAM, JR.

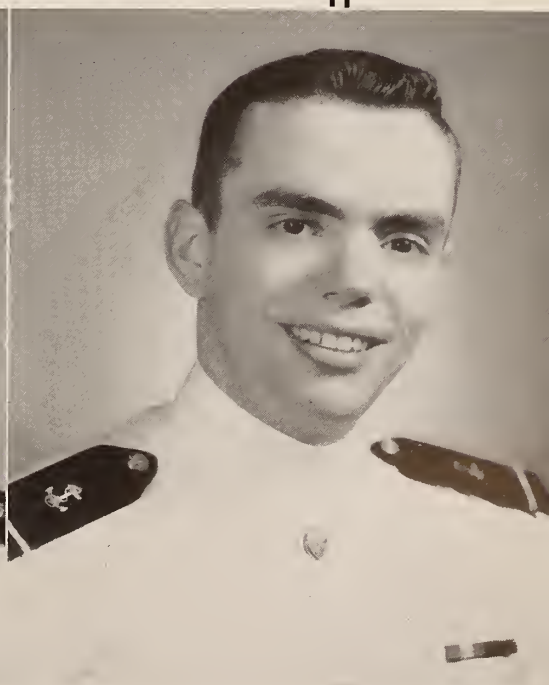
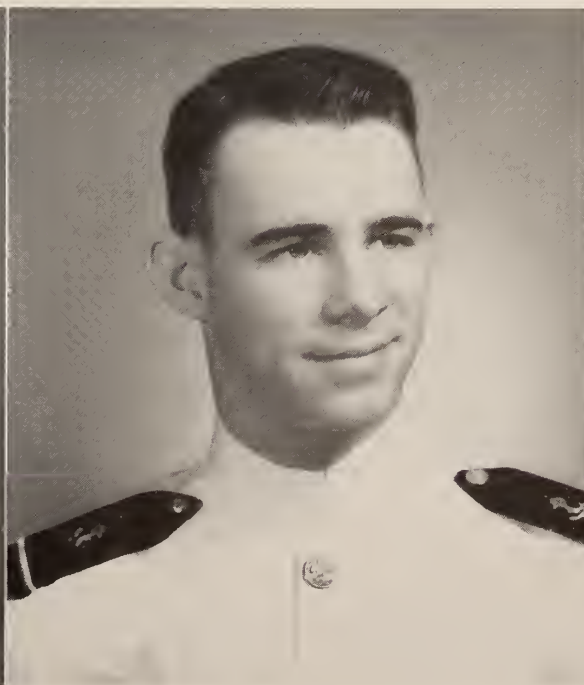
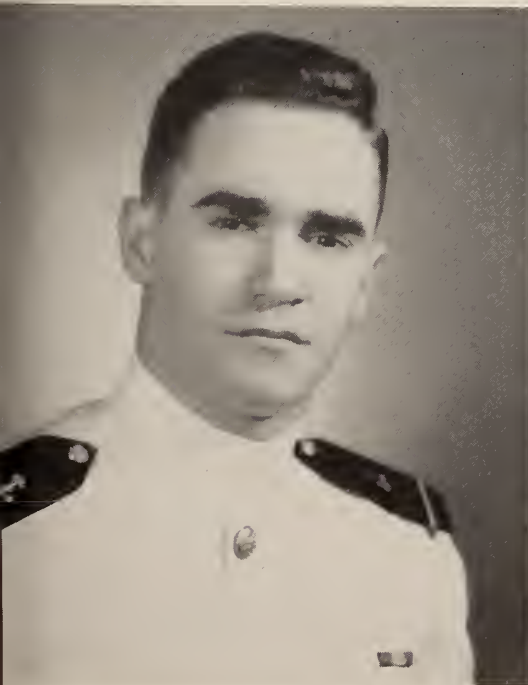
Auburn, Alabama

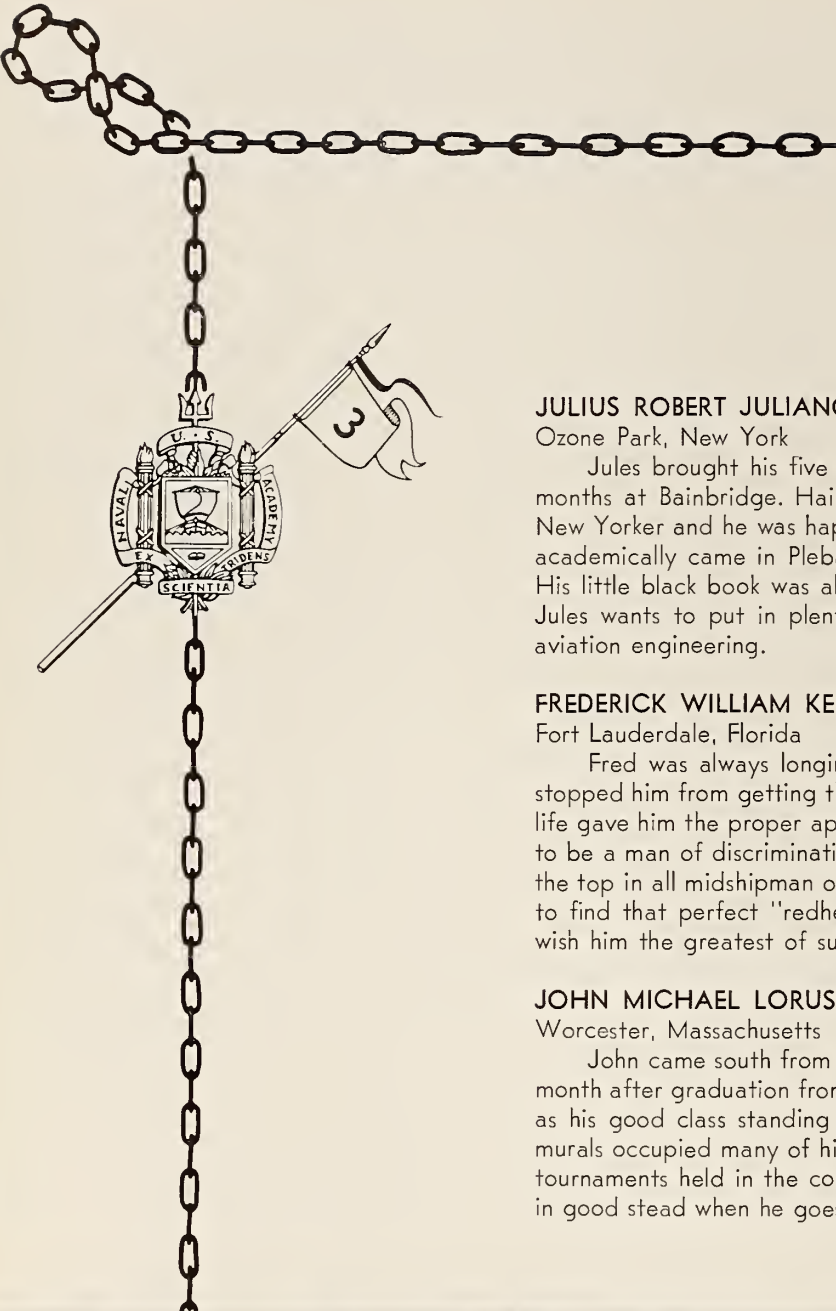
Bud, a staunch Rebel of the Lee and Jackson caste, matriculated to Mother Bancroft after a stay at Marion Military Institute. An Army brat, he soon acclimated himself to the ways of the Navy. Although he seemed to be a woman hater when he came, he left with an entirely different outlook. Despite several close brushes with skinny, Bud always found time to star in intramurals and enjoy himself. He made many lasting friends who won't soon forget him. He's another who desires to spend the future years scaling the heights in one of Uncle Sam's aircraft.

## WILLIAM ROBERT JONES

Lexington, Kentucky

With a guitar and a flair for hillbilly music, Bob was known as the traveling country minstrel from Kentucky. No favor was too much to ask of this friendly fellow; a sharp sense of humor and wide smile made any problem seem slight. The company soccer and softball teams always had a spot for him as well as the Varsity pistol team. His tact and friendliness made him a natural as company representative. Bob was in every sense of the word a gentleman and military man; his future in the service is bright indeed.





# United States Naval Academy

## JULIUS ROBERT JULIANO

Ozone Park, New York

Jules brought his five o'clock shadow and perpetually good nature to us via six months at Bainbridge. Hailing from the Queens, his talk and manner were typically New Yorker and he was happy as long as the Dodgers were winning. His only troubles academically came in Plebe bull, and he seemed to have no great strain thereafter. His little black book was always full and the only sweat was choosing between them. Jules wants to put in plenty of flying time in Navy air and then go on to duty in aviation engineering.

## FREDERICK WILLIAM KEITH, JR.

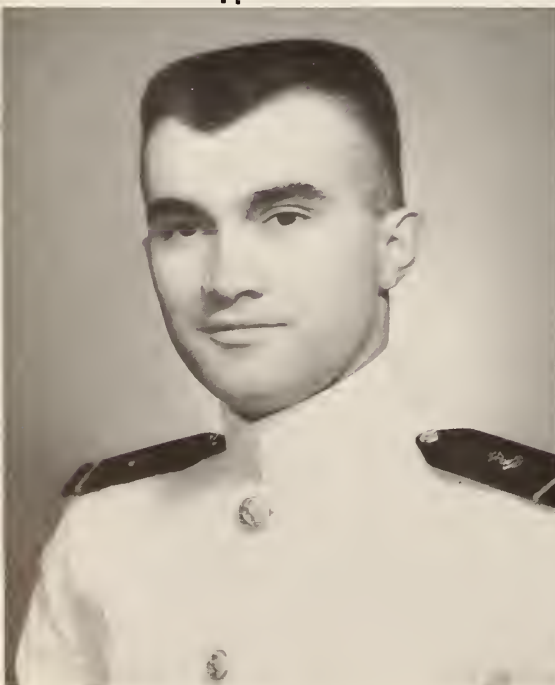
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

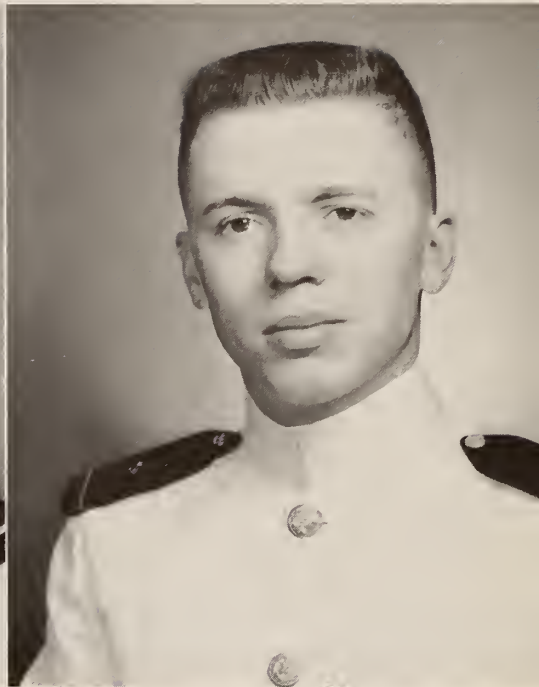
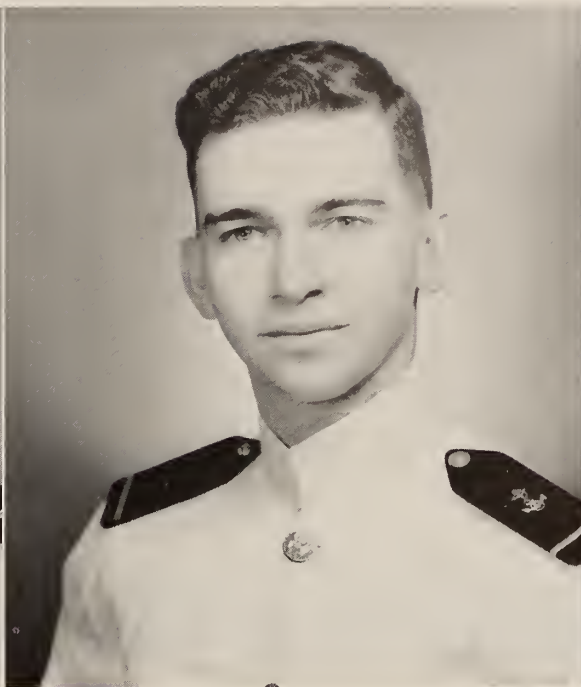
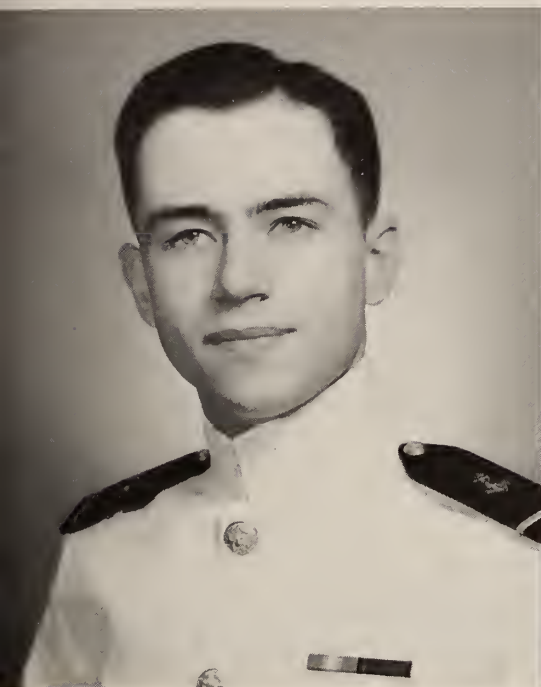
Fred was always longing for the good old days in sunny Florida, but this never stopped him from getting things done right in a big hurry. Two years of "Joe College" life gave him the proper appreciation of the finer things and he always showed himself to be a man of discrimination and good taste. An ability to lead placed him close to the top in all midshipman organizations. His dragging time was largely spent in trying to find that perfect "redhead." The call of the Silent Service is strong to Fred; we wish him the greatest of success always.

## JOHN MICHAEL LORUSSO

Worcester, Massachusetts

John came south from New England to cast his lot with the Brigade just one short month after graduation from high school. This was not much of a disadvantage, though, as his good class standing subsequently showed. Varsity lightweight crew and intramurals occupied many of his hours but his main competitive love was the many bridge tournaments held in the company. John's sincerity and good judgment will stand him in good stead when he goes into the Fleet to earn the coveted dolphins.





**ERNEST CELESTINO LUDERS**

Seattle, Washington

Ernie tired of the sea dog life in the "white hat" Navy and came to the Trade School via NAPS. He spent almost two years with the Fleet, where he worked his way up to ET3. His previous background made Navy Tech seem easy, both militarily and academically. A strong booster of the Great Northwest, he always longed to return to his favorite pastimes of ice skating and fishing. Dago was his oyster and maybe someday we'll see him back here teaching Italian. Ernie will return to the Fleet upon graduation, after which he wants his dolphins and possibly some more schooling.

**ROBERT MICHAEL MCGUGIN**

Chicago, Illinois

"Muggs" could always be kidded about being one of our youngest members but he took everything in stride. Sports were relatively new to him and he had troubles with the swimming requirements; in fact, he eventually became ComSubSquad. Cross country and steeplechase enabled him to help the company greatly. In the winters he generally turned out for chess, in which his sagacity and mastery often belied his youth. Bridge and academics vied for the remainder of his time. Bob will join the Fleet after graduation and will undoubtedly go far.

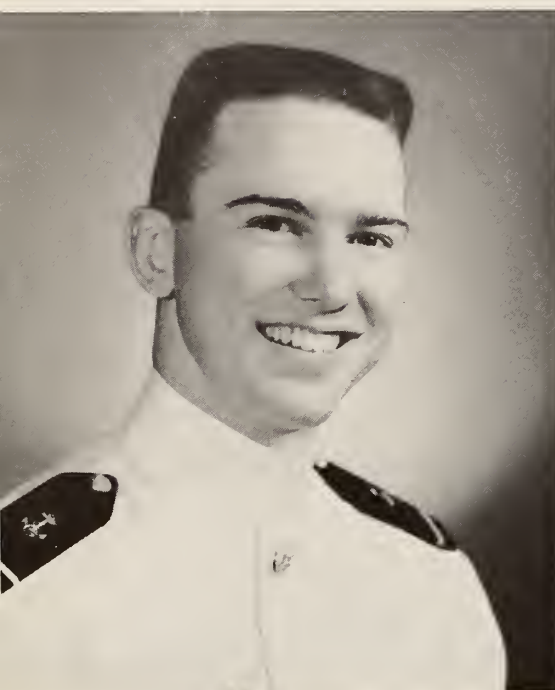
**JAMES THOMAS MOORE**

Scarb, West Virginia

Jim tasted the college life back home in West Virginia and decided to sample our way of doing things. Sadly disappointed in the lack of social life, he managed to stand up well but occasionally would slip back into his old "partying" habits. A stauncher company man couldn't be found; he was a pillar of the company's outstanding lightweight football team, as well as the softball and soccer teams. Leading a rather hectic love life, he eventually settled down. Jim greatly anticipates the day when he pins on the long-awaited golden wings.



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#### RALPH MICHAEL NEELY

Fort Worth, Texas

Coming from deep in the heart of Texas, Mike always had plenty to say and it made no difference what the subject was; of course, the preferred topic was the Lone Star State. He had many interests here, notably athletics and dragging. He was a stalwart for the Mighty Mites for three years as well as being a stout man on the J.V. and battalion lacrosse squads. Navigation always gave him fits but he came through with flying colors. Mike will make a good officer and he looks forward to success in any chosen field.

#### JAMES DAVID PAUL

Durant, Oklahoma

His first name was Jim, his nickname was Judge, but we all called him Dave. Coming to Academy from out Oklahoma way after a year at Southeastern State College, he brought with him an outstanding record which he maintained here. He excelled at the fine art of running as was shown by his work with the Plebe track team and then his company cross country squad. He met and fell for sailing, and became so proficient that he was a participant in the 1956 Newport-Bermuda race. The Navy will be truly fortunate to receive this landlubber turned sea dog.

#### WILLIAM TYLER PENDLEY

Lexington, Kentucky

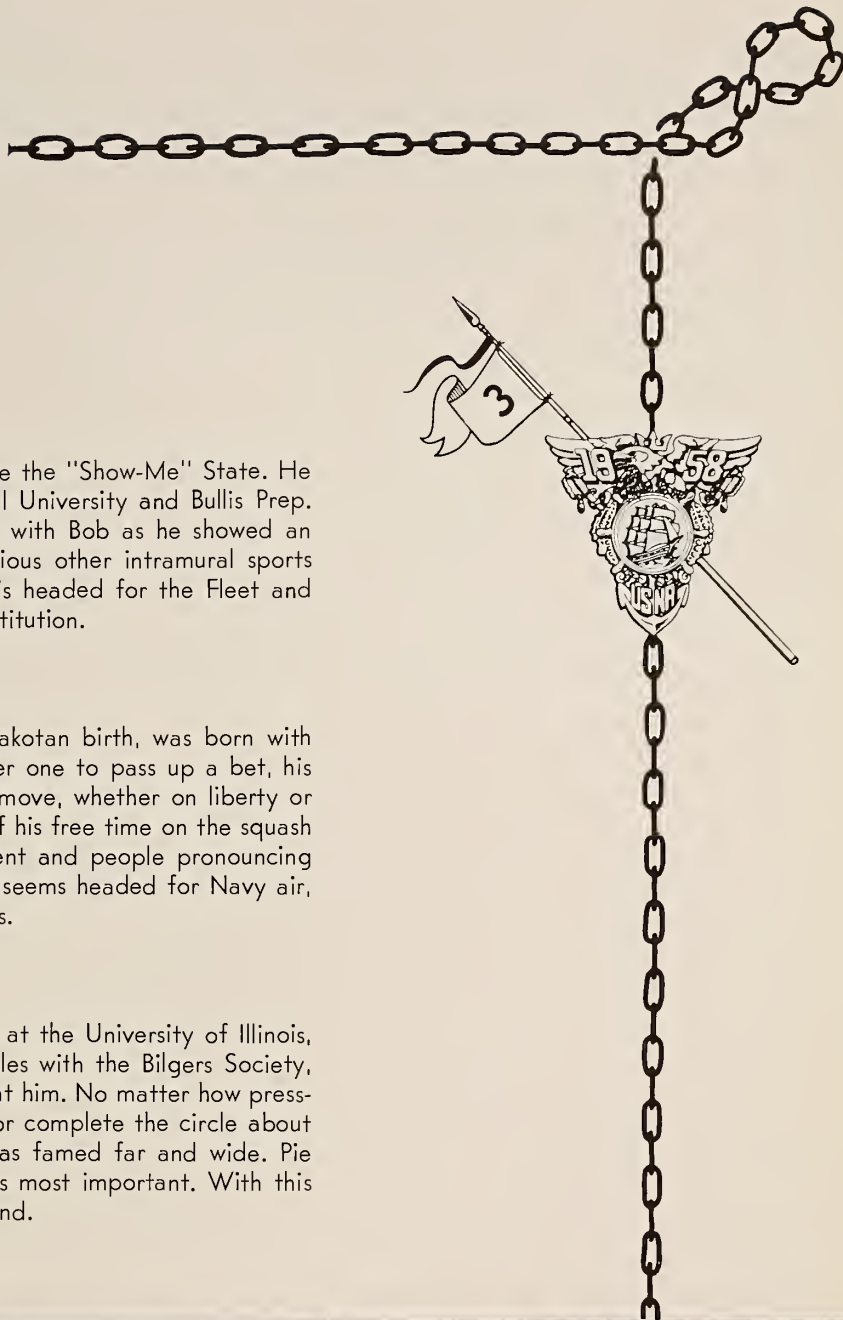
Bill gave up the party existence at the University of Kentucky in exchange for our Spartan life with nary a misgiving. A true Southerner at heart, he was still deemed a Yankee by those who lived further south. Bill was always one of the busiest men around, doing an excellent job as Varsity track manager and helping to produce the **Lucky Bag**. Somewhat of a runner himself, he booted home some winners for the company harriers. Good natured and efficient, Bill's presence always brought smiles and not a few quips. With his big smile and capacity for hard work, Bill will make his future ships happy ones.



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## ROBERT STARNES PERKINS, JR.

Maryville, Missouri

Perk lived in many places but claims as his latest home the "Show-Me" State. He came to the "pampered pets of Uncle Sam" from Cornell University and Bullis Prep. Always wearing stars on his collars proved no great feat with Bob as he showed an enviable savviness. A couple of seasons of crew plus various other intramural sports gave our young giant a chance to flex his muscles. Perk is headed for the Fleet and should prove himself as one of the best from our fair institution.

## GEORGE JEROME RANES

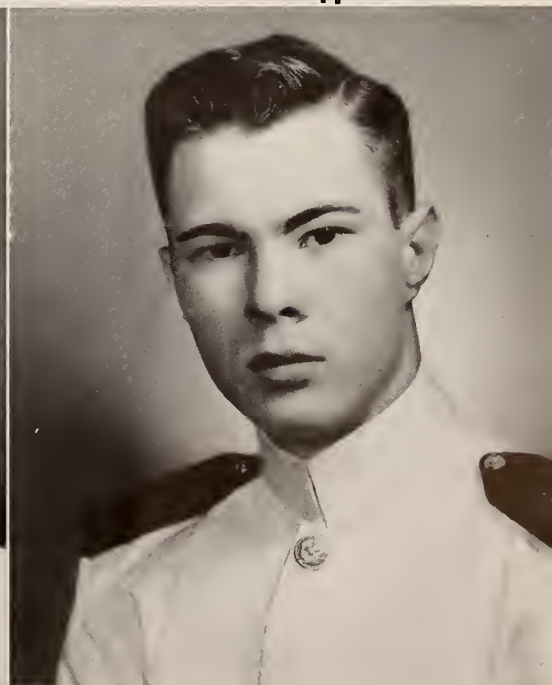
El Cajon, California

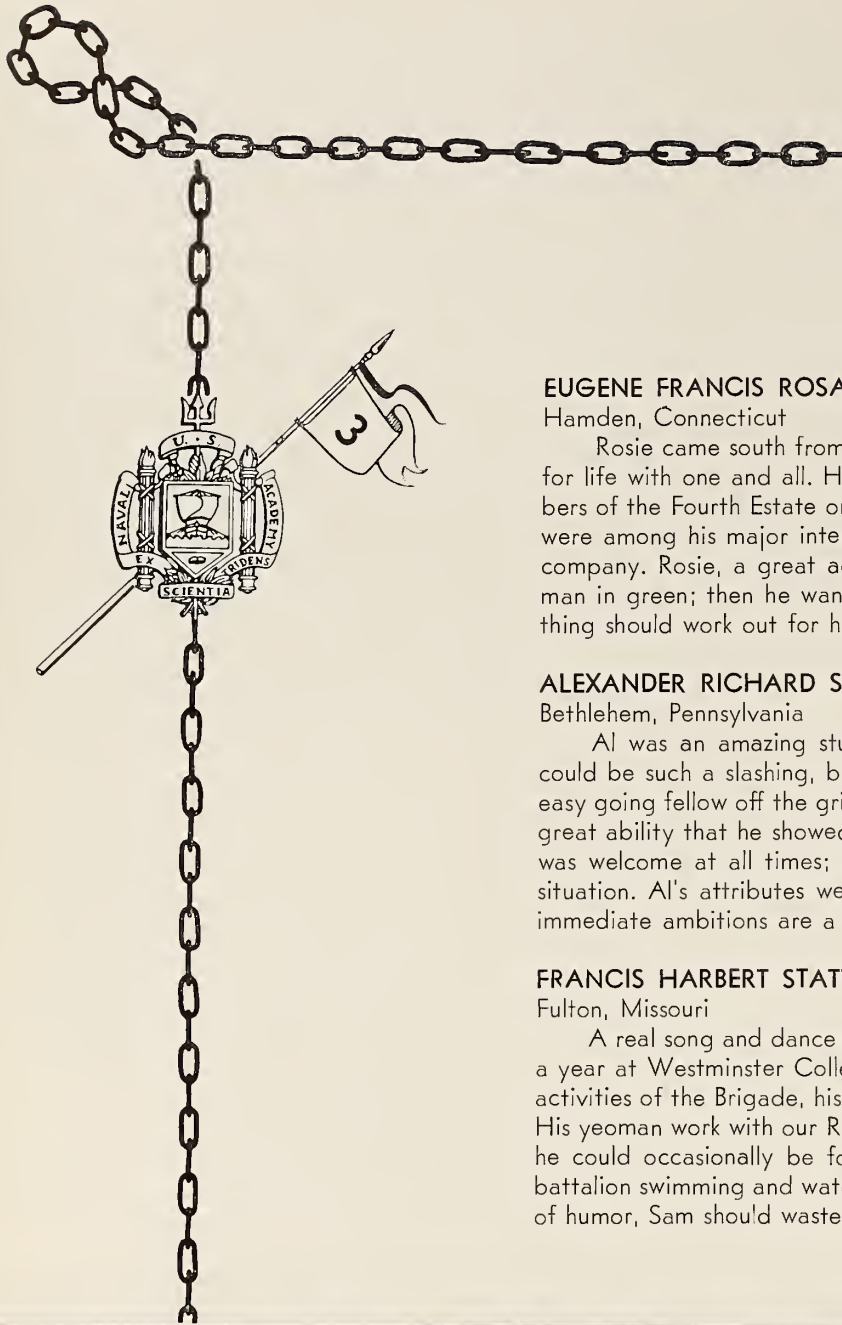
George, a confirmed Californian despite a North Dakotan birth, was born with that special knack for success with the opposite sex. Never one to pass up a bet, his dragging record was long and enviable. He kept on the move, whether on liberty or on the track. Outside of Plebe track, George spent most of his free time on the squash courts where he played a mean game. The Bull Department and people pronouncing his name wrong were his two greatest headaches. George seems headed for Navy air, where his ability to get along should insure rapid progress.

## LAWRENCE RENWICK REID, JR.

Sparta, Illinois

Giving up the "weekend warrior" life of the Rotcees at the University of Illinois, Pie decided he wanted the real thing. He had many battles with the Bilgers Society, but managed to foil their every desperate attempt to unseat him. No matter how pressing the academic load, he always found time to pad out or complete the circle about the bridge table. His new system in the latter activity was famed far and wide. Pie never worried about much, considering that living life was most important. With this outlook he was and will always be a good and valued friend.





## United States Naval Academy

### EUGENE FRANCIS ROSADINO

Hamden, Connecticut

Rosie came south from venerable New England to share his good humor and love for life with one and all. He soon developed an unusual ability for keeping the members of the Fourth Estate on their toes and he exercised this talent quite often. Sports were among his major interests and his intramural efforts were of great value to the company. Rosie, a great admirer of the "Semper Fi" boys, seeks a commission as a man in green; then he wants to get married and raise his own baseball team. Everything should work out for him; he deserves only the best.

### ALEXANDER RICHARD SLAFKOSKY

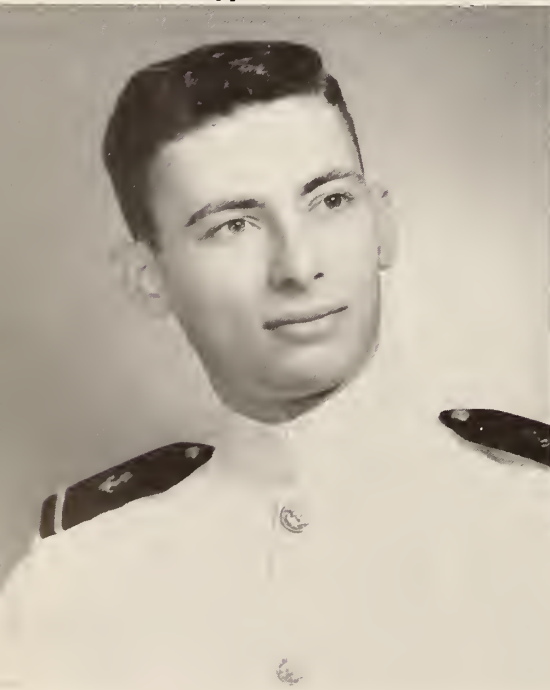
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

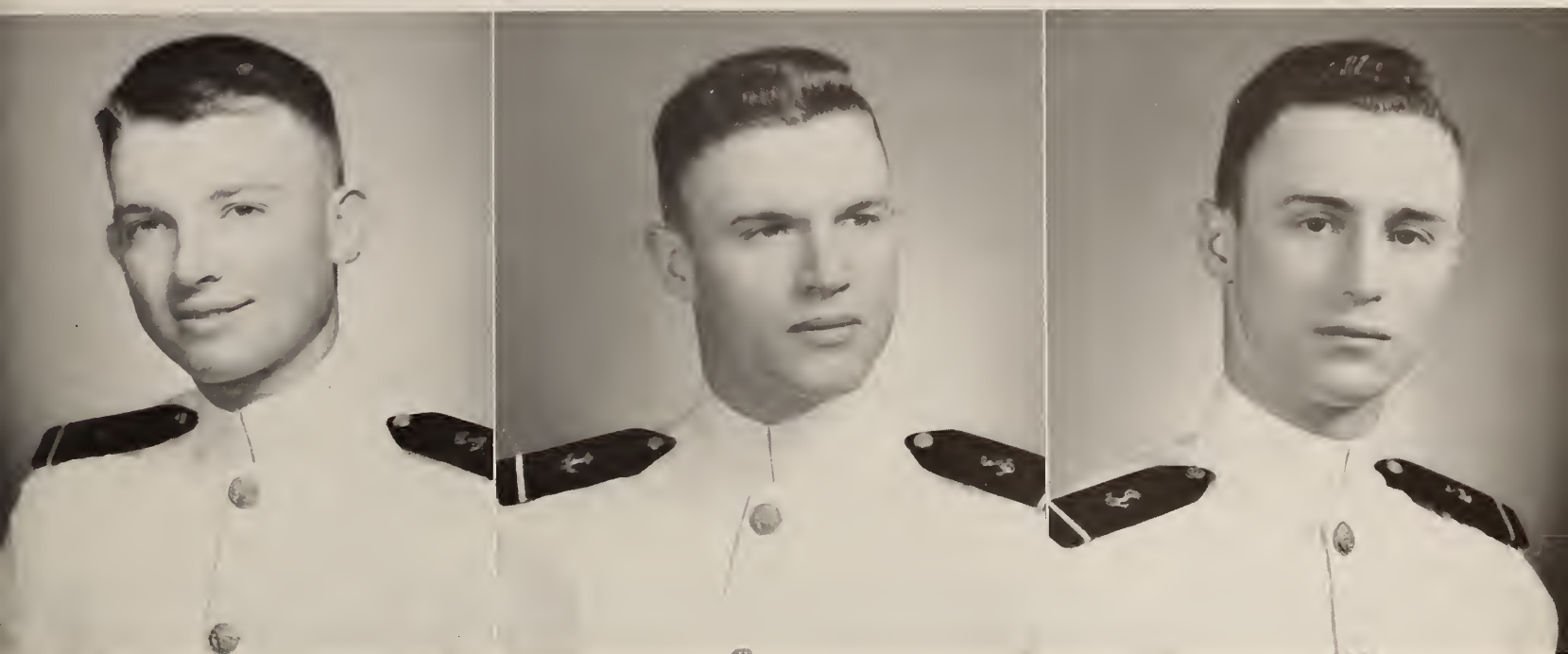
Al was an amazing study in character; we could never understand how a man could be such a slashing, bruising runner on the football field and then such a quiet, easy going fellow off the gridiron. His play with the Varsity football team reflected the great ability that he showed continually in all phases of activity. His quiet friendliness was welcome at all times; he was able to afford a touch of brightness to any blue situation. Al's attributes were many; the service welcomes people of his caliber. His immediate ambitions are a commission and a family of his own.

### FRANCIS HARBERT STATTON

Fulton, Missouri

A real song and dance man, Sam brought his many musical abilities to Navy after a year at Westminster College. Quickly situating himself firmly in the various musical activities of the Brigade, his main pastimes were the Chapel Choir and the "Hellcats." His yeoman work with our Ring and Dance Committee also helped immeasurably. Then he could occasionally be found making like a fish over in the Natatorium with the battalion swimming and water polo teams. Easy-going but equipped with a sharp sense of humor, Sam should waste no time in winning his wings and going on to Navy air.





**DOUGLAS KEITH STEWART**

Corcoran, California

Coming from the party atmosphere of the University of Colorado, Doug had plenty of experience in enjoying himself. Nevertheless he showed himself a serious and conscientious worker, whether in the classroom or on the athletic field. Varsity lacrosse kept his interest but he helped spark a few intramural championship squads to victory. Handicapped by injuries, Doug became very familiar with a cast but never let it bother him. As long as there was a redhead around, he was more than happy. His service choice runs toward Marine green and Quantico should feel proud to get him.

**PAUL THEODORE SUDMEYER**

St. Louis, Missouri

After some preparation at St. Louis University and in the Marine Corps Reserve, Paul found himself ready and took his rightful place on the banks of the Severn. Plebe year introduced him to the manly art of rowing, and he has been pulling a mighty oar in battalion and Varsity boats ever since. Strictly believing in the "take 'em or leave 'em" philosophy, Paul never had any troubles with the distaff side. "Once a Marine, always a Marine" applies to Paul and Quantico will be getting one of our best.

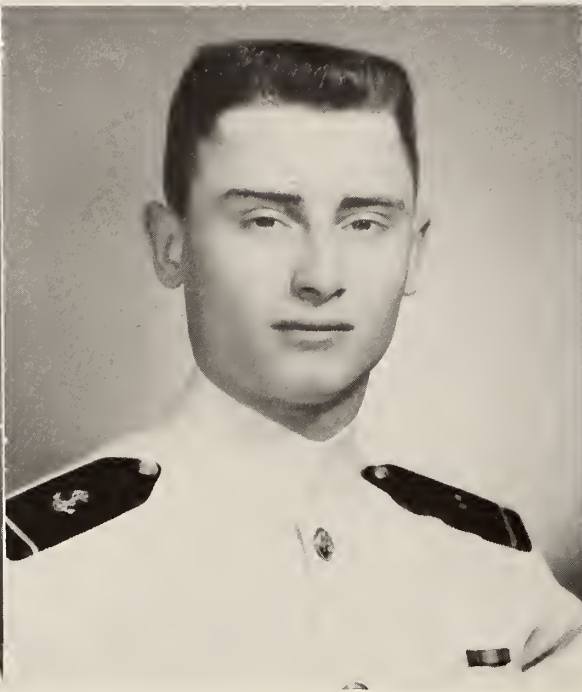
**SAMUEL HOWELL SWART, JR.**

Rosemont, Pennsylvania

Sam, a true Southern gentleman despite his present home in Pennsylvania, wended his way to the banks of the Severn after spending a year at the University of Virginia. He quickly traded his habitual hockey stick for a squash racket and became a stalwart on his company team. He settled down and passed the academics with flying colors, after a brief siege almost had him down for the count. He always seemed to be able to mix his studies, dragging, and generally living it up to the right degree. The roar of jet engines appeal to Sam and he hopes to fly one of his own in the near future.



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**LAURENCE ALBERT TRUDEAU**

Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Larry came south from scenic Massachusetts to set up his own radio repair shop; his knack with the inner workings and hidden mechanisms of Marconi's monster helped out many a classmate and made first and second class skinny seem like a breeze. An additional flair at languages made him a friend of the Dago Department as well and made for interpreter's duty in any cruise port. A love for travel and technical subjects put Larry in good stead with today's modern defense; he'll be a success no matter what service claims him.

**BRADFORD WOLCOTT WELLES**

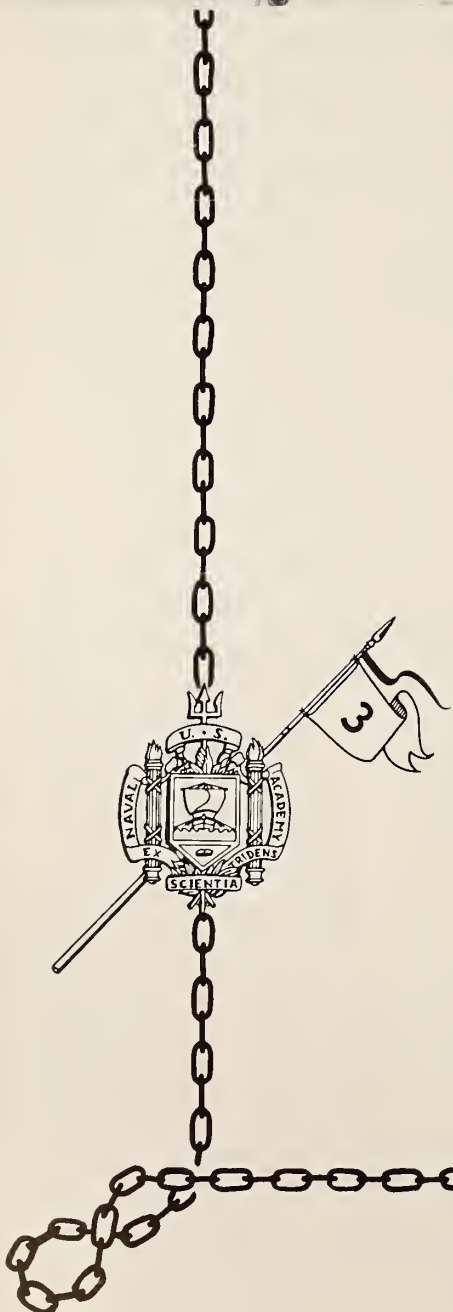
North Haven, Connecticut

Brad liked what he saw in the Naval Reserve and came to USNAY to see the real thing. He impressed us all with a serious sincerity of purpose that was able to overcome all obstacles. The Reception Committee kept him busy at times, but he was always cut out for the work. Studies were no sweat and he always found time to further his literary tastes—usually from the horizontal position. An ardent company man, he contributed much to the success of it. Brad's likeable character and friendliness will always carry him far.

**ROBERT DOLENGA WELLS**

Ann Arbor, Michigan

A business administration major at the University of Idaho, Bob traded his NROTC uniform for the blue and gold of Annapolis. He met and immediately fell in love with the sailing fleet; thereafter, he could always be found on one of the big boats. Classical music on hi-fi was an obsession, as was a profound interest in all professional subjects. The latter was amply shown by his standings in steam and ordnance. A personable fellow, "Wheels" hopes for tin can duty and eventual p.g. study.



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*Left to right: First row—Scott, McCord, Asafaylo, Noreika, Rourke, Clark, Keefe, Daidone, Tritz, Meany. Second row—Rossi, Lockwood, Obsitnik, Brown, Smith, Roth, Touhey, Clautice, Garrett. Third row—Dyke, Wheatley, Jones, Pechauer, Forsberg, Legro, Calhoon, Larson. Fourth row—Hudalla, Schon, Messner.*



*Left to Right: First row—Roemish, Colley, Parry, Beck, Cook, Long, Braun, Benson, Longton, Overstrom. Second row—Thomas, McCrork, Rogers, Koch, Hallowell, Webb, Shanley, Tollakson, Bailey. Third row—Cotterman, Whitehurst, Amend, Richardson, Alwood, McDonald, Phelan, Duffy. Fourth row—Anthony, Bullock, Johnson, Mossman, Barringer, Saunders, Criste. Fifth row—Claman, Sharp.*



*Left to right: First row—Khula, Seraly, Meadows, Sowa, Saiko, Ferriso, Mummert, Foora, Knuasen, Harper. Second row—Kennedy, Mack, Schmidt, D'Amico, O'Brien, Carroll, Wright, Myers, Hart. Third row—Bowen, Freney, LaBardo, Morrow, Lemke, Henault, Shower, Hutchins. Fourth row—Trasatt, Schroeder, Herlihy, Gambacorta, Winfree, Dunn, Campbell, Traa.*



Lt. F.A. Lossing, USN  
Company Officer

Loosely described as men of destiny, the Class of '58 in the Fourth provided the Brigade with many a bright moment and a laugh. The fall of '54 saw us get off to what some might call a shaky start, but they have to admit that we've been booming along ever since. The memories of the past four years, now that they're over, come thick and fast. The first Army game, the Sugar Bowl, carry-on, and the Dark Ages—complete with handball games in the shower, swims to Baltimore, and the lilac watch. June Week and Youngster Cruise gave us that feeling of gaining some rank; paint chipping, the holystone, and Gitmo will be long remembered. Youngster year came and went, along with so many of those shiny new crests. Then came Second Class year—need we say more? Most of us are *still* recovering from that. The rings, the Ring Dance, another June Week, and then First

## Fourth Company

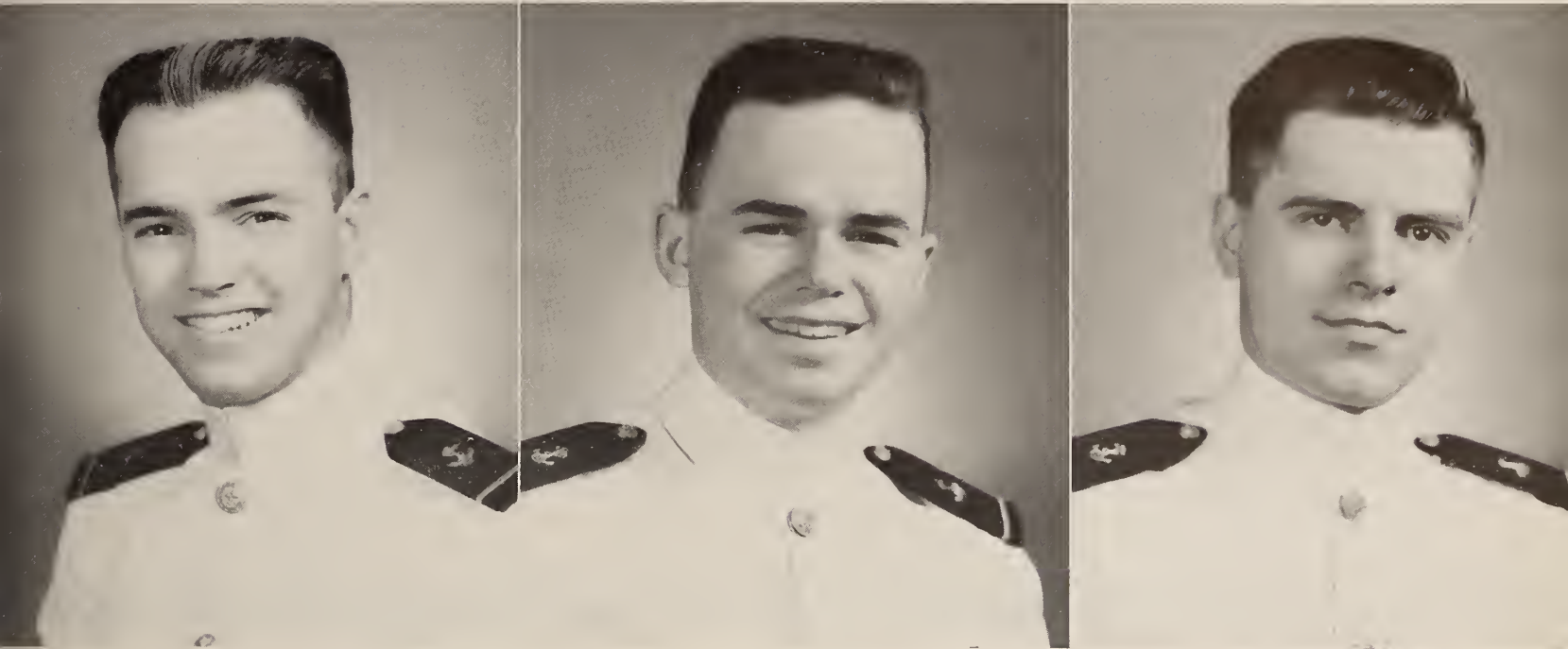


*Fall Set.* Left to right—Smith, Drury, Gaheen, Ridley, Grzybicki, Kreitner.



*Winter Set.* Left to right—Keefe, Michels, Bernes, Adams, Meyer, Criswell.

Class cruise . . . soon we found ourselves back in Crabtown as first class. The personalities really began to blossom . . . the "Hero of Warsaw" and Bill quickly established reputations for fading at opportune moments. Don distinguished himself by drawing 895 and still losing the pool; Jack pulled 896 and it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. Zeke, B.J., and the Pineapple Pusher never had a dull moment, in contrast to the boys of 1405, who were lucky to make it to formation on time. Charlie's trailer, Bill's hi-fi set and demerits, Tootsie Rocket, Ron's Charles Atlas course, Clint's opinions, Charrier's stern chase, and Gary's charm all provided us with discussion and more than a little amusement. Thus did Ripley's Raiders, Patton's Treadheads, and Lossing's Lads spend four years watching the world go by.



**JOHN WARREN ADAMS**

Kokomo, Indiana

From out of the Hoosier State came this devoted son of the Midwest to the banks of the Severn after a year in the ROTC at Purdue University. While at Purdue, Jack learned how to enjoy life to the utmost, and brought this knack with him to Crabtown. After arriving, he established himself as a good man on either the soccer field or the dance floor. He always was the social type and during second class year he settled down to the pleasant routine of frequent dragging and making many friends. Jack hopes to find his way to Pensacola and a pair of Navy wings upon graduation; we feel sure that he will succeed, for he is that type of fellow.

**DONALD BERNARD BERNES**

Richmond, California

Don came to Mother Bancroft straight from high school in the sunny climes of California, bringing with him a love for good times and the usual healthy desire to brag about the Golden Coast. He always managed to pay the rent but when he was seen taking his slide rule with him to a bull class, you knew where his difficulties lay. One could usually find him enjoying his favorite hobbies, swimming and pistol shooting, or in his room listening to some of that Pacific jazz. With his contagious humor and affable manner, "Bernsie" could always liven up any gathering and we know he is certain to succeed in his future service career.

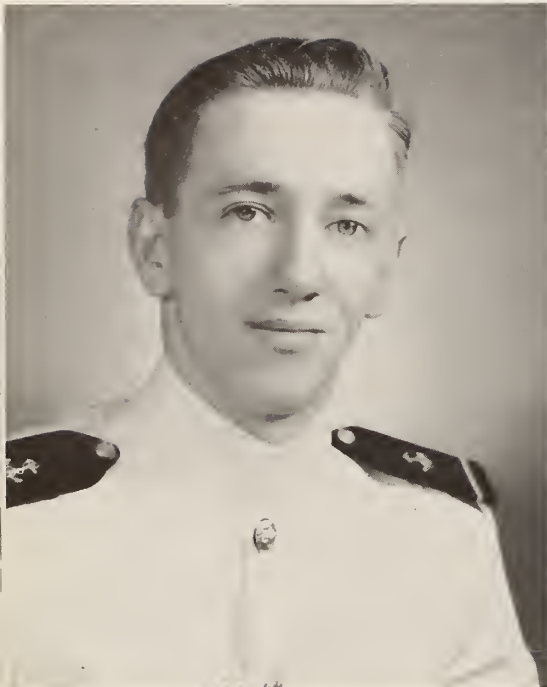
**RONALD JAMES CHARRIER**

Moorestown, New Jersey

After two years of living things up at the University of North Dakota, Ron came east to learn about the Navy and its ways. With his background, he found no trouble with academics; but he always managed to get in some extracurricular marching time on Wednesdays and Saturdays. During Plebe year, he distinguished himself as a member of the pistol team but thereafter devoted himself to company and battalion sports and his other favorite pastime, dragging. He could always be seen with a fair member of the distaff side about picturesque Annapolis on weekends. Ron hopes to find his future in the skies upon graduation and his ability to win friends will help him to a great degree toward any goal he seeks.



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**GEORGE CLIFTON CREIGHTON, III**

Mullins, South Carolina

George's decision to come to Annapolis after a year at Clemson College was received with much appreciation by his father—an Army officer. However, he had no difficulties in adapting himself to Navy ways, having no trouble either in the classroom or the intramural field. He was a rabid supporter of and able competitor for a great variety of his company teams, and could always be counted on to do his best. With his southern drawl, he always loved to uphold the virtues of mint julep land but could be kidded about being a Yankee by birth. George hopes to fly upon graduation and with his determination and spirit, he will undoubtedly become one of the best.

**PHILLIP WALTER CRISWELL**

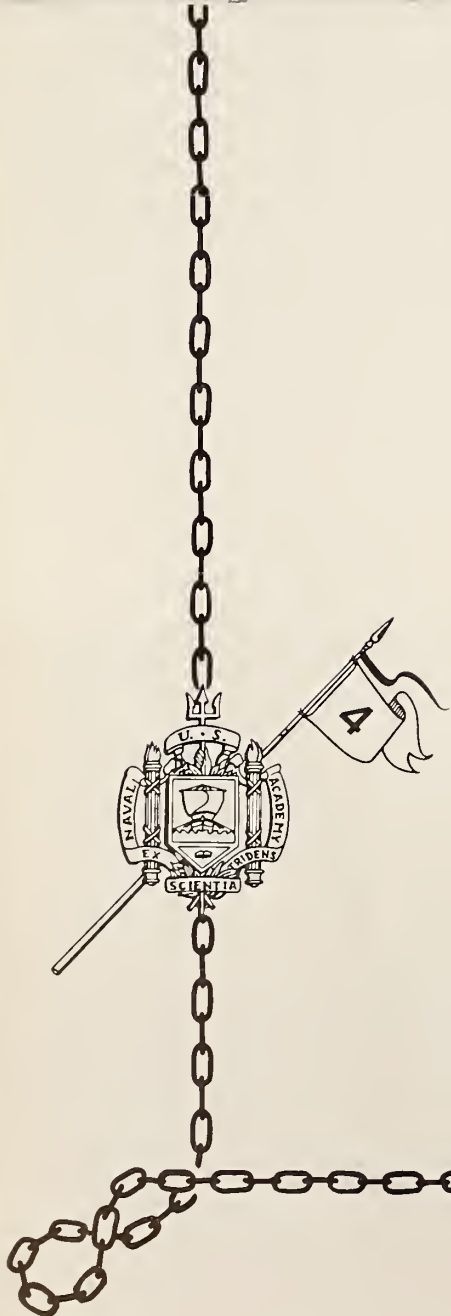
Washington, D. C.

Cris came from an Army family, and lived in Washington, D. C. before he came to the Naval Academy. When he was not at odds with the Executive Department, he was working for the **Lucky Bag**, or working out in the gym. As a connoisseur of the finer things of life, he knew all the good liberty spots from Paris to Chincoteague. He managed to slip by the academics without too much trouble and he also contributed his share in bringing in points for the company. Cris will answer the call of Navy line, and will probably be found in the future on the bridge of a destroyer. With his officer-like attributes, good humor, and enthusiasm, he should contact very little difficulty in attaining success.

**STANLEY W. DARGIS, JR.**

Niagara Falls, New York

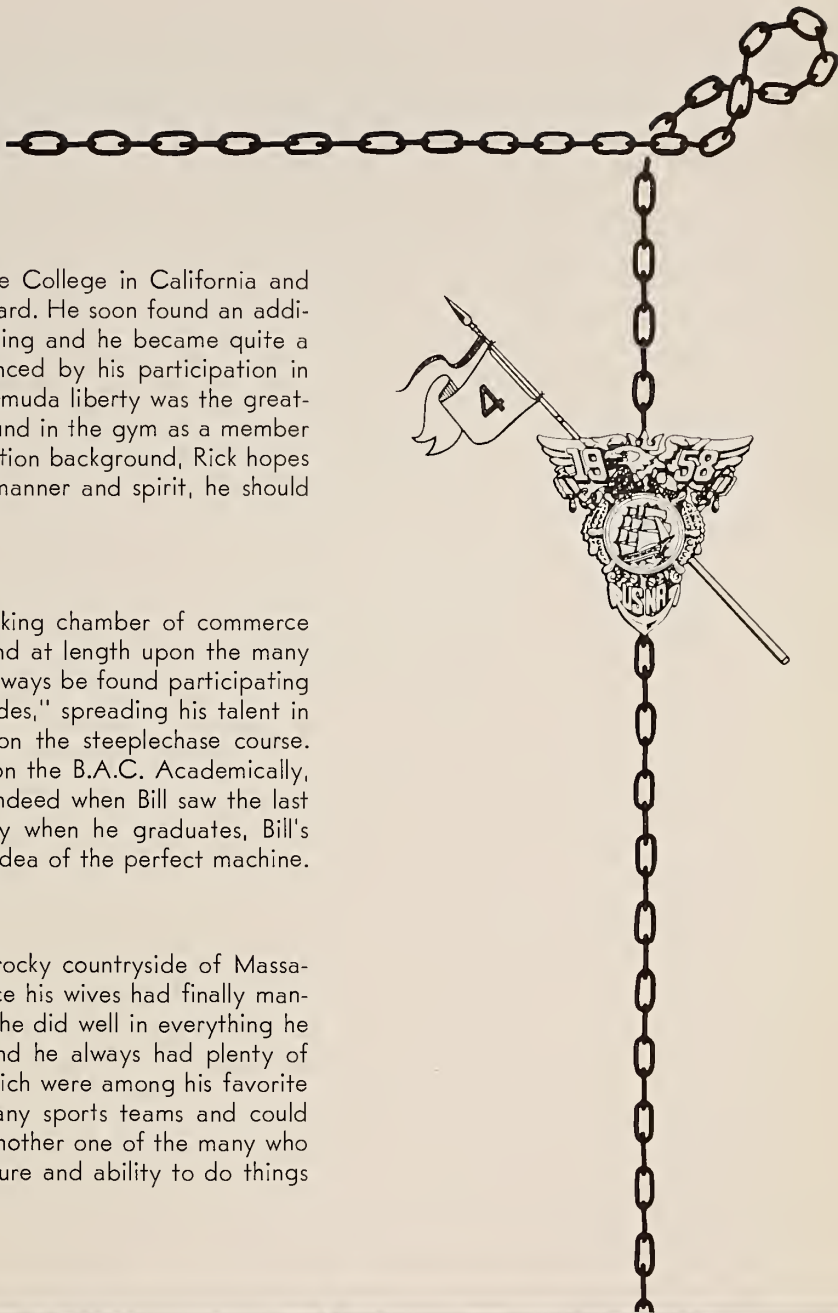
Stan came to us from Niagara Falls, where he was supposed to have known his way around by the time he was nineteen. He became interested in Navy ways, enlisted, and walked into Bancroft Hall via NAPS. The "Digger" was never a slash but managed to do well in bull, in which his ability was frequently displayed by his great variety of sea stories. Stan hopes to enter the Silent Service upon receiving his diploma; we wish him good luck in the future years.



*United States Naval Academy*



# United States Naval Academy



## RICKY REYNOLDS DAVIDSON

Atherton, California

Rick came to USNAY after a year at San Jose State College in California and was quick to adapt his easy-going ways to life within the Yard. He soon found an additional love to those he had already acquired; this was sailing and he became quite a proficient hand with the Academy boats. This was evidenced by his participation in the Newport-Bermuda Race; he always contended that Bermuda liberty was the greatest ever and who are we to disagree? He also could be found in the gym as a member of both the plebe and Varsity teams. Coming from an aviation background, Rick hopes to secure Navy wings upon graduation. With his affable manner and spirit, he should go far.

## WILLIAM EDWARD DIESING, JR.

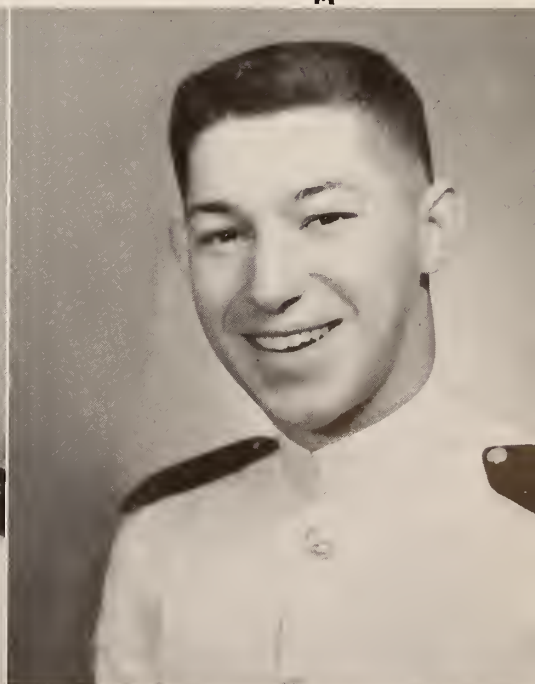
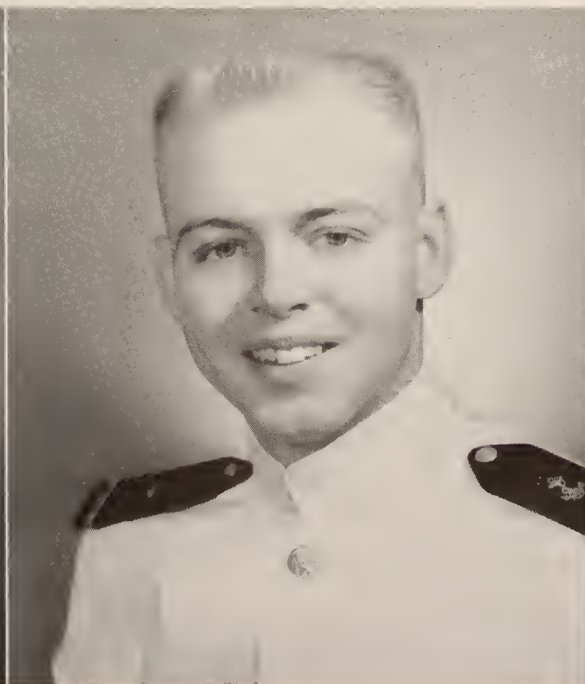
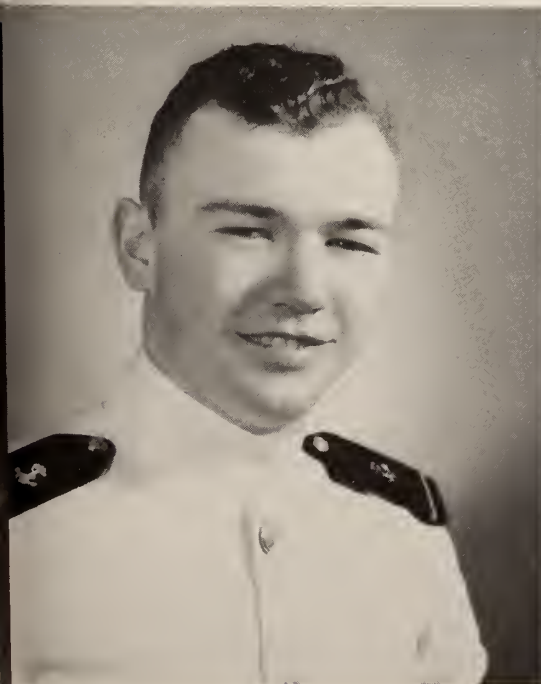
Omaha, Nebraska

Straight from high school in Omaha came Bill, a walking chamber of commerce for Nebraska. One could always depend on him to expound at length upon the many virtues of the Cornhusker State. Here at Navy, Bill could always be found participating in intramural sports, in which he was a true "jack-of-all-trades," spreading his talent in sports ranging from swimming to those cold afternoons on the steeplechase course. Otherwise, his spare time was largely consumed by work on the B.A.C. Academically, he professed a like for ordnance but it was a happy day indeed when Bill saw the last of skinny. While visibly interested in flying for the Navy when he graduates, Bill's mechanical tastes were simple, with the Model "A" as his idea of the perfect machine.

## WILLIAM ROBERT DRURY

Fitchburg, Massachusetts

During his four years on the Severn, this son of the rocky countryside of Massachusetts had one big problem—getting up at reveille. Once his wives had finally managed to turn him out, things proved to be no problem, as he did well in everything he undertook. Academics proved to be no hurdle for Bill, and he always had plenty of time for dragging, writing letters, and building models, which were among his favorite pastimes. However, he was also a mainstay on his company sports teams and could always be found on one of those fields of friendly strife. Another one of the many who desire Navy wings, Bill should go far with his pleasing nature and ability to do things well.





## United States Naval Academy

### GARY STAMLER FLORA

Carlisle, Kentucky

From the ranks of the Delta Tau Deltas at the University of Kentucky where he spent two years, Gary found his way to Crabtown, where he proceeded to be one of the blessed few who never worried about the books. When he wasn't thinking of ways to foil the academic departments, he spent quite a bit of his time as manager of the soccer team, and working on the **Trident** staff. He always expressed a preference for brunettes but professed to being one of the truest Red Mikes in captivity. One of the boys who gets seasick even when the ship is moored, Gary hopes to go Marine Corps upon graduation. We feel that he'll be one of the best.

### RONALD SHELDON FRIEDMAN

Brooklyn, New York

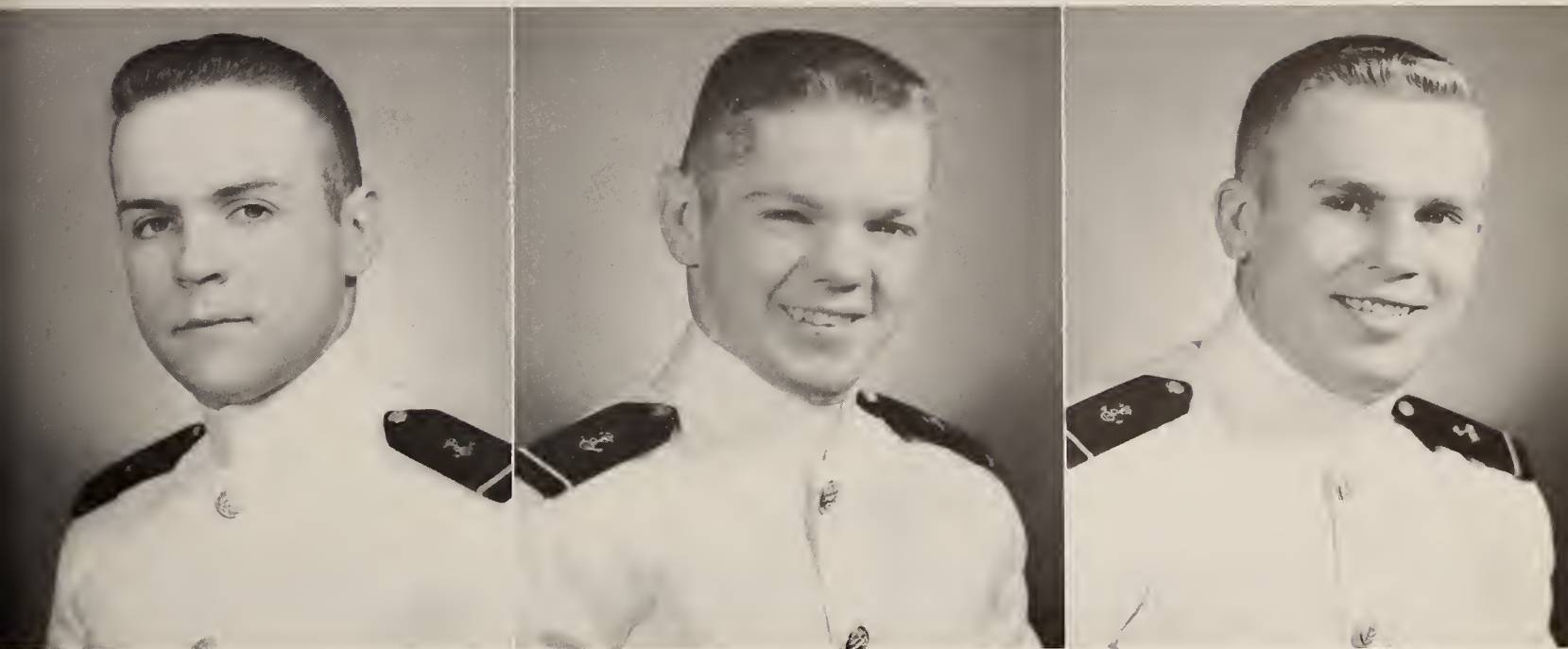
Ron was one of the boys who came to us from the miniature trade school at NAPS after two years as an airman in the Navy. He was always active on his battalion and company sports teams but his real love was his extracurricular work in debating and foreign affairs—he maintains that his prime ambition in life is to become a politician after he retires from the service. Ron could always be found at one of his jobs with the fiction staff of the **Trident**, **Reef Points**, or the Foreign Relations Club. A real bull cut, he was one of the happiest when Plebe drawing finally went by the boards. Always to be remembered as one who gave a lot to everything he did, Ron hopes to one day be a general in the Marine Corps.

### ROBERT HAROLD FULLER

McComb, Mississippi

Although he loudly proclaims to be a Rebel at heart, Bob came to Navy from high school in the heart of Yankeeland. He always maintained that this was perfectly natural as he is a Navy Junior with many varied travels to his credit. Bob is one who will have many pleasant memories of his midshipmen liberties, as he always managed to enjoy them to the utmost, especially those fabulous four days in Madrid. Although he says that one of his favorite pastimes is smoking cigars, he always managed to find time to spend many hours in the boxing rings in MacDonough Hall, where he was both a battalion and Brigade boxer. With his great love for a good time, women in general, and a strong desire to have a successful Navy career, we feel sure that Bob will go far in the service. He hopes to go into Navy line upon graduation and then into the Silent Service.





**ALFRED FRANCIS GAHEEN, JR.**

West Springfield, Massachusetts

Here was a boy who claims that the first week of Plebe summer confused him so much that he's still mixed-up. However, he never let it bother him too much, although the books gave him quite a bit of trouble; he was in favor of lowering the requirements for the Supe's list to 2.51. Al could always be counted upon to do his best on the battalion and company sports teams, upon one of which he could be continually found. He claims that he has quite a reputation with the fairer sex but his prowess in bridge and pool brought him a greater measure of fame. Al should go a long way in the service with his amiable personality and never-say-die spirit. After retirement he even hopes to be president of General Motors.

**ROBERT ANTHONY GREEN**

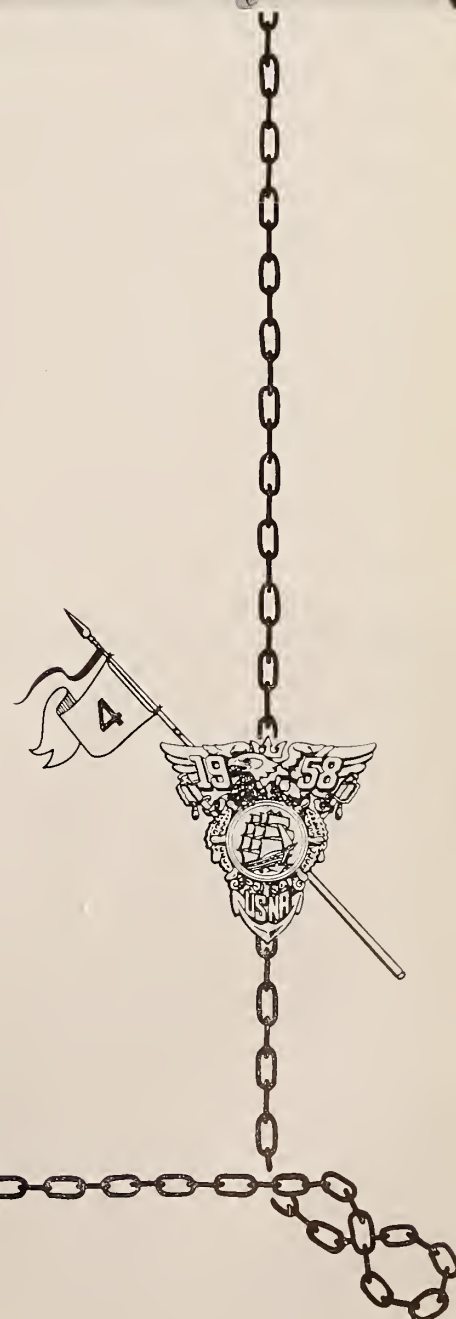
Hilo, Hawaii

Here was a lad who said aloha to the land of Diamondhead and Waikiki to come to our esteemed trade school. Bob was quick to accept his new way of life and before long found himself right in the middle of things. His main claim to fame was three years of Varsity wrestling where he held down one of the regular spots without too much trouble. During the time when he wasn't struggling to lose weight, you might find him playing volleyball for his company, listening to some of his favorite music or following his favorite hobby of dragging. Bob will be remembered by those who know him both as a great competitor and the best kind of friend.

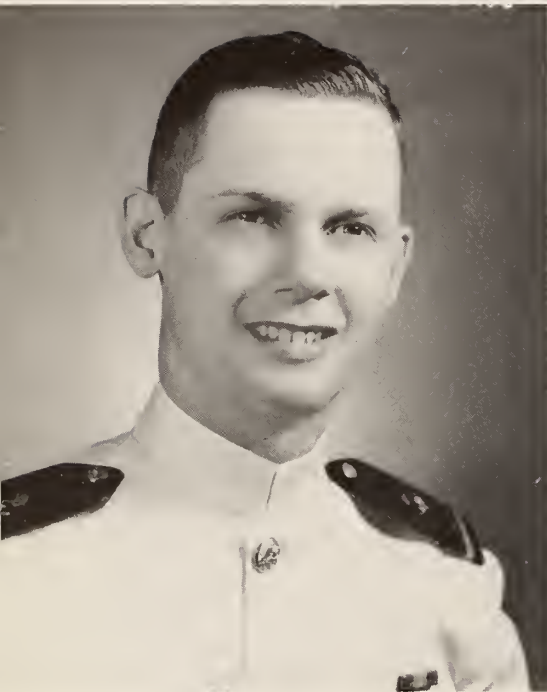
**ALFRED THOMAS GRZYBICKI**

Duryea, Pennsylvania

From out of the hinterlands of Pennsylvania came the "Marshal of Warsaw Square," destined to establish quite a reputation for himself as both a man with a quick and ready wit and one who had an extreme affinity for those hours in the pad. He never managed to enjoy himself in skinny class but his prowess in Bull soon earned him the title of "Poet Laureate of Poland," a great honor bestowed on few. When he was not wrestling with the beloved Blue Dragon, he could usually be seen on the football or soccer fields or taking in a flick. "Gizy" hopes to fly upon graduation, and with his many friends and attributes, we know that he'll go a long way.



*United States Naval Academy*



**HOLLIS LEE HOLTHAUS**

Hastings, Nebraska

Holly found his way to Annapolis fresh from high school in the flat lands of Nebraska. He never worried much about the books but did claim that any department employing numbers was scheming his downfall. His musical abilities enabled him to spend many an hour with the Drum & Bugle Corps and the Concert Band, while he confined his athletic aspirations to various battalion and company sports. He claims fame as the only man who reported "all turned out" every morning for four years. Holly likes the sound of Navy line upon graduation and will undoubtedly realize his wish to see the world. We wish him the smoothest of sailing.

**BARRY JACK HOWARD**

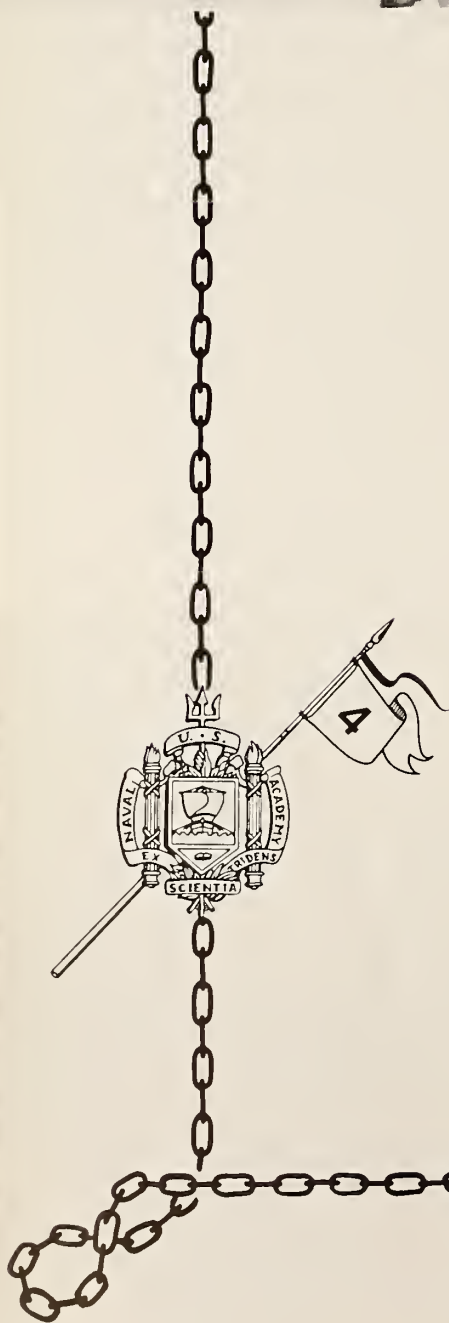
Muncie, Indiana

After graduation from high school, Barry decided to give the Navy a chance and wended his way to the shores of the Severn. He immediately took to the Academy like a duck to water and soon learned how to get the maximum enjoyment out of any situation. His tall lanky frame found a spot in one of the 150-pound shells for four years, with company volleyball taking up the off season afternoons. He says he prefers red-heads but is known to have left many a broken heart behind him. Between his escapades with the Executive Department and his ability to have and keep many friends throughout the Brigade, Barry will leave the Naval Academy many stories richer.

**RICHARD EDWARD KEEFE**

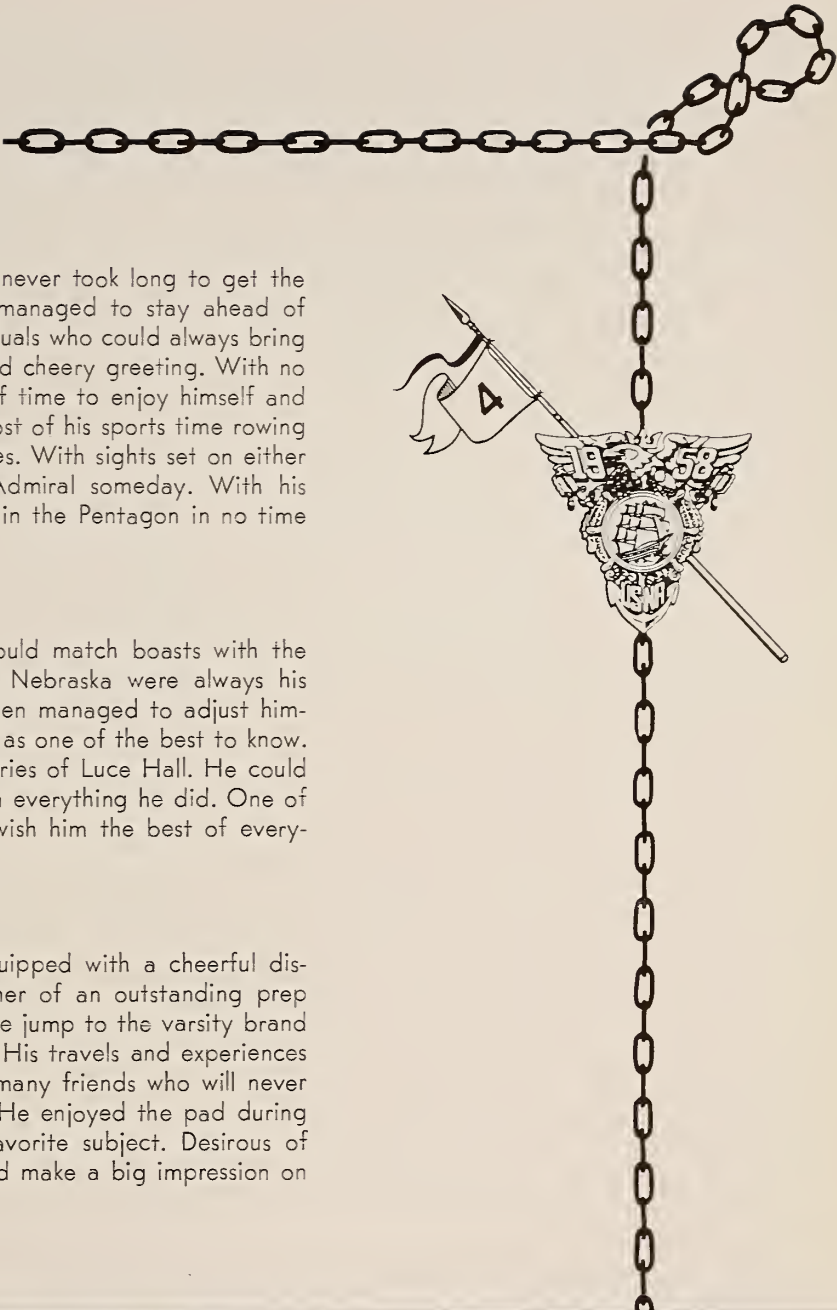
Millington, New Jersey

Dick set right to work upon arriving at Crabtown to further the good academic record he had started in high school. The books were always a breeze for him, as he managed to keep those stars. This gave him a lot of time to spend with his first love, athletics, and he spent many a happy hour on the lacrosse and football fields. He specialized in always having a good time, whether inside or outside the walls. With his friendly nature and great ability, here is a man who should be an asset to whatever branch of service he chooses. Upon graduation, his main interests are flying, fishing, and retirement.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## CLINTON WARNER KREITNER

Sardinia, New York

Although we had never heard of Sardinia before, it never took long to get the word from Clint. A confirmed country boy who always managed to stay ahead of most of the "city slickers," he was one of those rare individuals who could always bring sunshine into the darkest gloom with his perennial smile and cheery greeting. With no trouble staying on the Supe's List, he always had plenty of time to enjoy himself and to lead some spirited bull sessions on politics. He spent most of his sports time rowing for his battalion crew, looking up at many of his teammates. With sights set on either Navy air or the Silent Service, Clint hopes to be an Admiral someday. With his spirit and ability, we expect to see him running the show in the Pentagon in no time at all.

## GLEN DALE LERUM

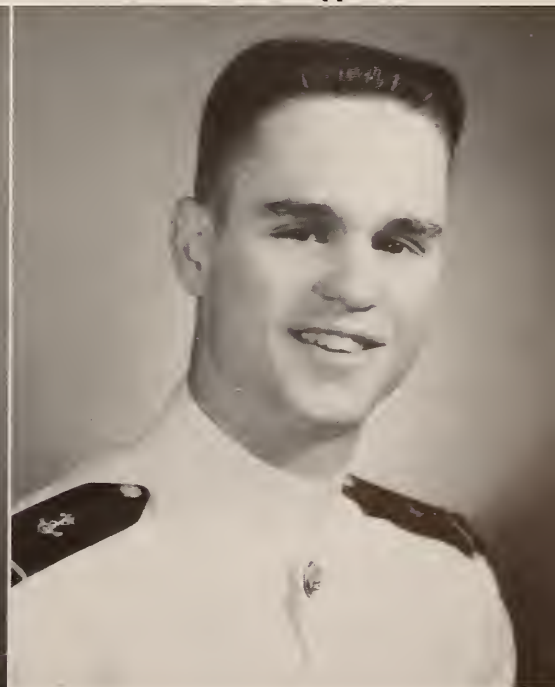
Plainview, Nebraska

Here was a traveling chamber of commerce who could match boasts with the most prolific of Texans and Californians. The glories of Nebraska were always his favorite subject, about which he would talk constantly. Glen managed to adjust himself to his new home, though, and soon established himself as one of the best to know. Ordnance always gave him fits, but he enjoyed the mysteries of Luce Hall. He could always be found on the intramural fields, giving his best in everything he did. One of the many aspiring for Navy wings after graduation, we wish him the best of everything always.

## JOSEPH NELSON LONGTON

Clayton, New York

From Severn School came this likeable little guy equipped with a cheerful disposition and a great ability to wrestle. Already the owner of an outstanding prep school and plebe record as a grappler, Joe easily made the jump to the varsity brand and was one of Navy's consistent winners for three years. His travels and experiences as a Navy Junior endowed him with a knack for making many friends who will never forget him as short in stature but tall in everything else. He enjoyed the pad during off hours and amazed us all by claiming skinny as his favorite subject. Desirous of wending his way to Pensacola after graduation, Joe should make a big impression on whatever he ultimately does.





# United States Naval Academy

## MAX DAVID MARBAIN

Festus, Missouri

From the ranks of the ROTC at the University of Missouri, Max came to cast his lot with the rest of us. He came with an unquenchable spirit and love for good times and claimed that he was his own gift to women. While at Navy, he spent most of his afternoons bending a potent oar for our lightweight crew, at which he always distinguished himself. He claimed to hate all academics; we know he tried hard to break all endurance records for time in the rack. Max hopes to claim a commission in the Marine Corps and we know that with his spirit and friendliness, he'll have no trouble with anything.

## JOHN WILLIAM MASON

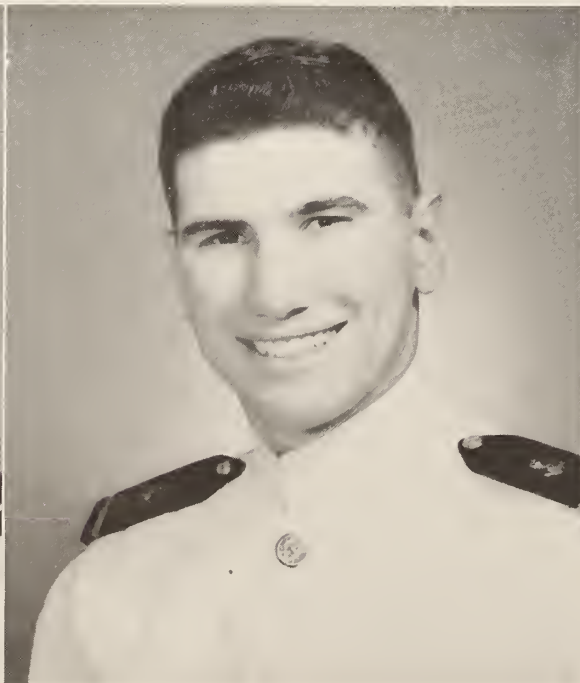
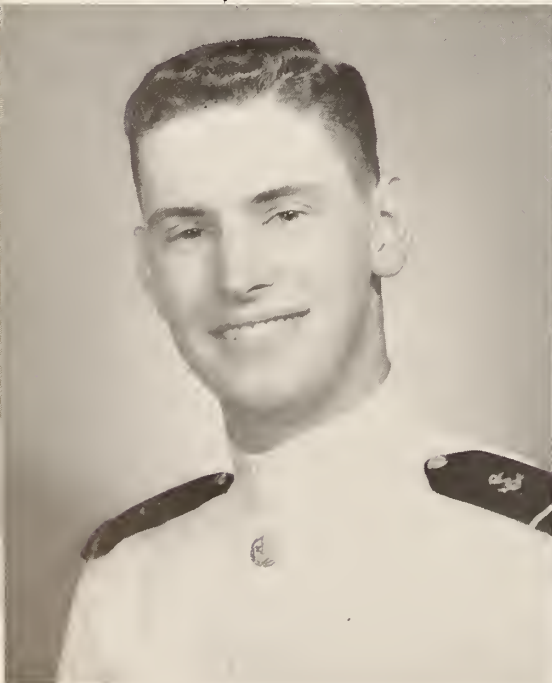
Industry, New York

Another of the many New Yorkers to establish residence within our gray walls, Jack was always a boy who enjoyed living to the utmost. He was never one to let things bother him and he seemed to do everything well. You could always find him on those long fall afternoons over on windy Hospital Point or Upper Lawrence Field playing soccer or on any weekend taking in a good movie. Academics were never hard for Jack, giving him a lot of time for extracurricular activities, to which he devoted many hours, whether it was the Russian Club or the Honor Committee. He hopes to fly after graduation, and eventually to work in guided missiles. We wish him the very best of everything.

## KENNETH GERALD McCLURE

Coffeyville, Kansas

This native son of the Sunflower State always claimed that he was meant for Navy Tech because of the confusion rendered by moving around quite a lot in his earlier career. At any rate, Gary always seemed to make the most of things, be it athletics, where he performed regularly for the Mighty Mites and several of his company teams, or the Drum & Bugle Corps, which benefited greatly from his services. He always had a good time and will never forget those wonderful hours in Paris. We won't soon forget him either and we know he'll go far in his desired career up in the sky.





**JOSEPH GERALD McPADDEN**

Bellmore, New York

The third of three brothers to wend his way from tiny Bellmore to Navy, Joe always swore that this was the life; we were never quite sure whether he was serious or not because he seemed to be one of the most consistent customers at E. I. in skinny and steam. While the books gave him quite a battle, he was one of those fortunate few who could always smile and make things seem brighter for all those who knew him. Joe was one who perpetually had an O.A.O. but he had an uncanny knack of changing them frequently. A real company man in sports, you could often find him on those fields of friendly strife. Joe's got his heart set on a pair of Navy wings; in dedication and determination, the Fleet couldn't get a better man.

**DONALD JOHN MEYER**

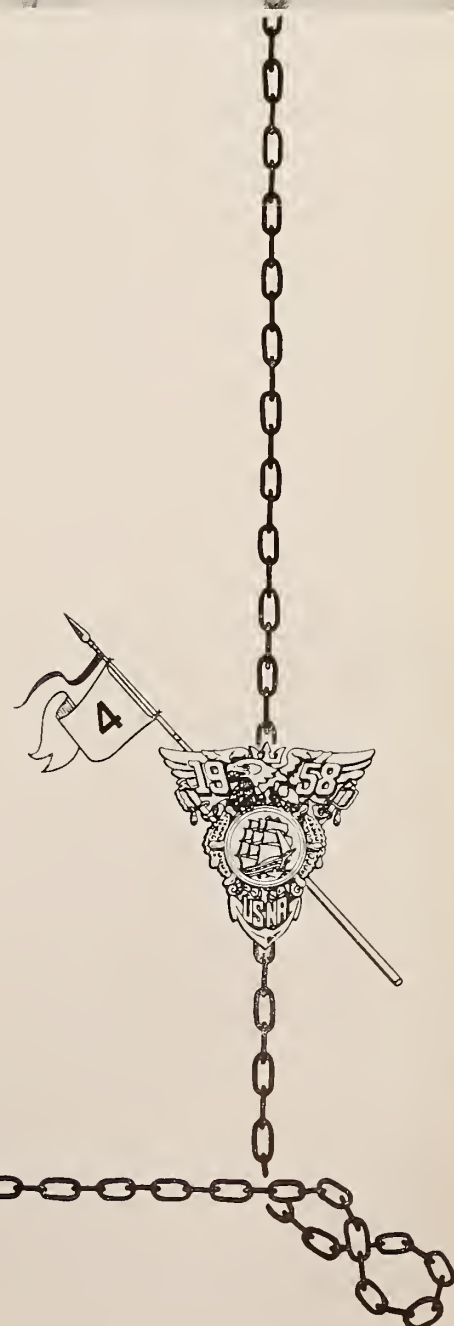
Annapolis, Maryland

Don was one of the few in the Brigade who could really call Annapolis home, joining us after high school here and a year at Severn Prep. Although he never had to sweat transportation home on leave, one of his favorite pastimes was seeing how far he could travel for free. He was always one of the fellows, a man who had many friends and was forever making new ones. Most of his time here was spent as production chairman of our Class Crest and Ring Committee or over at Hubbard Hall bending an oar. A man who loves speed in all its forms, Don wants someday to become a jet test pilot for the Navy, and we'll bet that he makes it with no trouble at all.

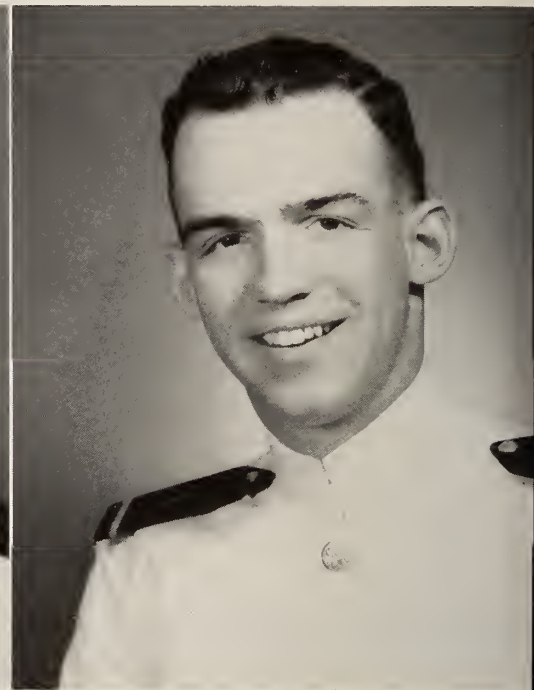
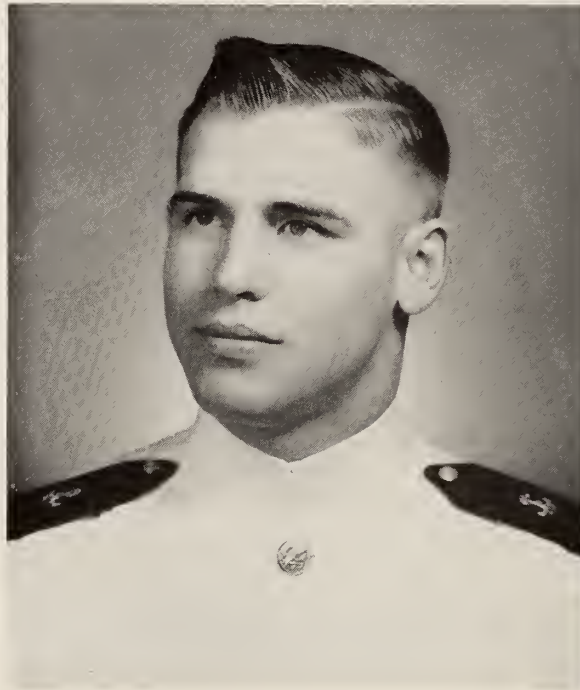
**THOMAS ERNEST MICHELS**

Vermillion, South Dakota

This transplanted product of the prairies came to try his luck at Navy via Sullivan Prep. Tom soon became famous to his classmates as the only man in the Brigade who could get more laughs from telling a joke wrong than anyone else could get from relating it perfectly. He kept himself busy by playing battalion football and handball, singing with the Catholic Choir and acting as an official company barber. He managed to stay comfortably ahead of the academic departments, being one of the few who actually liked math. If he can fly a plane like he could always keep us laughing, we have no doubts that he'll go far in his chosen career.



*United States Naval Academy*



**MILES EDWARD MIXSON**

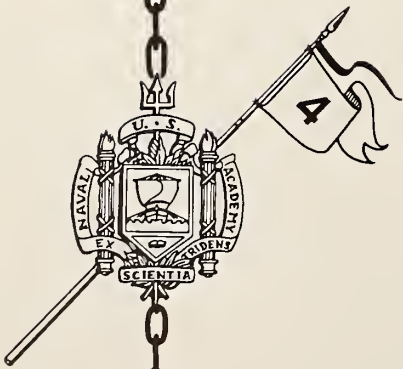
Williston, Florida

Leaving the swamps of Florida, Miles came to USNAY to fight the Civil War with those of us unlucky enough to be Yankees. A year at Bullis Prep helped him to get by the academics without too much strain, giving him a lot of time to try and figure out "those Northern women." He claimed to be a fighter as well as a lover and proved this by spending many afternoons in the boxing ring. A real country boy at heart, "Booga" could always be counted upon to start a discussion on anything from the price of hogs to the annual rainfall in Williston. He hopes to join the long green line at Quantico after graduation. With a lot of ability and spirit, we count on him to do a good job.

**MOSTON ROBERT MULHOLLAND, JR.**

Rutland, Vermont

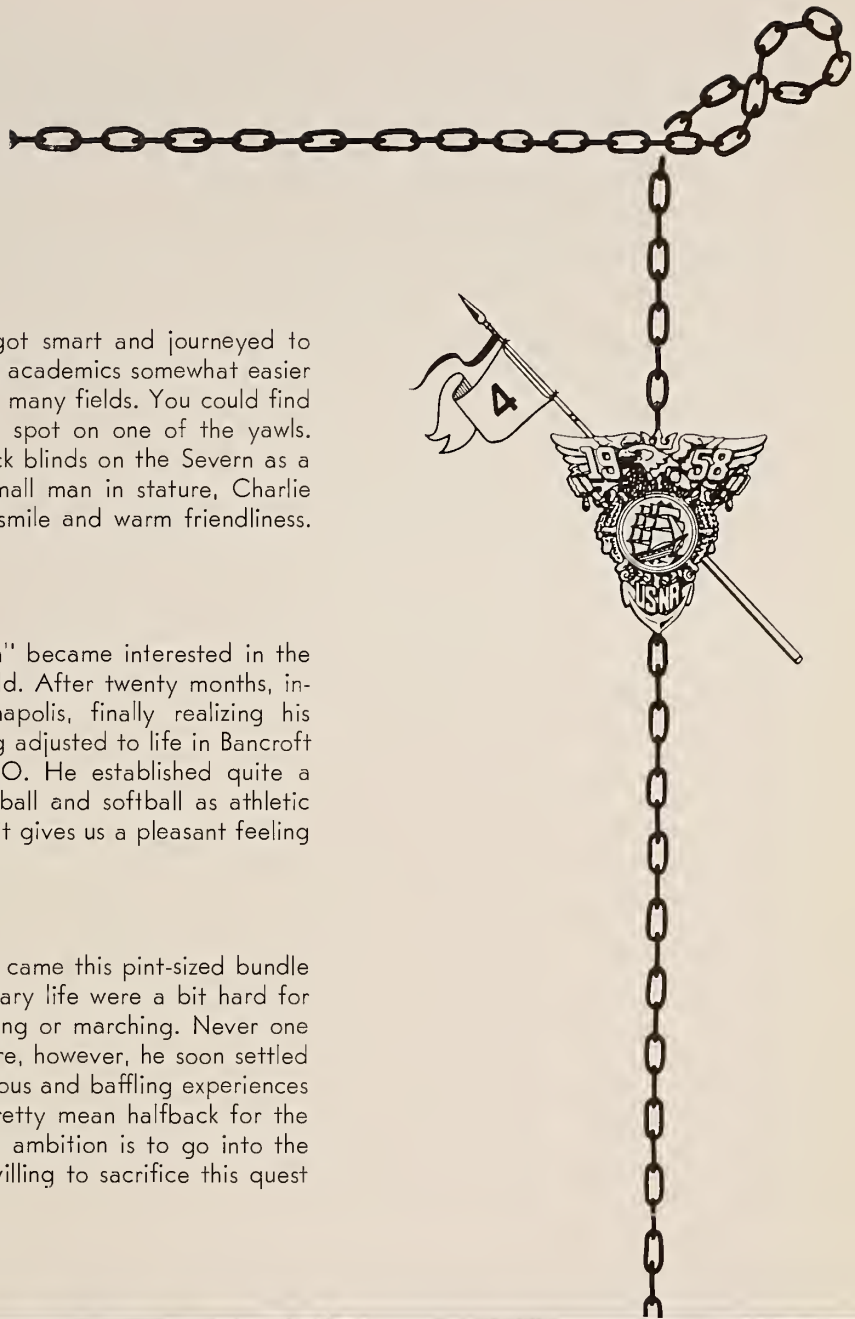
Bob came to the Brigade from the snow covered hills of Vermont where he spent the majority of his leave time on a pair of skis. He really claimed no great love for academics but always seemed to manage to stay on the Superintendent's list. He was a dependable member of the Varsity crew team for three years, earning his major N during youngster year. He was in the first boat during all three years. An avowed "Red Mike," Bob was seen to soften a little after visiting Jax on second class cruise. Another man who's up in the air, Bob should get his wings and then go on to a successful service career.



*United States Naval Academy*



# United States Naval Academy



## CHARLES THACHER PINKHAM

Northfield, Vermont

One of the few Army brats in our midst, Charlie got smart and journeyed to Crabtown. A year at the University of Vermont made the academics somewhat easier for him and he had plenty of time to spread his talents to many fields. You could find him anywhere from the Model Railroad Club room to a spot on one of the yawls. Most of his leisure time, however, was spent dodging duck blinds on the Severn as a coxswain for the Varsity lightweight crew. Although a small man in stature, Charlie made himself a big man to all his friends with a cheery smile and warm friendliness. We'll not forget him easily.

## JOHN MIRANDA PINTO, JR.

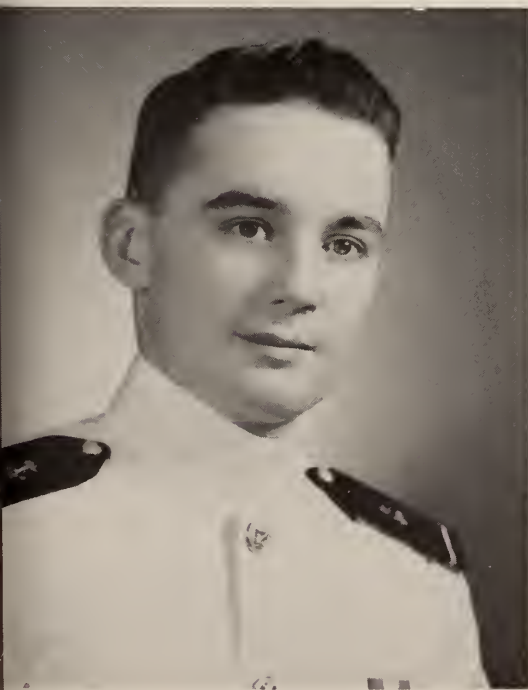
Plymouth, Massachusetts

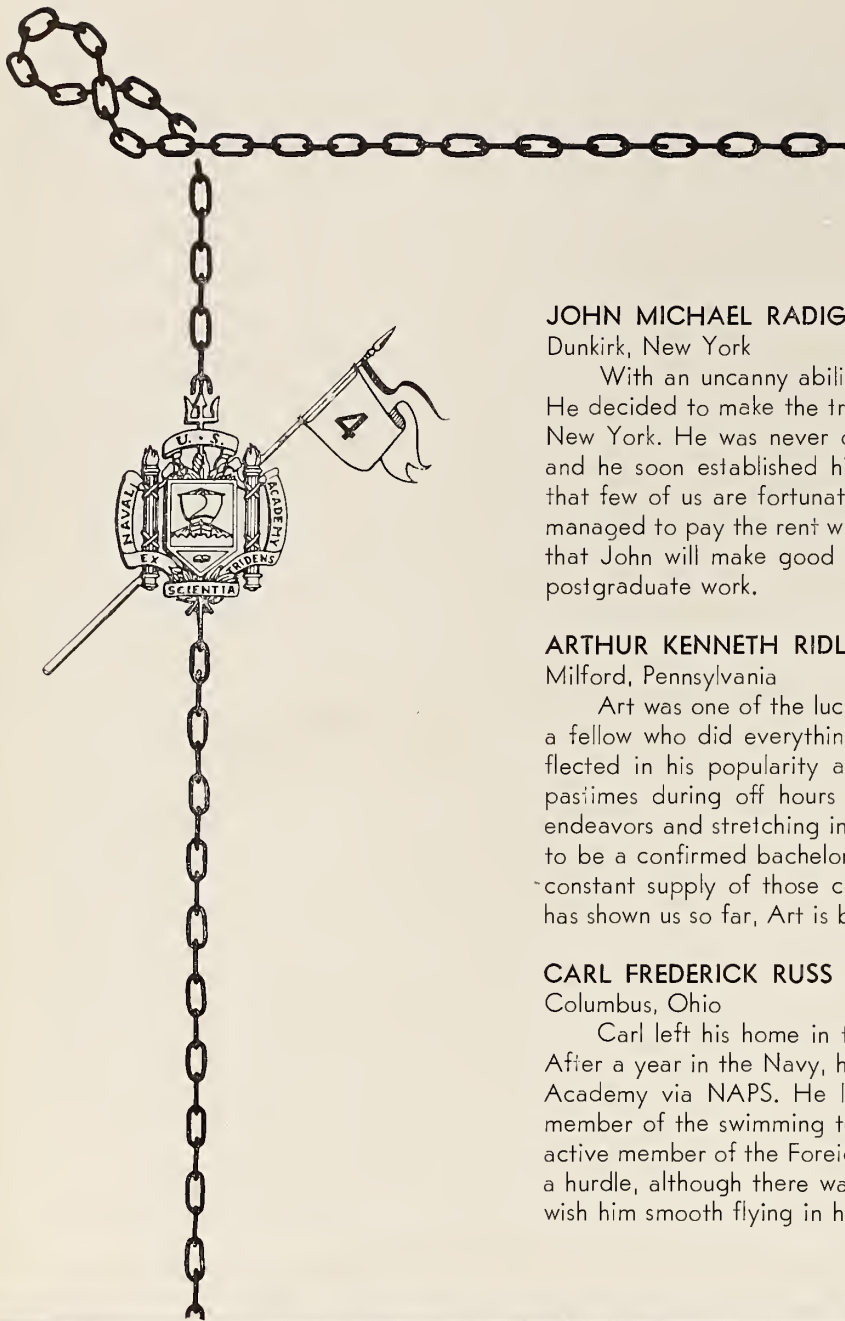
Son of a New England fishing captain, "Father John" became interested in the sea at any early age and joined the Navy to see the world. After twenty months, including a short stint at Bainbridge, he came to Annapolis, finally realizing his "ambition" on youngster cruise. He had no trouble getting adjusted to life in Bancroft Hall, worrying about no more than writing to the O.A.O. He established quite a reputation as a squash player of good ability, with handball and softball as athletic sidelights. John is another with sights set on Navy air and it gives us a pleasant feeling to know that we'll see him again.

## THOMAS MERRITT PRATT, III

Raytown, Missouri

From high school in the "Show-me-State" of Missouri came this pint-sized bundle of energy to our sacred shores. The restrictions of a military life were a bit hard for Tom to get used to and he was often seen either mustering or marching. Never one to let such insignificant items mar his perennial good nature, however, he soon settled down to enjoy himself. He maintained that his most humorous and baffling experiences came in hurdling the obstacle of French. He played a pretty mean halfback for the "Mighty Mites" on those long fall afternoons. Tom's main ambition is to go into the Marine Corps and grow six more inches; however, he is willing to sacrifice this quest if he can keep his hair.





## United States Naval Academy

### JOHN MICHAEL RADIGAN

Dunkirk, New York

With an uncanny ability for anything mathematical, John was the envy of us all. He decided to make the trip to USNAY after graduation from high school in upstate New York. He was never one to confine his abilities to such narrow fields, however, and he soon established himself as quite a lover, having a way with the fairer sex that few of us are fortunate enough to possess. Dago was his downfall but he always managed to pay the rent with room to spare. With his ability and personality, we know that John will make good his ambition to obtain the golden wings of Navy air and postgraduate work.

### ARTHUR KENNETH RIDLEY

Milford, Pennsylvania

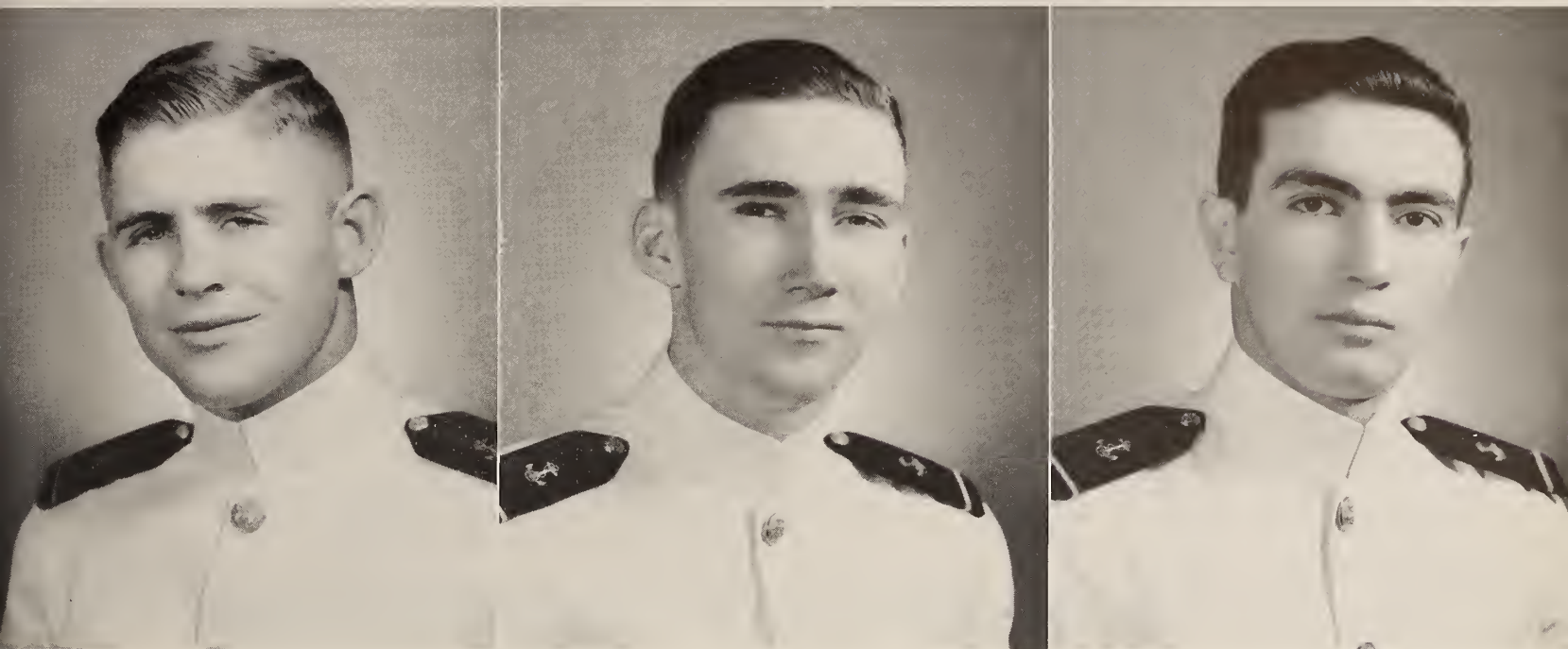
Art was one of the lucky ones who seemed to have had the golden touch. He was a fellow who did everything well. His success in making a go of military life was reflected in his popularity and his constantly high standing in aptitude. His favorite pastimes during off hours confined themselves to entertaining his wives with vocal endeavors and stretching in a prone position on the beloved blue dragon. He claimed to be a confirmed bachelor but managed to keep a few femmes on the string with a constant supply of those collar anchors from the Midshipmen's Store. With what he has shown us so far, Art is bound to make his desired career in Navy air a big success.

### CARL FREDERICK RUSS

Columbus, Ohio

Carl left his home in the Buckeye State to see the world with the boys in blue. After a year in the Navy, he decided that service life was fine and entered the Naval Academy via NAPS. He liked water so much that he soon became a dependable member of the swimming team, holding down a spot for three years. He was also an active member of the Foreign Relations Club. Academics never proved too formidable a hurdle, although there was some difficulty getting used to those steam quizzes. We wish him smooth flying in his career.





**WILLIAM BERNARD SMITH**

Baxley, Georgia

From a farm in southern Georgia via a year at Georgia Tech, this soft-spoken gent joined forces with the "pampered pets of Uncle Sam." Smitty was always a rarity to most of those who knew him, a man with high ideals and an unusual affinity of making friends in his quiet way. His first love was sports in all its shapes and forms and despite their hated nickname, he was a rabid Yankee fan. Sports were always one subject upon which he could be drawn at length. These interests carried over onto the intramural field with great benefit to his company. His one soft spot was the deep South, of which a stouter champion never existed. Smitty is interested in flying for the Marine Corps; we know he'll do well and we'll count on seeing him again.

**ROBERT LEAVY TOPPING**

Mars, Pennsylvania

Bob cast his lot with the Brigade after his high school days in the Smoky City. A real believer in keeping in shape, his barbells and exercises won fame throughout the company. He put his muscles to good advantage for two years in one of Navy's shells; many were the hours spent in walking to and from Hubbard Hall. Bob had no trouble here with either life in general or the books, even though Russian kept him busy. Sincerity and determination were his fortes; they should provide him with the key to a successful future.

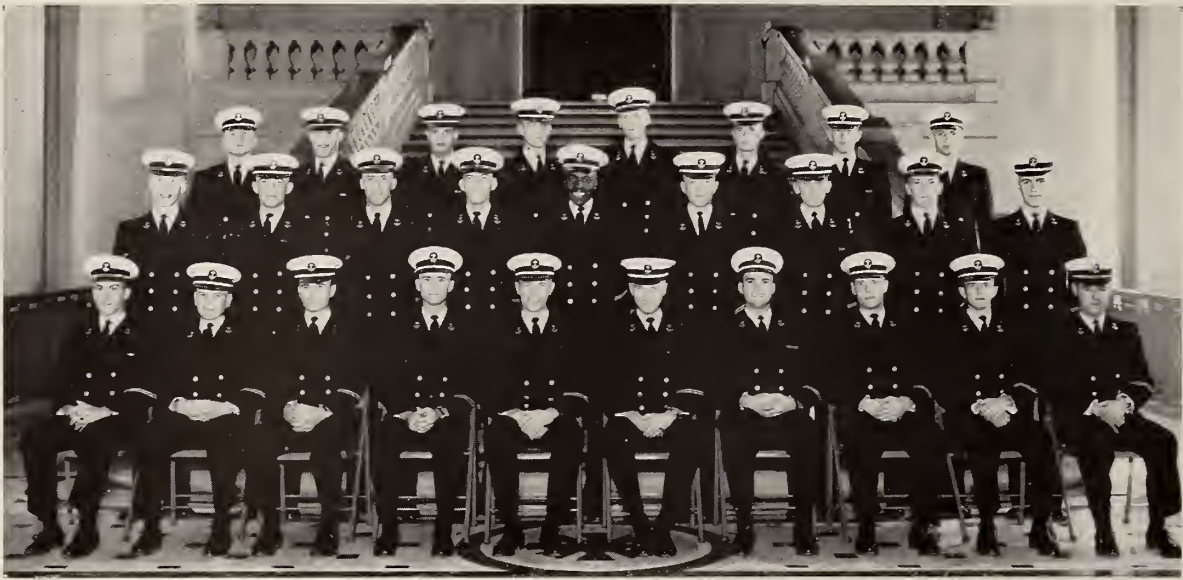
**GUILLERMO ZARIQUIEY**

Lima, Peru

Zeke made the long trip north from his native Peru to seek a commission in his country's Navy. Bringing with him the manner of a true Latin lover, he had no trouble fitting into his new surroundings; in fact, he soon left many of us far behind him. The Varsity soccer team benefited greatly from his natural ability to kick that ball with devastating effect. Reading and playing solitaire were his favorite pastimes during off hours; he quickly learned to spend the minimum of time with the books. Zeke looks forward to returning to Peru; we'll hate to see him go but with all his attributes, we know we'll hear of him soon.



*United States Naval Academy*



*Left to right: First row—Estes, Thresher, Hager, Morgan, Regan, Karpick, Blount, Milner, Wirth, Funderburk. Second row—Minard, Kincannon, Kelly, Dowart, Bruce, Humes, Pettit, Lazarchick, Nelson. Third row—Brancato, Iler, Allen, Franck, Snyder, Manton, Davis, Vasey.*



*Left to right: First row—Maiolo, Young, Scarborough, Hammond, Stumbo, Fenn, Sarri, Blair, Bee, Hunt. Second row—Dunne, Henry, McDonough, Fannemel, Boyer, Griffin, Munger, Good, Nosal. Third row—Lewis, Grossman, Carlson, Byrne, Lammers, Ramsey, Dunn, Ryan. Fourth row—Morales, Flesher, Peasley.*



*Left to right: First row—Roman, Melendy, Dean, Brousseau, Lewis, Selichter, Swisher, Gardner, Carlson, Morgan. Second row—Sherer, Morrison, Bennett, Simms, Bledsoe, Zittel, Mays, McFadden, West. Third row—Patterson, Preston, Arnold, Hay, Deegan, Marquart, Kagel, Departee. Fourth row—Overfield, Corso, Fordney, Blann, Edson.*



Cdr. C.B. Shaw, USN  
*Battalion Officer*

The Second Battalion . . . residents of the Third Wing . . . never got the word . . . always strong in battalion sports . . . three fall Brigade championships . . . not so rough on the Plebes . . . always rough on the front office . . . famous for characters . . . had a six striper . . . led this year by Commander Shaw . . . liked to have battles with the Third Battalion . . . never sweated the colors . . . big E.D. squads . . . friends all over the Brigade . . . will have many good memories.

## *Fall Set*



*Fall Set. Left to right—*Binford, Kuhneman, Akers, Jacobs, Caswell, Sorensen.

## *Winter Set*



*Winter Set. Left to right—*Thomas, Hanley, Swope, Warren, Flood, Shriver.

# *Second Battalion*



Lt. J.G. Alvis, USN  
Company Officer

We came, we saw, and we laughed . . . we haven't stopped laughing yet . . . such a four years . . . such memories, friends, and good times . . . Plebe year with the "Madmen" of '55 . . . how else could we have done things? . . . such characters . . . Broph and Aubrey always arguing about who was the shortest . . . the Golden Greek and Jones making the mad dash out to town . . . Malc, his opinions and memories of the old days . . . Chunk and his diet . . . Carlos and his taxi-cab ears . . . Goldie and his millions . . . Veasey and his profound thoughts . . . Musgrove and his deals . . . Bennie, his midnight swim and golden arm . . . Vick and his nose . . . Marty and his dimples . . . T.Rog and his pipe and philosophy . . . Walt and his shining dome . . . Leakie and his Virginia banner . . . Giff and his yearbook . . . Herman and his five o'clock shadow . . . Browne and

## *Fifth Company*

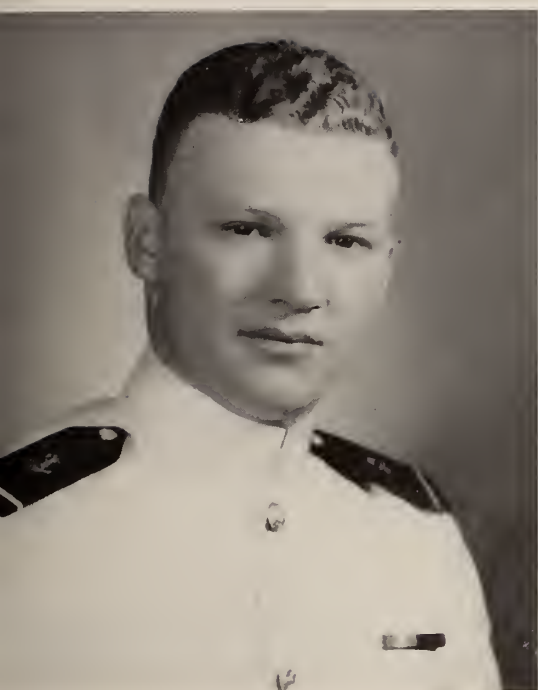


*Fall Set.* Left to right—Ryan, Garland, Reeves, Wolff, Montoya, Giambattista.



*Winter Set.* Left to right—Wilson, Carl, Vick, Ryan, Hocker, Gifford.

his brains—"What? Only a 3.8?" . . . Hocker and his daily three ring circus . . . Max and his ancient tales of Navy lore . . . Dick and his many drags . . . Moon and his innocent expression . . . Freddy and "White Christmas" . . . Tuffy and those long rides back from Boston . . . Lewie and his laugh . . . Reb and his battles with the front office . . . "Wolff Aye" . . . Stubbs and Nebraska . . . Dorf and his "Field and Stream" . . . Tommy, Dick, and Texas . . . Teep and his "behind the plow" gait . . . Smiles and his friend Shuff . . . Cleve and Dallas . . . Rasavage and his weekends . . . Jackson being such a nice guy . . . Bernie and his gray hair . . . "Rodeo" and his girl friends . . . Wilson and his close order drills . . . and last, but certainly not least, "Moby" himself . . . Never high for the colors, but always high for the good time . . . good friends, good men all . . . we'll never forget Mother Bancroft and we know that she'll have a hard time forgetting us.



**MAX NEIL AKERS**

Ardmore, Oklahoma

One of the old salts among us, Max came to Navy after twenty-two months in the Seabees and a life of wine, women, and song. Here was a Navy man to the core; his ability to enjoy those cruise liberties to the utmost was known far and wide. Reputed to know every good liberty port from Argentina to Virginia Beach, Max could tell many a tall tale about his exploits. Serious within the confines of Mother Bancroft, he settled down to get a star average consistently as well as devote quite a few hours to this yearbook. Max never lost his love for the Seabees; he wants to go back to the C.E.C. sometime after graduation. This is the kind of fellow the Navy thrives on.

**RICHARD LEE BINFORD**

Gunnison, Colorado

Dick, one of our most prolific Don Juans, maintained that the best way to spend a Saturday afternoon was to attend a Carvel Hall tea fight. His regard for the distaff side was great and he amazed us all with his many OAO's. Between weekends, Dick was usually busy singing bass for the Chapel Choir, playing company sports, or trying to stay sat in bull. His quiet ability earned much respect and admiration from those who worked with him. A professed future jet jockey, Dick plans to make his home in the wild blue yonder for awhile and then settle down in Colorado Rockies for some hunting and fishing.

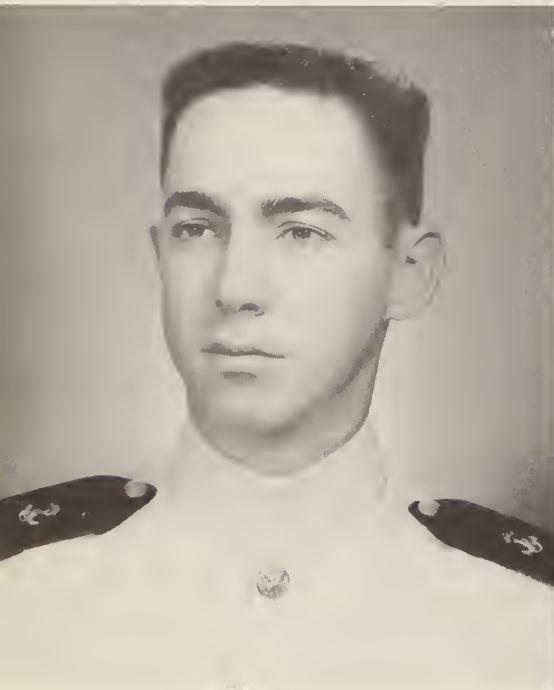
**JOHN EDWARD BROPHY**

Redwood City, California

When Jack arrived from the Golden Coast, he was extremely disappointed with the climate of Maryland—a fact which he reiterated and reiterated and reiterated. Affectionately known as the "Stump" he brought with him a love for sports in all forms; he was frustrated in football due to his diminutive stature but spread his talents to new fields and soon became the wielder of a potent lacrosse stick. A cocky little guy, Jack exuded a warmth that was felt by all. His pleasant smile and easy going nature won him many friends here at Navy and should continue to do so in the future.



*United States Naval Academy*



**EDWARD RAYMOND BROWNE**

San Diego, California

Here was one of those fantastic fellows who seemed to have more answers than the slide rule. Ed's ability with the books was known far and wide and his room was always filled with seekers of the "gouge." Standing in the top ten in the class, he always had plenty of leisure time and spent most of it utilizing another talent for beating a wicked snare drum for both the "Hellcats" and the Concert Band. Ed had one passion in life—that of joining the Marines after graduation to follow in his father's footsteps. With his ability, we expect him to be Commandant in record time.

**RICHARD CARL**

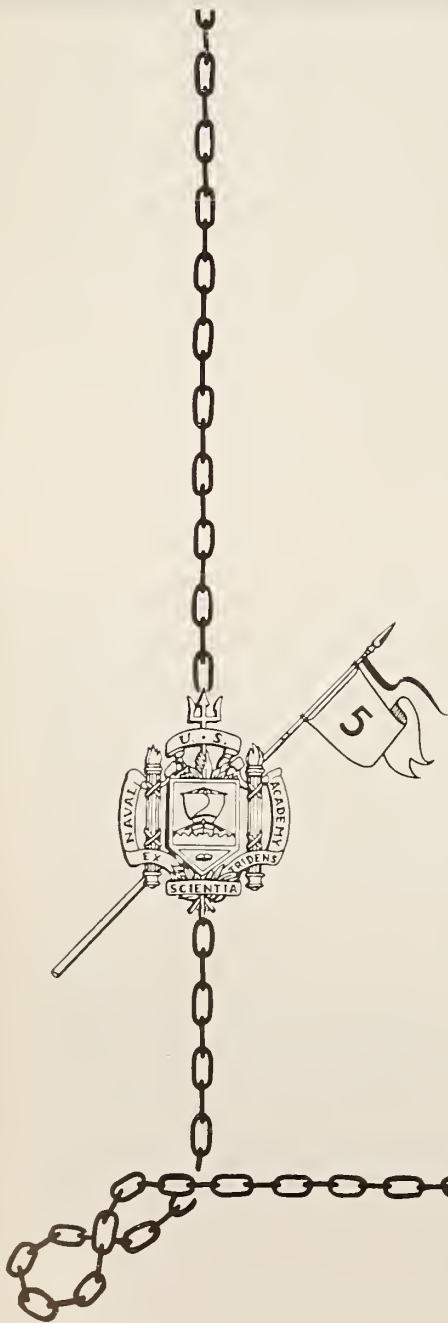
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania

He with the big ears and wide smile joined the Brigade straight from high school in the coal mining country. Dick soon became famous for his sense of humor and ability to laugh at any and all obstacles to his easy-going way of life. An athlete as well, he played Plebe football and baseball and then caught for the Varsity "horse-hiders" in his upper class years. A true lover of wine, women, and song, he'll have many fond memories of countless fabulous liberties. Dick has the ambition and the ability to do well in future years and we wish him luck in any endeavor.

**AUBREY WEAVER CARSON**

Coronado, California

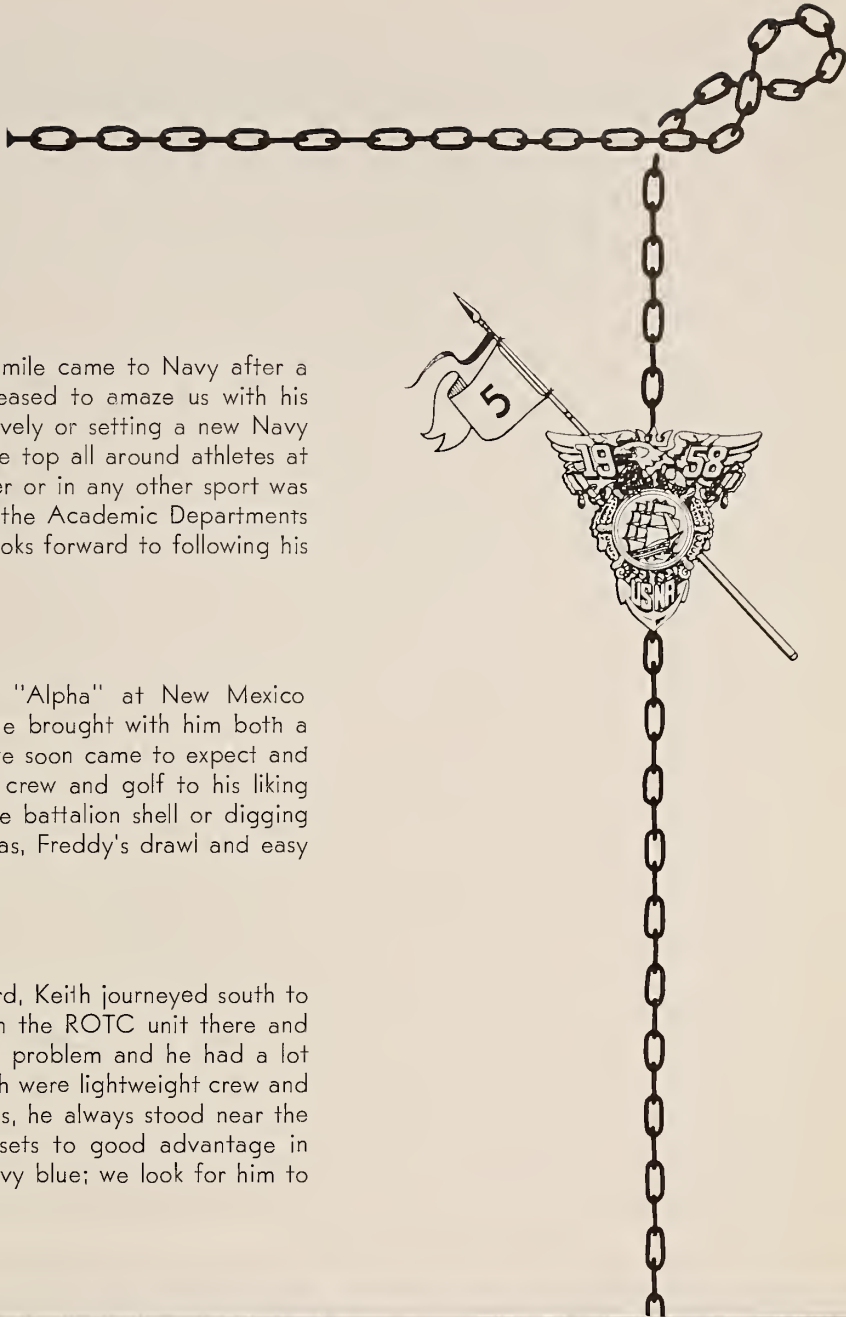
Being the son of an admiral, "Mickey" naturally chose the Naval Academy; he came from many places but called the golden shores of California his home. He was famous for being the sandblower's sandblower, but he never let a little thing like that stand in his way. "Mick" had his trouble with the books but with a lot of hard work and crossed fingers he managed to pay the rent. Lacrosse was his main activity between extra instruction periods; he played on both the Varsity and Plebe teams. With a big smile and cheery disposition, "Mick" made many friends at Navy who will never forget him. We look forward to seeing him in the future wearing the golden wings of Navy air.



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# United States Naval Academy



## MICHAEL WREFORD CHAPPLE

Billings, Montana

This fellow with the sleepy disposition and cheerful smile came to Navy after a life of seeing the world as a Navy junior. Mike never ceased to amaze us with his many hidden talents, whether it was charming a young lovely or setting a new Navy record over in the Natatorium. He qualified as one of the top all around athletes at Navy and his prowess as a boxer, swimmer, lacrosse player or in any other sport was known throughout the Brigade. He had a few bouts with the Academic Departments but he was never one to worry about little things. Mike looks forward to following his illustrious father's footsteps into the Silent Service.

## FREDDY WAYLAND COE

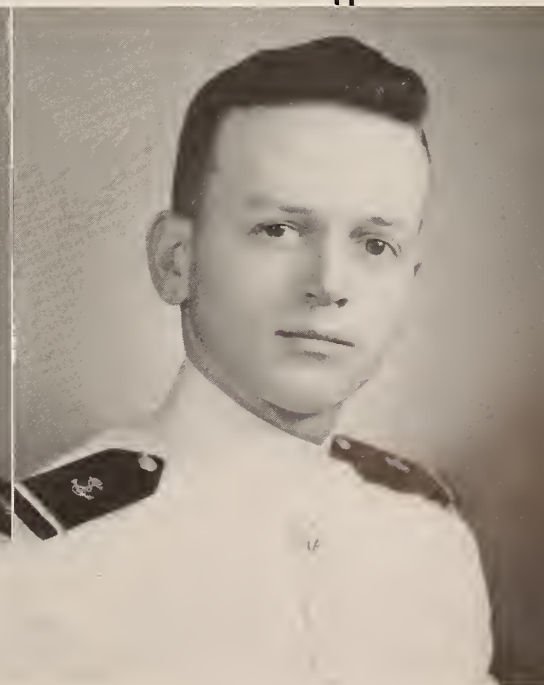
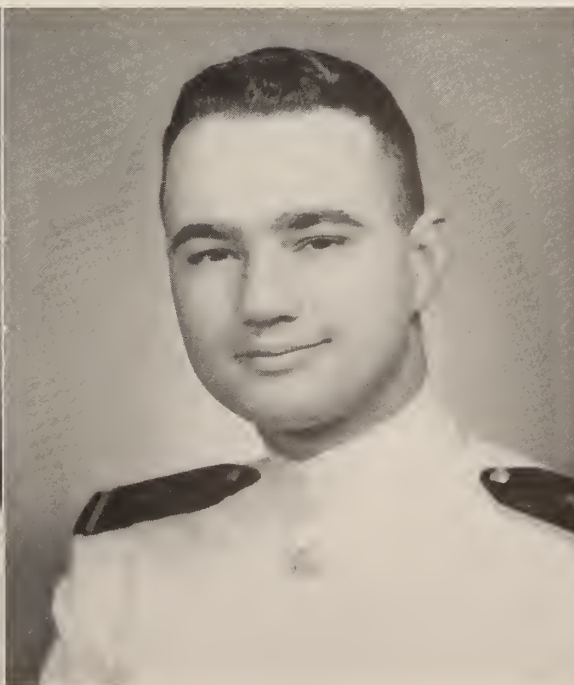
Wink, Texas

From out of the deep Southwest and Plebe year "Alpha" at New Mexico Military came Freddy, seeking new worlds to conquer. He brought with him both a love for the military way and a natural pessimism which we soon came to expect and look forward to every time we saw him. He found both crew and golf to his liking and spent much of his time either bending an oar for the battalion shell or digging craters over on the North Severn links. A true son of Texas, Freddy's drawl and easy going ways will not soon be forgotten.

## KEITH PIERSON GARLAND

Needham, Massachusetts

From two years of Ivy League life at dear old Harvard, Keith journeyed south to take up residence on the Severn. He liked what he saw in the ROTC unit there and decided that it paid to go regular. Studies were never a problem and he had a lot of time to participate in many activities, chief among which were lightweight crew and the German Club. Showing outstanding leadership abilities, he always stood near the top in the organization of things and used his many assets to good advantage in whatever he attempted. Keith could only be happy in Navy blue; we look for him to be CNO someday.





# United States Naval Academy

## THOM BEDDOME GIAMBATTISTA

Falls Church, Virginia

Coming from a true Navy family, Tom followed his father and brother to USNAY. One of the original "good time Charlies," "Jones" never worried about anything and enjoyed life to the utmost, although the books pulled him out of the pad a few times. An athlete as well as a lover, he played Plebe football and lacrosse and then went on to chasing butterflies around the Varsity field. "Jones'" big smile and abundant cheer will be missed at Navy, but we hear tell that there's another brother coming along. Tom hopes to fly and we wish him the best of landings always.

## LAURENCE STANLEY GIFFORD

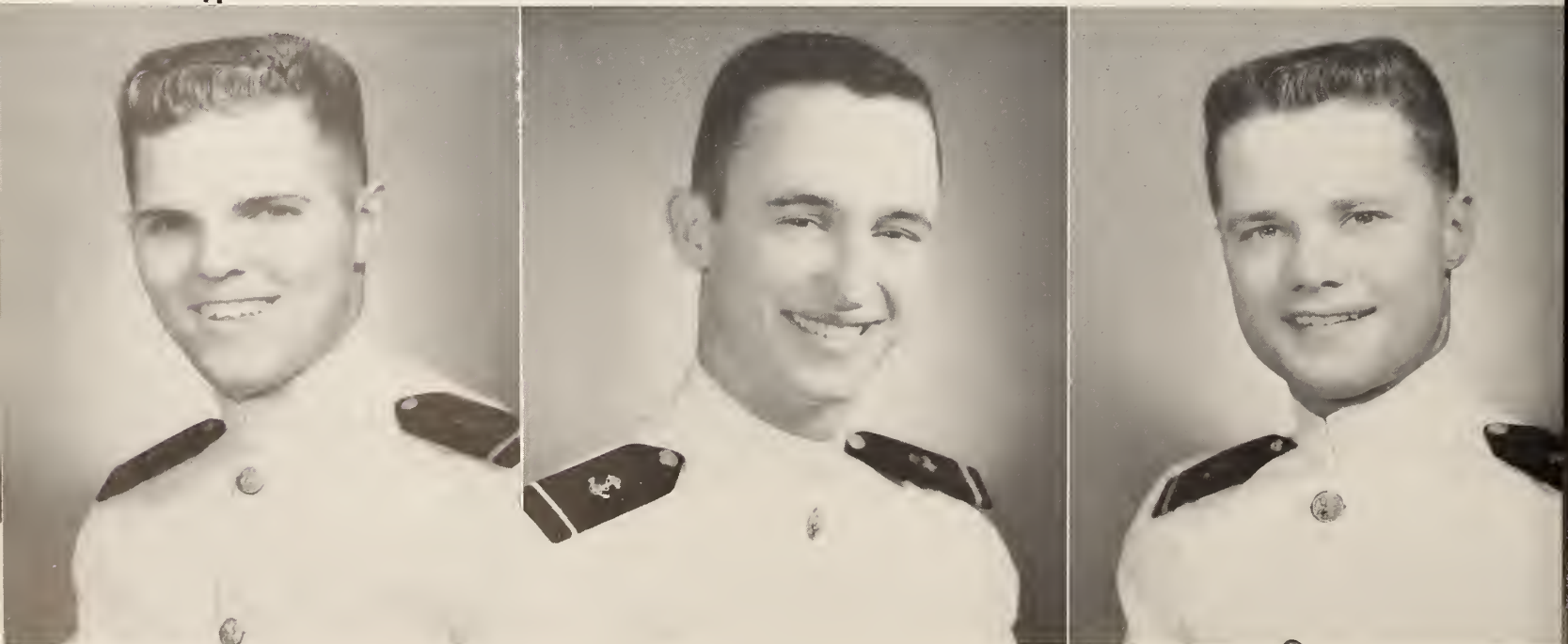
San Mateo, California

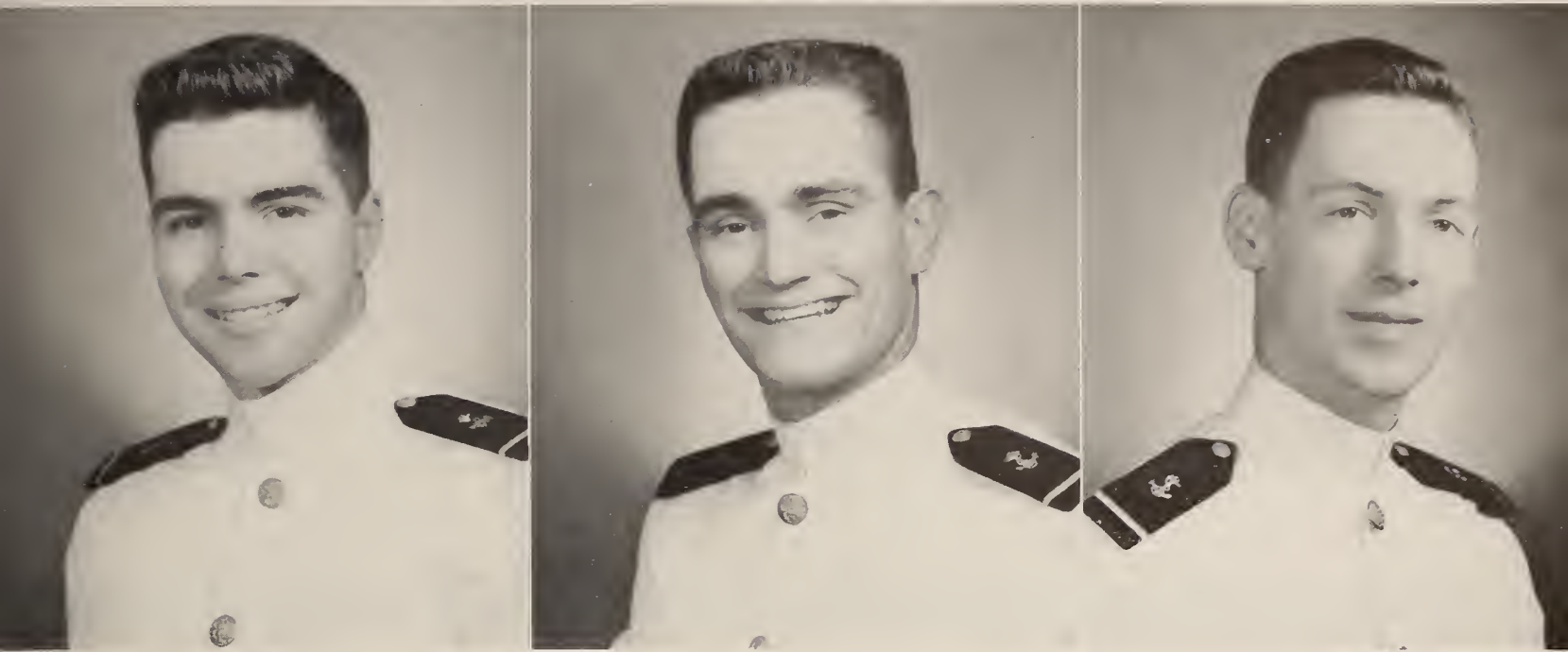
"Why couldn't the Naval Academy have been founded in California?" This was "Giff's" main complaint about Navy Tech after coming East from those golden shores. Being savvier than most, Larry took the academics in stride, although he admits he did have to leave the rack a few times to stay on the Superintendent's List. Most of his time was spent in conning the 1958 **Lucky Bag** and you could always find him making the rounds trying to beat that perpetual deadline. A frustrated track man, he had to lay aside the spikes and shorts for the editor's pen after Plebe year. Larry looks forward to thirty years of successful service and plenty of duty on the West Coast.

## WILLIAM GRAHAM GOLD

Brownwood, Texas

Leaving three years of that glorious college life behind him, Bill came to Navy, bringing with him a love for the finer things and the traditional line of all true sons of the Lone Star State. The books always kept him on the run but with true determination and luck he managed to pay the rent with only one second try. He spent his share of time in the rack though, and filled the rest of the hours writing letters or dragging. "Goldie's" main ambition is to settle down, live life like all Texans should, and raise a big family.





**LANCE HEROLD**

Roosevelt, New York

Lance blew in from high school on Long Island, complete with built-in slide rule, to begin his four year career of wrecking the grading system at Navy. Here was a fellow who continually amazed us and the professors as well with his brains. He shared our dislike for the books, however, and spent more time playing battalion tennis or just relaxing and enjoying many a spirited bull session. He soon showed good leadership qualities, as well as a frequent smile and friendly manner. With all this to his credit, Lance looks like one of the best the Navy could get.

**JAMES DORSET HOCKER**

Claremore, Oklahoma

With a smile as big as an oil well, Jim came to the Academy destined to brighten many a dark day with his perpetual cheer and a razor-sharp wit. A lover of the unusual, "Hock" amazed us with his ability to make a big production out of the smallest bull session or bricking party. He never lost his college spirit picked up during two years at Tulsa University and it was a nostalgic occasion whenever one of Kappa Alpha's famed drinking songs was struck up. Jim's work as Business Manager for the Ring Dance Committee and on the Musical Clubs' Show and Masqueraders repeatedly showed his many talents and will never be forgotten by his classmates.

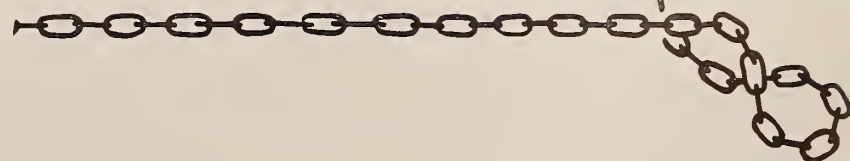
**EDWARD NEAL JACKSON**

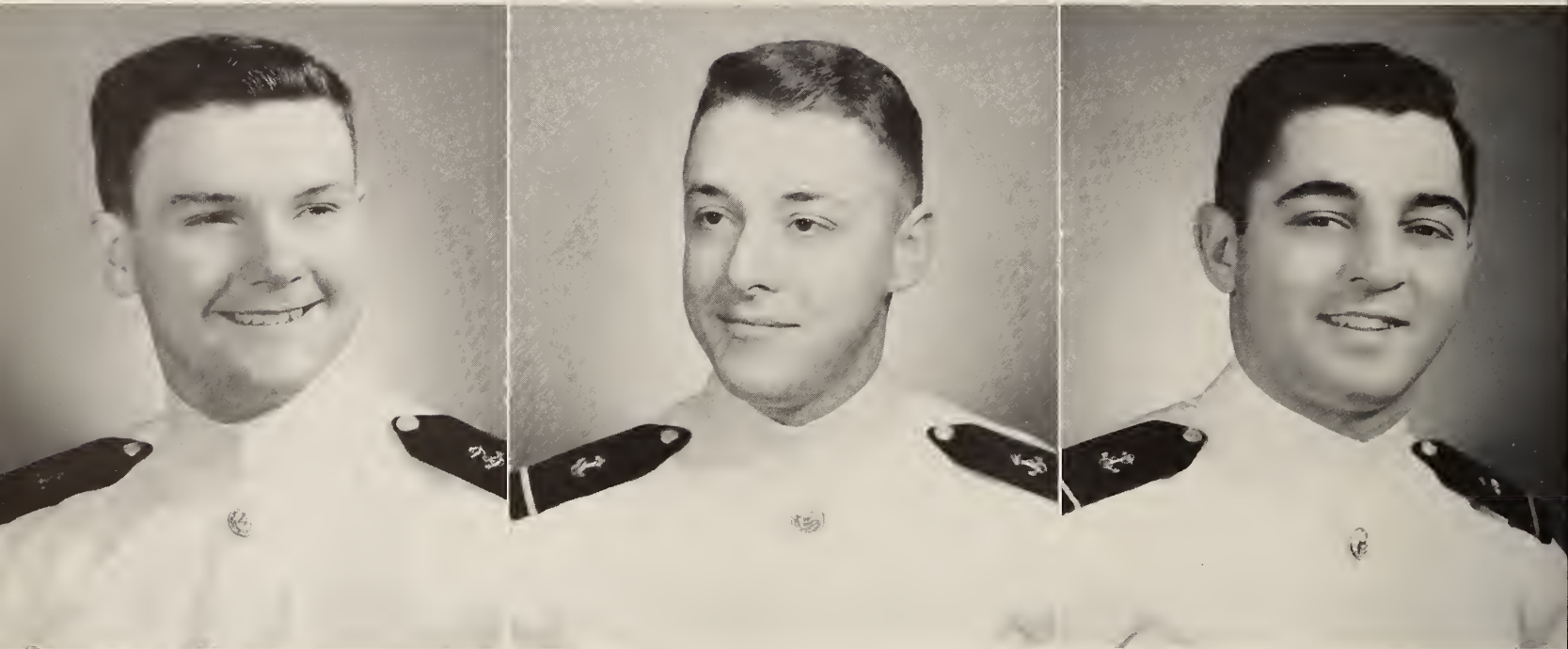
Victorville, California

Another refugee from the Golden Coast, Eddie came East after a year at San Bernardino Valley College to begin his service career. He soon became known as one of the quietest and most soft-spoken men in our midst but nevertheless, he was never far away when any fun started. His favorite pastime was photography and many an hour was spent playing shutterbug. Always friendly and smiling, Ed impressed us with a deep sincerity and warmth which was hard to match.



*United States Naval Academy*





**MARTIN FLEMING KUHNEMAN**

Chicago, Illinois

Marty was undoubtedly one of the busiest fellows around; always on the go, you could never find him in his room. Two years as class president plus his duties in the Brigade organization filled up his schedule to the breaking point and we often wondered how he could do it and still manage to have such a fine record in other fields as well. A good man with the pen, you could often find one of his cartoons in the **Log** or **Splinter**. Marty will be remembered by us as one man who will fulfill his ambition—"to do the job right and on time—always."

**MILTON HOYE LEAKE**

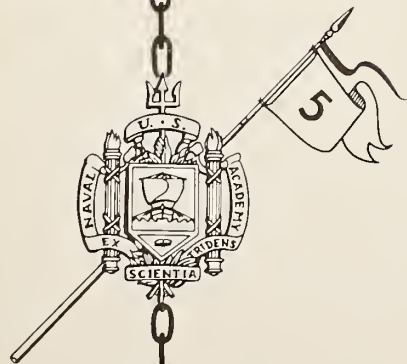
Ashland, Virginia

This self-styled Southern gentleman gave up a life of chemistry and fraternity parties at Randolph Macon to come north and partake of Navy life. With a sincerity and interest unparalleled by any, Milt soon established his roots firmly in Annapolis soil and began to absorb all that came his way. Claiming a lover's nature, "Leakie" tried hard to live up to it and could often be seen dragging some belle around our ancient streets. The Navy and its submarines can rest assured that the day when Milt joins the Fleet will be a good day for all concerned.

**EDWARD JOHN MALAIS**

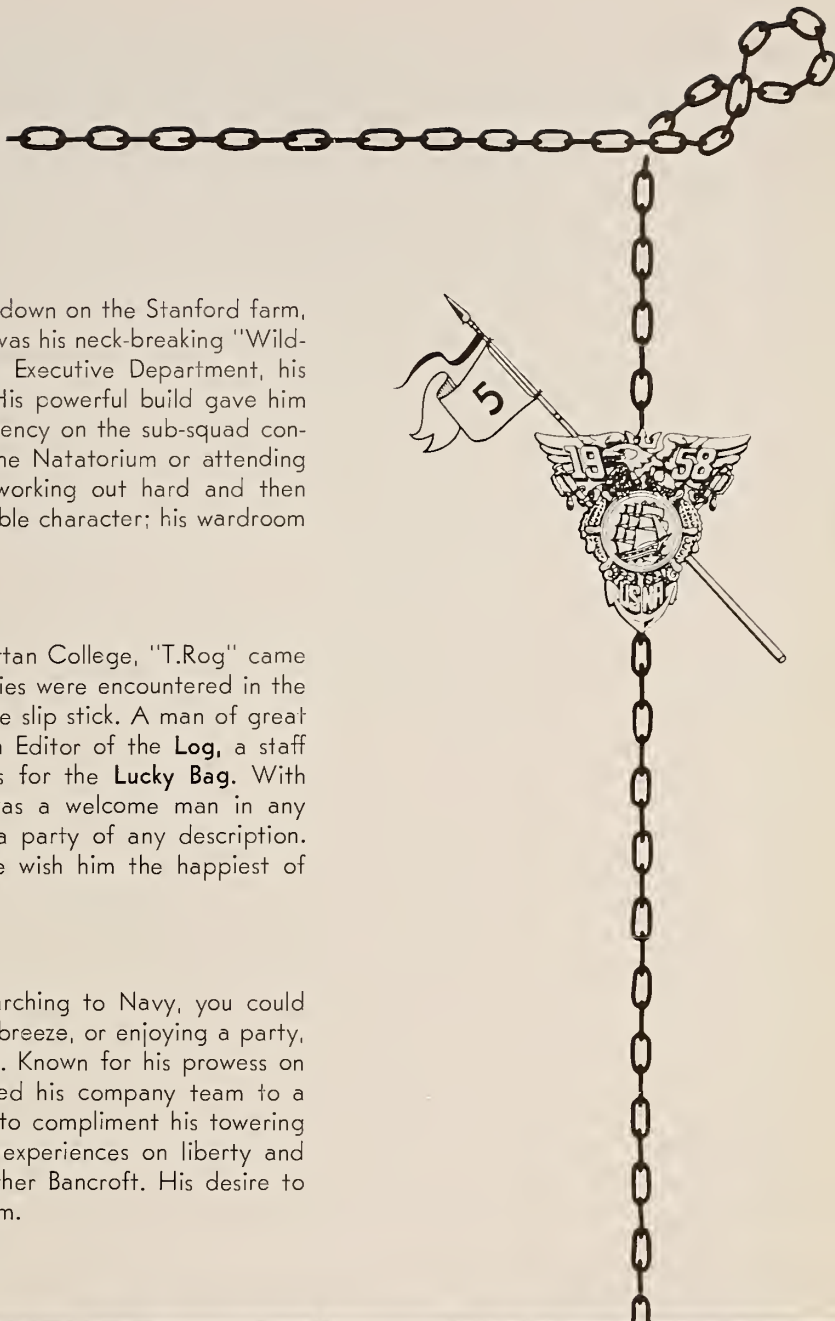
Hawthorne, California

From the sunny shores of the Golden State, the "Greek" came east to entertain us with his many antics and mannerisms. A lover of athletics in all forms and shapes, Eddie could always be found over in the gym working out or trying some new wrestling hold on an unfortunate opponent. He played Plebe football, and then settled down to a steady diet of wrestling, being a member of the Varsity squad for his last three years. A rack hound, at least when wrestling wasn't in season, he never worried too much about the books, although Bull almost ended his career during both Plebe and Youngster years. With a low clutch factor and a tremendous sense of humor, he met any and all obstacles and should continue to do so in the future.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## PAUL FRANK MALCEWICZ

Daly City, California

Striding in from the Golden Gate country via a year down on the Stanford farm, Paul quickly proceeded to put Navy on its ear. Whether it was his neck-breaking "Wild-man" during Plebe year or his many escapades with the Executive Department, his exploits made him a famous figure within Bancroft Hall. His powerful build gave him an easy mastery of almost all things physical but his frequency on the sub-squad continually amazed us. When not practicing strokes over in the Natatorium or attending E.I. in almost anything, "Malc" was a firm believer in working out hard and then coming back to sleep it all off. We'll never forget this lovable character; his wardroom should always be a happy one.

## THOMAS ROGER MANLEY

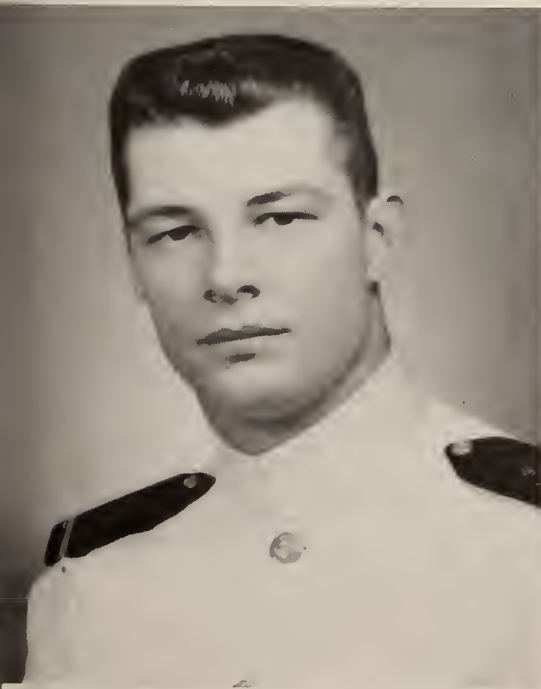
Yonkers, New York

After a year of liberal arts and living it up at Manhattan College, "T.Rog" came south to Navy Tech to seek new horizons. His only difficulties were encountered in the struggle to adapt himself to the perpetual riddle of the slip stick. A man of great literary talents, "Cosmo" wielded a potent pen as Fiction Editor of the *Log*, a staff writer for the *Trident* and one of the main copy editors for the *Lucky Bag*. With his ever-present pipe and philosophical nature, Roger was a welcome man in any situation whether it was a discussion on Shakespeare or a party of any description. He looks forward to serving in the wild blue yonder; we wish him the happiest of landings always.

## THOMAS PATRICK MARTIN

Amenia, North Dakota

Bringing his brand of "walking behind the plow" marching to Navy, you could always spot T.P. Whether it was cutting hair, shooting the breeze, or enjoying a party, Tom always had a good time; he worried about little else. Known for his prowess on the basketball floor, he played plebe ball and then guided his company team to a couple of successful seasons. A preference for short girls to compliment his towering frame further marked Tom as an individualist. His many experiences on liberty and cruises produced many stories which echoed through Mother Bancroft. His desire to fly should be realized if he can find a plane that will fit him.



# United States Naval Academy

## DANIEL FREDRICK MAYERS

Torrance, California

From out of the Far West and a year at El Camino Junior College came this devoted son of the Golden Coast. Dan claimed a rare distinction during his stay on the banks of the Severn . . . he was true to both California and Texas, having been born in the latter state. He adapted himself easily to Navy ways and could always be found enjoying his favorite pastimes . . . wrestling with the old blue dragon, dragging one of his many "chicks" or tossing that shotput for the track team. Although never an academic whiz, the "Chunk" nevertheless found time to enjoy himself, make many friends and leave with all who knew him a lasting impression of a ready smile and someone who will go far in his chosen service.

## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MONTOYA

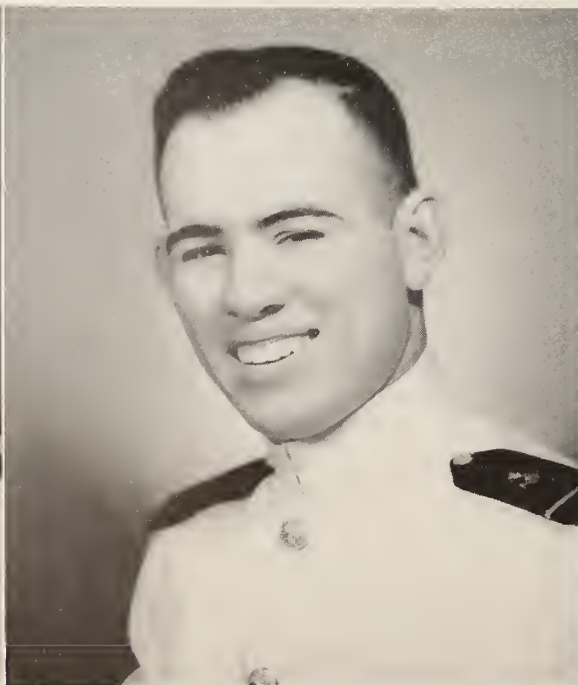
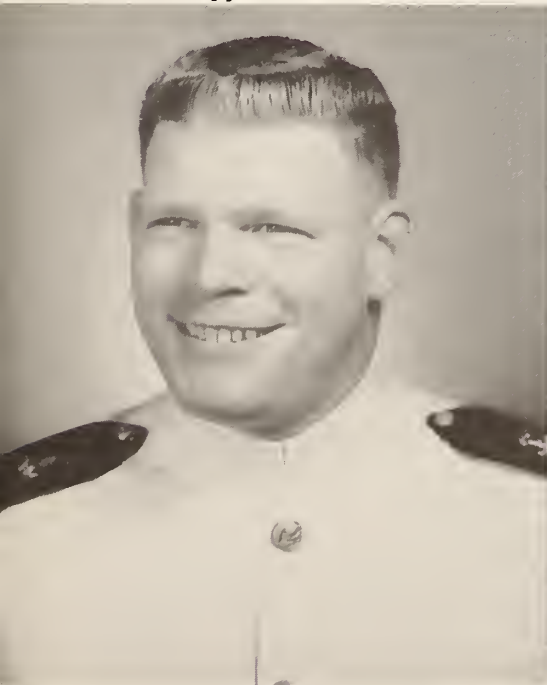
Indio, California

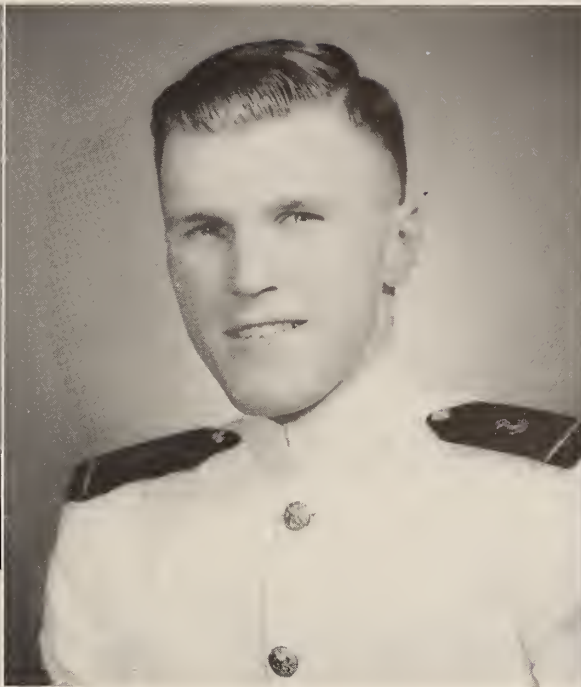
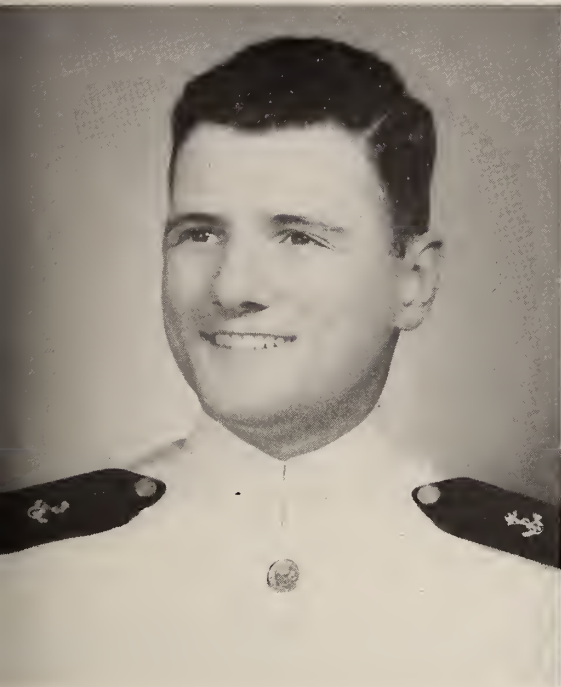
Fresh off the Rio Grande Express came "Bennie" to give us many laughs and one of the finest pitchers in Navy baseball history. His main claim to fame was his superb win over Army during Youngster year but his many accomplishments during the three years gave the Brigade many pleasant moments. Known also for a big heart and an even bigger set of ears, Ben was the object of many friendly jokes during his stay but he took everything in stride with a laugh and a quick comeback. A life in the air looks good to "Chico" and we sincerely hope that his future life reflects his accomplishments at Navy.

## ROBERT WESLEY MUSGROVE

Silver Spring, Maryland

Two years in the enlisted Navy prepared Bob well for Academy life and he soon followed his brother's footsteps to the Severn. Known for many a big deal, he accomplished most everything he tried with an ease and skill that was rarely surpassed. Leaves and dragging never posed a problem for Bob as his nearby home helped immeasurably. He liked the life afloat and spent many hours sailing on the Severn, both for pleasure and competition. Bob's big passion has been to elude the grasp of the academics successfully, which he has done, and to climb into a Navy jet, which he should soon do.





**CLEVELAND LEWIS PUCKETTE, II**

Dallas, Texas

A typical tall Texan with even taller tales, Cleve came to USNAY bent on recruiting men for the Texas Navy. Disappointed in this quest, he amused himself by toying around with both the Academic and Executive Departments. A real believer in keeping in shape, Cleve was a P.T. slash and an outstanding intramural athlete. The rest of the time was taken up writing letters and working on the Class Ring Committee. His desire for big things led to a desire to fly and he should find himself right at home in the cockpit of one of Uncle Sam's finest.

**JOHN RICHARD RASAVAGE**

Punxsatawney, Pennsylvania

John was one of the few of us who seemed to thrive on hard work. No project seemed too difficult for him to accomplish and he amazed us with his capacity for perfection. His efforts paid off with a pair of stars Second Class year and a rare understanding of ordnance and gunnery. Still avoiding the sobriquet of "Red Mike," John could often be seen dragging a cute blonde. John's ability and determination should fit in well with the future plans of Marine aviation.

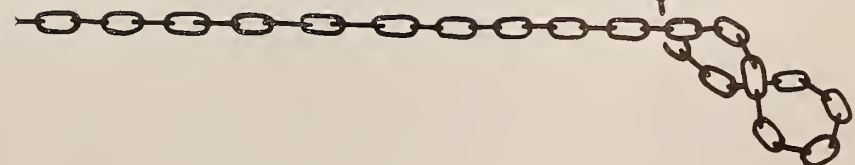
**VICTOR JOHN RAUDIO**

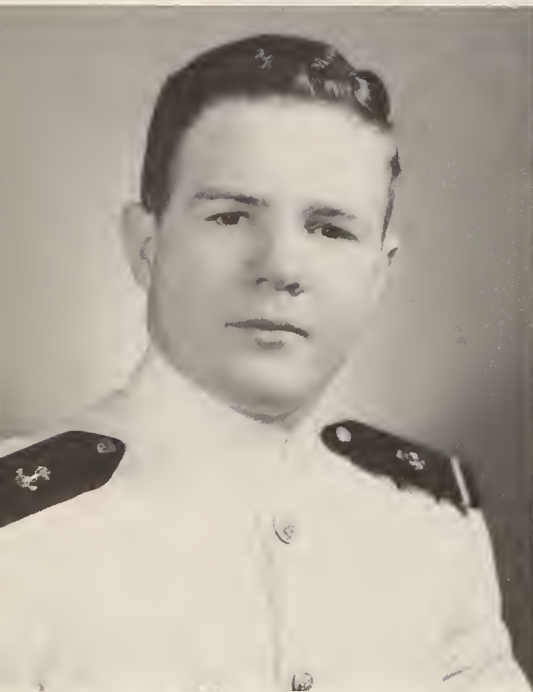
Warba, Minnesota

A product of the North Woods, Vic came to Navy Tech via a year as a white hat and prep school at NAPS. He brought with him a strong individuality and a love for the outdoor life. He soon succumbed to the call of the greens and fairways and almost any weekend could find him losing balls on the local links. Studies never impressed him much but he did well enough in everything he tried. Vic hopes to combine both his service ambitions in a career with Marine air. We wish him the best of landings, whether on an airstrip or a beach head.



*United States Naval Academy*





**THOMAS LEE REEVES**

San Juan, Texas

Watch what you say about Texas when Tommy's around! Ready to back up the Lone Star at any time of the day or night, he communicated this spirit to everything he did. Good on the athletic field, Tom was an outstanding Brigade boxer as well as a welcome man on the softball field where his speed on the hill mowed down many a rival batsman. Quick to see the funny side of anything, he had many enjoyable hours and made many lasting friends. Tommy likes the look of Marine green and hopes to establish residence upon graduation.

**JAMES WILLIAM REYNOLDS**

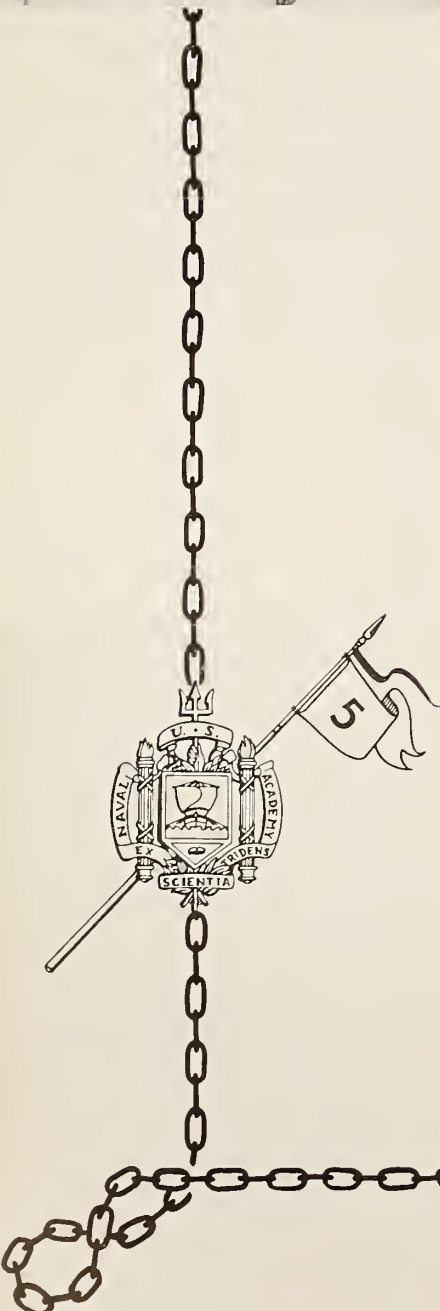
Hazard, Kentucky

From the coal mines in the Kentucky mountains came this natural outlaw who was destined to give the Executive Department some busy days. An individualist to the Nth degree, Jim found it hard at first to adjust his ways to the rigors of Navy life. His sigh of relief was heard throughout the third wing when first class year and no more marching extra duty rolled around. "Reb" knew how to enjoy himself in spite of his battles with the system; whenever there was a bull session or a party going on, he was never very far away. With a stout determination and ability to surmount all obstacles, "Reb" will succeed in whatever he undertakes.

**BERNARD AMBROSE RYAN, JR.**

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Here was a rare fellow; conscientious, cheerful, and able to accomplish almost anything; his record at Navy was almost above reproach. A life on the wrong side of the Susquehanna River probably accounted for those distinguished gray hairs. One of those fellows who couldn't say no, Bernie would do anything for a classmate. A truer friend could never have been found. Quick in the classroom, he compiled an outstanding class standing over the four year course. The call of the sea is strong to Bernie and it will be a happy day when the Fleet finally claims him.



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## WALTER RIDGEWAY RYAN, JR.

Capistrano Beach, California

Walt reluctantly gave up a gay life of playing tennis and riding the surf in sunny California to come East to try out the Eastern beaches. Sadly disappointed, he substituted the Navy blue and a slide rule for his customary surfboard. One of our best athletes when not in the pad, Walt's ability in tennis, gymnastics, or swimming was rarely matched. Math gave him several scares but he settled down in good fashion to ride out the ordeal. A perennial good nature and quick wit offset the many jibes directed against his glowing dome. An outdoor type, Walt should adapt himself perfectly to the Marine Corps life; as long as he has his board with him, all's right with the world.

## JAMES SIMON SILLDORFF

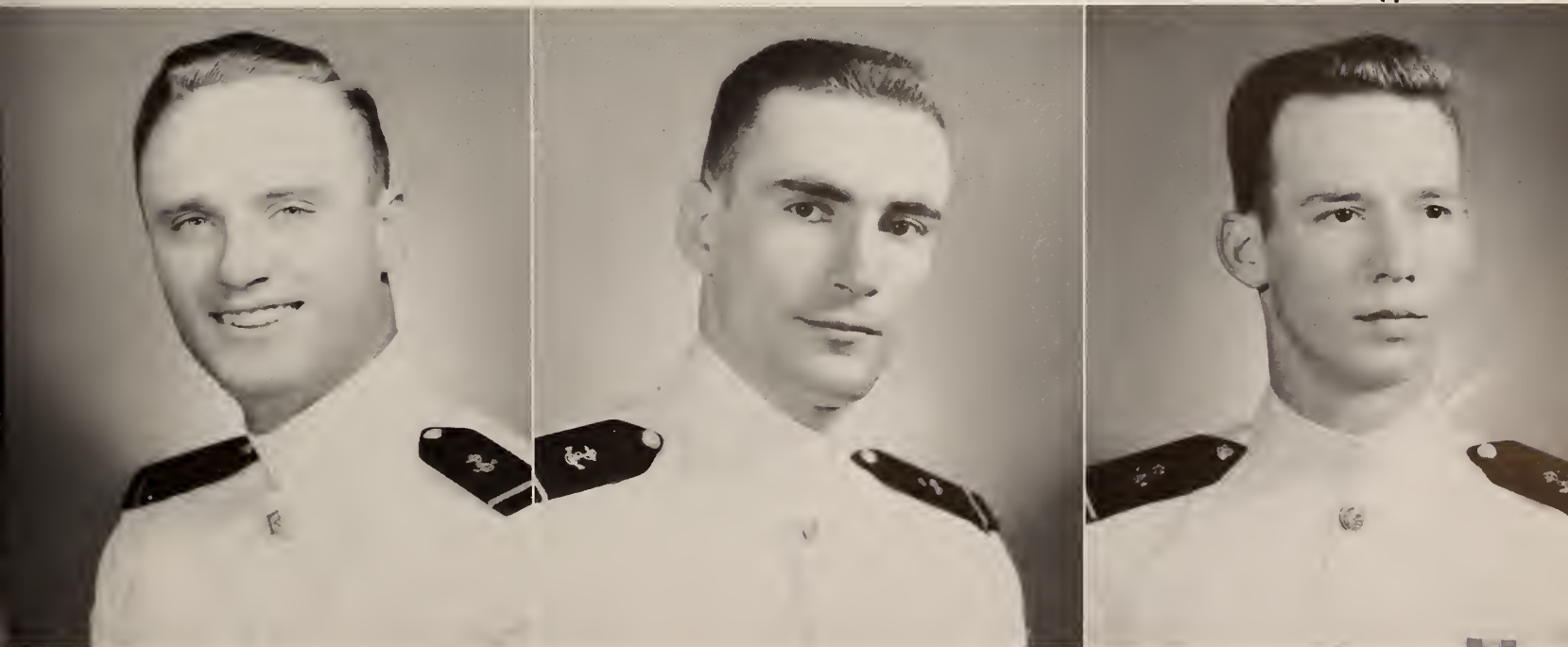
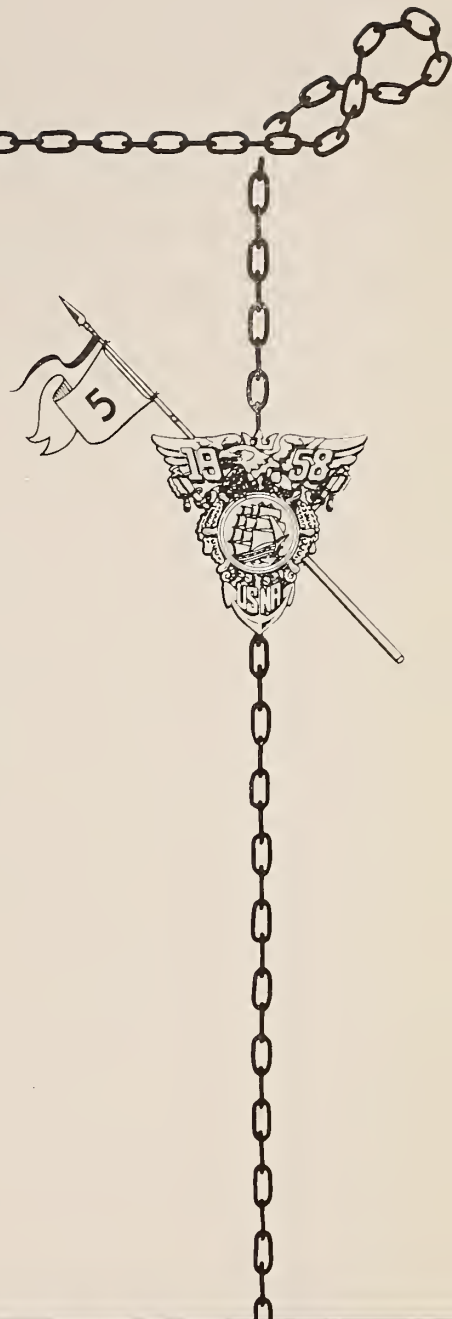
Hancock, Wisconsin

Jim found his way down from the North Woods of Wisconsin to make his home at Navy. Here was a lad who had a little trouble adjusting his easy-going ways to life in Bancroft, as many hours of E.D. will attest, but a big smile and a habit of not worrying about anything more than pulled him through with flying colors. Always ready for a party or a laugh, Jim was one of those rare people who could brighten up a room just by being in it. Affectionately known as "Dorf" throughout the Brigade, he will be remembered as well for being one of Mother Bancroft's best amateur barbers. We hate to part with Jim, but it gives us a good feeling to know that we will undoubtedly see him again in the near future.

## GLEN FRANK SMILEY

St. Petersburg, Florida

Glen may have been on the short side but he never let it handicap him in any way. Long on bragging about the Sunshine State, he was truly a one man Chamber of Commerce. His first love was pounding a ball against the bulkhead on one of our many squash courts and he soon became known as one of Navy's best. He contributed a good voice to both the Antiphonal Choir and Glee Club, not to mention those many hours of practice in the shower. Glen's sunny outlook and disposition will stand him in good stead in any future wardroom.





# United States Naval Academy

## RICHARD SHELDON SORENSEN

San Juan, Texas

A true son of the Lone Star, Dick never let us forget that Texas is the biggest state there is; his line was so convincing that he actually had some Californians converted to the cause of old Sam Houston. His main worry here was watching that hair slowly vanish and many were the comments and quips about that steadily increasing forehead. Dick was never one to let anything bother him and his good nature and comical escapades were known far and wide. Every crisis was greeted with a smile and an ability to match it. With all this to his credit, Dick succeeded where many others failed and will no doubt continue to do so.

## DAVID WILLIAM STUBBS

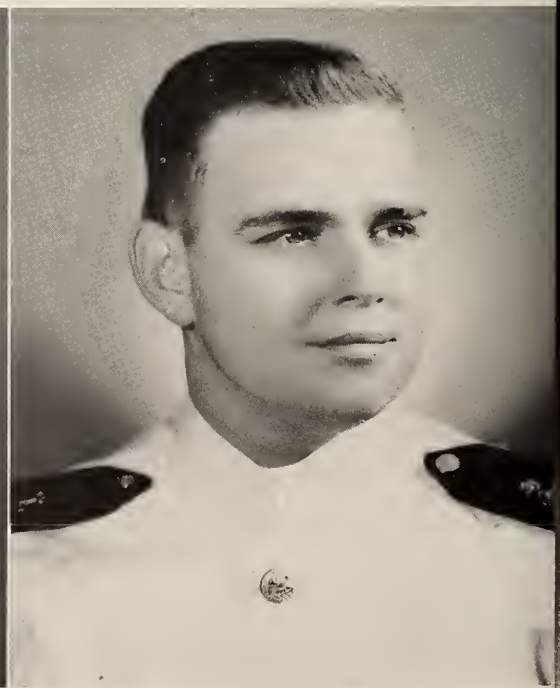
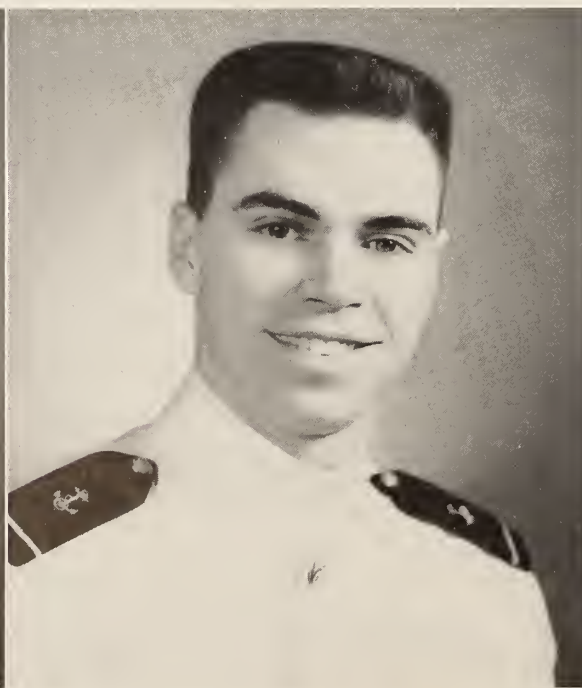
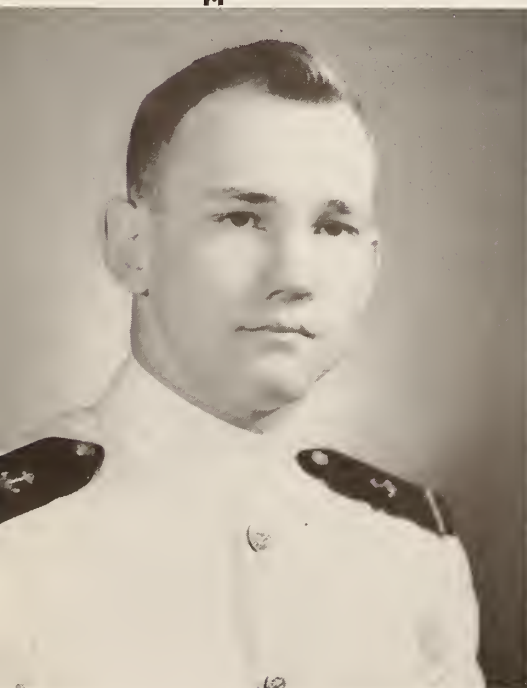
Alliance, Nebraska

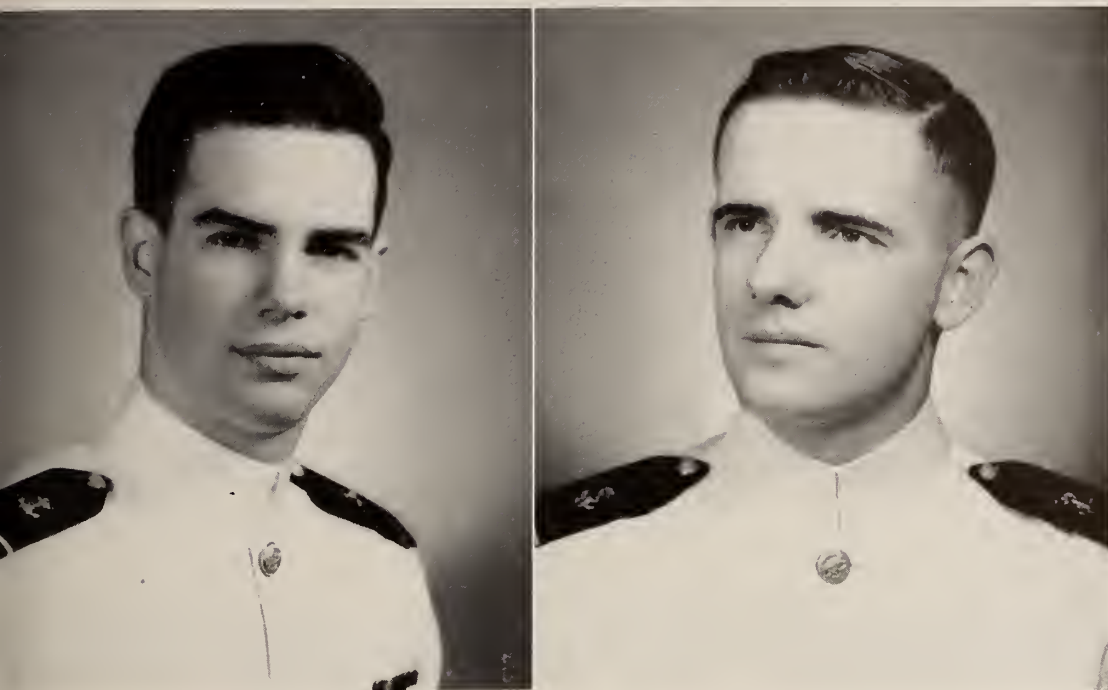
Dave packed his bags after the good old high school days in the Cornhusker State and came East, equipped with a quiet manner and a liking for hard work. He spent a lot of time with the books and his consistently high average was a well deserved dividend. His cheerful voice could often be heard over WRNV in his role as one of Navy's best disk jockeys. Company soccer was his main athletic activity and he always showed ability to match a strong desire to win. Another follower of happenings up in the wild blue yonder, Dave has set his sights on Pensacola.

## LEWIS FRANKLIN TODD

Donna, Texas

From a life of relaxation and learning Spanish, the "Old Man" left the Rio Grande Valley and came north to the Severn. Two years at Pan-American College helped him along with the books; his main fame at Navy was his side-splitting laugh and his mastery of Spanish. "Lewie" worried a great deal about academics but his natural pessimism never seemed necessary; he managed to pay the rent every time. His ability to enjoy himself and to make others laugh with him made many friends who will never forget him. He looks forward to a life in Navy Air and plenty of duty in Latin America.





**GUY DAVIS VEASEY**

Coronado, California

Guy graduated from the days of making paper planes to thoughts of flying the real things and came to Navy to pursue this ambition. A life as a Navy junior prepared him well for the rigors of Mother Bancroft; he followed his father's footsteps to our hallowed halls. Easy going and soft-spoken, he had a quiet ability of getting along well and getting the job done with a minimum of effort. Relaxation interested him the most but once in a while you could see him working out with the battalion gymnasts. Guy has a great desire to earn his Navy wings; we all wish him the best of everything in the years ahead.

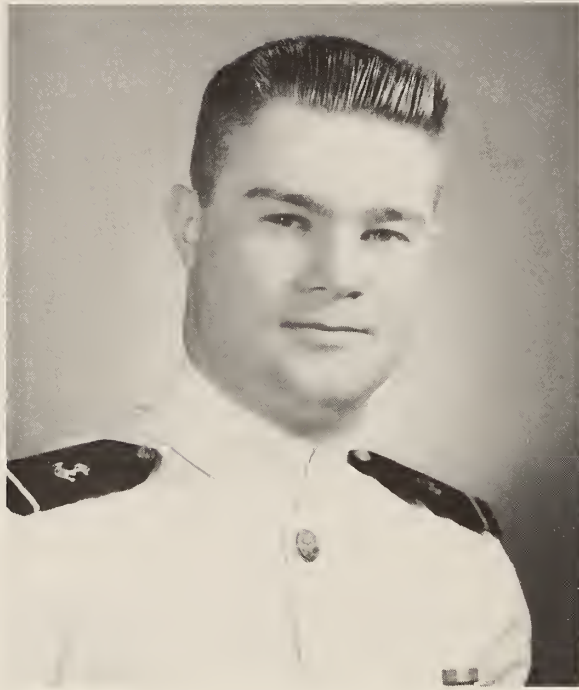
**JOHN CLIFTON VICK**

Needles, California

John, a product of Arizona, came to us from the deserts of southern California and proceeded to amaze us all with his versatility. A year at Arizona State College complemented his natural ability with the books to such an extent that he rarely had to climb out of the pad to star . . . even during Second Class year. He was a welcome man on any of the intramural squads. But his main virtue was a smile that stretched a mile and an uncanny knack to be at the bottom of most mischief afoot. We'll long remember the laughs we had with him; in years to come, John will probably be conning one of the Navy's submarines.



*United States Naval Academy*



**JAMES STEWART WILSON, JR.**

Short Hills, New Jersey

With the blessings of Short Hills ringing in his ears, Jim came south to seek a career in the Navy. Instantly liking what he saw, he settled down to learn as much as possible and to hatch many new ideas about the future of our Silent Service. His interest and spirit soon made Jim an expert, and the plebes always knew where to go when looking for the answer to a tough question. Active in many fields, his main pastime was playing tackle on a couple of national championship "Mighty Mite" squads. His many friends will remember Jim for his aggressive mind and determination, and it will give us great pleasure to see him conning one of Uncle Sam's submarines in the near future.

**WILLIAM ARTHUR WOLFF**

Hector, Minnesota

Although it has been generally rumored that W.A. stood for "Wolff Aye," Minnesota was proud to claim him as William Arthur. One of the original "ancient eight," "Wild Bill" brought to USNAY a varied background of Fleet and the University of Minnesota's NROTC experience plus the desire to work and play hard. A man to be relied upon with your toughest job, his warm smile and charm made many friends for him here at Navy; friends that wish him the greatest success possible in the future years of seeing the world with the Navy.



*United States Naval Academy*



2/c

*Left to right: First row—Shinn, Evans, Chulick, Johnson, Waterman, Nunn, Haffey, Cheston, Monarch, Freckmann. Second row—Morgan, Peters, Humphrey, Heyden, Templeton, McMinn, Richardson, Clarke, Art. Third row—Snively, Strachwitz, Erickensen, King, Doane, Lovejoy, Moore, Vickery. Fourth row—Hopcus, Emsley, Flynn, Archambault.*



3/c

*Left to right: First row—Denn, Bolden, Ryan, Ripa, Lewis, Previte, Jerding, Killinger, Sarno, Bell. Second row—Ciocca, Snell, Derby, Falk, Stensland, Cooper, Gretter, Hale. Third row—Lanzetta, Longaker, Heath, Febel, Quinn, McIver, Godwin, Suratt. Fourth row—McConnell, Johnston, Hansen, Greenwald, Clark, Shaw, Friedmann. Fifth row—Hilder, Brown, Metzler, Dilweg.*



4/c

*Left to right: First row—Willetts, Carns, Seelbach, Johnson, Duke, Hurt, Royston, Duff, Van Sickle, Dighton. Second row—Wilgers, Crisp, Llewellen, Hendricks, Hellauer, Adams, Podrasky, Welch, Van Brackle. Third row—Stratvert, Garrard, Bartholemew, Tucker, Alger, Sandifer, Emmerich, Sellars. Fourth row—Lewis, Hines, Cole, Edgar, Butler, Olinger, Burroughs. Fifth row—Morris, Nohrden, Eckert, Lecornu, Mitchell, Smith. Sixth row—Bartek, Flagg, Reynolds.*



LCdr. S.L. Fiske, USN  
*Company Officer*

The Sixth Company was our home for these past four years in Mother Bancroft. We have had a lot to look back upon—our Plebe year and the Lucky Bag working party June Week, the Med and England, Tramid, Philly, **Tarawa** and **Antietam**, and "Resp'y. F." replacing "Papa Echo." Then there were the Exchange Weekends and Rio, while a few of our number went again to the Med. First Class year brought those first term exams, the Mickey Mouse Song, term papers, and before long, graduation. We will always remember Hap and his teeth, "Otto! Otto!", Mike and Phil with their cameras, Dick and Clyde with their church parties, Chet and his Christmas party, and Buck, the company doctor of swamp medicine. Then there were Joe and his high water trousers, Ken and Terry with their hi-fi's, Kelly and his English interest, Paul and his four years of drag-

## *Sixth Company*

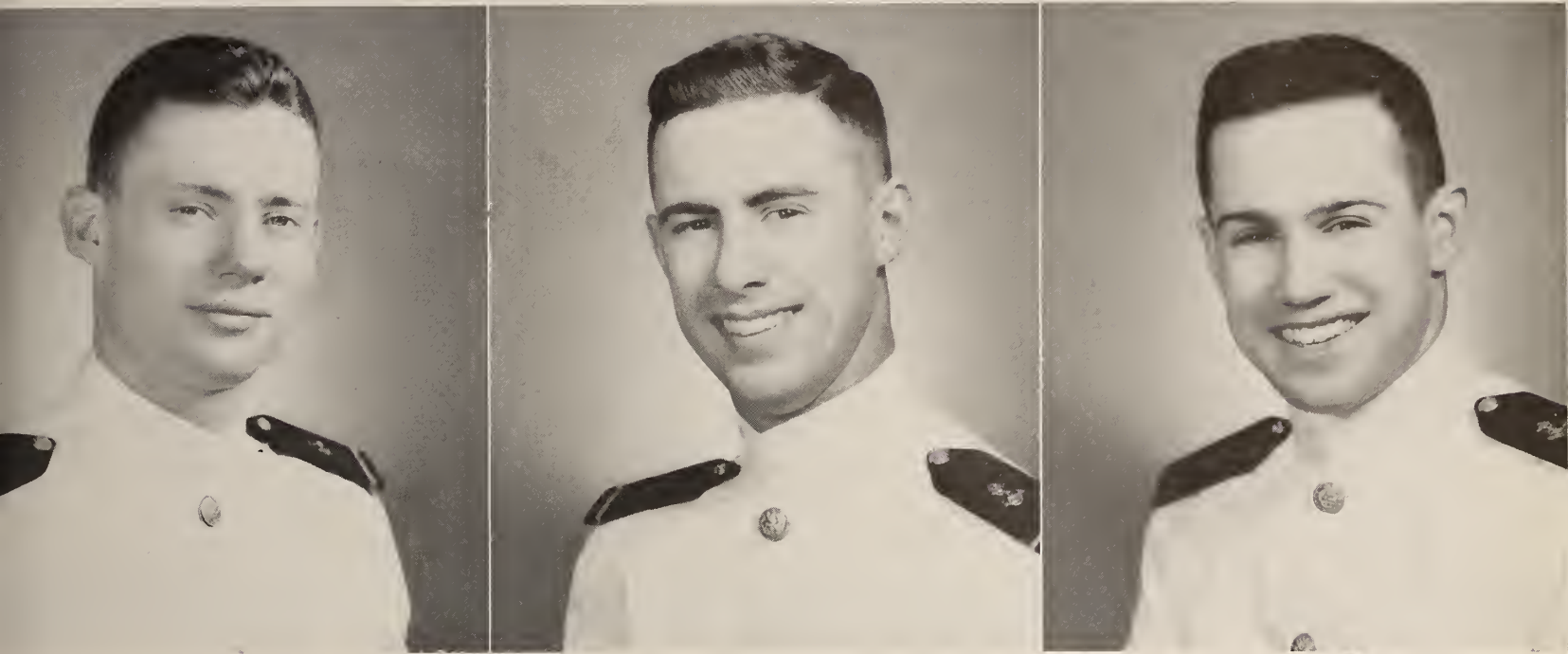


*Fall Set. Left to right—Griffiths, Price, Dallam, Morris, Blank, Caldwell.*



*Winter Set. Left to right:—Priebe, Kraft, Helweg, Lyons, Rowe, Oldham.*

ging, Frank the company barber, and our two Chamber of Commerce experts—"Norfolk" Tom and "Jackson Hole" Harry. Future bull sessions will remember Jack, who found joy and a calendar, Dink and his spaghetti, Jim and John, the knockabout swampers, Mike and his "Teddy Bear's Picnic," Nils and his pumpnickel, our two lefties, Don and Podge, John the runner, Howie with his pennies and left-hand salutes, the Ohio flashes, Bob and Ned, Hank and his bowling, Roger the Tiger, our own plow-jockey Jake, Jack the Polack, John and his many and varied racquets, Carlito the Philippine Farragut, Pete and his sport cars, Joe and his late late lights, and Pat, the first to be married after graduation. So after four long years, we say so long and "smooth sailing" to those we leave behind.



**RICHARD HAVELOCK ALEXANDER**

Landrum, South Carolina

The son of a Naval Academy graduate who retired as an Army colonel, Dick was determined one way or another to end up in one of the trade schools; fortunately, he made the right choice and USNAY claimed another gent who brought a stout defense of the Stars and Bars. Here was a fellow who seemed to be fond of high places, whether it was high jumping for the Varsity thinclads or in the cockpit of one of our ancient Yellow Perils. Academics tried their best to keep him tied to the ground, but Dick never let them topple him from the clouds. It's only natural for him to aim for a spot in aviation; a top flight choice by a top flight guy.

**MURRAY DEAN BLANK**

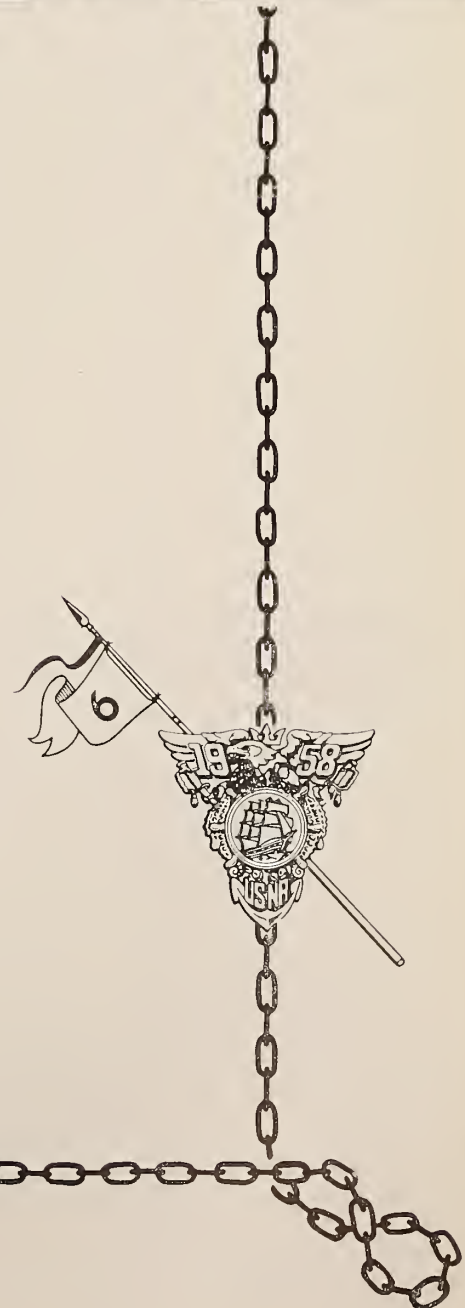
Indianapolis, Indiana

"Dink" left the family plow right outside Indianapolis to travel eastward and seek new horizons. A year at the University of Indiana briefed him in most of the finer things of life and his transition from college boy to midshipman was smooth indeed. "Dink" was always one of our quietest members, but it soon became apparent that this only hid his latent jovial nature. Always ready with a big helping hand, he was a true friend in any situation. The strains of his favorite classical music coming forth from his room indicated that "Dink" was at home and ready to talk over the merits of being a Hoosier. A good man to have around, he'll be a welcome addition to the Alumni Association.

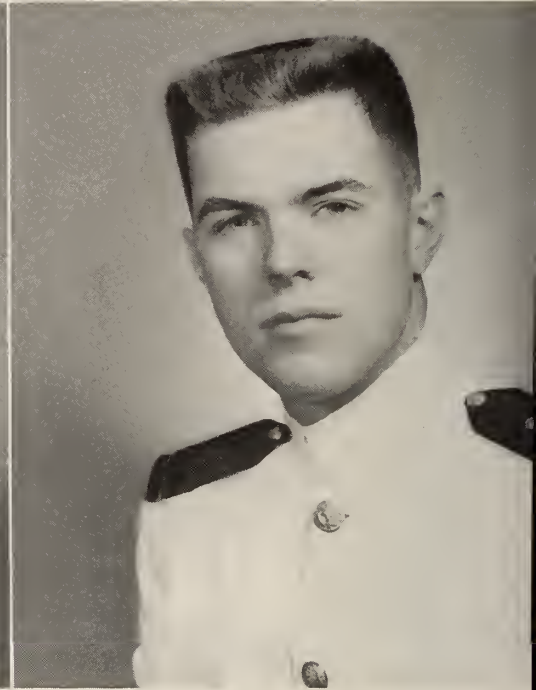
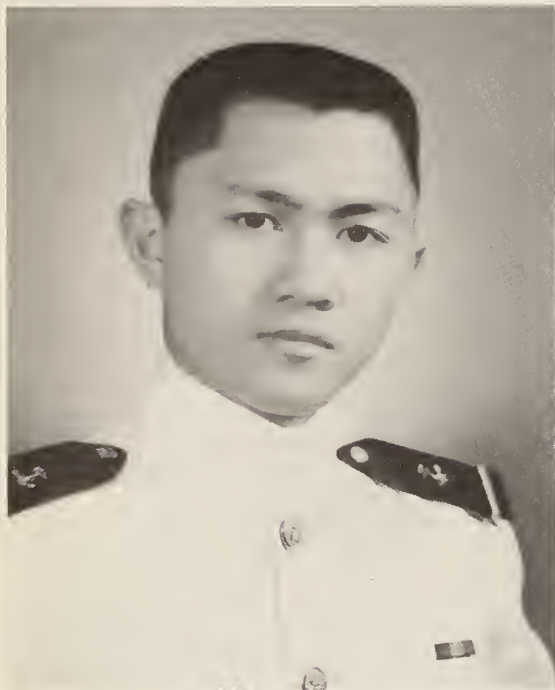
**JAMES FRANKLIN CALDWELL**

Annapolis, Maryland

Frank never netted much from mileage claims against the government, but this was compensated for by being able to go home every weekend; he was one of the fortunate few who never had a draghouse problem. Following three generations of his family through nearby Gate Three, "Pooch" strutted through Navy life with nary a stumble. He never had too much time to waste on the books as he always held his intensive study of cars, cameras, and cuties first and foremost. Frank's whole life has evolved about the Navy and should continue to do so in the future; his prospects of success in any service are very bright indeed.



*United States Naval Academy*



**CARLITO YLLANO CUNANAN, JR.**

Bacolod City, Philippine Islands

"Homer" was just beginning his second year at the Philippine Military Academy when he received an invitation to study here; he accepted and since then has proved himself a resourceful fellow in every sense of the word. He never stopped traveling and every leave meant his usual globetrotting antics which took in most corners of the world. Proving to be as tough as they come, "Homer" easily annexed a Brigade title in boxing and was a valued man on any athletic squad. The studies were always his simplest chore; Dago, of all things, was probably his biggest headache. Carlito will be returning to the service of his native land soon and it saddens us to see him go; but we feel certain that his cheery smile will greet us sometime again in the future years.

**MICHAEL MARION DALLAM**

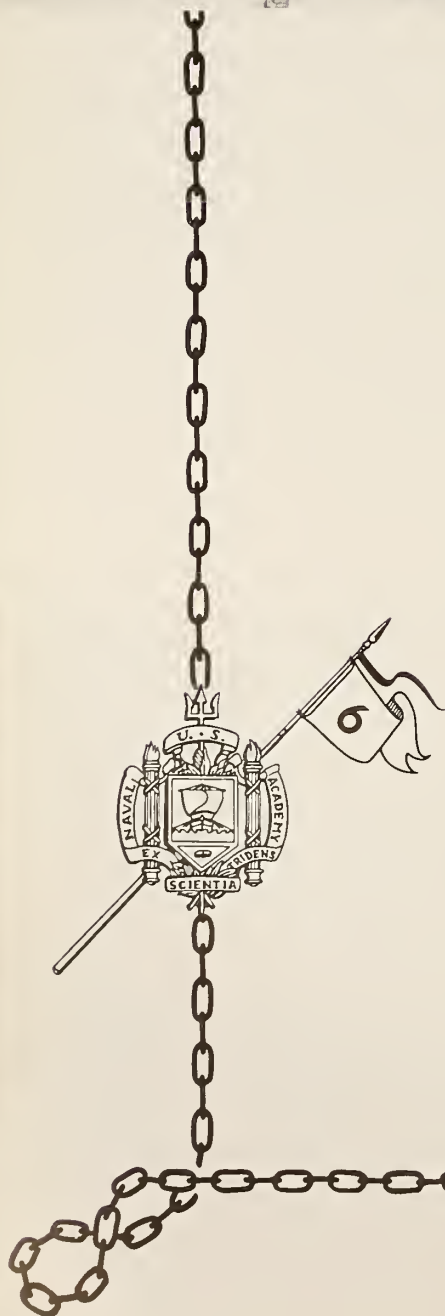
Fremont, Nebraska

Mike always had a million stories to tell; life in not only his native Nebraska but also in the wilds of Alaska gave him such a source of lore and humor as to continually keep us entertained. With brains and personality to match his height, Mike had no troubles with either the studies or making and keeping a long list of friends. Though never completely immune to the bite of the Executive Department, he never broke any E.D. records either. Basketball was his favorite sport and after playing with the Plebe team, he settled down to sink baskets for the company. Always a popular fellow throughout the Hall, Mike will never know anything but the best.

**PETER EDVARD ERICKSEN**

Vallejo, California

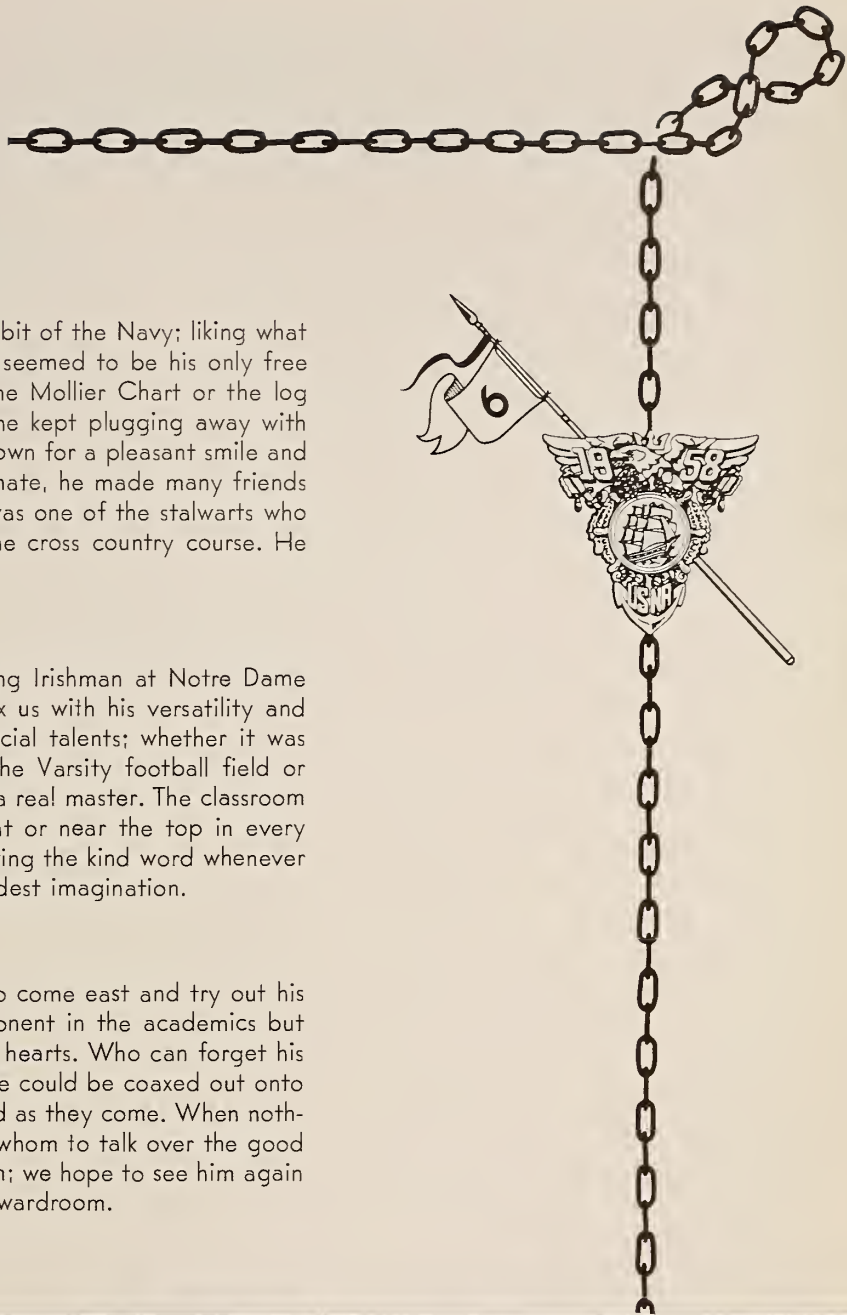
This laughing Norwegian always made Mom Bancroft tremble a little with his numerous escapades and flirtations with crime, Executive Department style. Quickly becoming an expert at beating the system, he didn't always win and could be seen many times during Second Class year conning the E. D. squad out on the rear terraces. About the only things he did more regularly were sleep, bilge bull exams, pull a stout oar on the Severn, and keep us all laughing with him. Pete will long be remembered by those of us lucky enough to know him well; a priceless friend, our thoughts and best wishes will always be with him after he leaves us and takes his place with the Fleet.



*United States Naval Academy*



# United States Naval Academy



## THOMAS EDWARD FLEMING

Norfolk, Virginia

Born and raised in Norfolk, Tom naturally saw quite a bit of the Navy; liking what he beheld, he decided to cast in with the Brigade. Dago seemed to be his only free ride; the Spanish idioms always came a lot easier than the Mollier Chart or the log tables. Never one to let a bilged quiz bother him much, he kept plugging away with true Navy spirit to finally overcome the Bilgers Society. Known for a pleasant smile and ever-ready word of encouragement for a struggling classmate, he made many friends who could never understand his semi-Southern drawl. He was one of the stalwarts who contributed so much to the Sixth's amazing mastery of the cross country course. He has an outstanding future in any service.

## THOMAS PATRICK FLOOD

Tucson, Arizona

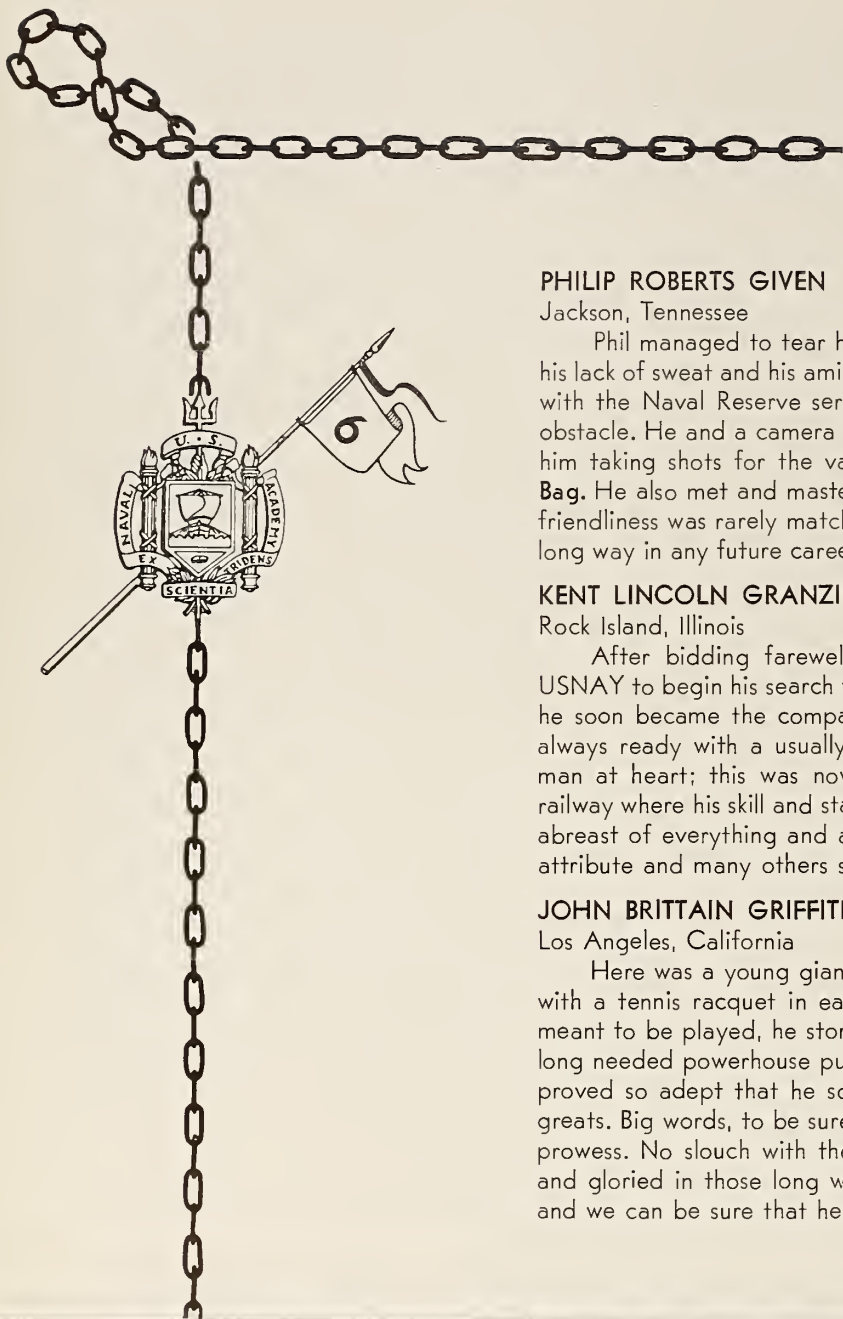
From out of the Golden West via a year as a fighting Irishman at Notre Dame came this lad to continually amaze and sometimes perplex us with his versatility and penchant for perfection. All forms of sports were his special talents; whether it was driving opponents crazy with his quarterback magic on the Varsity football field or leading the sprinters down the Natatorium lanes, here was a real master. The classroom was no exception to his brilliance; he stood consistently at or near the top in every subject. Pat, always modest and friendly, never failed in giving the kind word whenever needed. His future looks so bright as to defy even the wildest imagination.

## JOEL SUTTON GILL

Santa Ana, California

Joel bade farewell to the tearful Santa Ana lovelies to come east and try out his charms with the Eastern gals. He soon found a stout opponent in the academics but it never stopped him from lengthening his string of broken hearts. Who can forget his scented hair oils or boxes of No-Doz pills? During the fall he could be coaxed out onto the battalion football field where he proved to be as rugged as they come. When nothing else was left, he always had plenty of Californians with whom to talk over the good old days. Joel will have a ball wherever he stakes out a claim; we hope to see him again soon relaxing in the friendly confines of a ready room or wardroom.





## United States Naval Academy

### PHILIP ROBERTS GIVEN

Jackson, Tennessee

Phil managed to tear himself away from the good old high school days and bring his lack of sweat and his amiable personality up the river to Crabtown. Some time spent with the Naval Reserve served as ample background and Navy life proved no great obstacle. He and a camera became inseparable companions and you could usually find him taking shots for the various USNAY pubs, most notable of which is this **Lucky Bag**. He also met and mastered the more strenuous arts of weightlifting and judo. His friendliness was rarely matched, making his companions always feel at ease. He'll go a long way in any future career.

### KENT LINCOLN GRANZIN

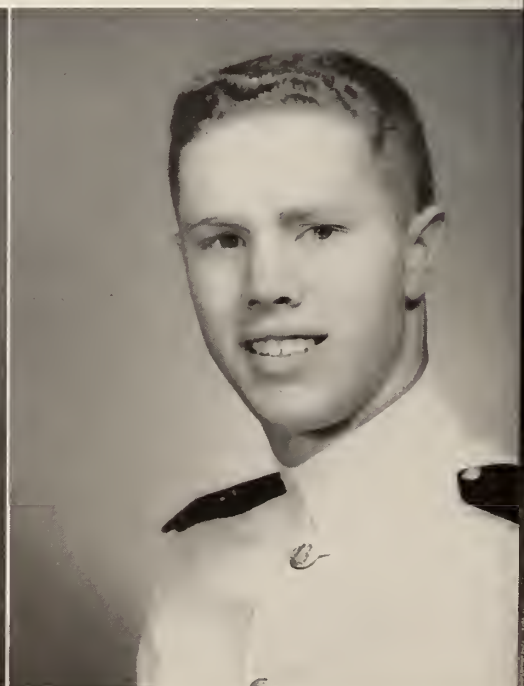
Rock Island, Illinois

After bidding farewell to the Rock Island gentry, Ken took up residence at USNAY to begin his search for the status of "officer and gentleman." After plebe year, he soon became the company advisor on just what was ailing your hi-fi set and was always ready with a usually good suggestion for improvement. Ken was a company man at heart; this was nowhere more apparent than on the Hospital Point scenic railway where his skill and stamina booted home many a Sixth company winner. He kept abreast of everything and always showed a great interest in what was going on. This attribute and many others stand him in good light for his long awaited career.

### JOHN BRITAIN GRIFFITHS

Los Angeles, California

Here was a young giant from those far off climes who seemed to have been born with a tennis racquet in each hand. Coming east to show how the game was really meant to be played, he stormed into the Varsity courts to give the Navy netters their long needed powerhouse punch. He also met and mastered a new sport in squash and proved so adept that he soon became recognized as one of the Academy's all-time greats. Big words, to be sure, but you had to use big words to describe John's athletic prowess. No slouch with the sliderule, he easily maintained a spot on the Supe's list and gloried in those long weekends. John follows his father's footsteps into the Fleet and we can be sure that he will defeat any and all obstacles.





**CHESTER JOSEPH GROCKI**

New Britain, Connecticut

Navy's candidate for the "Young Man with the Golden Horn," Chet's ability with the trumpet spelled many happy hours for fans of the NA-10. He often wished that the books would treat him as well as his horn, but he weathered the storm with nary a backward look or step. He would love to take us over to MacDonough for a lesson in the finer points of handball and could be counted on to hold his own in any athletic endeavor. He didn't have many dark moments and those that did spring up never had the gear to keep him down for long, especially after First Class year rolled around. Chet had great talent, which we'll always fondly remember; more important, perhaps, he'll always have many friends whose thoughts will be with him for a long time.

**JOHN FRANCIS GRUCZA, III**

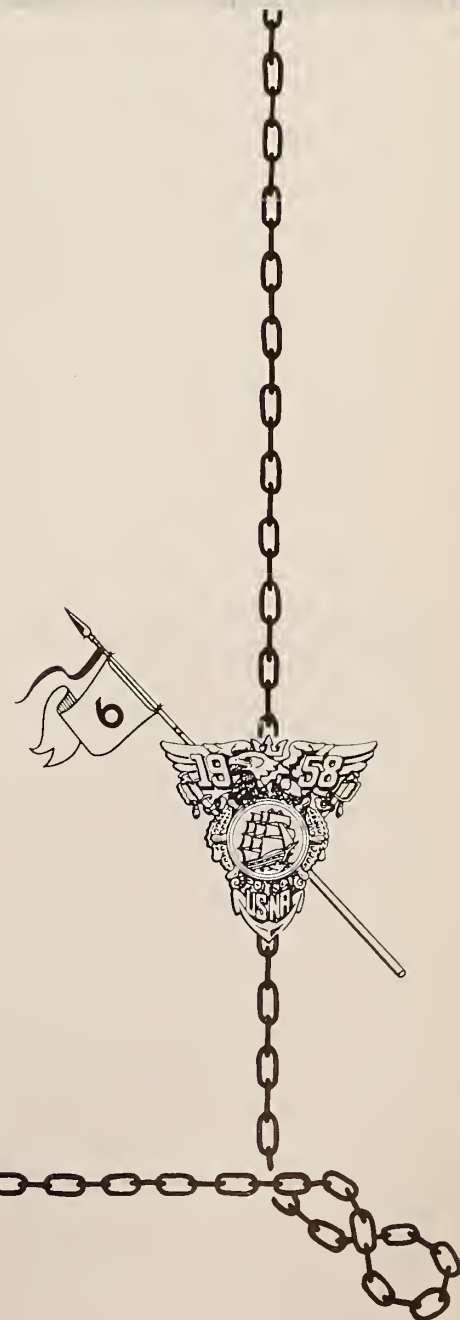
Albion, Michigan

Jack always wanted to sing his high school alma mater; he was obliged by the firsties many times during plebe year but it usually fell on deaf ears after that. His voice led to active participation in the Catholic Choir which could easily attest to his proficiency in exercising the vocal chords. Jack took up the venerable old game of soccer here and didn't take long in picking up some shrewd tricks in maneuvering the ball in for many a game-winning shot. Always just one of the boys, Jack, like all of us, eagerly awaits graduation and the day when a career and home life will be commonplace.

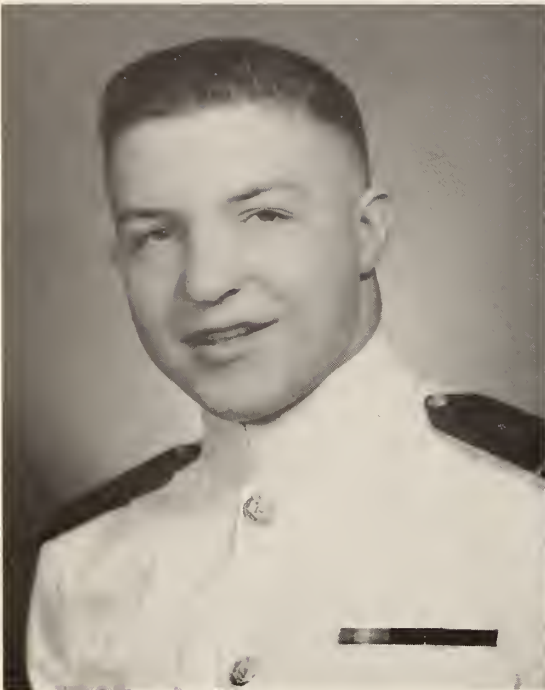
**JOHN MEECH HALLIDAY**

Quincy, Illinois

"Hap" was a cheerful fellow who more than lived up to his nickname. A mile-wide smile was his password into everyone's friendship and confidence and you couldn't help feeling that you were a much better person from the association. His numerous escapades kept us all laughing with him and gave the cops from the main office many busy days. The weekend was always "Hap's" goal and when Saturday noon finally rolled around you would usually see him fleeing from Bancroft Hall with anything from a golf bag on his shoulder to a cute drag on his arm. A true lover of the midwestern "culture," he always maintained that prehistoric Annapolis was a poor substitute for an Illinois cornfield. We will never forget his easy going nature or his famous toothless grin.



*United States Naval Academy*



**OTTO JENNINGS HELWEG**

Watervliet, Michigan

Otto always showed quite a dual personality; he had a heart as big as a house in the daily life under Mom Bancroft's protecting wing but turned all tiger out on the athletic field. The Brigade duly appreciated this when they saw him win the heavy-weight boxing title as a segundo in sixteen seconds. His play on the Varsity gridiron also reflected a great urge to win and his steady brand of ball always helped to make the "hosses" click. But his genial and kindly attitude toward his classmates won him much more respect. Here was a real gentleman in every sense of the word. He always put as much into his studies and singing in the Chapel Choir as he did into his athletics. We'll always feel lucky in having known Otto.

**JACK IRA HOEL**

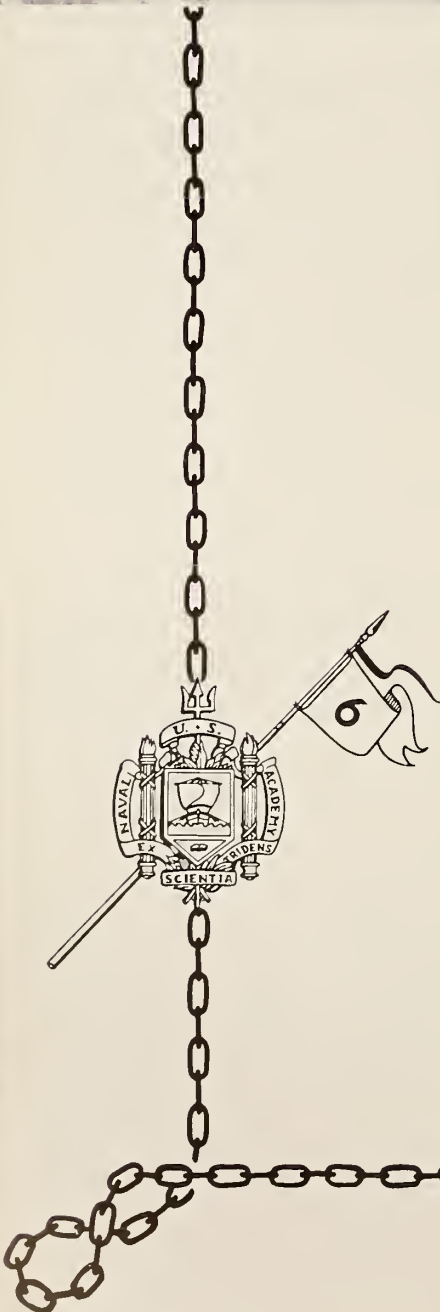
Hamilton, Ohio

Jack had no trouble in deciding between life as a Rotcee at Ohio State and one as a "midiot" at the Trade School; he blew in as if he owned the place and soon was taking everything in stride. This savvy refugee from the Buckeye State always had plenty of time and opportunity to spread his talents around; whether bringing home points on the cross country team or putting out a bigger and better **Trident Calendar**, Jack could always be counted on to do right by the Brigade. Then, of course, his increasing efforts as one of the Sixth's top E.I. instructors endeared him to some of his less-blessed classmates. Navy line is mighty fine as far as he's concerned; he hopes to pin on dolphins after getting his O. D. under way.

**JAMES ALEXANDER KENNEY**

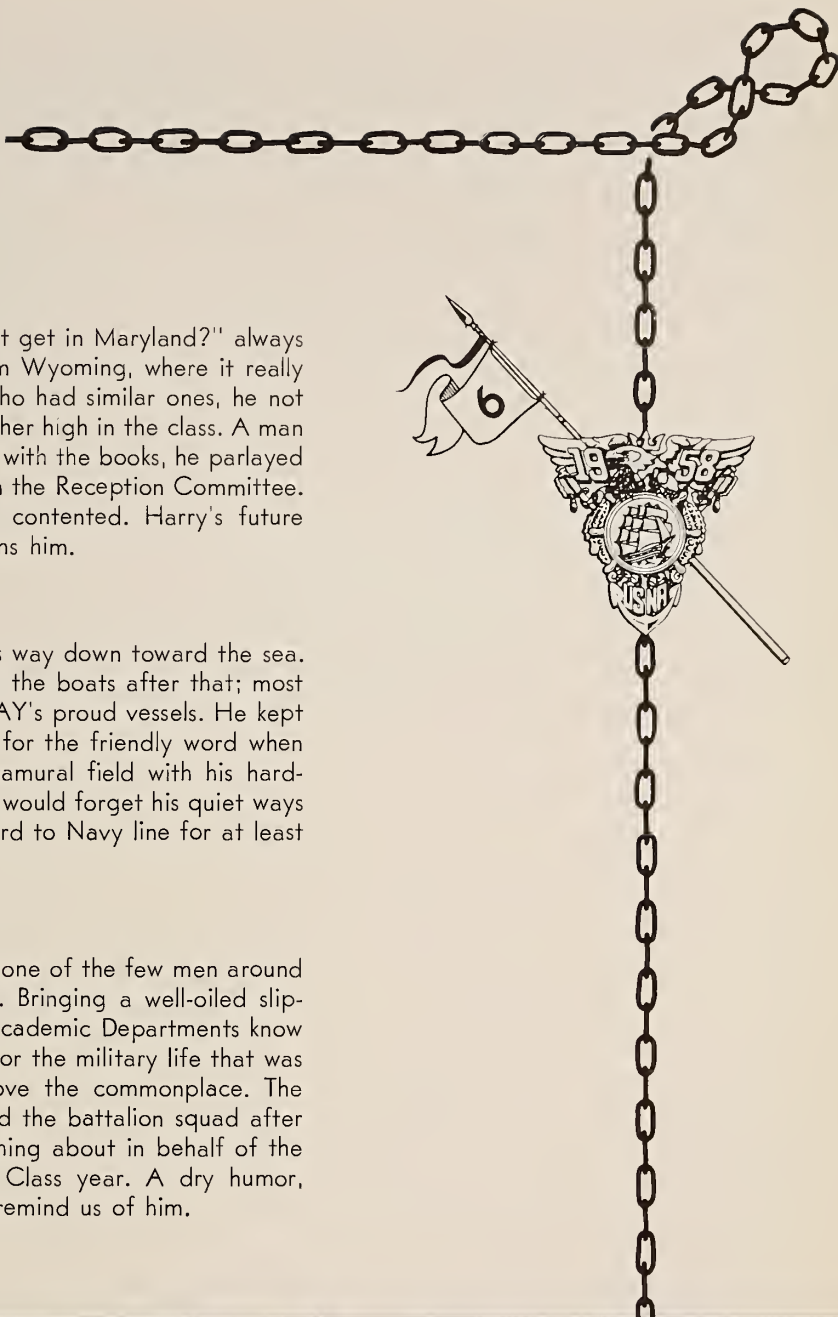
Holyoke, Massachusetts

Jim came south from the Cape Cod region to try his luck with the life of Navy Tech. One sniff of the salt spray of the Severn and a short glimpse of a billowing sail were all it took to start him on his way to becoming one of USNAY's most ardent sailing bugs; thereafter, you could always see him on the bay. The books were no friends of Jim's but with true New England stubbornness, he refused to give ground and he weathered the blitzkreig. Personable and friendly, you could get Jim to talk about any subject going, whether he knew anything about it or not. A deep pride in the service and an ability to get the most out of anything equipped him well for his future career.



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# United States Naval Academy



## HARRY WAGNER KONKEL

Jackson Hole, Wyoming

The time honored Plebe question of "How cold does it get in Maryland?" always brought forth a disdainful snort from Harry; he came from Wyoming, where it really gets cold. With study habits that managed to kill many who had similar ones, he not only passed but rubbed salt into our wounds by finishing rather high in the class. A man of good taste and ambition, as long as it had nothing to do with the books, he parlayed his knack for influencing people into a successful career with the Reception Committee. Otherwise, bowling or volleyball could always keep him contented. Harry's future potential is great, no matter which service ultimately claims him.

## JACOB CHARLES KRAFT

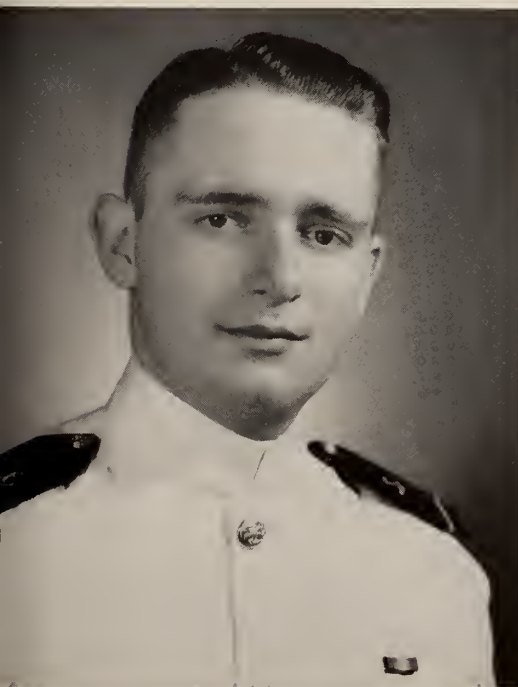
Noblesville, Indiana

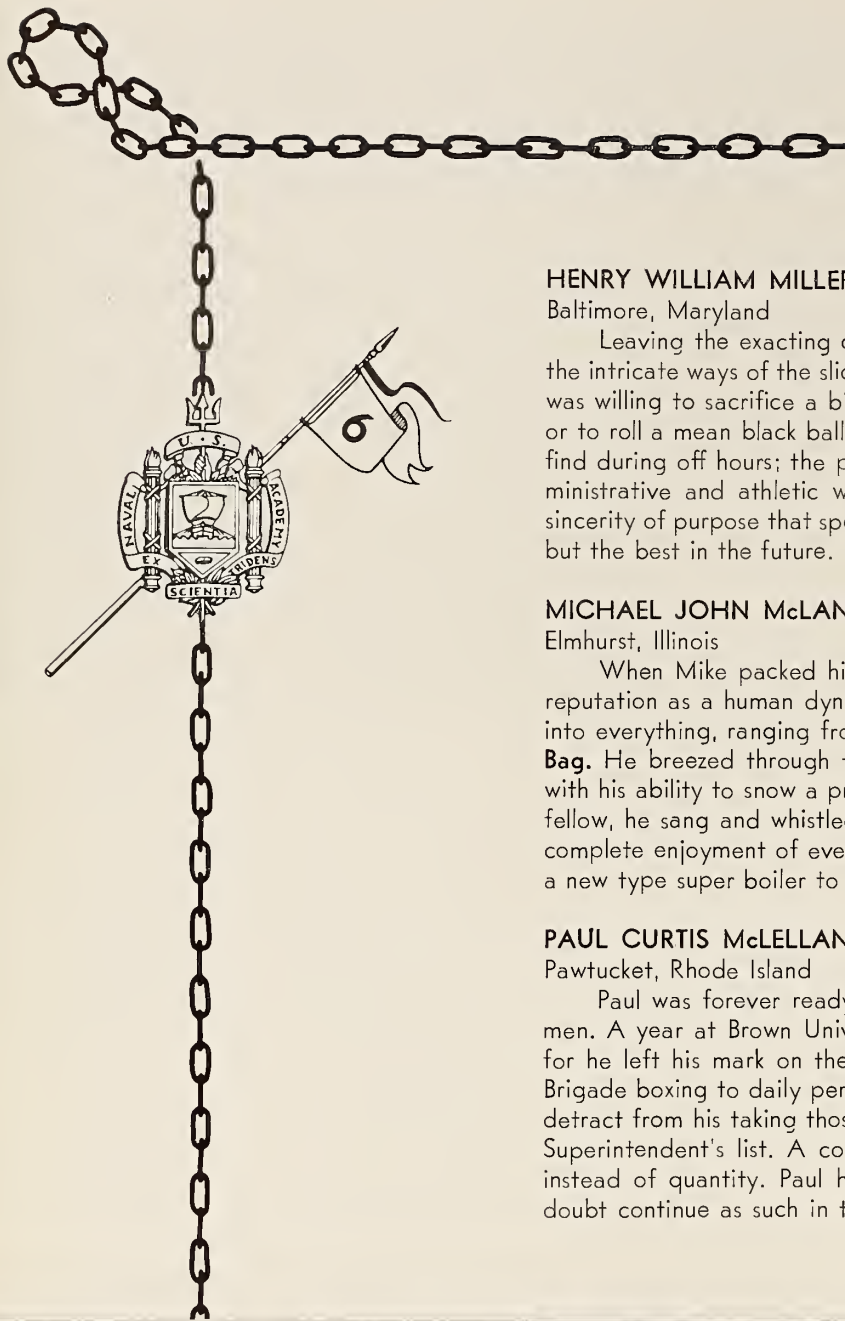
Jake left behind the civilian life in Indiana to wend his way down toward the sea. He immediately took to the water and was never far from the boats after that; most of his spare time was spent on the bay sailing one of USNAY's proud vessels. He kept to himself more than most of us but could be counted on for the friendly word when it was needed most. His true spirit came out on the intramural field with his hard-driving, aggressive play. With any political discussion, Jake would forget his quiet ways and stoutly defend the party of his choice. He looks forward to Navy line for at least the first thirty years; after that, who knows?

## JAMES ROGER LYONS

Easton, Maryland

Hailing from local surroundings, Rog would always be one of the few men around who consistently had good things to say about Maryland. Bringing a well-oiled slip-stick and brain with him, he wasted no time in letting the Academic Departments know that he was not to be trifled with. Rog always had a love for the military life that was second to none; his example and bearing were well above the commonplace. The fencing loft became his most usual hangout and he sparked the battalion squad after starring for the Plebes. But he could usually be found dashing about in behalf of the **Trident**, of which he became editor-in-chief during First Class year. A dry humor, steady attitude, and strong love for the Navy will always remind us of him.





## United States Naval Academy

### HENRY WILLIAM MILLER, JR.

Baltimore, Maryland

Leaving the exacting classrooms of Baltimore Polytech, Hank was no stranger to the intricate ways of the sliderule and the frequent quizzes. He was a fellow who always was willing to sacrifice a bit of gravy, whether it was to write a letter to the O.A.O. or to roll a mean black ball down the fourth wing hardwoods. Hank was never hard to find during off hours; the pad was a favorite hangout but company matters both administrative and athletic were never neglected. He always showed an industry and sincerity of purpose that spelled curtains for any problem of Navy life. He'll do nothing but the best in the future.

### MICHAEL JOHN McLANE

Elmhurst, Illinois

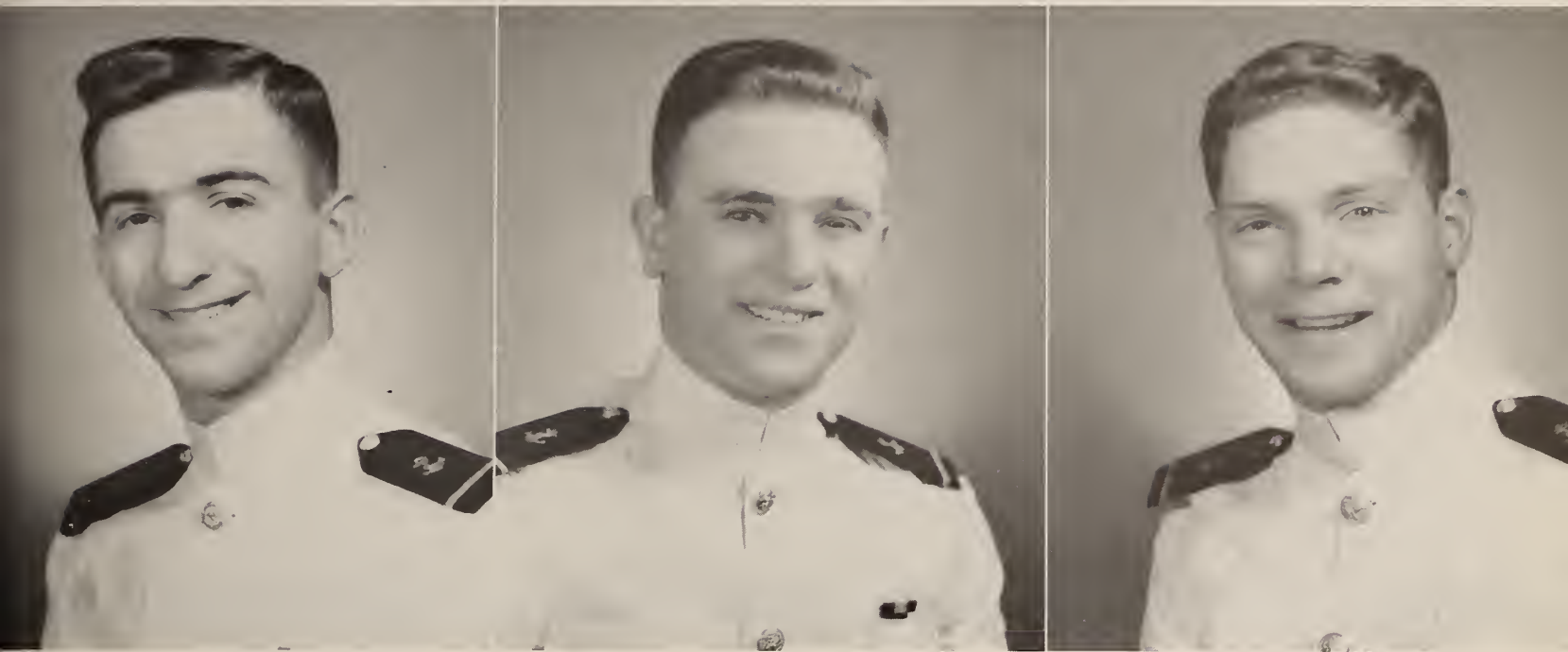
When Mike packed his bag to come to Canoe U., he brought with him quite a reputation as a human dynamo. Setting out to live up to his press notices, he delved into everything, ranging from the theory of relativity to taking pictures for the **Lucky Bag**. He breezed through the academics with stars on and would always perplex us with his ability to snow a prof or get a laugh out of a skinny book. Inherently a happy fellow, he sang and whistled along his merry way, letting nothing stand in his way of complete enjoyment of everything. We'll probably see Mike again someday designing a new type super boiler to put Babcock & Wilcox out of business.

### PAUL CURTIS McLELLAN, JR.

Pawtucket, Rhode Island

Paul was forever ready to prove that the little state produced more pretty big men. A year at Brown University seemed to give him all the preparation he needed for he left his mark on the class standings. A full round of activities, ranging from Brigade boxing to daily periods of improving his mind through sleep, never seemed to detract from his taking those long weekends which he rated after being named to the Superintendent's list. A constant dragger, he soon settled down in favor of quality instead of quantity. Paul has always been an asset to any organization and will no doubt continue as such in the Navy. His quiet friendliness will always remain with us.





**CLYDE CECIL MORRIS**

Vienna, Georgia

Clyde always had something to say that was worthwhile; we couldn't always understand him, but we listened anyway. Showing an ability to get out and get the job done with rare dispatch marked our Southern gentleman as a man to watch; he quickly found himself in the center of things, serving as class battalion representative. A man of high ideals and mature attitude, Clyde was always one who could quickly be called upon for advice which usually seemed to do the job. He returns to the service after four years of hard work and success; his future looks only bright.

**DONALD PHILIP NORKIN**

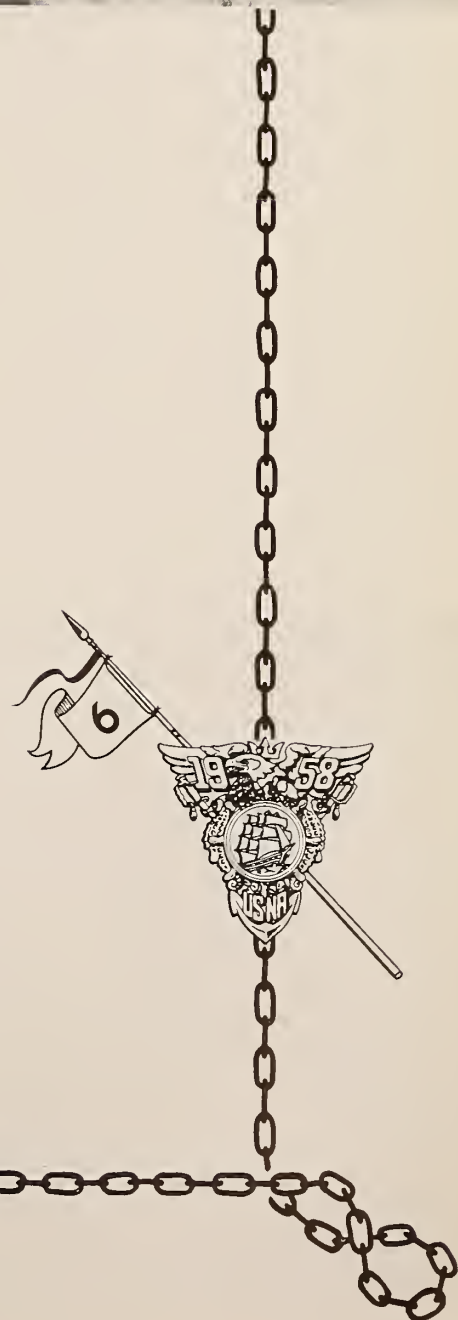
Brooklyn, New York

Don came south to represent "Dem Bums" with a loyalty and devotion typical of any Dodger follower. Not only a fan, he always was willing to show us how it was done and his services as Navy's fastest and wildest lefty "chucker" became known throughout the Brigade. He also showed a proficiency with the "book larnin'" that belied that helpless look when the daily skinny quiz was passed out. With a rich sense of humor and big smile along with his touchiness on the subject of the Flock, Don was a happy addition to any gathering. He hates to leave the pad which has become his second home but should find another one quickly.

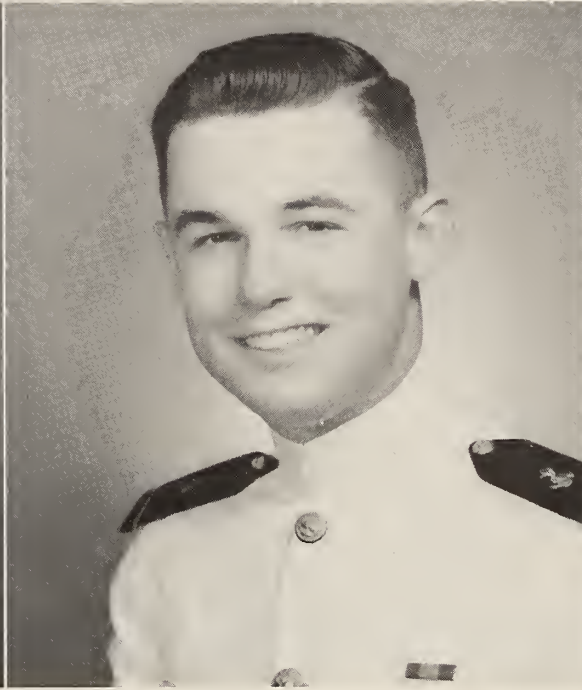
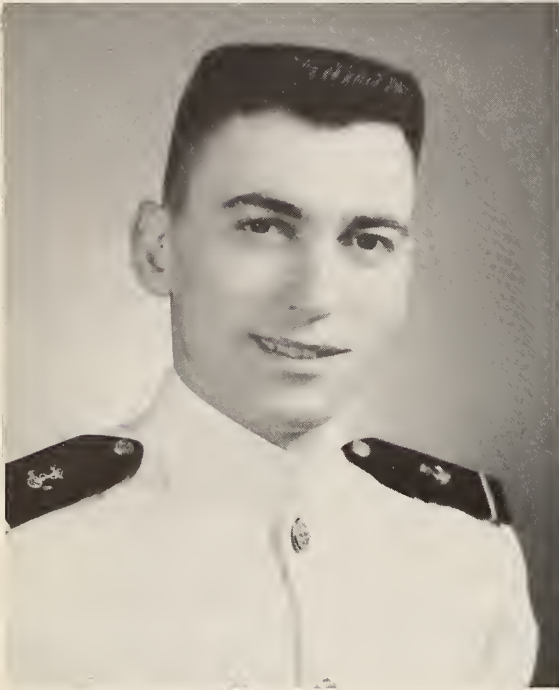
**EDWIN WILSON OLDHAM**

Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Here was a fellow who was always hard to describe; there weren't enough superlatives to handle the job. Ned brought a habit of setting examples with him when he came East from the Buckeye State; he continued in this pastime easily. Whether it was scoring six more for the Varsity gridders from the halfback slot on those fall afternoons, winning speech contests over in Mahan Hall, or "cooling" the daily quizzes, Ned always had more than his share of what it took. A leader as well as scholar, he was near the top in anything he undertook; a fitting climax was his captaincy of the football team during First Class year. Ned has the sky for a limit and we're not even sure that he'll stop there.



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**HOWARD LLOYD PABST**

Syracuse, New York

Coming in from upstate New York, Howie brought a drum and a nostalgia for the old days when the hunting season always beckoned him with open arms. His drum found a home with the Hellcats; his love for the great outdoors had to confine itself to reading the latest hunting and fishing magazine or explaining to the boys how he would have brought in the big ones. Howie worked hard at Navy; he put as much zeal into working with the **Lucky Bag** as he did into the more exacting demands of the classroom battles. He plans to make the Silent Service his future home and we only hope that he can do some hunting sometime on leave.

**JOSEPH FRY PAULL**

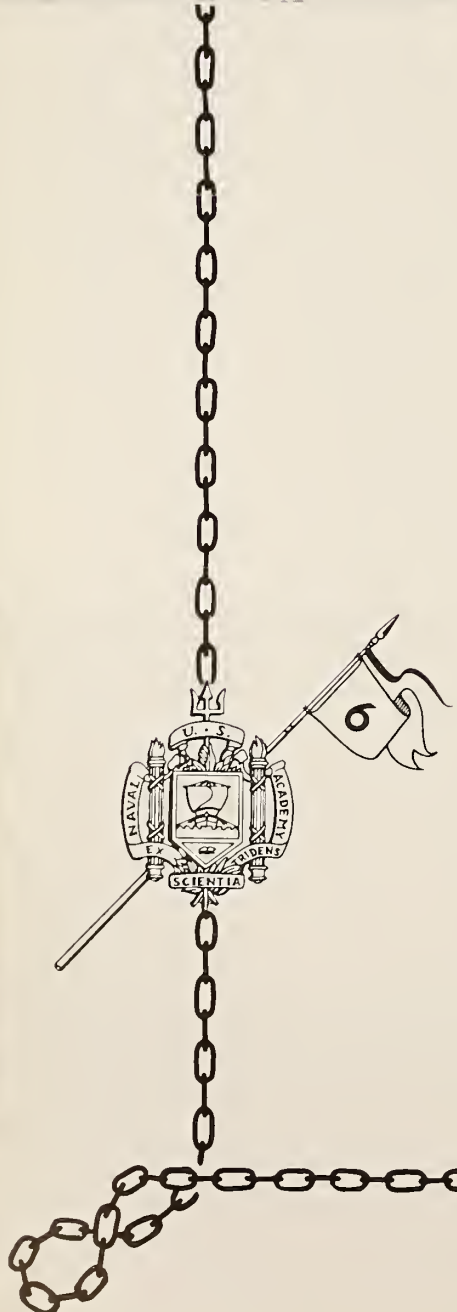
Wheeling, West Virginia

Joe was still a growing boy when he first saw the muddy Severn waters; he amply demonstrated this by lengthening his lanky frame up into the stratosphere during his stay here. When he wasn't busy ducking those dangerously low door jambs, he could usually be found working out on the Varsity tennis courts or thinking up new ways to pass leadership with the minimum sweat. He always seemed to have a drag or two on hand and tried many times to fix a classmate up with that "femme of the week." Joe will have no trouble in the future, no matter what service eventually claims him.

**RICHARD KELLEY PIERSON**

Phoenix, Arizona

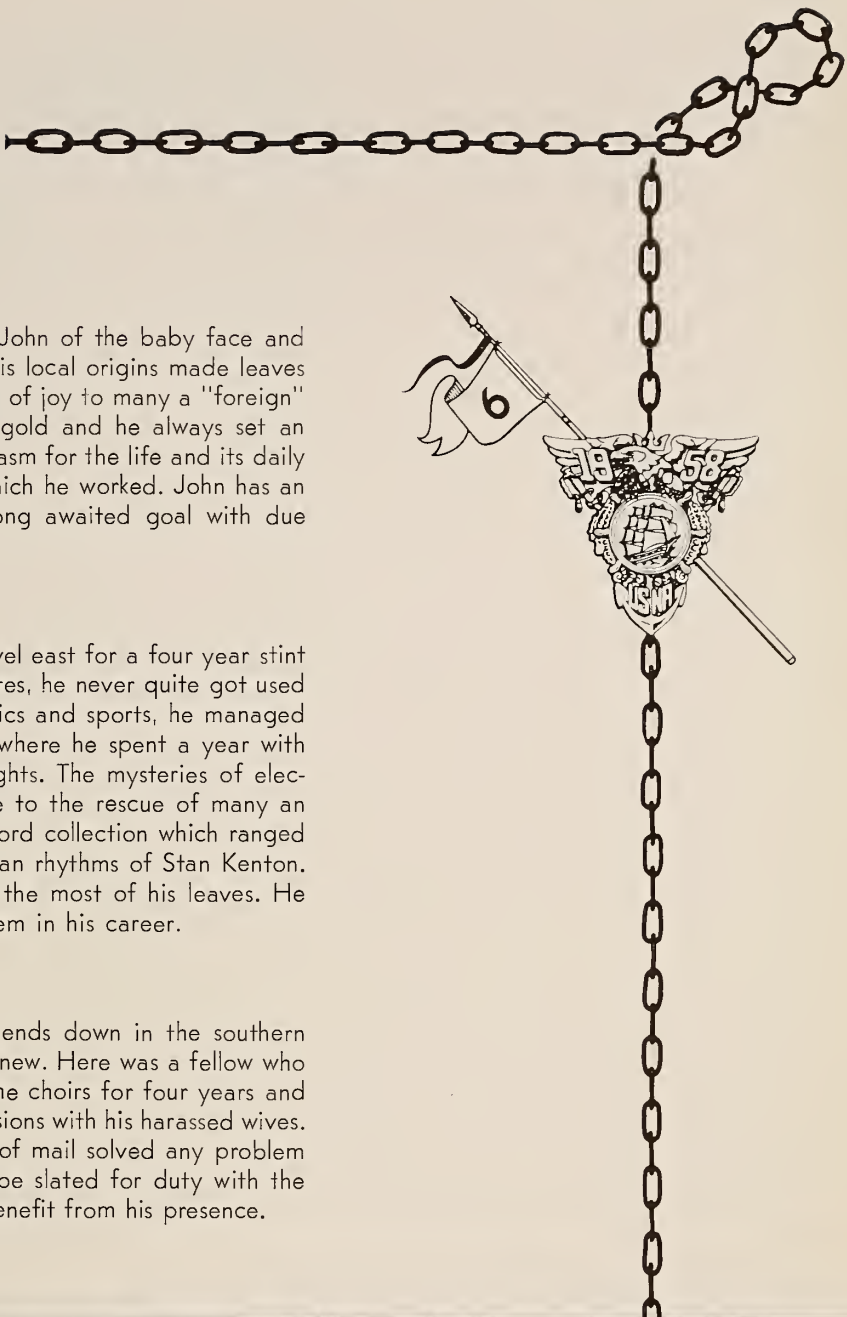
"Here comes the old dad" was always the remark that ushered Kel into any gathering; it was enough to bring the brightest smile to even the most subdued face. Here was a man who claimed everyone for a friend; his perpetual smile, razor-sharp humor, and warm friendship endeared him to all who knew him. Any post-leave period would hum with the tales of his many exploits on those world travels. No one knew just where the grey hairs came from, but Kel had many tales to clear up the mystery. We never knew just what to believe, but we loved to listen anyway. We hate to part with him, but knowing Kel, we'll be seeing him again soon.



*United States Naval Academy*



# United States Naval Academy



## JOHN PAUL PRICE

Baltimore, Maryland

Catching the B & A express from nearby Baltimore, John of the baby face and many drags decided to call the Trade School his home. His local origins made leaves simple things and his many contacts were always the source of joy to many a "foreign" classmate. John had a rare pride in the Navy blue and gold and he always set an example of which the service could justly boast. His enthusiasm for the life and its daily events was always evident and greatly helped those for which he worked. John has an ambition to fly and fly fast, and will start toward his long awaited goal with due dispatch when he finally gets the sheepskin.

## TERRY RICHARD PRIEBE

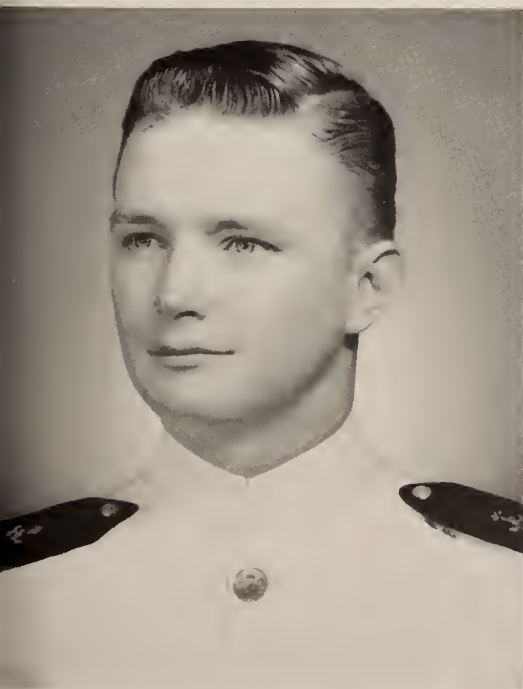
Des Moines, Iowa

Leaving the black earth of Iowa, Terry decided to travel east for a four year stint at Navy. Despite the coaxing of his two Maryland roommates, he never quite got used to the Annapolis weather. A hard worker in both academics and sports, he managed to excel in both. Hubbard Hall was his favorite hangout, where he spent a year with the plebe team and three years with the Varsity lightweights. The mysteries of electronics never bothered him, and his trusty repair kit came to the rescue of many an ailing hi-fi. As a sideline he accumulated a fairly large record collection which ranged from the daffy "Daphnis and Chloe" to those exotic African rhythms of Stan Kenton. Terry had a good eye for drags and was known to make the most of his leaves. He has set high goals and he can be counted on to reach them in his career.

## MAURICE KEITH ROBINSON, JR.

Eustis, Florida

"Buck" bid goodbye to Pogo and the rest of his friends down in the southern swamps and came up the coast to try his luck at something new. Here was a fellow who was always happy when music filled the air. He sang for the choirs for four years and even learned to play a mean concertina after many long sessions with his harassed wives. The books always kept him busy but the ever-present ton of mail solved any problem that the Bilgers Society could muster. "Buck" appears to be slated for duty with the Supply Corps, and we know that the Navy can't help but benefit from his presence.



**ROBERT WILLIAM ROWE**

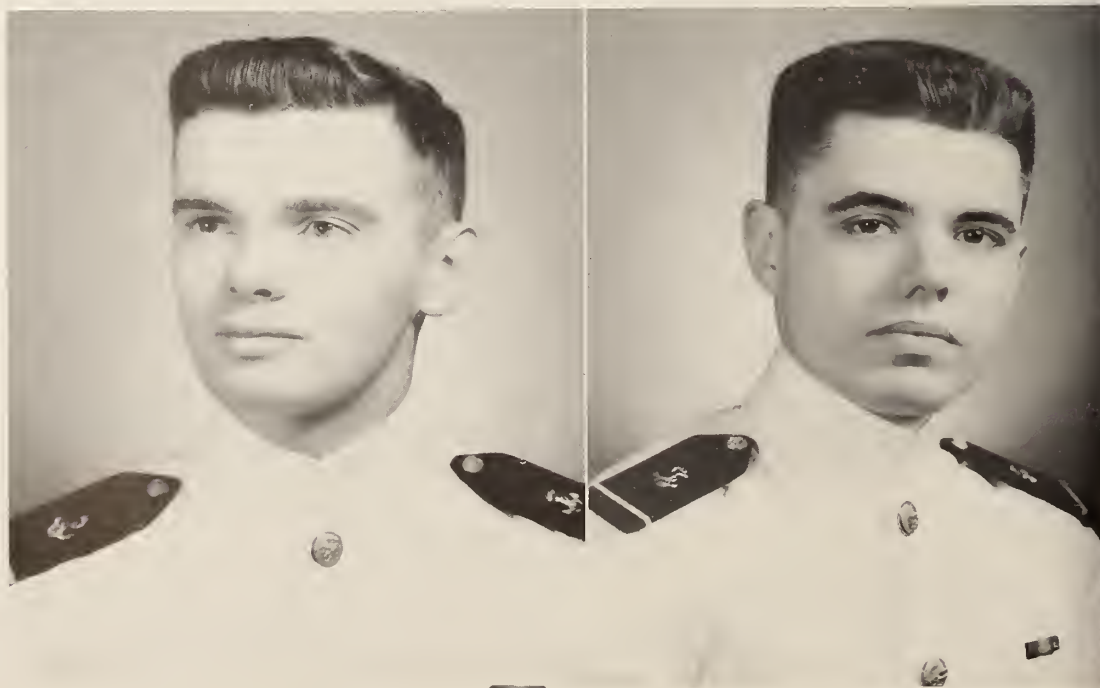
Amsterdam, Ohio

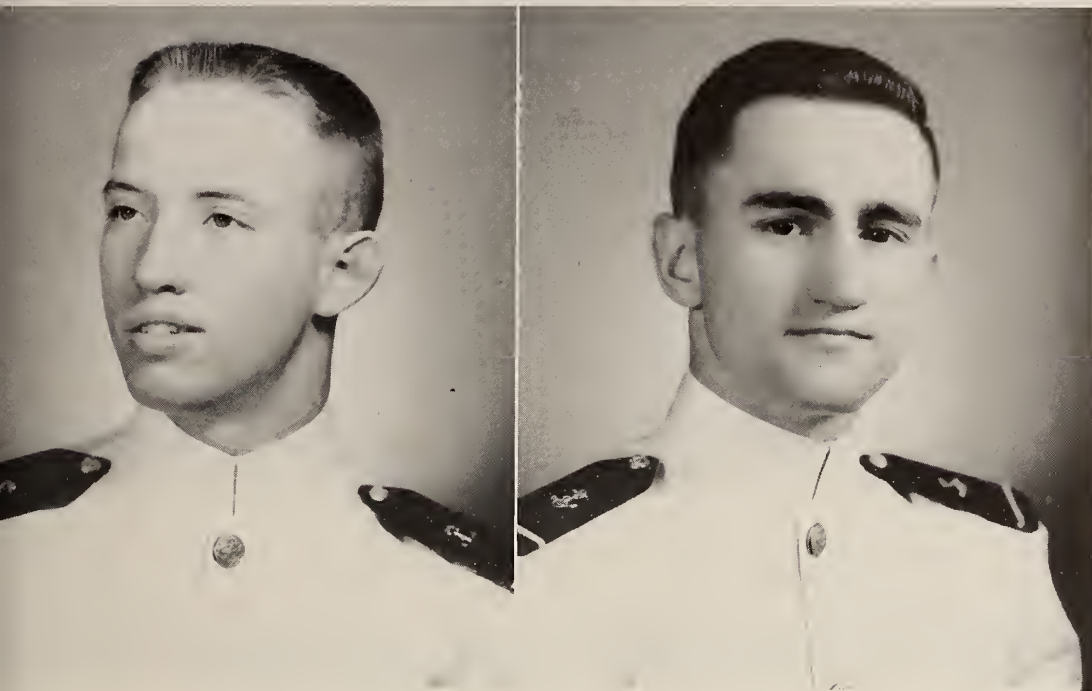
With the blessings of all Amsterdam guiding him on, Bob donned the Navy blue and gold to make the big jump from landlubber to seafarer. He immediately found the books to be somewhat of a challenge but when the chips were down, he was one who always seemed to come through to pay the rent. The choirs and the Glee Club gave vent to a lusty voice and he could usually be found entertaining his wives with his rendition of one of the latest ditties. He liked to take it easy when he could; many a bull session would find him engrossed in some subject or other; it didn't matter, so long as it killed time. Hard work when it counted made Bob a success here, and it should help him greatly in the future.

**NILS RUECKERT**

Baltimore, Maryland

This lad hailed from that city up north, Baltimore, attending the renowned Baltimore Polytechnic Institute, which, combined with a stay at the University of Maryland, sent him off to a flying start on plebe academics. In the line of sports, he was usually either running his Midwestern wife or running on the company cross country or steeplechase teams. The leisurely free afternoon hours of Nils' Bancroft apartment were spent spinning 33's ranging from Kostelanetz to Kenton. His summer in Norway made him an expert on European travel problems and he became the official Chamber of Commerce of Oslo. Practicing what he preached, the four years here didn't get Nils down and this positive attitude will carry him over many a wave.





**JOHN PETER SWOPE**

Edensburg, Pennsylvania

John was no stranger to Navy ways when he reported in; coming from NAPS, he easily qualified as an "old salt" and soon was taking everything in stride. Quick to pick things up, whether it was a hidden concept in a skinny book or tips on how to lead, he never had any problems and wasted no time in showing that his mark would be left upon venerable Mother Bancroft. Helping to leg home many a point for the Sixth's outstanding cross-country squads typified his spirit, but it was only one of many such examples. John's return to the service brings down the curtain on a great four years and ushers in the beginning of a long career.

**WARREN SHAW WALTERS**

Reno, Nevada

"Poj" hated to say farewell to the carefree days in the Golden West, but he managed to leave the slot machines and deserts of Nevada behind him. With a heart as big as his own state and a sense of humor to match, this little man was always on the go keeping his wives and other close friends constantly amused. Academics played second to anything else but his enviable class standing amply showed that not everybody had to worry about the books. Mother Bancroft will miss the cheer that "Poj" brought to her, but some future wardroom or O-Club looks definitely lucky in their possibilities of having him there.



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*Left to right: First row—Gordon, Sainz, Emmerson, Peterson, Tiedemann, Chamberlin, Osborn, Milligan, Estes, Patten. Second row—Nordwall, Bung, Stevens, Hearst, Hawthorne, Oistad, Kiland, Marshall, Stitzel. Third row—Vogt, Frie, Curtin, MacDonald, Fitzpatrick, Flynn, McGlinchey, Willen. Fourth row—Engel, Fiene, Johnson, Billings, Hardin, Rodriguez, Webster. Fifth row—Truax, Michaels.*



*Left to right: First row—Coughlin, Foery, Sullivan, Willenbacher, Smith, Houghton, Fleming, Seligman, Derbes, Goodrich. Second row—Williams, Albershart, Blum, Sullivan, Newman, Golden, Schroeder, Cleveland, Gaynor. Third row—Michalski, Graves, Jenkins, Hoke, Medaris, Plummer, Walker, McCallum. Fourth row—Desmond, Phillippi, Sweetser, Land, Cox, Suddath, Bocklet.*



*Left to right: First row—Djock, Scott, Coulahan, Abrell, Doherty, McLean, Dunkle, Erickson, Laughlin, Harvey. Second row—Brett, Asworth, Kibbe, Black, Miner, Guthrie, Hoag, Raroha, Stewart. Third row—Langworthy, Brannan, Stanley, Swift, Chinn, Chasko, Decker, Sample. Fourth row—Hill, Barfield, Kennedy, Kinberg, Halloran, Rosenberger, Stewart. Fifth row—Borst, Abernethy, Farnan, Morrison, Herzberg.*



Lt. R.L. Buck, USN  
Company Officer

The Seventh—mean, with lots of wind,  
exams and femmes our ranks have thinned.  
We're thirty-six, we've all been fried  
beating the system (at least, we've tried).

We've been together, seen some sights,  
run some Kaydets, had some nights—  
with Coins, Fried, Butter, Murdock, Goose,  
Gib and Guts (he's sort of loose).

There's Stacker and MacEntry—heck,  
their wife is known as Korzichek.  
Libby, Freddy, the Jarhead, too;  
Foxye, Rodent—it's like a zoo.

## Seventh Company



Fall Set. Left to right—Gies, Medlock, Mink, Bartels, Fried-  
land, Washburn.

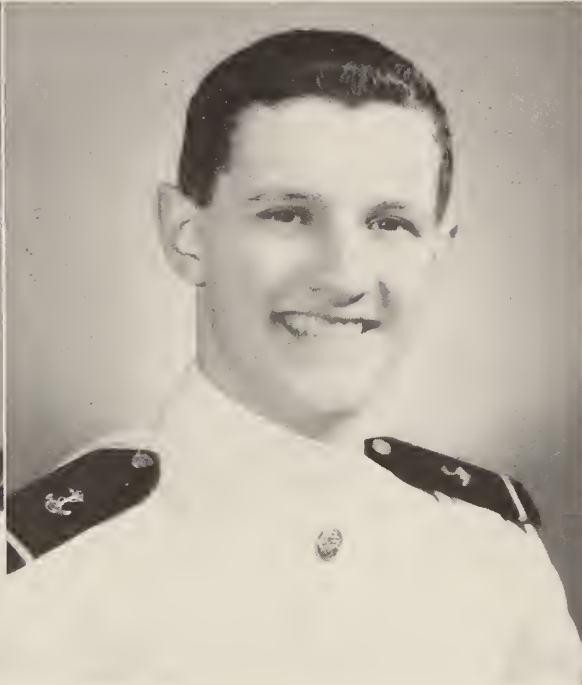
We've Meon, Bucky, Wino, Wash,  
the Greener, Heinz, and Bottles—gosh,  
Kalyard and Woodie—is that all?  
The Lump and Hustlin' (they play ball).

Ape, Gaylord, Mohn, and Deacon Dan,  
J.T., J.R., and Okie, man—  
Fenwick and Bingham, known as Bing.  
His wife is Jake—he wrote this thing.

We've been four years at learning's source,  
We've crossed our rivers—had the course.  
We're happy now, and we've got no kicks;  
they graduated all thirty-six.



Winter Set. Left to right—McIntyre, Butterworth, Woodbury,  
Putnam, Stack, O'Connor.



**DAVID LEE ALLARD**

Wausau, Wisconsin

Wisconsin gets all the credit for this talented lad. Dave entered Navy Tech fresh from Wausau High School where he captained the football team to an undefeated season. "Feller" was quick to catch on to the Navy way of life and soon felt at home in the halls of Bancroft. The 150's inherited the gridiron savvy and the East coast girls inherited his loving, although the hometown gals kept on fighting for him. Dave excelled in every field of endeavor at the Academy and we know he will be an outstanding addition to the service of his choice.

**ROBERT BINGHAM BARGAR**

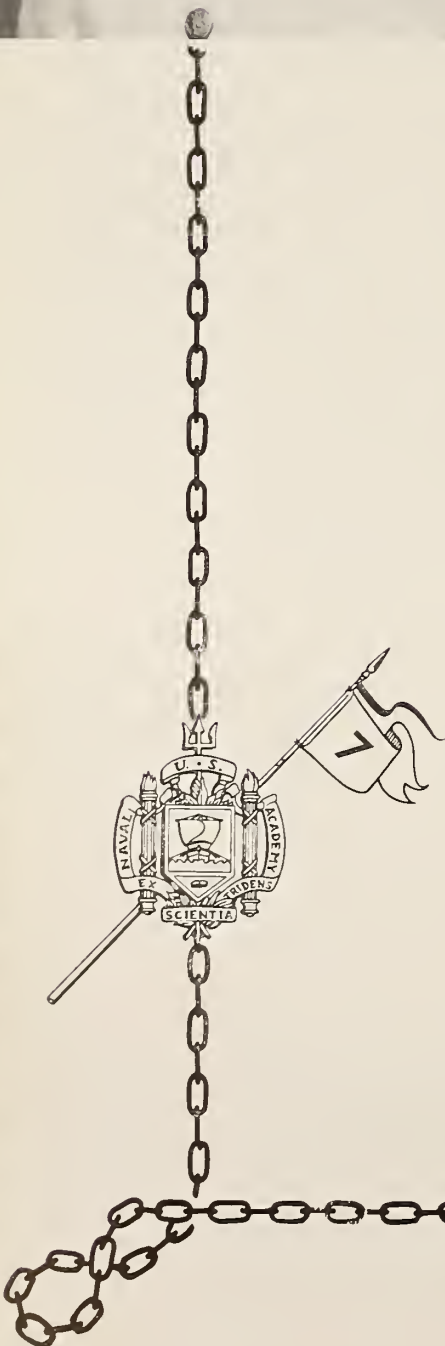
Lakewood, Ohio

Probably the thing that best describes Bob is something he carries around with him about 90% of the time, his smile. Bingham was probably the happiest guy in the world, and he loved to let others know about it. Of course, he did other things as well; he sang for the Glee Club and Chapel Choir, as well as for his wives. He studied too, although he enjoyed singing more. Girls? He was one who always claimed that he could take them or leave them alone; however, he somehow preferred to take them. Bob was nothing special as a student and wasn't a 3 letter man. He was just a swell guy, with that undefinable personality plus a lot of charm thrown in.

**HARLAN BRUCE BARTELS**

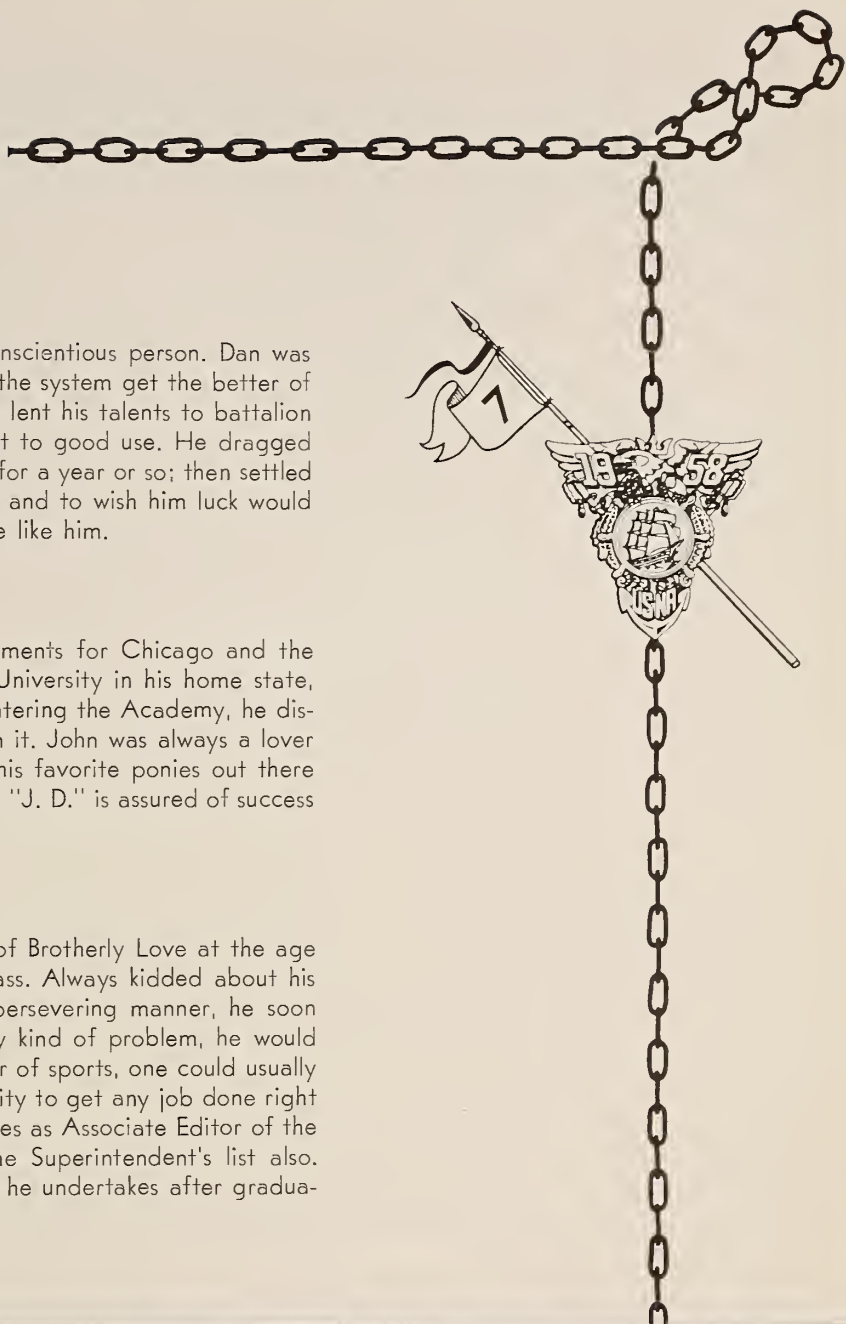
Lakewood, Ohio

"Tiny," in his four years at the Naval Academy, was an outstanding pillar in the Brigade, not only in size but also in ability and accomplishment. Always a hard worker, he still managed to maintain an infectious and jolly attitude. An avid sports enthusiast, especially about football, he parlayed his interest and ability into solid benefit for several company and battalion teams. He was a two year member of the N.A.C.A. Council and taught religious classes several times. Here is a lad with well-rounded qualities and activities which will be a great asset to him and those who will have the pleasure of knowing and serving with him as an officer.



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## DANIEL JOHN BELLAY

Warren, Ohio

Once in a while you run into a really sincere and conscientious person. Dan was truly one of these; cheerful and lighthearted, he never let the system get the better of him. He studied hard and always stayed off the bush. He lent his talents to battalion soccer and steeplechase where his running ability was put to good use. He dragged various young ladies humorously known as "Bellay's Bricks" for a year or so; then settled down to a more normal life. Dan's ambition is to do well, and to wish him luck would be superfluous. Good fortune comes naturally to someone like him.

## JOHN DAVID BUCK

Bremen, Indiana

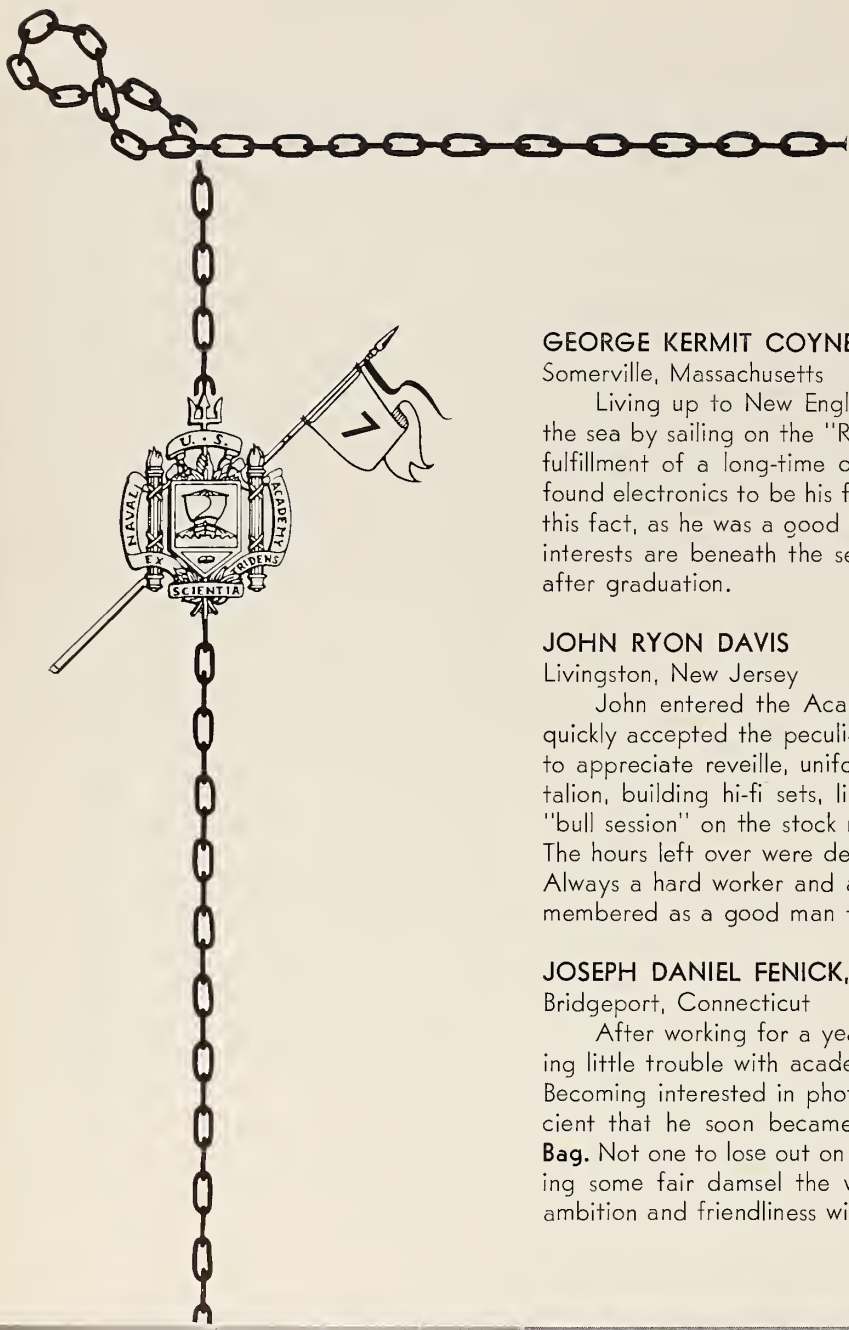
"J. D.," a devout Hoosier, never lost strong attachments for Chicago and the Washington Park Jockey Club. After a year at DePauw University in his home state, he decided that the Navy way was the only way. Upon entering the Academy, he discovered a game called bridge and attempted to major in it. John was always a lover of the gentle life and missed his old habits of watching his favorite ponies out there in Indiana. A good loser in cards and a good winner in life, "J. D." is assured of success in the service of his choice.

## FRANK WILLOUGHBY BUTTERWORTH, III

Abington, Pennsylvania

Frank came to Annapolis from a suburb of the city of Brotherly Love at the age of sixteen, being the second youngest member of the class. Always kidded about his age, he never let it stand in his way. A fellow with a persevering manner, he soon showed what he was made of. Whenever faced with any kind of problem, he would take a reef and forge ahead until it was mastered. A lover of sports, one could usually find him out on the tennis courts every afternoon. His ability to get any job done right with a minimum of trouble was put to good use in his duties as Associate Editor of the 1958 *Lucky Bag*. One could always find his name on the Superintendent's list also. We all know that Frank will be a success in any endeavor he undertakes after graduation.





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## GEORGE KERMIT COYNE, JR.

Somerville, Massachusetts

Living up to New England seafaring traditions, George displayed his interest in the sea by sailing on the "Royono" here at Navy; the Bermuda Race of 1956 was the fulfillment of a long-time dream. Coming to USNAY directly from prep school, he found electronics to be his favorite pastime. His classmates knew and well appreciated this fact, as he was a good reference for any knotty question along this line. George's interests are beneath the seas and we will probably find him at New London shortly after graduation.

## JOHN RYON DAVIS

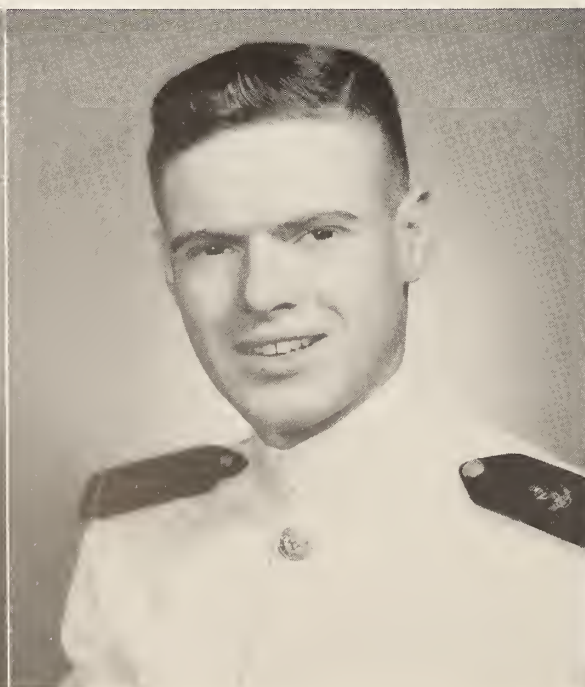
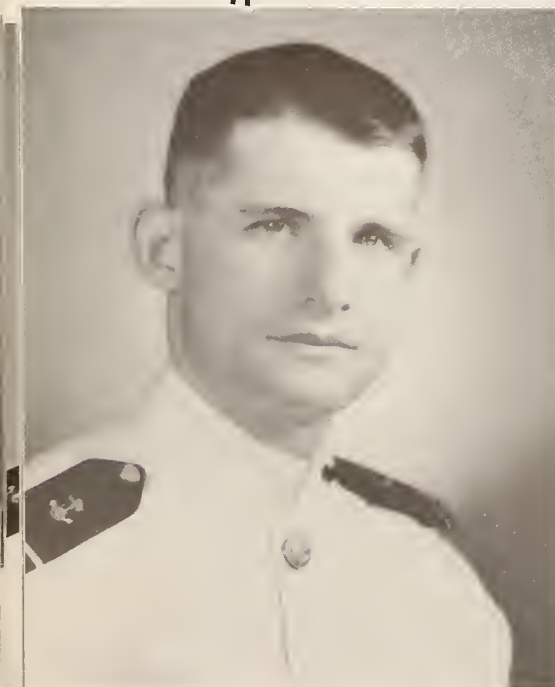
Livingston, New Jersey

John entered the Academy a few days after graduating from high school and quickly accepted the peculiar way of the Navy. However, he never could really learn to appreciate reveille, uniform races, or P-rades. Yawl sailing, swimming for the battalion, building hi-fi sets, listening to classical music, or taking an active part in a "bull session" on the stock market and the financial world occupied most of his time. The hours left over were devoted to being Business Manager of the 1958 **Lucky Bag**. Always a hard worker and able to look on the bright side of things, John will be remembered as a good man to have on any team.

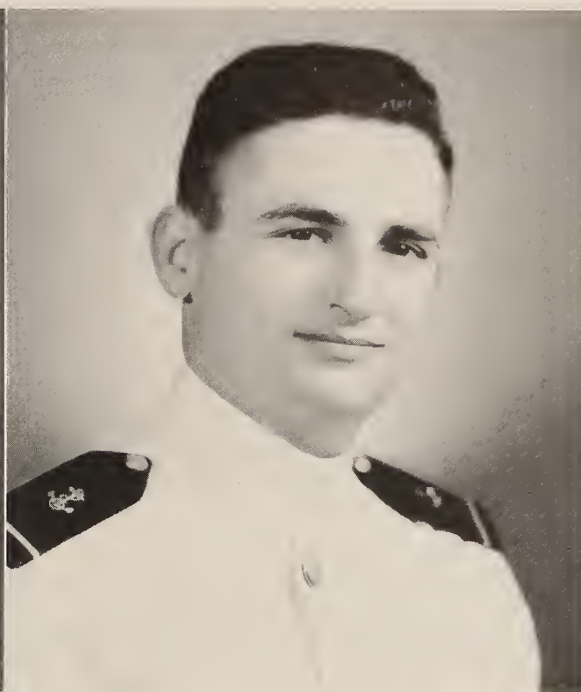
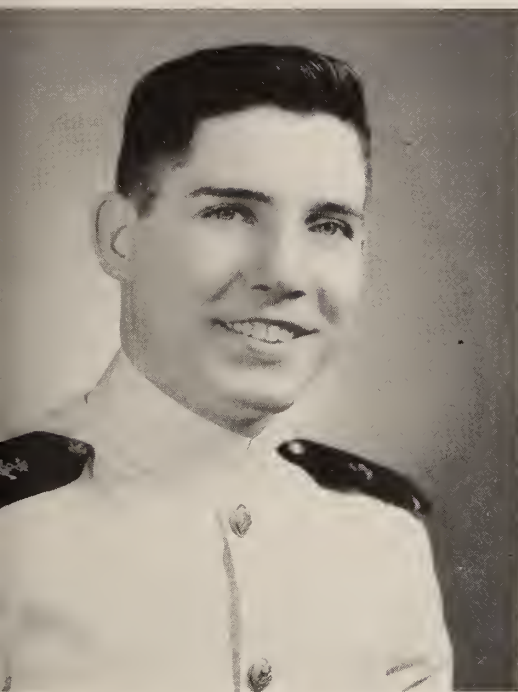
## JOSEPH DANIEL FENICK, JR.

Bridgeport, Connecticut

After working for a year, Joe decided to give it up and to come to Navy. Finding little trouble with academics, he turned to other fields to occupy his spare time. Becoming interested in photography, he worked very diligently and became so proficient that he soon became the photography editor of the **Splinter** and the **Lucky Bag**. Not one to lose out on the social life, Joe could be seen on many weekends showing some fair damsel the wild spots of Annapolis. After graduation, Joe's striving ambition and friendliness will carry him far.







**JOHN FRANCIS FOX**

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

It would be nice to name him "The Desert Fox," but "Sack Rat" was much more appropriate. He was well known for his financial operations, being a man who thought in thousands, owed in hundreds, and paid in pennies. A great connoisseur of women and a natural born lover, he received more mail per day than most of his classmates did per week. John has some definite plans in mind for the future, looking to Navy air as an answer to all his ambitions. He takes with him the best wishes of all who knew him here.

**ALAN STEPHEN FRIEDLAND**

New York, New York

Al was a member of Navy's sailing team for three years. He lettered three times and was also a member of the team which won the National Championship in 1956 and 1957. Well liked by all his classmates for a tremendous sense of humor and a perpetual smile, this little man will be long remembered by all of us. When not sailing, he was an active member of his company light-weight football team. He was also interested in music, mostly jazz, and had one of the finest collections within the halls of Mother Bancroft. He hopes to fly upon graduation; we wish him luck in trying to find a plane with a small enough cockpit.

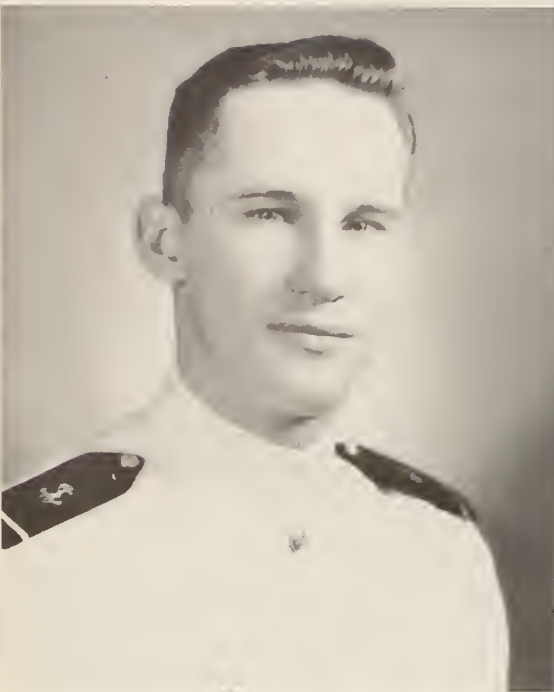
**WILLIAM JOHN GIBSON**

Maywood, Illinois

A fine product of the Windy City of Chicago, "Hoot" could always be found cheering up the company with his tremendous "uke" strumming. Although not a varsity sports man, he was a mainstay of the company and battalion sports teams during his four year tenure at the Academy. An easy person to get along with, Gib was always the life of the party and will never in his career be short of friends. He will undoubtedly be a tremendous success in whatever branch of the service he enters upon graduation.



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**LEO CHARLES GIES**

Cincinnati, Ohio

"Lee, how do you work this problem?" This was a very common question to this fellow who seemed to have more answers than the slide rule. He was always willing to share his knowledge to aid a faltering classmate. During his stay at Navy, he played Varsity lacrosse and proved that athletic ability could be combined with brains. A lover of music, he had a great collection of top records which he could be found enjoying at various times. Women were also an attraction to Lee and he was seen on many weekends escorting some young lovely around Navy Tech. He hopes to further his education; with his ability he should be very successful.

**RICHARD PATRICK GREENE**

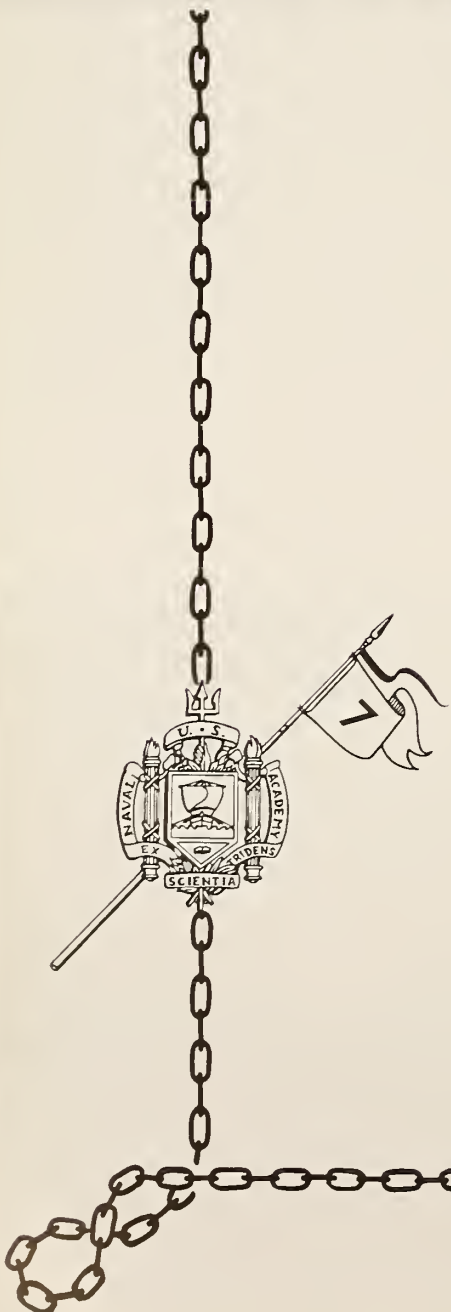
Bremerton, Washington

Pat, enjoying the life which he had experienced as a Navy Junior, decided to follow in his father's footsteps. Swimming, golf, and tennis were his main activities when he couldn't pursue his favorite pastime of dragging. Good natured and happy-go-lucky, Pat was still serious enough to do well in all activities and to establish a reputation as one of the finest guys to know. Looking forward to more adventures in the Navy, he plans to join the fleet after graduation. As he leaves, we are left with the question, "How can Pat fail?"

**MICHAEL JOSEPH HANLEY**

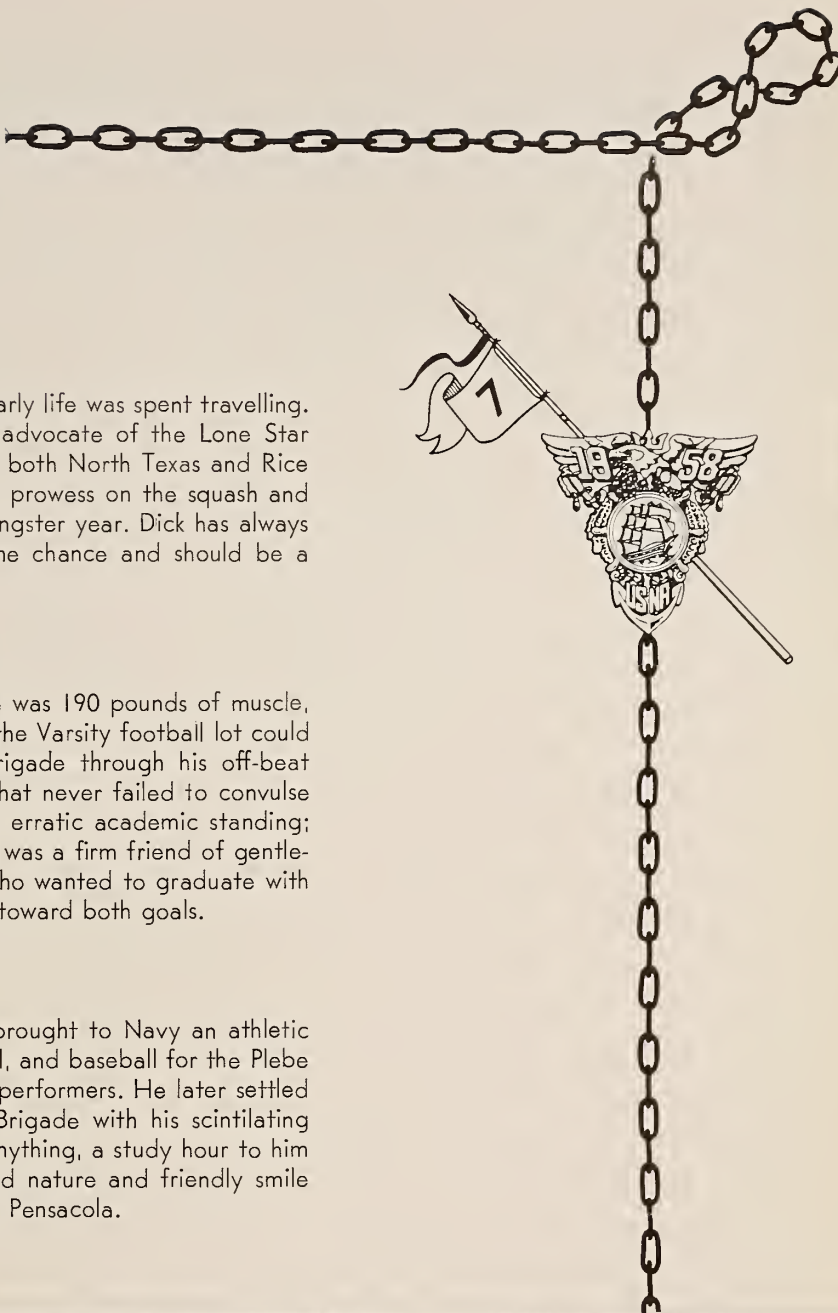
Westerville, Ohio

Mike was a little late getting started Plebe Summer, but once he decided upon his favorite branch of the service, he went all out to absorb what the Academy had to offer. Since Mike was a rugged individualist, the Academy undoubtedly absorbed some of his ideas as well. He claimed that hunting and fishing were his favorite pastimes but he wasn't quite the women hater he pretended to be. You could see him pulling a mean oar at any time over near the boat house; that is, if he wasn't reading a good book or listening to a favorite record. Mike plans to join the men in green upon graduation; the Marine Corps is truly getting one of the best.



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## RICHARD EUGENE HANSON

Denton, Texas

Dick was born in Ohio, but being a Navy Junior, his early life was spent travelling. Finally he settled down in Texas and became a staunch advocate of the Lone Star State. Quite an athlete in high school, he matriculated at both North Texas and Rice to play basketball before coming to Navy. He showed his prowess on the squash and tennis courts, picking up "N-stars" in both as early as Youngster year. Dick has always wanted to follow in his father's footsteps; he now has the chance and should be a tremendous success in Navy air.

## DONALD WALTER HARRIS

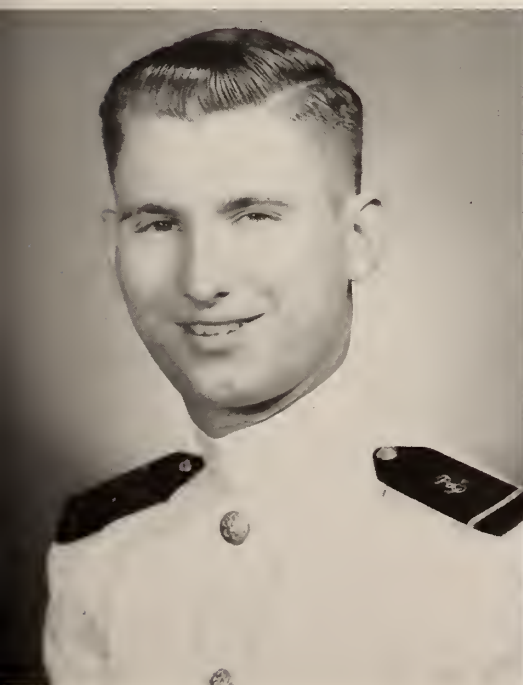
Chicago, Illinois

Physically, Don fit his nickname "Lump" to a "T." He was 190 pounds of muscle, and more too, as any one of the "Little Tank's" victims on the Varsity football lot could tell you. The famous Harris humor was known to the Brigade through his off-beat cartoons in the *Splinter*, or one of his spontaneous quips that never failed to convulse the listener. Mentally, Don had an intellect that belied his erratic academic standing; although he and his slide rule were only distant friends, he was a firm friend of gentlemen such as Plato, Napoleon, and Gandhi. Don was one who wanted to graduate with philosophy, along with a commission, and has a good start toward both goals.

## HARRY H. HURST

Paulsboro, New Jersey

Off to a fast start in sports at an early age, Harry brought to Navy an athletic ability that was tough to match. Playing football, basketball, and baseball for the Plebe teams, he established himself as one of our most versatile performers. He later settled down to Varsity football, and continually delighted the Brigade with his scintillating runs from a halfback position. Never one to worry about anything, a study hour to him meant the pad or an hour with the racing form. His good nature and friendly smile will long be remembered by us after he wends his way to Pensacola.





# United States Naval Academy

## THOMAS LEROY JACOBS

Culver City, California

"Los Angeles is the place to be," says the man! Known lovingly as "Jake," Tom took to the Maryland weather harder than most of us because he was spoiled by that California sunshine. His record was evidence that he always got the job done; a "star" academic average, letters in Varsity track and cross country and a high position in the Brigade organization marked him as one of the outstanding men in the class. His endless puns and witticisms were enjoyed by everyone because they were never directed at one person and were therefore never at anyone's expense. Tom always set an example to be followed; it was a rare privilege to know him.

## JOHN THOMAS KENNARD

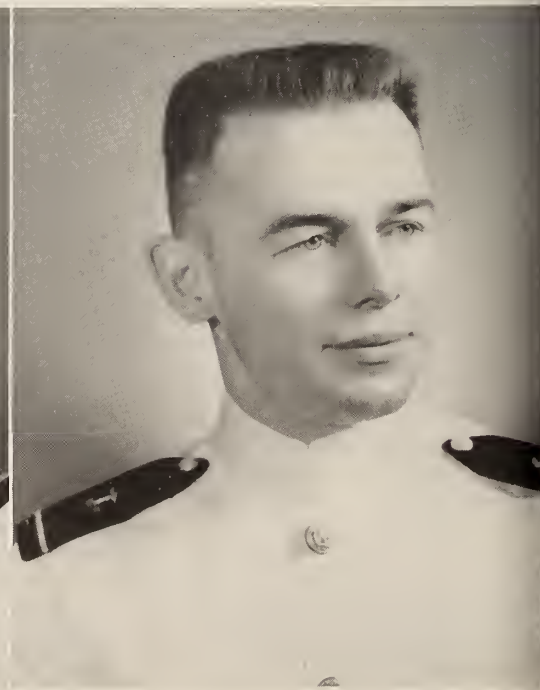
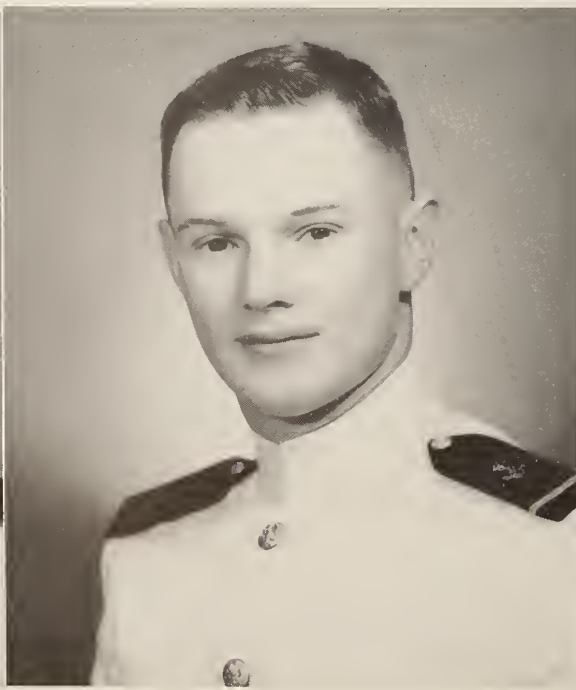
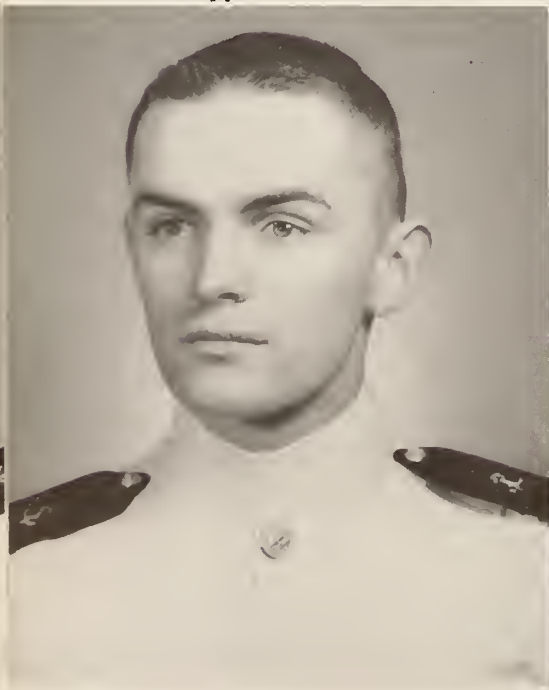
Green Camp, Ohio

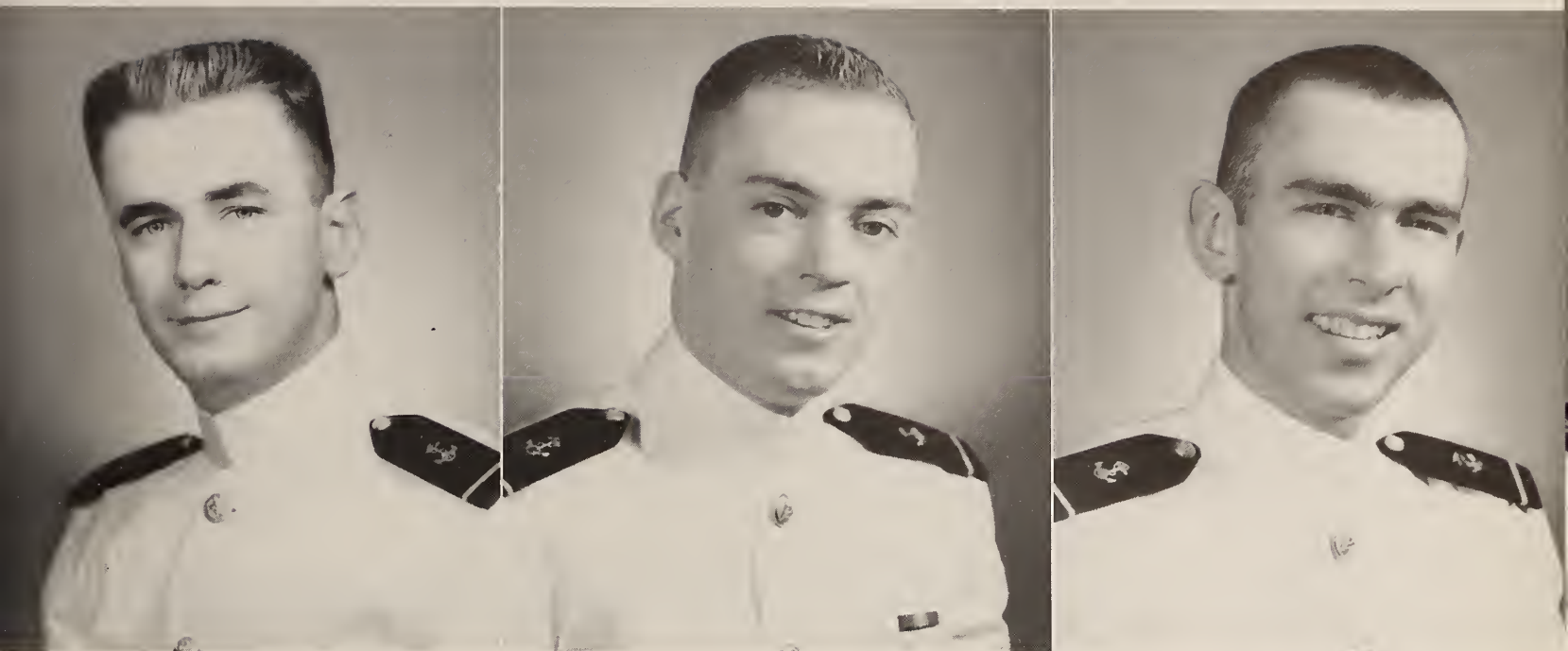
A happy-go-lucky lad from the Buckeye State, John attended Ohio State for a year before descending on Annapolis. He believed in women in the abstract only, if at all, stating many times that midshipmen allow girls to occupy too much of their time. He was a quiet, studious, and ambitious fellow who put his whole spirit into all that he undertook. He tried hard to play the trumpet, doing a good job, but he sang like a foghorn. Lacrosse occupied much of his time but he never neglected the books as was evidenced by a solid class standing. Navy line will get a worthy addition when John joins the Fleet.

## CHARLES JOSEPH KORZINEK

Wyckoff, New Jersey

During the past four years, our hallowed halls were blessed by the fabulous personage of "Curly." Many of us shivered and shook as we watched him burn up the gym mat in his seemingly never ending drive to complete just one full twist back and end up on his feet. Two and a half years in the Naval Reserve helped prepare Chuck for his Naval education, and he always put this background to good use. Few of us could match his love for adventure and the unusual; this led him to roles such as an outboard motor boat racer, a water skier, and the Brigade pie racing champion. This quality should take Chuck far in Navy air.





**JACK ALLEN LIBEY**

LaGrange, Indiana

Jack was one who looked forward to graduation from the first day of plebe summer. He managed to break himself away from his home town long enough to sample Navy life, decided that it was for him and settled on our shores. A consistent optimist even during the "Dark Ages," Jack's cheerful smile came to mean a lot to those who knew him. While never a star man, "Ole Libe" managed to pay the rent and to find time for intramurals as well. Flying appeals to Jack, and we wish him the very best in his quest for wings.

**GRAYDON FREDERICK LOMBARD**

Caribou, Maine

After spending a year at Bowdoin College, Fred descended to the Severn to join the ranks of '58. Never one to worry about the studies, he did have some tedious encounters with the Steam Department. He put his spare time to good use, working as Circulation Manager for the *Trident*. An avid sports fan, one could always make a bet with him on the Boston Celtics or the Milwaukee Braves, his favorite teams. His dry sense of humor brought many laughs to his classmates, and with this terrific personality, he will certainly be an asset to whatever service he chooses.

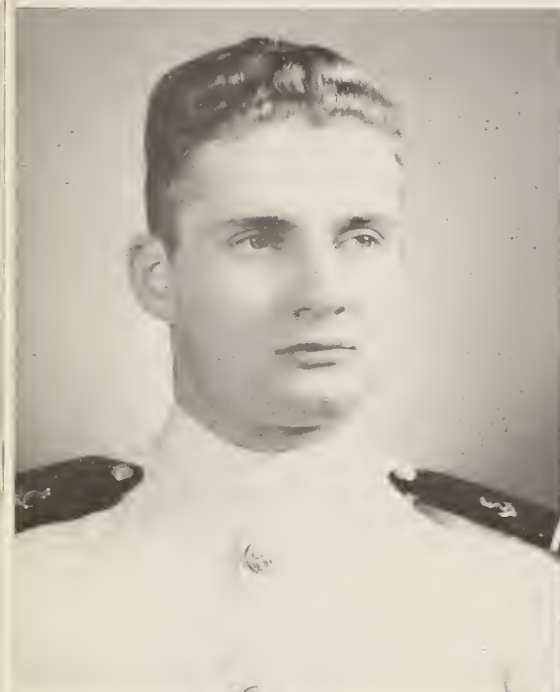
**ALEXANDER PHILLIPS LONGDON, JR.**

Daytona Beach, Florida

"I'm telling you, gang, Florida's the greatest place in the whole world." Could a certain southern belle have had something to do with that? Phil was always a devout worshiper of the "God of 2.5," and this combined with some hard work and a lot of sweat pulled him through. Dago was his nemesis, and great was his relief when he bade farewell to that Department. Easy to get along with and a true friend, Phil will have no trouble in his future Naval career.



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**STUART LELAND LUSTFIELD**

Davenport, Iowa

Stu blew in from the tall corn country to show us what a good little man could do. His interests were many and varied, and it was rare to find him not occupied at one or more of them. Wrestling took up most of his afternoons, with the Class Crest and Ring Committee and the N.A.C.A. Council filling up the spare hours. He still found time to fight many battles with the powers that be, and spent much time on the rear terraces. The wild blue yonder looks best to Stu and we know that he will have no trouble succeeding in the future.

**FRED POTTS McINTYRE**

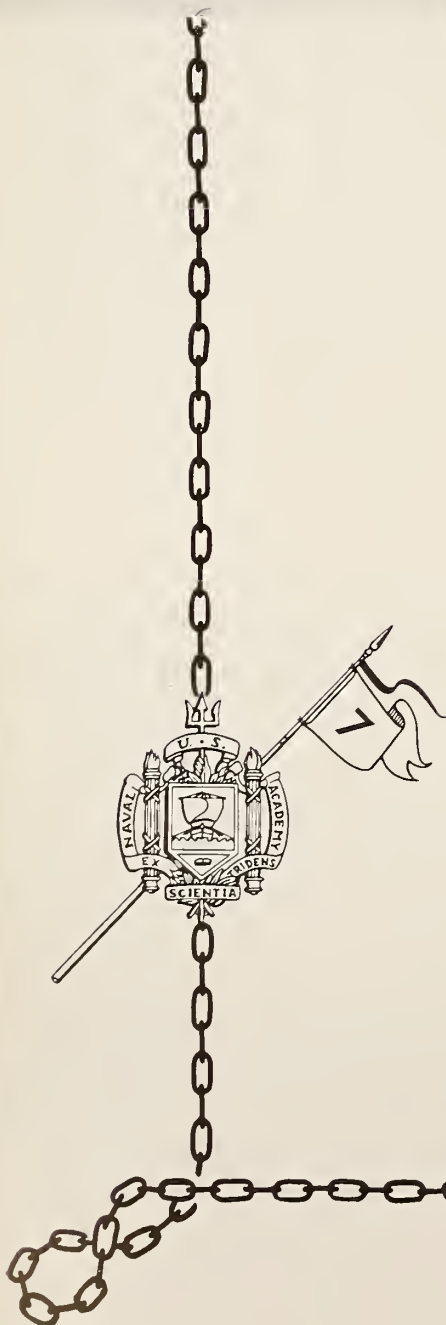
Greensburg, Pennsylvania

Mac came to us from the mountains of western Pennsylvania after a year's hang-over at Bullis Prep. A hair-triggered smile and a retreating hairline were a couple of the more obvious features about this boy. Second class year found him embracing books a little more frequently than was necessary during his first two years at USNAY, although he never had any real troubles. However, with all the added variables of academics, his rack time remained constant. A veritable Eddie Duchin, he was coaxed to tickle the ivories whenever the proximity of a keyboard permitted. Fred's enthusiasm and perseverance provide him with the basic ingredients of assured success.

**CHARLES MEDLOCK, JR.**

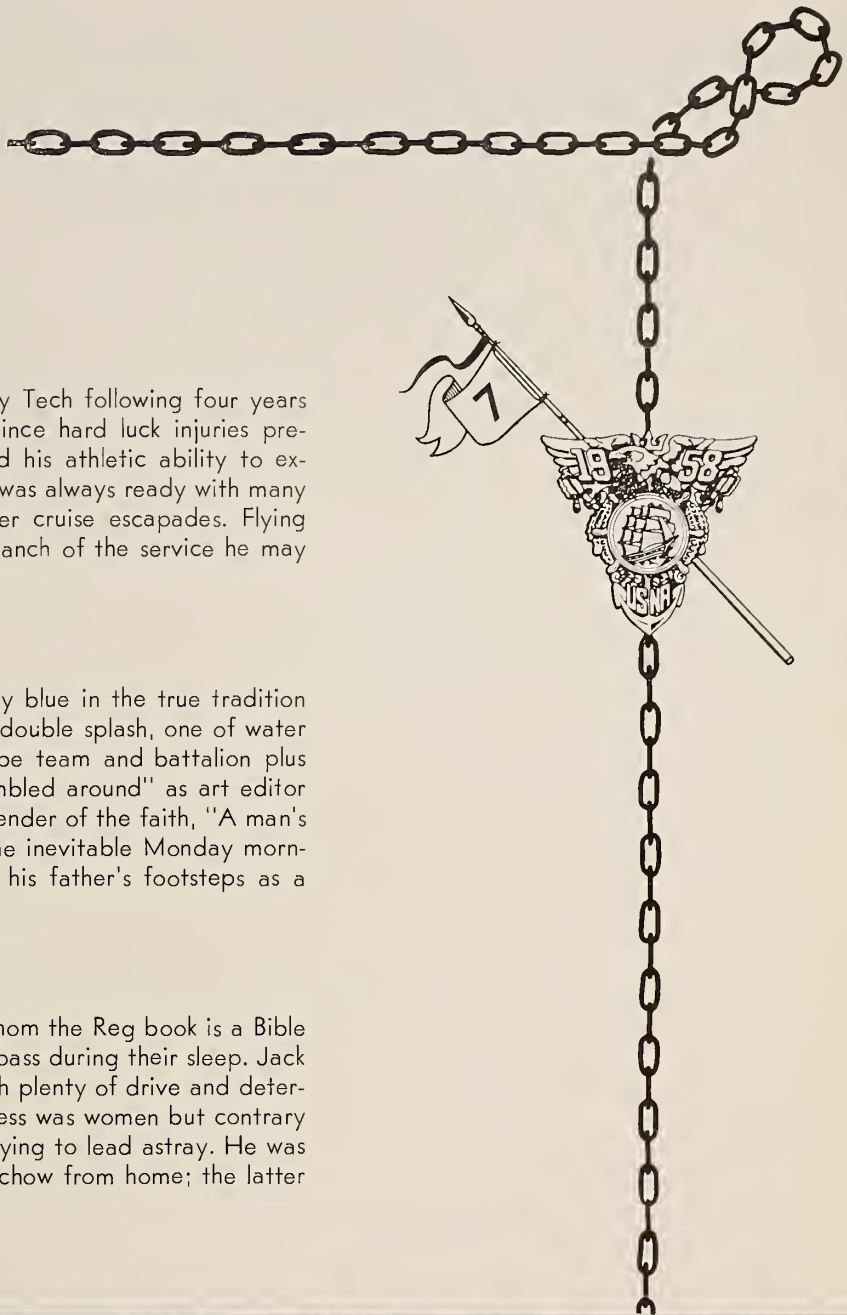
Habersham, Georgia

Out of the Hills of North Georgia traipsed Chuck to see if there were any other people besides Rebels in the U.S. Sports in general were his fascination, but hampered by a knee injury during plebe year, he took to sports writing and within two years became sports editor of the *Splinter*. Here was a lad who was continually spreading his talents into newer fields, and his work as Managing Editor of the 1958 *Lucky Bag* will long be remembered by his embattled staffmates. His lazy drawl and easy going nature belied his potential for getting things done the right way. The Marine Corps has the inside track on Chuck's future services and for this, they can feel very fortunate.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## LEON MATTHEW MINK

Chicago, Illinois

Calling the Windy City his home, Lee came to Navy Tech following four years of stardom in football in high school and prep school. Since hard luck injuries prevented his continuation of football at USNAY, he placed his athletic ability to excellent use on Navy's track team. Luck being with him, Lee was always ready with many sea stories, including innumerable blind dates and summer cruise escapades. Flying has Lee's interest, and he will be an asset to whichever branch of the service he may choose.

## MICHAEL GALLIGAN O'CONNOR, II

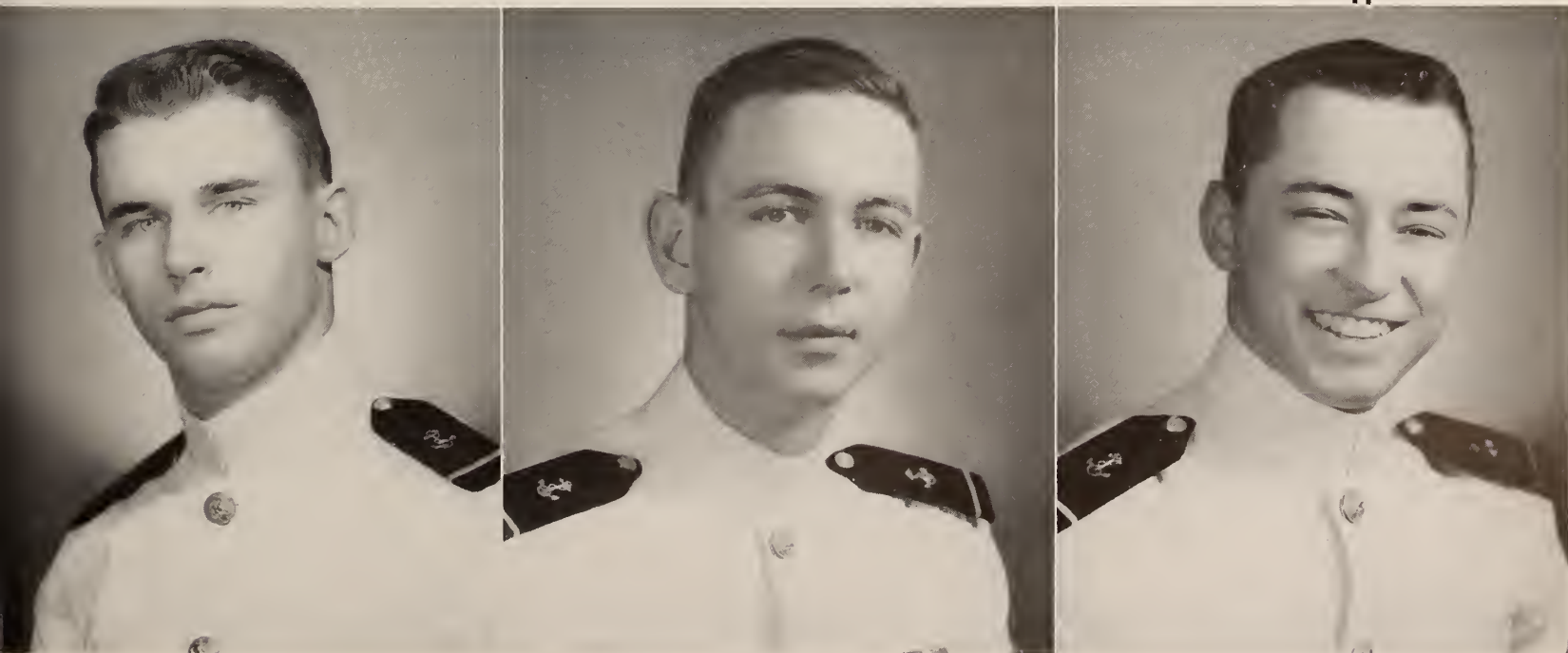
Coronado, California

Mike came from Severn to become a wearer of Navy blue in the true tradition of a Navy Junior. He descended upon the Brigade with a double splash, one of water and the other of India ink. Besides swimming for the Plebe team and battalion plus serving on the water polo team, he in his own words, "fumbled around" as art editor of the **Trident** and '58 **Lucky Bag**. A true sack rat and a defender of the faith, "A man's pad is his castle," he never quite accustomed himself to the inevitable Monday morning. Upon graduation, Mike intends to try and follow in his father's footsteps as a thirty year man.

## JOHN THORPE PETTIT, JR.

Massillon, Ohio

The Academy had two types of mids; first, those to whom the Reg book is a Bible and second, those who pray each night that four years will pass during their sleep. Jack was always one of the former, personally squared away, with plenty of drive and determination and all the potential of a good officer. His weakness was women but contrary to most of us, he was the one guy that 3599 others were trying to lead astray. He was a good tumbler and fisherman and a constant receiver of chow from home; the latter item of course, adding him to the ranks of good wives.





# United States Naval Academy

## WAYNE ARNIE PUTNAM

Kankakee, Illinois

For four years, "Put" has been one of the happiest members of the Brigade. He is fortunate in that he finds the funnier side of any situation, and can take everything in his easy-going yet determined stride. Always ready to gamble on a blind drag, he collected more than his share of bricks, yet managed to emerge from his dragging career as quite a man with the fair sex. Wherever his future may find him, he will always be surrounded by friends and will make the darkest moments seem a little brighter.

## NORMAN WILLIAM SHRIVER

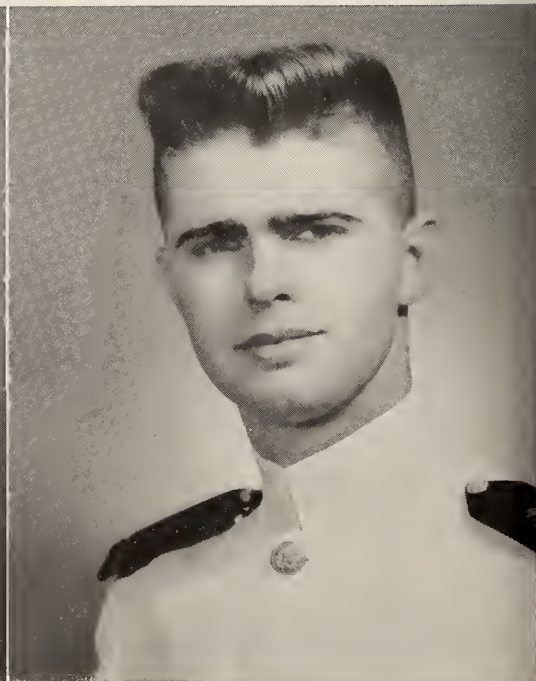
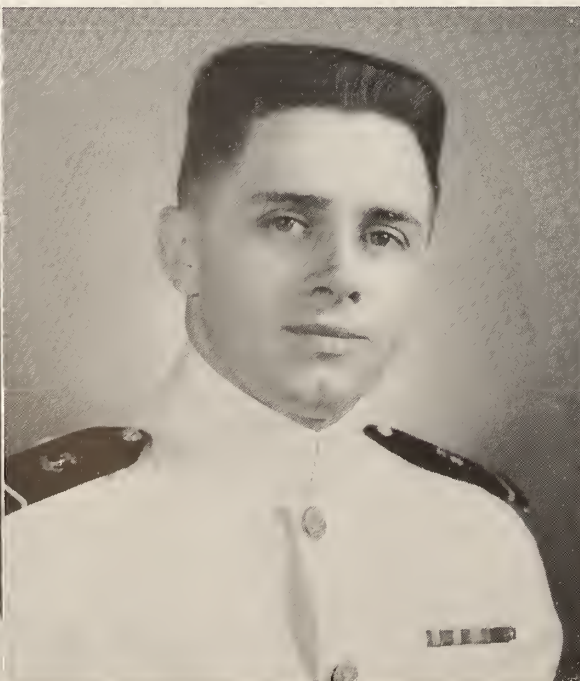
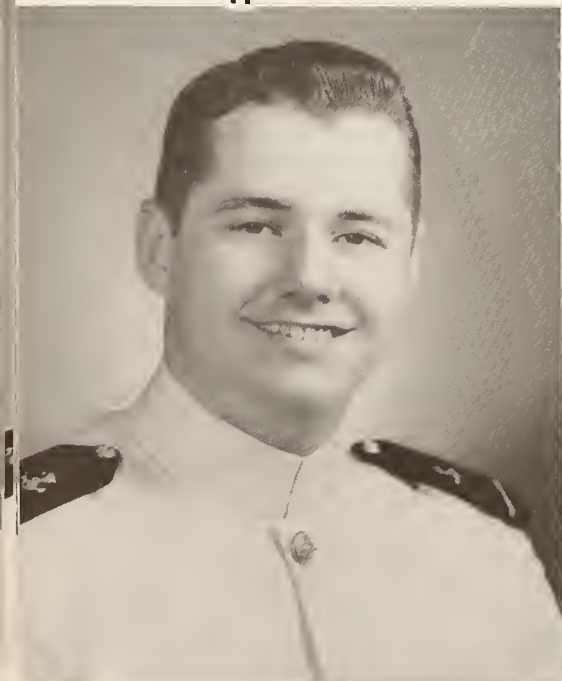
Abington, Pennsylvania

To some men Navy Tech was heaven and Uncle Norm was one. He loved the life, the system and the sea; what greater qualifications could a future officer have? There haven't been many sharper men, especially those who claim to have not marched any ED. Although a good athlete, he was ineligible due to previous college play, and managed the football squad with as much enthusiasm as any player. His interests varied between hunting, fishing, and model railroads but it was a safe bet that he'd be found fishing in his boat off Ocean City, N. J. any day of leave. With the Atlantic Ocean one block away, he is already quite familiar with it and will probably serve Uncle Sam upon it for thirty more years.

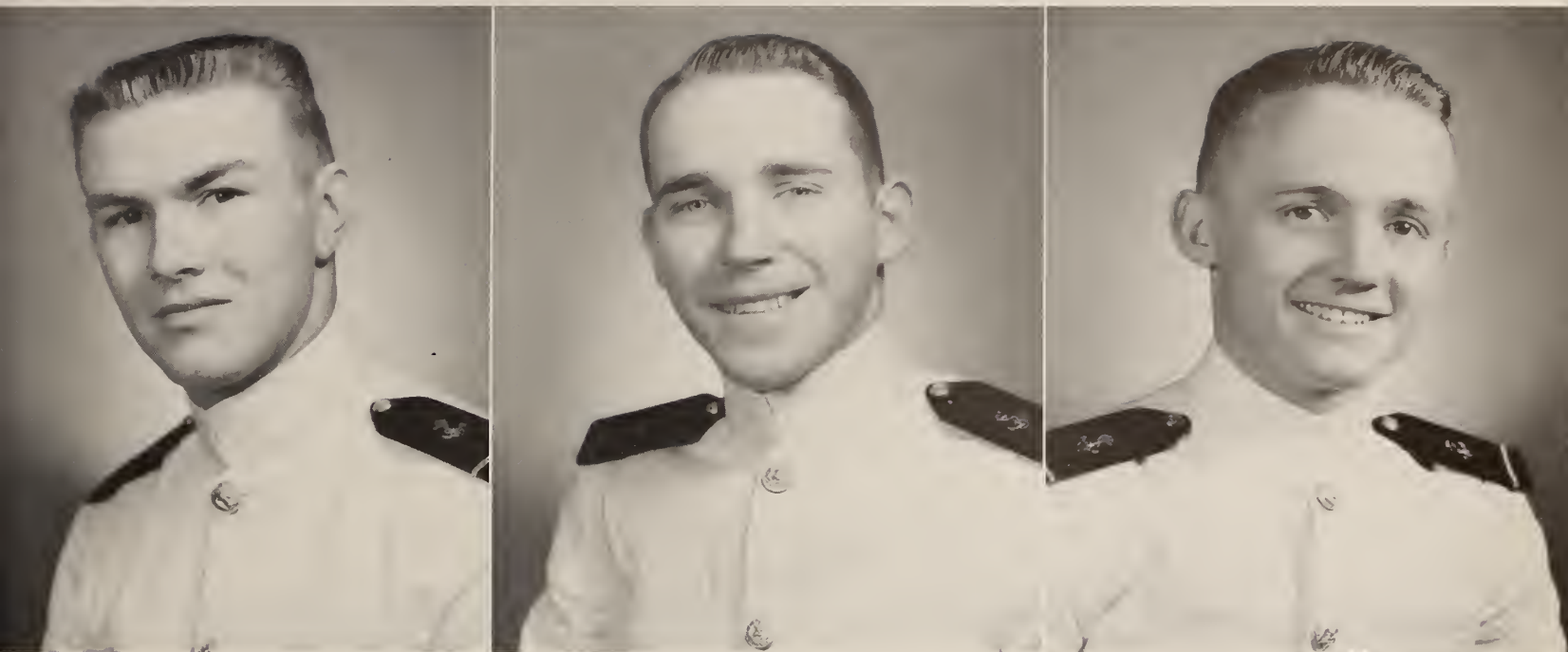
## WILLIAM ALFRED SIMMONS, JR.

Elizabeth City, North Carolina

"Gaylord" came to Canoe U. less than a month after speaking at his high school graduation, dead set on the idea of becoming an officer and having fun doing it. Both these aims were accomplished. In general, the "Rib" seemed to follow the usual pattern in being a self-claimed lover and a chow-hound. He did very well with the books, liking skinny and hating the walks over to the dago building. Always the true southern gentleman, Bill made many friends at Navy and stands to add even more in his future life with the Marine Corps.







**RICHARD BOOTH STACK**

Schenectady, New York

Integrating a rare sense of humor with a lot of humility, we obtained Dick's magnetic personality. With blondes a constant in his dragging life our boy was seldom seen on weekends "standing on the corner watching all the girls go by." Stacker's weekday formula usually consisted of one afternoon of carrying a rifle plus four afternoons of pulling an ambidextrous oar. A lot of ice cream, occasional cigars, and Flee's bubble gum symbolized Dick's love for the simple things in life. We wish him good luck in his plans for the future.

**JOHN INGERSOLL WASHBURN**

Easthamptn, Massachusetts

Hailing from the heart of New England, "Wash" arrived at Navy via the University of Massachusetts. Here he soon established himself and set up his defenses against the system. Apparently they were well fixed, for this man was one of the few who was never on the bush. "Wash" was dependable, conscientious, and a keen competitor with a true spirit of friendship. The women could never upset this Yankee. While not a ladies' man, he could easily hold his own against stiff competition. In sports, he was always in the thick of the melee and always hustling. The Fleet will be receiving one of the best in this fellow.

**MICHAEL GLEN WOODBURY**

Fairfax, Virginia

Woody, a Navy Junior and a man of the world, arrived at USNA with an indeterminate line of honors in sports, academics, and "snowing" the weaker sex. After proving his versatility in track and basketball at Fairfax High in Virginia, Mike continued his stardom at Navy booting goals for three years as a "Warner Wonderboy." No course here at the Academy came close to challenging the "human gouge" who starred throughout his four years. As for women, his crafty charm and prolific personality contributed to many conquests. A dedicated man, his talent and jovial disposition will be a considerable gain to the Navy.



*United States Naval Academy*



*Left to right: First row—Wainwright, Erickson, Evans, Bethel, Beasley, Rowland, Santos, Lamphear, Palmer, Branson. Second row—Reynolds, Fleming, Staats, Maynard, Ekleberry, Battenburg, Chase, Wright, Dukes. Third row—Kartvedt, Lewis, Joseph, St. Amend, Willingham, Hurd, Parker, Young. Fourth row—Farrington, Bacon, Clark, Clift.*



*Left to right: First row—Harder, Cameron, Cook, Lang, Gilbreath, Duffy, Taylor T.W., Hand, Smith, Clark. Second row—Hardin, Gasser, Cogdell, Norton, Manser, Taylor W.E., Hanson, Shanok, Scalf. Third row—Montague, Kishel, Sperling, McHenry, Charles, Lowe, Eirich, Cutcomb. Fourth row—Hays, Egan, Weeks, Perry, Hanson, Treseder.*



*Left to right: First row—Karcher, Spencer, Boyd, Cook, Kiel, McAfee, Conners, Von Radesky, Horne, Kuhns. Second row—Lantz, Williams, Irbeck, Salene, Kennedy J.M., Kennedy J.T., Liebler, Lowack, Forsythe. Third row—Rhodes, Metzler, Kuestter, Hawkins, Martin, Sniezek, Bickness, Cashman. Fourth row—Smith, Morris, Taft, Franklin, Long, Harwell, Quarles. Fifth row—Mercado, Schmidt, MacDonald, Hicks, Veazy, Straw, O'Donnell, Craig.*



Major E.Y. Holt, USMC  
Company Officer

Known for many things, the boys of the Eighth have spent four great years in the Third and Fifth Wings, leaving behind us many chapters of lore for the annals of Mother Bancroft. Cloaked in the memorable tradition of Bullet Lou, we got off to a good start this last big year. We were commanded this fall by Rich Anderson . . . always will we remember the fall P-rade competition and how we . . . well, even the Yankees don't win them all. There was Steve, who held the Dewey Basin free-style record, and John, affectionately known throughout the Brigade as "Rah Rah." Chuck was our fall set six striper . . . who can forget our boy and Miss America? Caswell's adventures were always good for a few laughs; his resolutions were good, anyway. The fall quickly faded into winter, as Freakes took over the

## *Eighth Company*



*Fall Set. Left to right*—Rohrbough, Kirby, Brinegar, Anderson, Wawak, Ingram.



*Winter Set. Left to right*—Kretschmar, Daniels, Chambliss, Nagel, Leary, Freakes.

company and we settled down for one last fling at the Dark Ages. Ted had one of the platoons—matching them for height turned out to be quite a problem in his case. We had our share of everything. Chuck, Jim, and Bob provided the brains, while everybody provided the laughs. How about the way that Eight pulled down such sterling preference numbers? Such an average! Oh well, we all wanted Navy Line anyway. There was the California Comet, Black Pete and his wrestling, the Ripper, J.C. and his thoughts about Arkansas, and all our "old salts." Now, as our caps are about to darken the air of the Fieldhouse, we feel happy and satisfied; we feel that we've left the Eighth just a little better than we found it.



**RICHARD SCRUGGS ANDERSON, JR.**

St. Louis, Missouri

During "Big Andy's" four years at the Academy, his knowledge of the Navy and his acclimation to the life grew by leaps and bounds. His spare time was spent working on the **Log** staff, and his weekends were divided between dragging and western movies. Athletically speaking, Andy pulled a big oar for the crew team and was a big gun in the success of many company teams. His great enthusiasm will take him a long way in the Navy and we hope that someday he will get the ice breaker duty at the North Pole which he has longed for so much. We know he'll do well in anything.

**THOMAS JOSEPH BARRY**

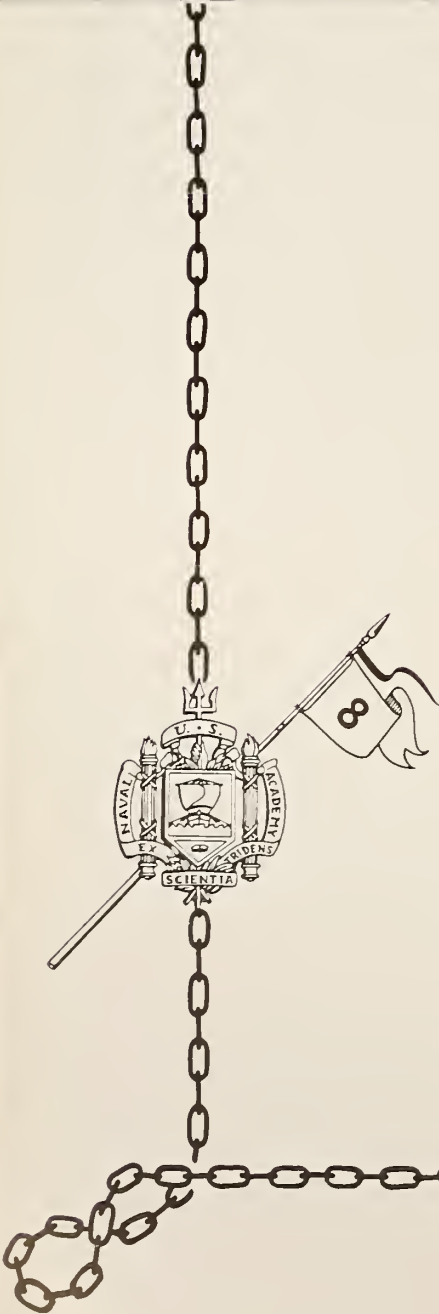
Boston, Massachusetts

After studying for two years at Boston College, Tom journeyed to the Naval Academy via a Naval Reserve appointment. Once here, he found the rigors of Plebe year quite a bit different from his carefree college days, but was not long in becoming acclimated to his new way of life. Steam and skinny were constant stumbling blocks, but Tom successfully surmounted them with a little sweat and elbow grease. Navy line is Tom's choice for a future career, and all fee! that it will be a distinguished one.

**CHARLES JACOB BOWNE, JR.**

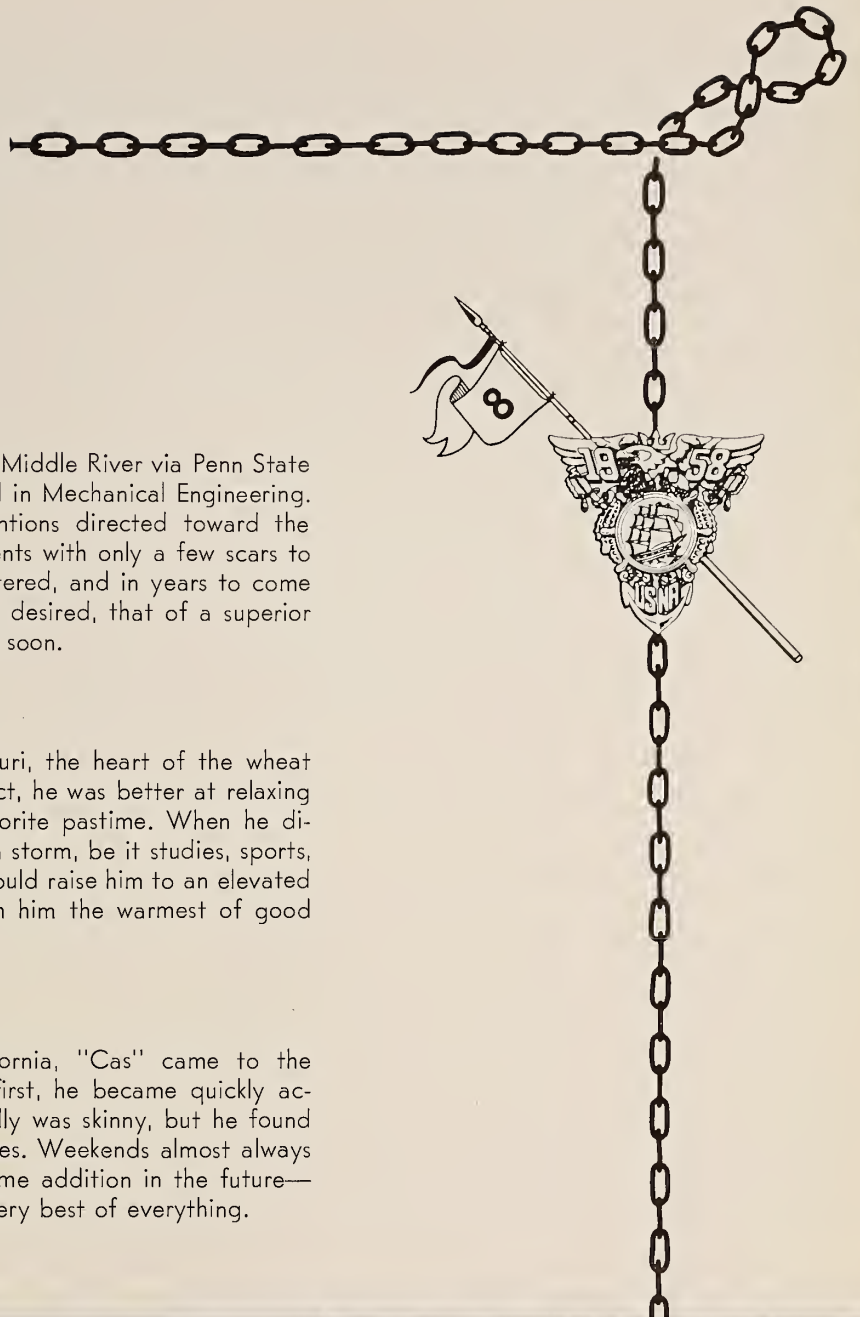
Washington, D. C.

After a year at the University of Virginia, Charlie packed up his NROTC notebooks, turned his back on the pleasures of college life, and joined "the hard professional core." Between battling the academic departments and meeting his obligations on the Washington social scene, he still found time to pound the cinders of Thompson Stadium and sing in the Musical Club Shows. He could always be kidded about his counterpart in the comic strips, but took everything in good humor and could be counted upon to come back with one better. Charlie's long time interest in the Navy will make him a definite asset to the Fleet.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## **RICHARD LANE BRINEGAR**

Middle River, Maryland

Dick, a Carolina born rebel, came to Navy from local Middle River via Penn State University where he majored in campus frolic and minored in Mechanical Engineering. With his sights set on the Marine Corps and his attentions directed toward the O. A. O., Dick slipped by the various academic departments with only a few scars to show for it. In four years at Navy his course has never altered, and in years to come we'll undoubtedly find him serving in the capacity always desired, that of a superior friend and officer. We all look forward to seeing him again soon.

## **PAUL LOUIS BROWN**

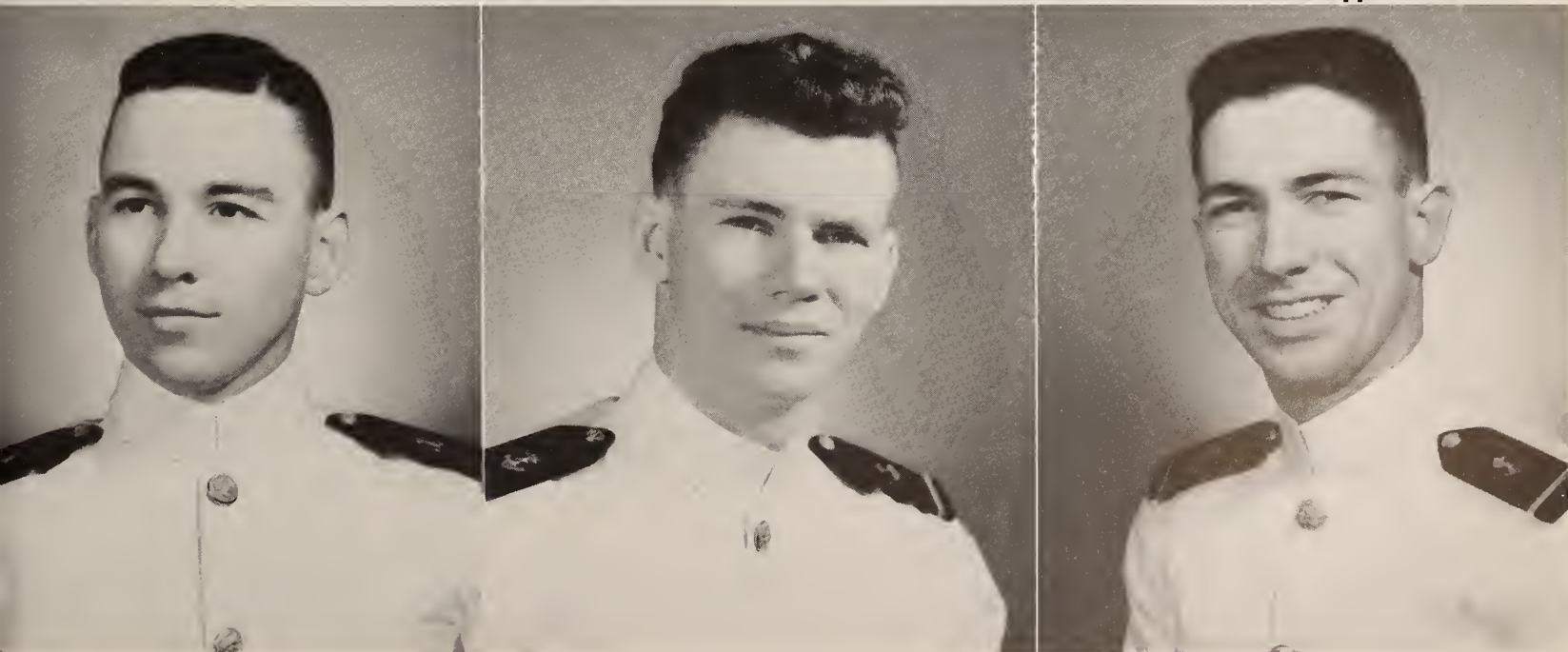
O'Fallon, Missouri

Big, likable, and easy going, Paul grew up in Missouri, the heart of the wheat country. He never lost that relaxed country manner; in fact, he was better at relaxing than anyone at the Academy. Philosophizing was his favorite pastime. When he directed his energy at something, however, he really raised a storm, be it studies, sports, or just having a good time. Paul's ambition and industry should raise him to an elevated position no matter what his future calling. He takes with him the warmest of good wishes from all of us lucky enough to know him.

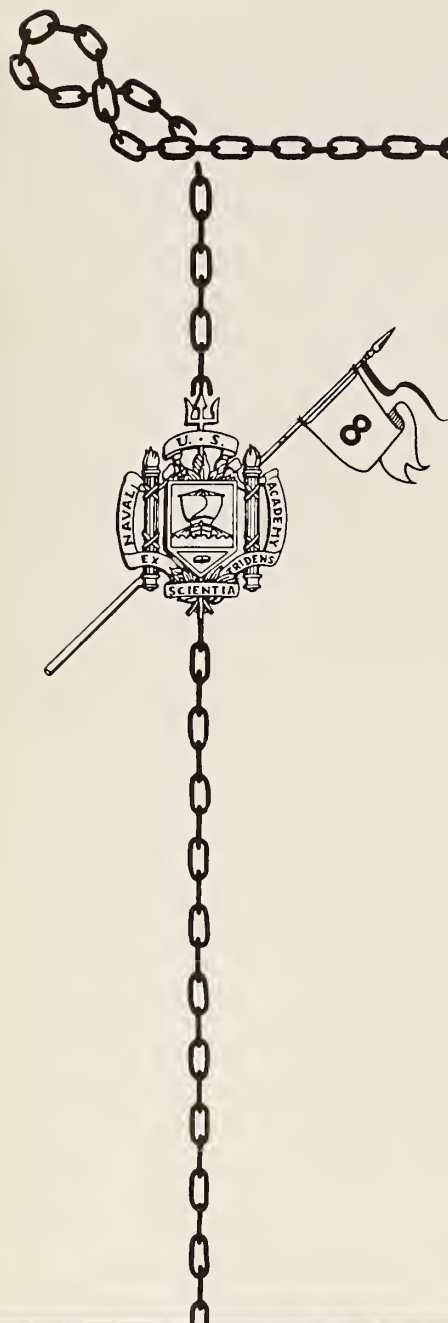
## **RUSSELL JAMES CASWELL**

North Hollywood, California

After a year at the University of Southern California, "Cas" came to the Academy expecting more frat parties. Disappointed at first, he became quickly accustomed to the system. His biggest problem academically was skinny, but he found lots of free time for tennis, squash, and Gun Club activities. Weekends almost always found him dragging. We are sure "Cas" will be a welcome addition in the future—either at a duty station or a party. We all wish him the very best of everything.



# United States Naval Academy



## JOHN COVENTRY CHAMBLISS

Falls Church, Virginia

Jack came to us after a year at GW and had no trouble making the transition from civilian to midshipman. His four years managed to fly by in a flurry of studies, golf, dragging, and bridge. His strong point in academics proved to be navigation. His local home made every leave and weekend liberty extremely pleasant for both him and his many "foreign" classmates. Jack's cheerful smile and friendly attitude meant a lot to all of us. His ability to mix well will prove a great asset after graduation.

## JAMES STRAND CLARKSON

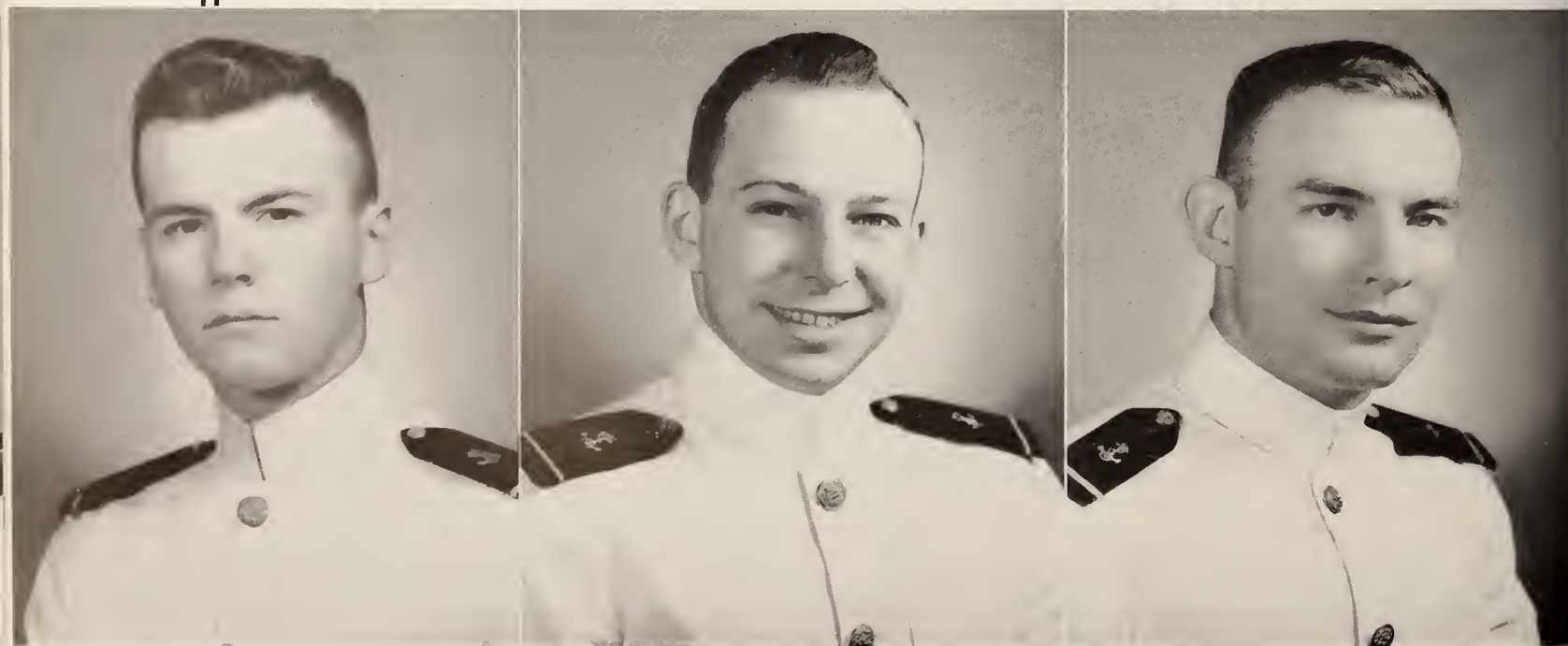
Bergenfield, New Jersey

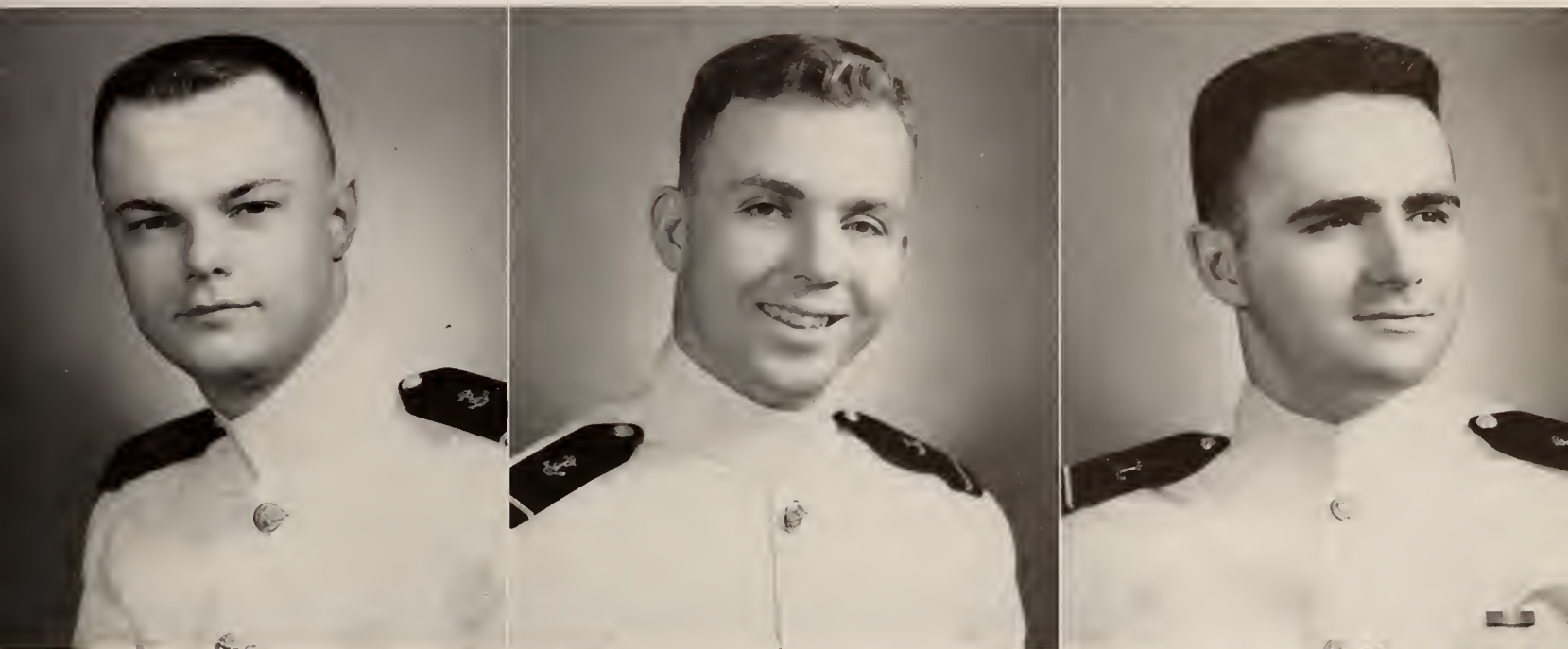
The son of a graduate from the Academy, it seemed only natural that Jim should follow in his father's footsteps. After graduation from high school, the patriotic urge became too great and he enlisted in the Navy. After a tour at NAPS, Jim joined us here. Plebe year was not too rough for him because there was always the regimental library. His regard for reading any and everything suddenly disappeared, however, with the advent of the term paper first class year. Jim would like to go Navy line but the medical department has other ideas, so it looks like the Supply Corps for him.

## SHANE PATRICK DANIELS

Mariemont, Ohio

Big Shane hailed from Cincinnati where he made quite a name for himself as an athlete while attending Mariemont High School. Here at Navy he played football for three years, backed by a year's experience at the University of Cincinnati. Shane's easy manner and great personality quickly made him one of the best-liked persons in the class. He had no trouble finding friends wherever he went. He follows sports as a hobby and is an avid Cincinnati Redleg fan, sometimes running a fever when they lost. It is agreed by all that Shane will be a success wherever he goes.





**BENNETT WARBURTON FARLEE**

Pasadena, California

Benny, the "California Comet," came to Navy with great ambitions and a deck of cards. He satisfied some of his ambitions but had to buy some chips to go along with his cards. In academics, Ben was better than average; however, he slipped once, Plebe steam being his nemesis, and from then on he was a burner of the midnight oil. In athletics, Ben was a valuable member of the company football and softball teams. The Submarine Service can't help but improve with the acquisition of such an enthusiastic officer. We hope to see his friendly face on the bridge of his underwater marauder soon.

**ROBERT KEITH FEATHERSTON**

Charlottesville, Virginia

Keith, following in his father's footsteps, came to the Academy full of energy and drive. A year at the University of Virginia provided him with an excellent academic background, and as a result, he had little difficulty with his studies. Always ready to lend a helping hand, this smiling son of Dixie was a welcome addition to any gathering. A long and productive career in Navy air is predicted for Keith. He finally has the opportunity to follow the service he knows and loves so well.

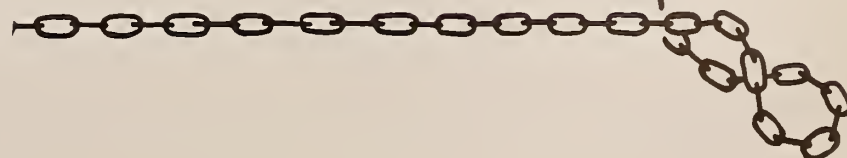
**WILLIAM FREAKES**

Quebec, Canada

Bill came to the Academy after spending a year at Cornell. Academics proved an insignificant obstacle to him, as his name on the numerous Superintendent's lists always certified. It was on the soccer field, however, that Bill showed his forte. An N-Star winner, Bill had the dubious distinction of scoring Army's only goal in the 1956 game. A successful Navy career is forecasted for this quiet, likable guy from the north country. It will be a long time before his cheerful presence fades from memory.



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**WILLIAM BEATTIE FREDRICKS**

Washington, D. C.

Willy was one of those lucky guys to hail from nearby D. C.—a definite asset during periods of leave and for those all-too-short weekends. He came to Navy via St. John's and Sullivan Prep, as have many before him. With the exception of bull, he always seemed to just pull through in academics—often at the last possible moment. It was never easy for Willy, but he made it. Upon graduation, he intends to enter the Marine Corps; maybe someday we'll see him with four big stars as Commandant.

**PETER GEORGE FRIEDMAN**

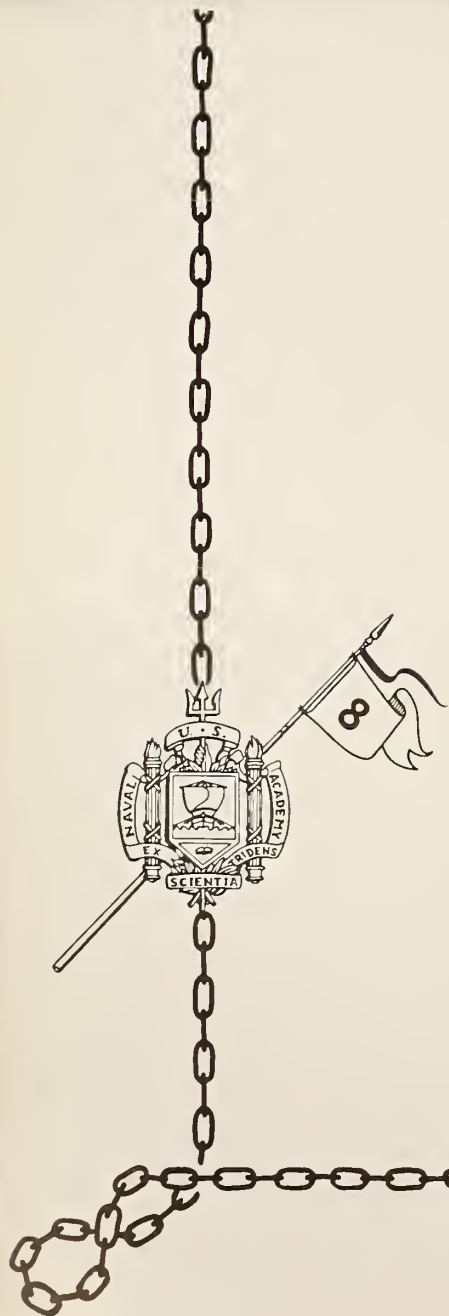
Bogota, New Jersey

"Black Pete" joined the Brigade from the heart of Jersey where he was a scholastic whiz in both academics and sports. Once here, he spent most of his time in the wrestling loft where he logged a lot of hours with the Varsity grapplers. Studies bothered him very little and the femmes even less—until he met that O. A. O. Pete always had the positive attitude and the good word that did the trick even during the worst of the "dark ages." He'll leave the Academy with a feeling of accomplishment to embark on his career. We hate to say goodbye, but the feeling is tempered somewhat by the knowledge that the big boy is bound to turn up again soon.

**JOSEPH DWIGHT HUTCHINSON**

Summerville, South Carolina

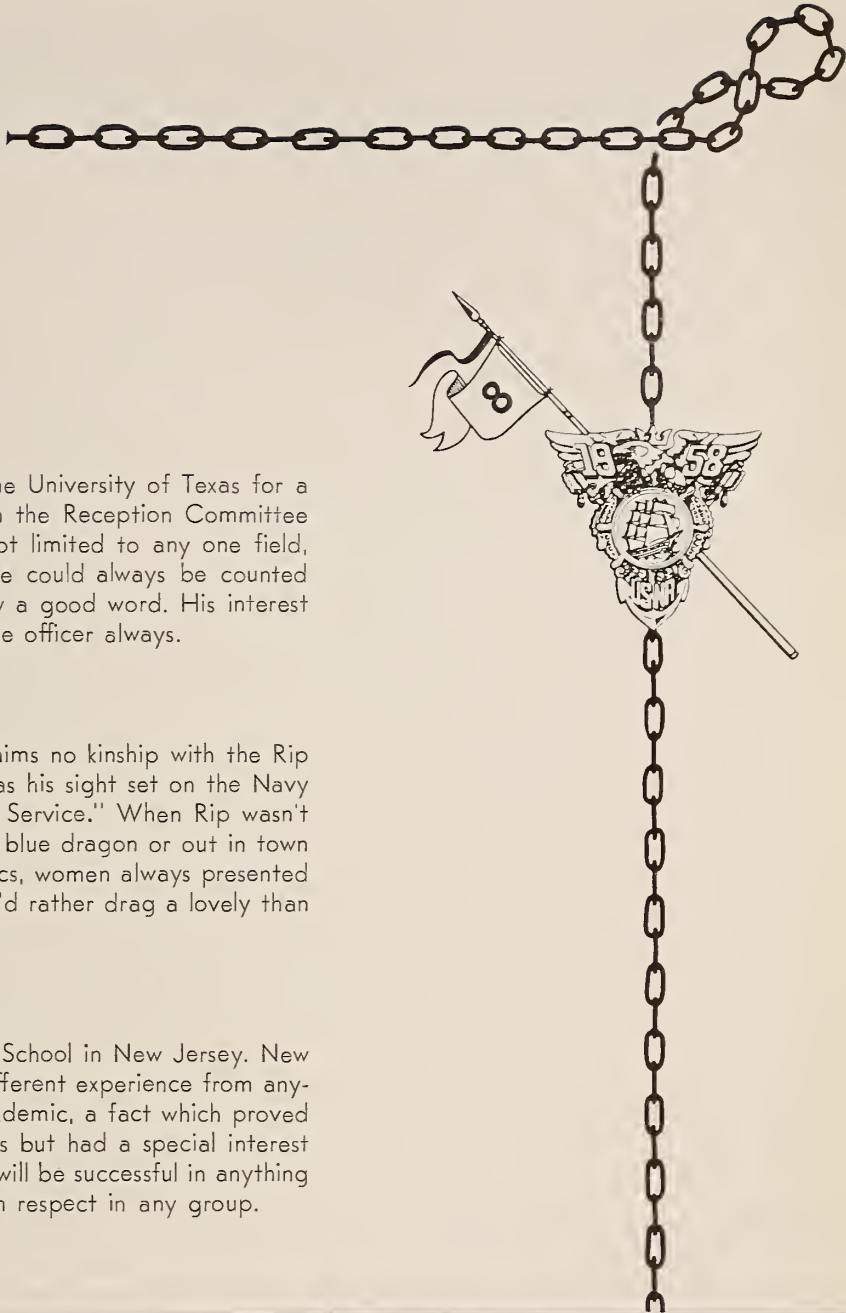
Perhaps the most ardent sports fan in the company, "Hutch" could always be relied upon to have all the statistics at his finger tips. His interest in sports, however, didn't end with just following them; he was extremely active in the intramural sports program, and a stalwart on the company basketball team for the entire four year stay. Academics provided little if any challenge for Joe. It's well agreed that with his fine sense of humor and abundant natural ability, he will go far in whatever field he chooses for a career.



*United States Naval Academy*



# United States Naval Academy



## RONALD FRANK INGRAM Denison, Texas

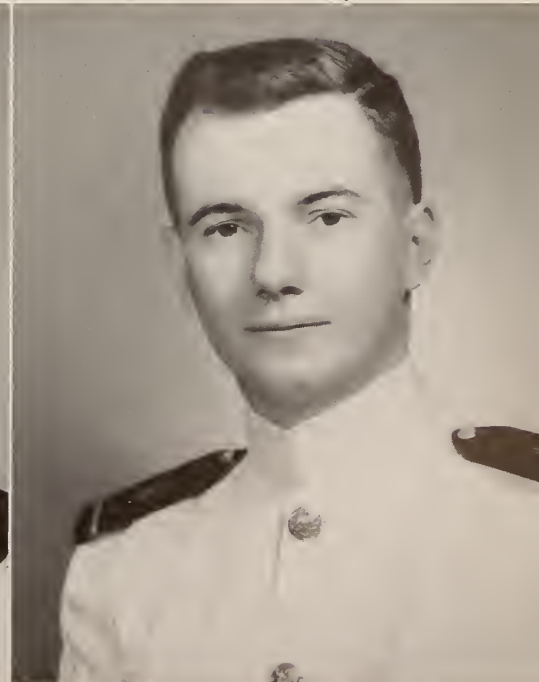
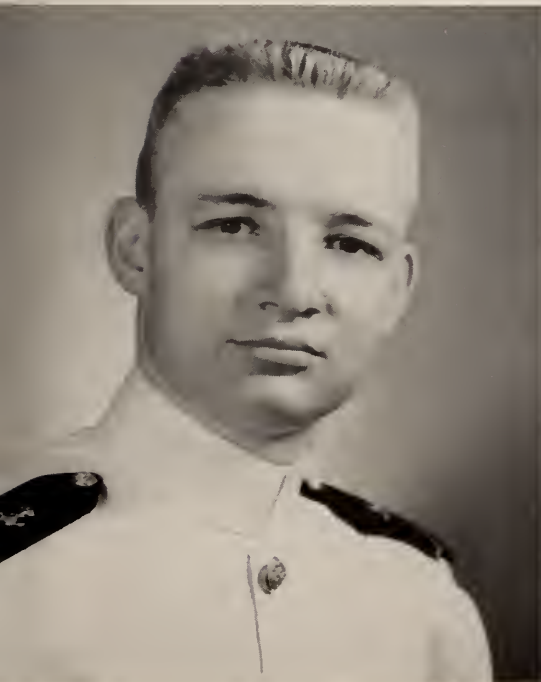
Ron came to the Naval Academy after attending the University of Texas for a year. The greatest portion of his free time was spent on the Reception Committee and in the rack. Ron's interest in Academy affairs was not limited to any one field, but reached into all phases of extracurricular activity. He could always be counted upon for help in any and all problems, even if it was only a good word. His interest in the Navy and energetic nature will make him a valuable officer always.

## PETER ANDREW KIRBY Fresh Meadows, New York

Pete, probably better known as "Rip," though he claims no kinship with the Rip Kirby who appears in the Washington Post comic strip, has his sight set on the Navy line with the desire of eventually getting into the "Silent Service." When Rip wasn't out running track, he could usually be found wrestling the blue dragon or out in town with a coffee cup in his hand during liberty. Like academics, women always presented a definite obstacle to him. He admitted, however, that he'd rather drag a lovely than take a Nav P-work. His future looks secure and happy.

## GEORGE EMIL KRAUTER Nutley, New Jersey

George came to USNAY straight from Nutley High School in New Jersey. New to the ways of the Navy, Plebe summer was an entirely different experience from anything he had ever known. The least of his troubles was academic, a fact which proved a great asset to both his wives. George enjoyed all sports but had a special interest in track, both as a spectator and participant. We know he will be successful in anything he undertakes. His easy, assuring friendliness will earn him respect in any group.





# United States Naval Academy

## ERNEST THEODORE KRETSCHMAR

St. Louis, Missouri

Ted came to Navy Tech by way of St. Louis County Day School. He started off his Plebe year by excelling in both academics and athletics and continued in the same manner throughout the four years. He was a member of the Varsity soccer team in the fall and an outstanding participator in company and battalion sports the rest of the year. After practicing in the shower a couple of weeks Plebe year, he joined the Antiphonal Choir. Never without a smile, he was always the one you heard before you saw in a crowd. The Navy should be able to make good use of his enthusiasm.

## CHARLES ROBERT LARSON

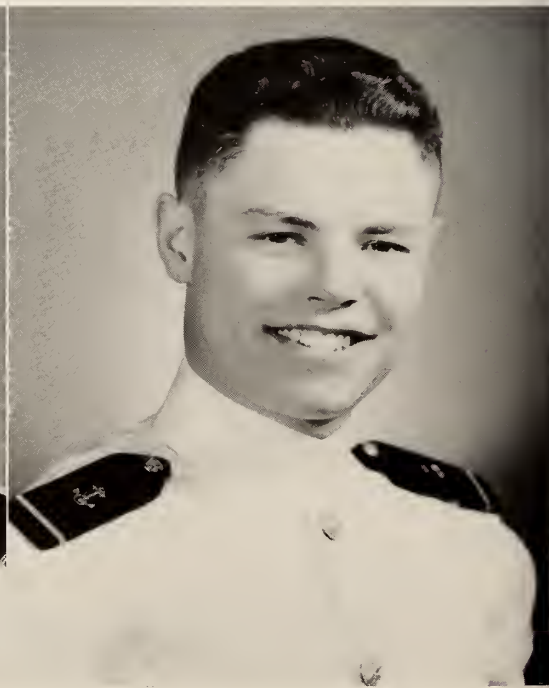
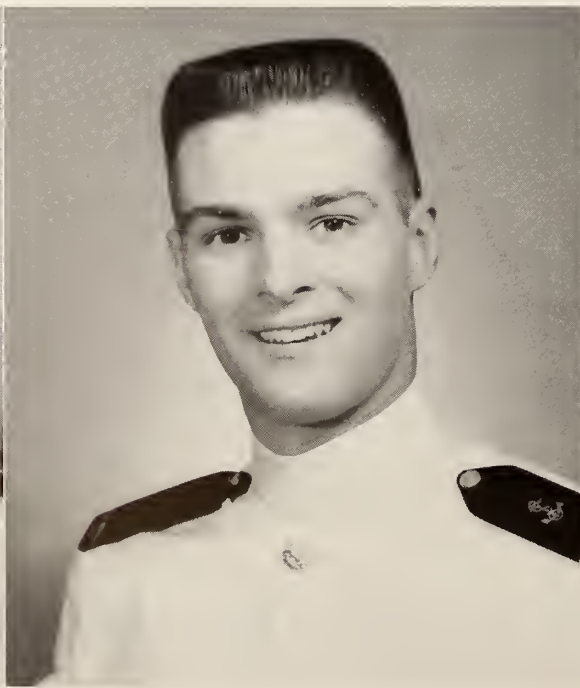
Omaha, Nebraska

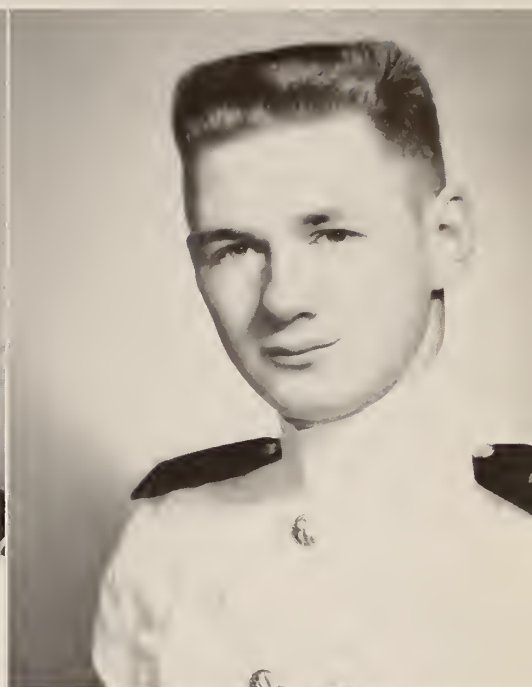
After spending his youth a thousand miles from the nearest ocean, Chuck enrolled at USNAY, a step up from duty in the Nebraska Navy. The academics never presented much of a problem, and as a result, he found time to take an active part in various sports and extracurricular activities including Plebe and Varsity wrestling, the Glee Club, and the Brigade Hop Committee. His popularity among his classmates was manifested in their electing him president of the class for First Class year. With his ability and easy going manner, Chuck should be a welcome addition to the service of his choice.

## DANIEL FRANCIS LEARY, III

Mount Vernon, Virginia

Born and raised in Washington, D. C., practically within the shadow of the Chapel dome, Dan naturally gravitated toward Navy Tech, though tempted to take up the collegiate life of an NROTC at Cornell. When not wrestling with academics, one could find Dan chasing a soccer ball on Upper Lawrence or singing in the Chapel Choir. His activities were all pursued with the same amount of zeal and desire to do all he tried in the best possible manner. One of us who admittedly likes the sea, Dan should be a natural in following the long Navy line.





**JOHN FRANCIS NAGEL**

Macon, Georgia

Johnny had always wanted to be a lawyer, but because of family ties he was obligated to come to the Naval Academy. Never one to give in to a situation he quickly became a "sea lawyer." Finding the academics no problem, he was able to devote study hours to the pad or to a vertical push-up contest. Johnny's major extra-curricular activity was liberty; in fact, he spent so much time away from the Academy, one girl asked him if he was just a day student. His easy going attitude will probably make it possible for him to adjust to any situation that might arise during the remainder of his career in the service.

**JAMES ALBERT PALMER, JR.**

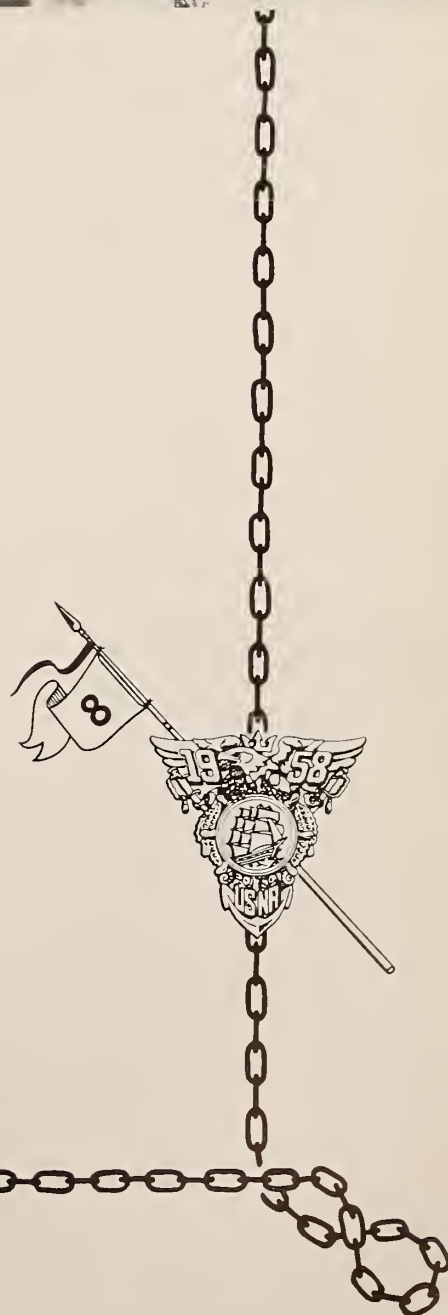
Long Beach, California

After the first carefree years of his life in sunny California, Jim decided to come east and enroll at Navy Tech, preparatory to seeing the world through a wardroom porthole. After the initial shock, Jim handled the studies with ease and found plenty of time for the femmes. Among other intramural sports, he managed to swing a mean squash racquet. His grades were always something to envy, but they never kept him from being just "one of the boys." With his good background and desire for his commission, Jim should always be a fine officer.

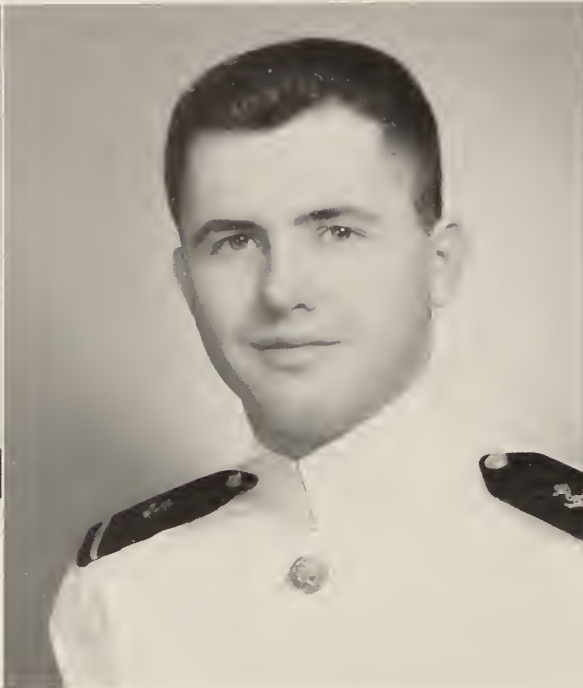
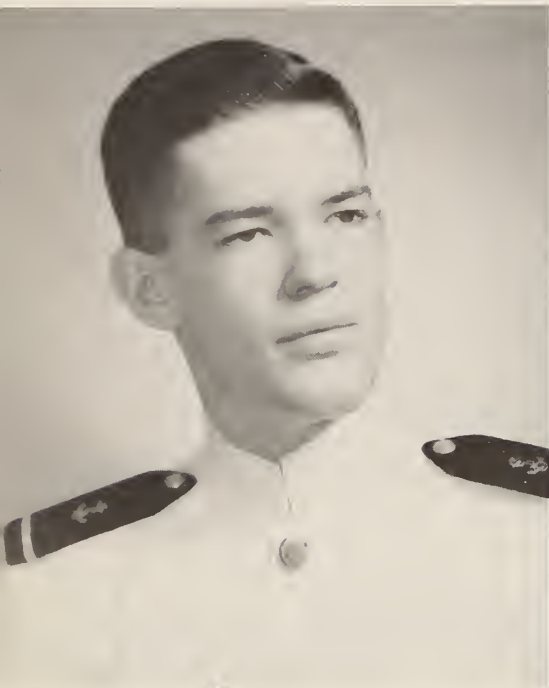
**HAROLD LAWRENCE REEGER**

Chicago, Illinois

After a four year tour of Lane Technical High School and a shorter one at the University of Illinois extension in the Windy City, Larry came to Sing Sing-on-the-Severn and found it just as cold and windy. This unhappy revelation did not stop him, for he then would pile more blankets on the rack. He was found knocking around on company sports squads and when the season was right, on the winning battalion football team. Academics knocked him around a bit, but left him with the ambition of wanting to be a skinny prof. He always wanted to give out those P-works. A Navy air man, "Reeg" will add pleasantries to any Fleet wardroom.



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**BERTON ALDRICH ROBBINS, III**

Alexandria, Virginia

Bert, like many Navy Juniors, saw a lot of the globe during his earlier years, but preferred to call California home. He soon found formidable opponents in steam P-works and the high East Coast humidity, but he conquered both in true Navy fashion. Leaves always made anything seem worthwhile and the tales of his many exploits knocked on the door of the legendary. His friendly nature and love for the party life made him a popular man—even Mom Bancroft smiled occasionally at his antics. His idea of paradise is destroyer duty out of San Diego and we hope it won't be too long before he's ringing up thirty-one knots on his own can.

**JOHN DAVIS ROHRBOUGH**

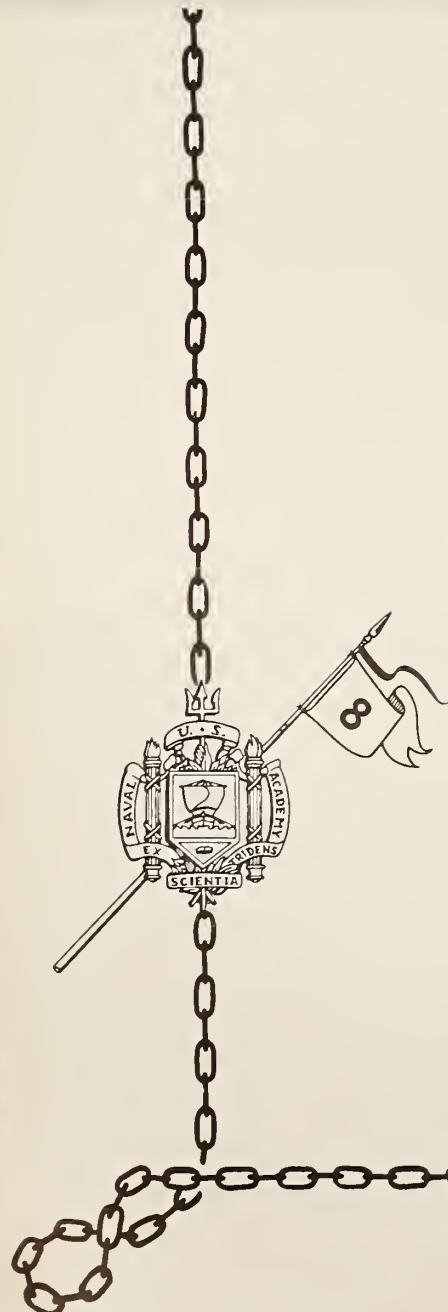
Poquoson, Virginia

Four short years ago, John brought to the Naval Academy his likeable, enthusiastic nature. Throughout his four year stay it didn't change the slightest bit. As a cheerleader, John could be seen at every football game, patrolling the sidelines, encouraging the Brigade to more vociferous support of their team. Johnny is a confirmed Navy line prospect, and has as his first preference duty a ship based on the East Coast. A successful career is forecast by all who know this likeable Virginian.

**MICHAEL DEAN SALMON**

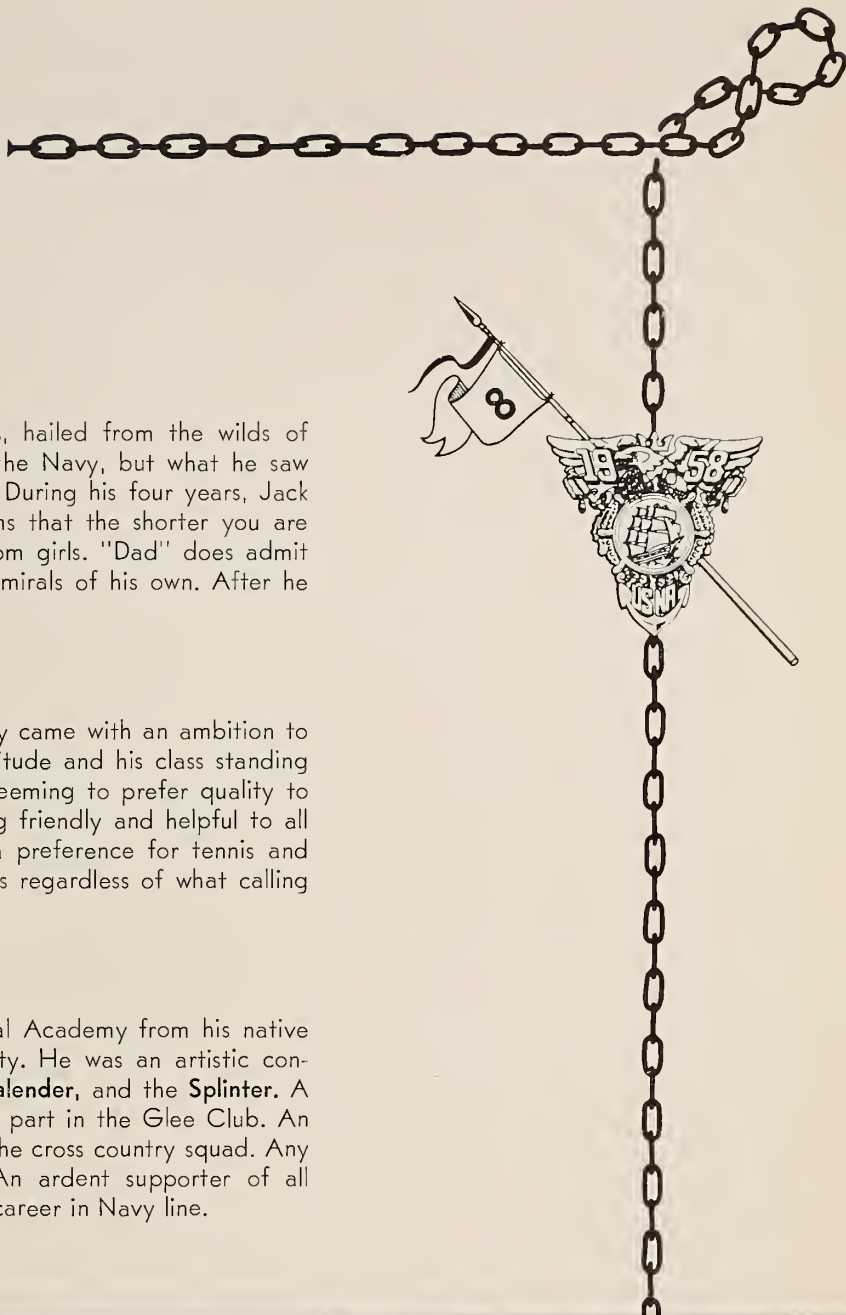
Quantico, Virginia

"Fish" joined us with a good knowledge of discipline from his membership in a true Marine Corps family. He had no troubles with academics but the femmes often proved otherwise. However, we can proudly say that he always succeeded eventually. He proved to be quite an intramural athlete; his prowess as a slugger in the softball league was known throughout the Brigade. Mike will return to the Corps via Quantico and a long and successful career is predicted for him. We wish him the greatest of everything always.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## JACK LAVERNE SHAFER

Cheyenne, Wyoming

Jack, or "Dad" as he was known to his classmates, hailed from the wilds of Wyoming. He had never seen an ocean until he joined the Navy, but what he saw he liked so well that he decided to make a career of it. During his four years, Jack participated in all sports that involved running. He claims that the shorter you are the faster you have to run—especially when escaping from girls. "Dad" does admit he hopes to settle down and have a couple of future admirals of his own. After he has put in thirty years, he hopes to retire in Wyoming.

## ROY ROBERT THOMAS

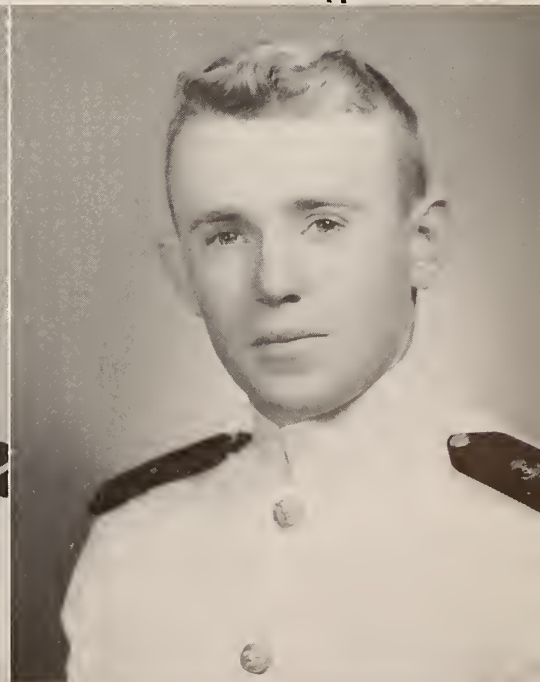
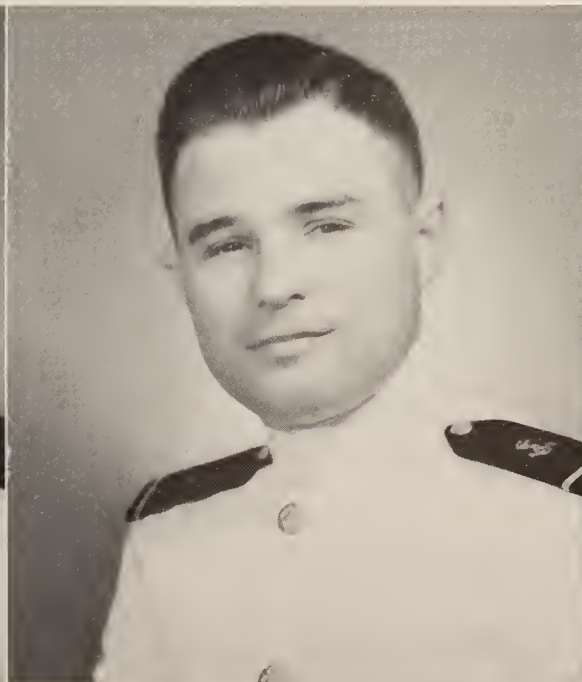
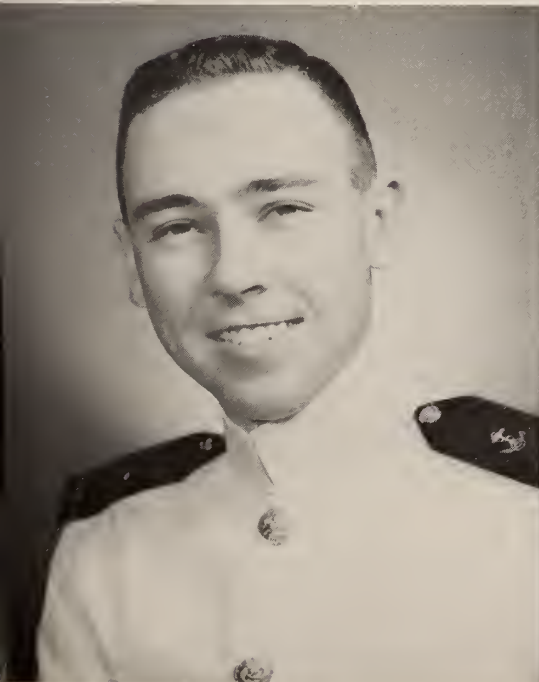
Washington, D. C.

Entering USNAY from the ranks of the Reserves, Roy came with an ambition to fly. He soon became an academic star of the first magnitude and his class standing was always up in the stratosphere. He seldom dragged, seeming to prefer quality to quantity. He kept himself busy with intramurals and being friendly and helpful to all of us in a quiet, unassuming way. He seemed to have a preference for tennis and only he could tell you why. Roy's headed for great things regardless of what calling he elects to follow.

## CARL JOHN TRIEBES, JR.

Pueblo, Colorado

When this quiet unassuming lad arrived at the Naval Academy from his native Colorado, he brought with him a wealth of natural ability. He was an artistic contributor to all four issues of the **Lucky Bag**, the **Trident Calender**, and the **Splinter**. A wicked tenor in any barbershop quartet, Carl also sang a part in the Glee Club. An active member on the intramural scene, he also managed the cross country squad. Any organization could count on his unswerving devotion. An ardent supporter of all things to do with the service, Carl looks forward to a long career in Navy line.





# United States Naval Academy

## WALKER STOCKLEY UHLHORN, JR.

Memphis, Tennessee

Coming from the Volunteer State of Tennessee, Walker brought with him much of the Southern good will and a strong desire to refight the Civil War. During the winter months one could always find him in the wrestling loft where he was one of the top contenders for the lightweight classes. The rest of the year the little Rebel was a valuable member of company and battalion sports. His favorite weekend pastimes were dragging or sleeping. With his friendly personality and good humor, he will be a valuable addition to whichever service he enters.

## RICHARD DEAN VanLANDINGHAM

Hampton, Georgia

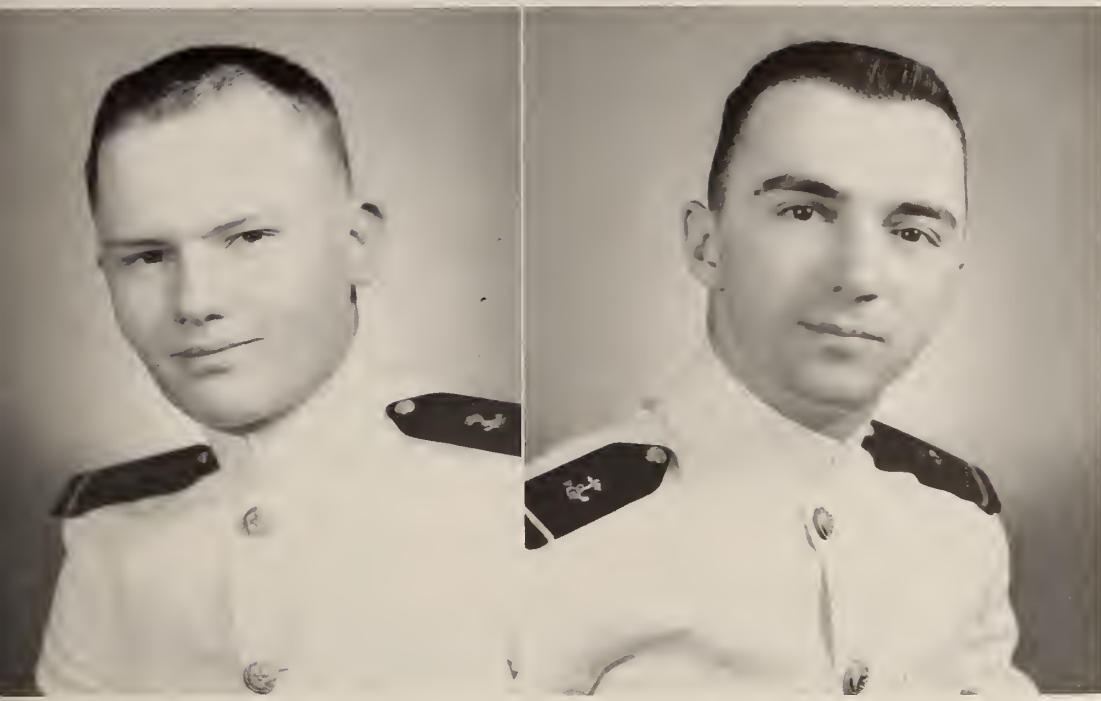
Up from the Cracker state of Georgia to Navy came the share cropper. Military life was nothing new to Van, for he had just completed seven years at G. M. A. At the Academy, Dean took time from his studying to participate in quite a few intramural sports, and Second Class year found him on the All-Brigade 150-pound touch football team. His many harried escapades in the field of dragging will be the topic of light conversation for many years to come. A long and illustrious career is our forecast for him. He'll be in his element now that the steady stream of quizzes is history.

## ROBERT LEONARD WARREN

Wellfleet, Massachusetts

Born 1500 miles from the nearest Ocean, no one knows how Rob heard "the calling of the sea." After one year at Illinois College, he joined the Navy. Rob spent a year as an airdale and then decided that the Navy was the career for him. Plebe year was easy for this "old salt," and youngster year was spent with a minimum of studying and a maximum of time in the rack. His philosophy was to relax and take it easy; it always served him well. Rob will be a great addition to the long Navy line and should go far in this calling.





**STEPHEN WAWAK, JR.**

Yonkers, New York

"Wak" came to the Academy three days after graduating from high school. Here he divided his time between academics and the rack, managing to excel in both. Always with an eye open to a little excitement, Steve kept his wives in high spirits when things looked darkest. Thirty years before the mast and a quiet retirement on a small cattle farm with a ten-thousand foot runway are his goals in life. We feel sure that in his case, to want is to get.

**JAMES CLOWER WRIGHT**

Pine Bluff, Arkansas

With a few strands of cotton from the fields of Arkansas still clinging to his shoulders, Jim entered the Academy with a naval career in mind. His background of Sigma Chi and "hog-calling" from two years at the University of Arkansas prepared him well for liberty, but classes were another matter entirely. The scares caused by the academic departments were always soothed by many hours of dragging whenever the monthly insult allowed. His desires for the Navy remain unchanged, for his main ambitions are still to command his own ship and see the Razorbacks in the Cotton Bowl. The smoothest of sailing will always be his.



*United States Naval Academy*



*Left to right: First row—Salver, Veazey, Yeatts, Matthews, Keske, Collins, DeCesare, Morrow, Lehmborg, Masterbone. Second row—Rucker, Bowley, Baker, Logan, Young, Olds, Ascher, Ketts, DiPalo. Third row—Huetter, Beggs, Storen, Finlen, Brown, DePoalo, Doelger, Albrecht. Fourth row—Ives, Volgenau, Madden, Phillips, Murphy, MacFarlane, Rees. Fifth row—Leisenring, Mascali.*



*Left to right: First row—Hamon, Jean, Leech, Prue, Bissell, Powers, McCaskill, Wilson, Ruhsenberger, Rutherford. Second row—Newbern, Christopher, Sipple, Johannesen, Whelan, Bingemer, Demaio, McLaughlin, Nelson. Third row—Orr, Towle, Roark, Ward, Pfouts, Bruntlett, Lippold, Bachelder. Fourth row—Williams, Waterman, Lingle, Kay, Nave.*



*Left to right: First row—Romero, Leeson, Zalkan, Shew, Powers, Rattan, Smith, Elliott, Hughes, Sullivan. Second row—Gregg, Ardavany, Green, Wenzel, Sheehser, Clary, Lepo, Dunsmoor, Frelich. Third row—McCormick, Momm, Filley, Chiras, Pearson, Glover, Reich, Abbitt. Fourth row—Roth, Gastrock, Smith, Koch, Kulesz, Rambo, Tanner. Fifth row—Decker, Robbins, Prichard, Koch, Moffett, Olson, Smith, Olson.*





Cdr. J.D. Oliver, USN  
*Battalion Officer*

The Third Battalion . . . lived in the Fifth Wing . . . the toughest of Plebe years . . . many stripers . . . good company sports teams . . . led this year by Commander Oliver . . . had the lowest preference number . . . didn't like the Second Battalion . . . the Eleventh won the colors Youngster year . . . a few football players . . . mostly a Spanish battalion . . . high standards to be met by all . . . good number on the Superintendent's List . . . another good year.

## *Fall Set*



*Fall Set.* Left to right—Baker, Nance, Garvey, McNergney, Roberts, Manahan.

## *Winter Set*



*Winter Set.* Left to right—Poremba, Holroyd, Walter, Adkins, Chadick, Ault.

# *Third Battalion*



Lt. R.L. Adams, USN  
Company Officer

Four years . . . fourteen hundred and sixty days . . . some of them long, wet, and cold, but others a lot of fun . . . the Ninth sure had its share of characters . . . the "Z" . . . "I don't believe in electricity because I've never seen an electron." . . . We plebes aiding the first class in their early morning swims . . . June Week and a real, live girl . . . Cruise—those many letters which were never finished, thanks to the many charms of Spain . . . We Youngsters easing through academics and trying to figure out ways to drag more on the monthly insult . . . The Dark Ages—exams, rain, and visits from the Main Office . . . Another June Week and into the air as Junior Birdmen . . . Halifax, Jax, and many, many field trips

## *Ninth Company*

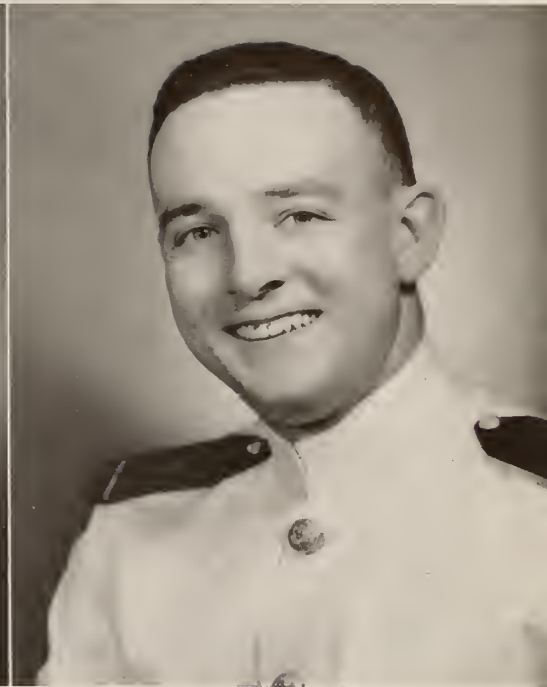
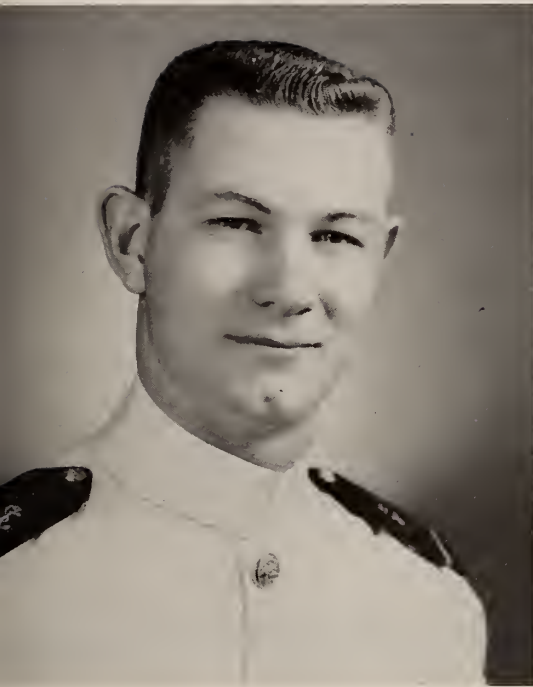


*Fall Set. Left to right—* Kendall, Teague, Kirk, Blake, Cartwright, Kane.



*Winter Set. Left to right—* Beard, Nicholas, Nulty, Stannus, Miller, Smith.

. . . Tramid endeared the Corps to us all . . . Two stripes on our sleeves—academics, academics, and more academics . . . no dragging, just books . . . The "Bagger" helping in every way possible . . . That last P-rade of June Week—Fifty-eight men absent in the Second Regiment . . . Our day! . . . First class at last . . . Sugar Loaf, Rio, and Shellbacks . . . The last year . . . more academics and best of all, the term paper . . . Cars, insurance, weddings, ships, uniforms . . . The last June Week, OUR June Week . . . "Three cheers for those we leave behind" . . . ComLog, big Marty, Wee Willie, George, and all the rest . . . Four years . . . Firm friends and fond memories.



**JAMES NEWTON ADKINS, JR.**

Georgetown, Texas

This tall, friendly refugee from a Texas sheep ranch came north to become one of the leaders of the class; it made no difference whether it was academics, athletics, or aptitude. Bringing with him a torrid tennis racquet, Jim's play with the Varsity netters brought many a pleasant moment for Coach Hendrix. Longing for the wide open spaces of Texas soon gave way to a love for the sea although he never got used to being away from home cooking. Really in his element with the beautiful lassies of Halifax, Jim hopes to see much more of friendly Canada. Navy line will be proud to claim this tall Texan who showed us so much.

**DAVID PHILLIPS ARNESON**

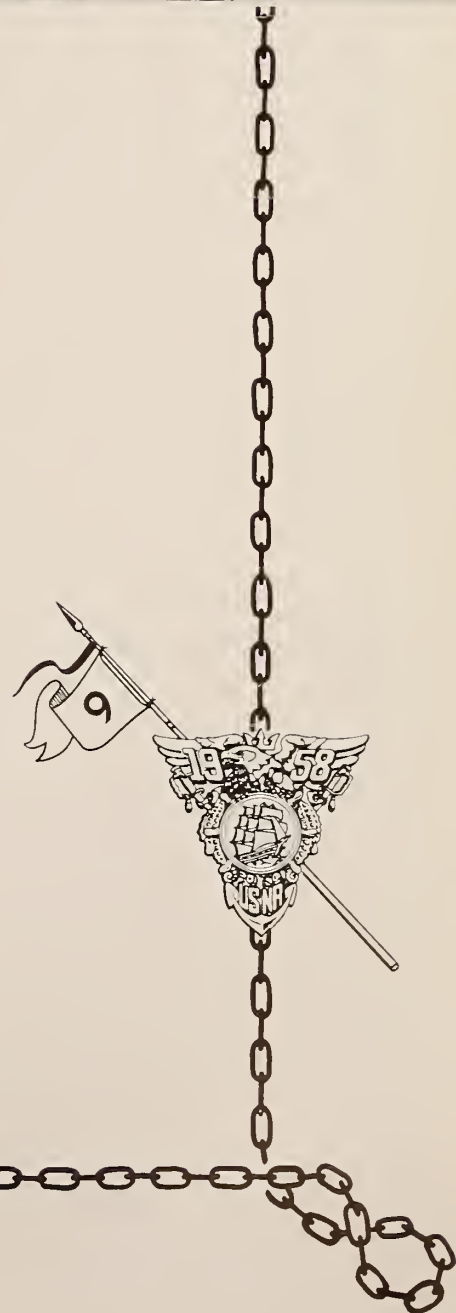
Duluth, Minnesota

Dave caught the Pony Express east from the "land of gophers" to begin his long and hectic battles with the academic departments. Always maintaining that the world would be better off if math profs were illegal, he managed to ward off the more telling blows and finish the course handily. He heard a lot about the "radiator squad," but between the books and Varsity sailing, he never did find out what it really was. He preferred to drag, considering the femmes a necessity. Dave will seek the wings of silver after graduation; he'd like to stay clear of those dangerous flight decks.

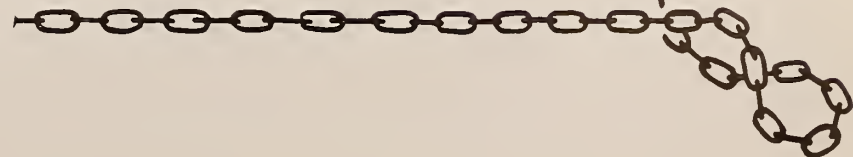
**MALCOLM GENE BARTELS**

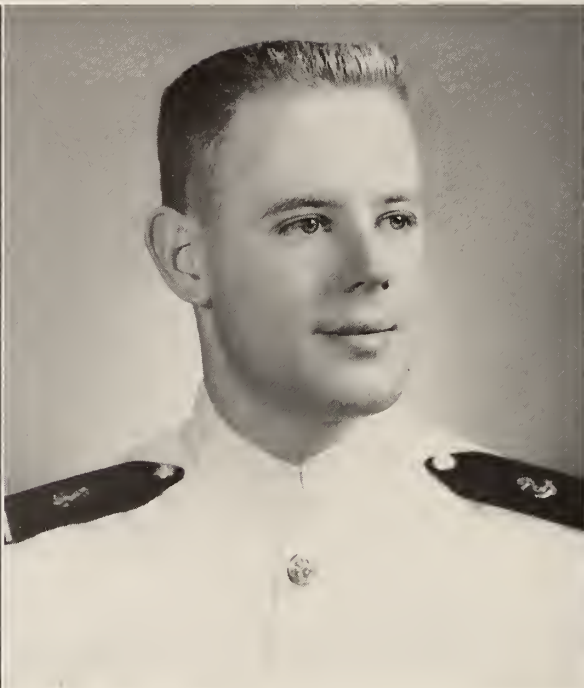
Kansas City, Missouri

Mal accepted Navy Tech life as a necessary hazard on his way to becoming a jet jockey. His record belied this attitude though, as he always seemed to be near the top of everything. He was one who dragged and fell in love many times; he even held the distinction of being fixed up by "Zoomie" with the brick of the ball on one memorable occasion. He was always willing to carry more than his share of the load, as was reflected by his work on the intramural fields. Mal first seeks those long awaited wings and then he will look for that happy home and future "meedsheeps" of his own.



*United States Naval Academy*





**PERCY MORRIS BEARD, JR.**

Gainesville, Florida

They called him "Spider" in high school; we called him "Stick" at Navy; but no matter what you might attach as a moniker, Pat was a solid six-two of skin and bones. A star man of the highest magnitudes, he took off enough time from the books to win three letters and a blanket for his knack of chasing the white sticks out on Thompson Stadium. Rather impassive about the women upon arrival, it was noticed that his crest and he eventually parted company. Never one to let two months of seasickness on youngster cruise stand in his way, Percy looks forward to commanding his own tin can someday.

**GERALD ARTHUR BLAKE**

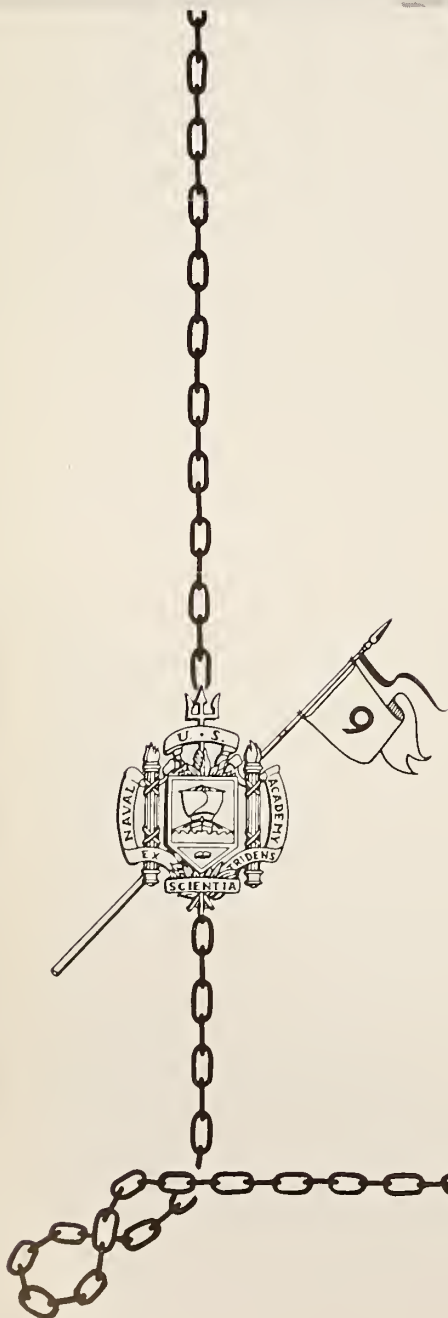
Wilmington, North Carolina

Name any state in the Union and Gerry would probably say, "Yeah, I lived there for a while." With a life as an Air Force junior behind him, he always had a great love for the service and an ability to adjust himself quickly to changing conditions. His favorite activity was chasing the little white ball around the local links and his stellar work with the Varsity and Plebe hackers was well above reproach. His skill at golf seemed only to be matched by his professional-like habits in bowling; he was always sorry that Navy didn't compete on an intercollegiate basis. It is only natural that Gerry will go into the Air Force and continue his fine record there.

**JOSEPH ANTHONY BURGARD, JR.**

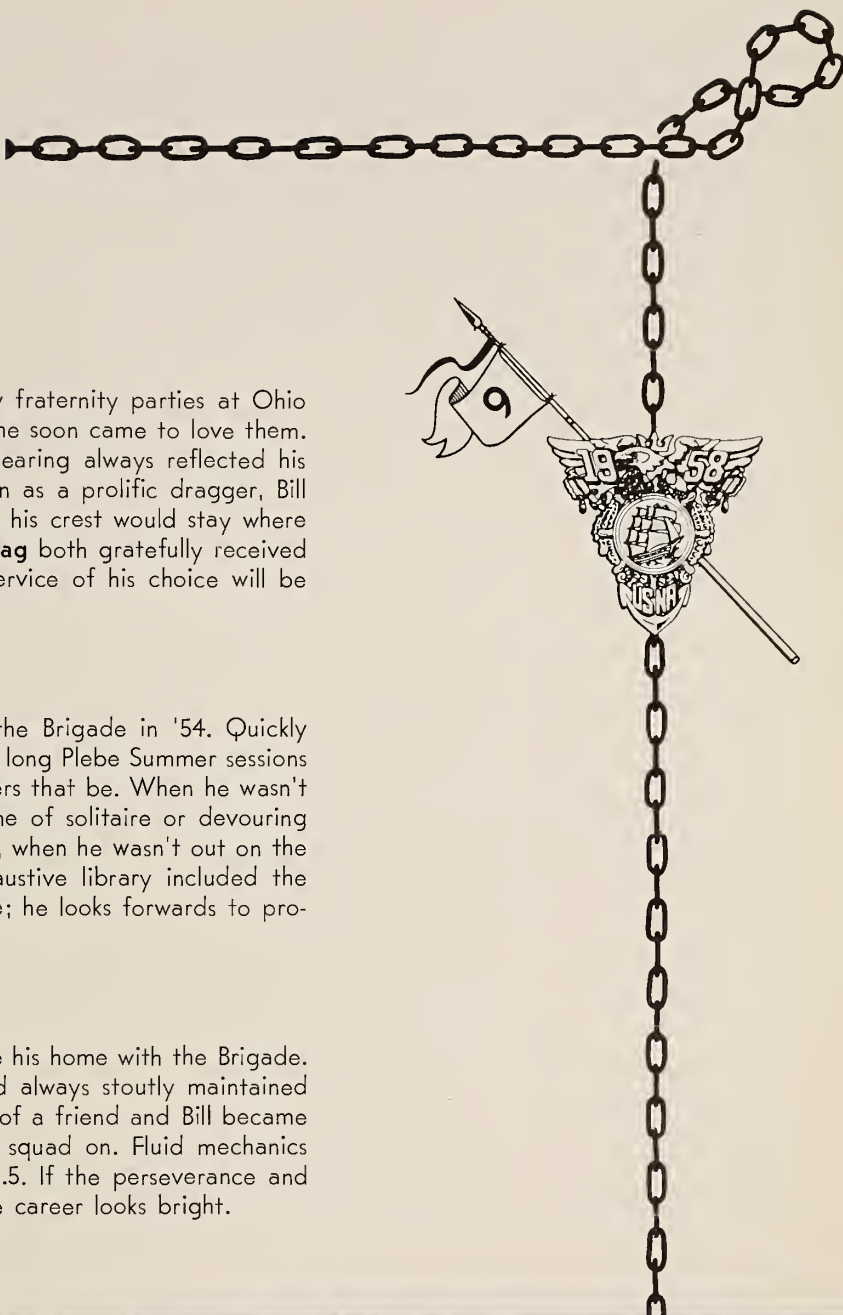
Los Angeles, California

Joe was another of the walking Chambers of Commerce who migrated from the Golden State; never bothered by the claims of smog in his illustrious podunk, he would vociferously express his admiration for sunny California. Never an academic winner, Joe always seemed to be fighting the Sampson Hall chapter of the "Bilgers Society," but his prowess for social slashing went unchallenged; always the man with the "deal," his enterprises invariably went well. Winning his numerals in Plebe track, he eventually settled down to intramurals when he could be pulled away from his favorite "horizontal engineering." He would like to become an EDO in metallurgy.



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## WILLIAM EDWARD CARTWRIGHT

Wellston, Ohio

Bill was a bit dubious initially about trading the gay fraternity parties at Ohio University for the Sunday evening happy hours here, but he soon came to love them. Always the military man, his personal appearance and bearing always reflected his belief that a taut ship is a happy ship. With a reputation as a prolific dragger, Bill eventually settled down to a life of mail calls and hoping his crest would stay where it was. The company lightweight gridsters and the **Lucky Bag** both gratefully received his fine help. There is no doubt in our minds that the service of his choice will be receiving a fine officer.

## ROBERT ELSWORTH CHRISTENSEN

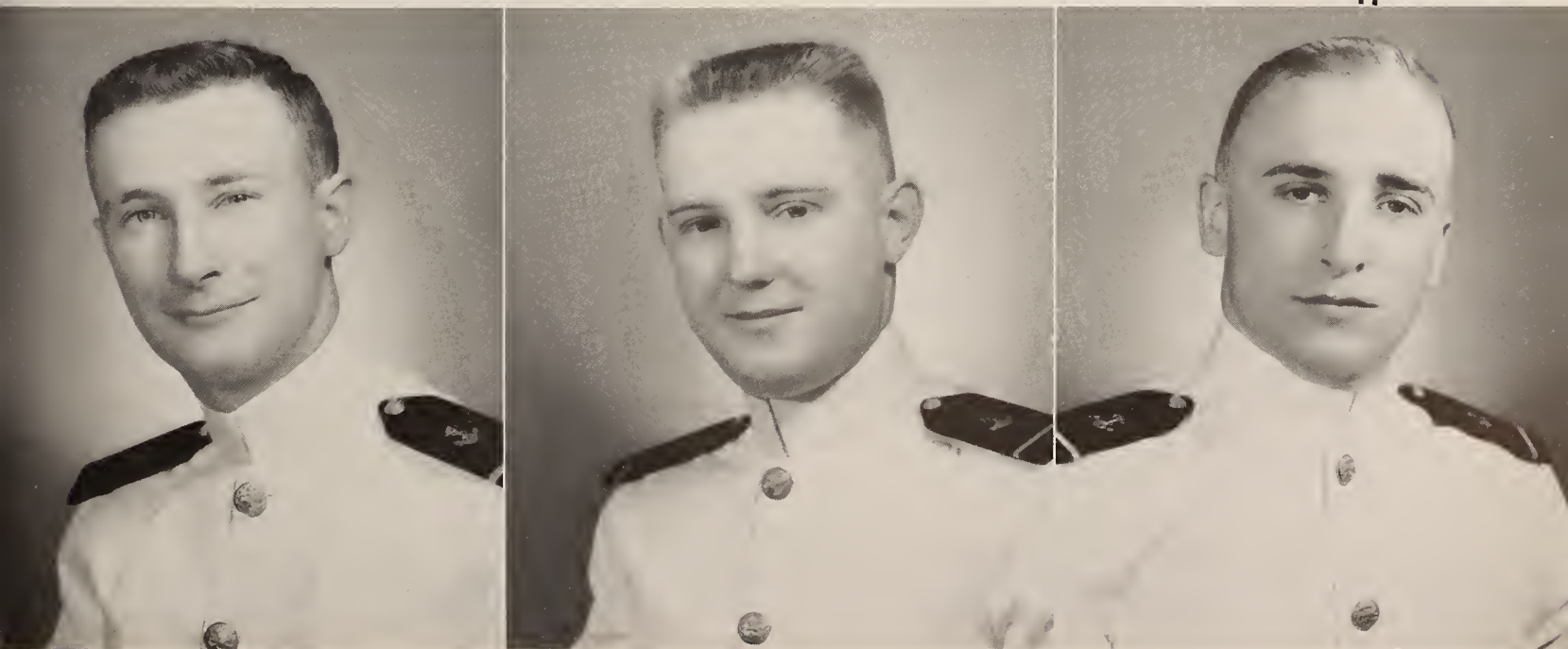
Hicksville, New York

Long Island's loss was our gain when Chris joined the Brigade in '54. Quickly picking up the fine points of military behavior during those long Plebe Summer sessions on Farragut Field, he never had any trouble with the powers that be. When he wasn't dragging, you could usually find him engrossed in a game of solitaire or devouring his latest pocket book from the horizontal position; that is, when he wasn't out on the athletic field doing or dying for the Ninth. Chris's exhaustive library included the Marine Corps Manual which should soon become his Bible; he looks forwards to prolonging those D. C. weekends, using Quantico as a base.

## WILLIAM KEMP CLEMENTS

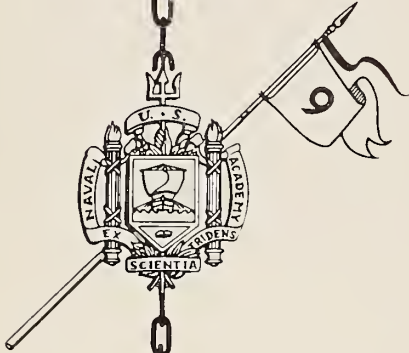
Mankato, Minnesota

From the land of ten thousand lakes came Bill to make his home with the Brigade. He immediately started a long hassle with the books and always stoutly maintained that it was really a five-year course. Swimming was more of a friend and Bill became a familiar sight in the Natatorium sparking his battalion squad on. Fluid mechanics was his downfall but he eventually mastered the elusive 2.5. If the perseverance and determination he has shown are an indication, Bill's future career looks bright.





# United States Naval Academy



## GEORGE JOHN DAVID

Danbury, Connecticut

George was a dyed-in-the-wool Connecticut Yankee complete with the accent and the dry wit. Always the potential scholar, he got the maximum results out of all courses and hopes to keep going after graduation. He became famous as the conversationalist with whom it was hard to get a word in edgewise; however, his pearls of wisdom were usually worthwhile. This trait did not always mix well with his weakness for the femmes but he won in most cases. An engineering career begun at Rensselaer Tech should be continued by savvy George with maximum benefit for all concerned. We wish him the luck which he probably will never need.

## DON LEE DESSELLE

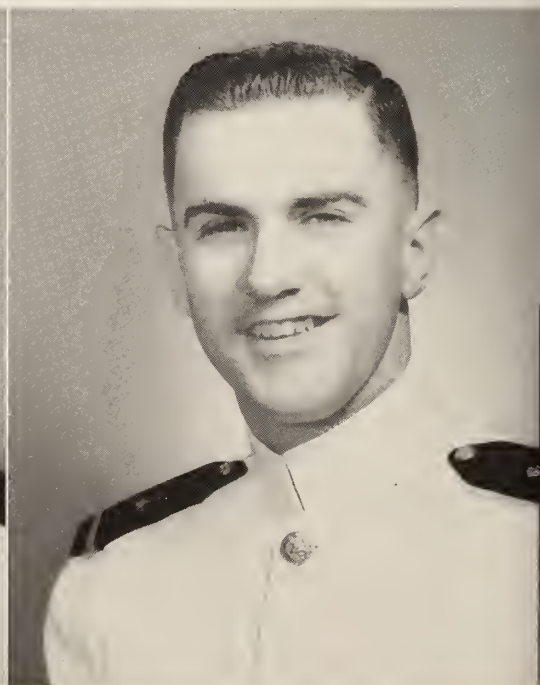
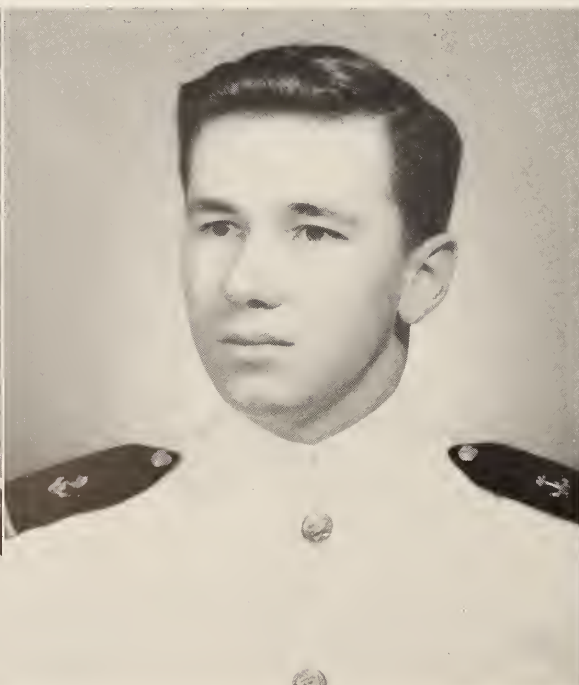
Norfolk, Virginia

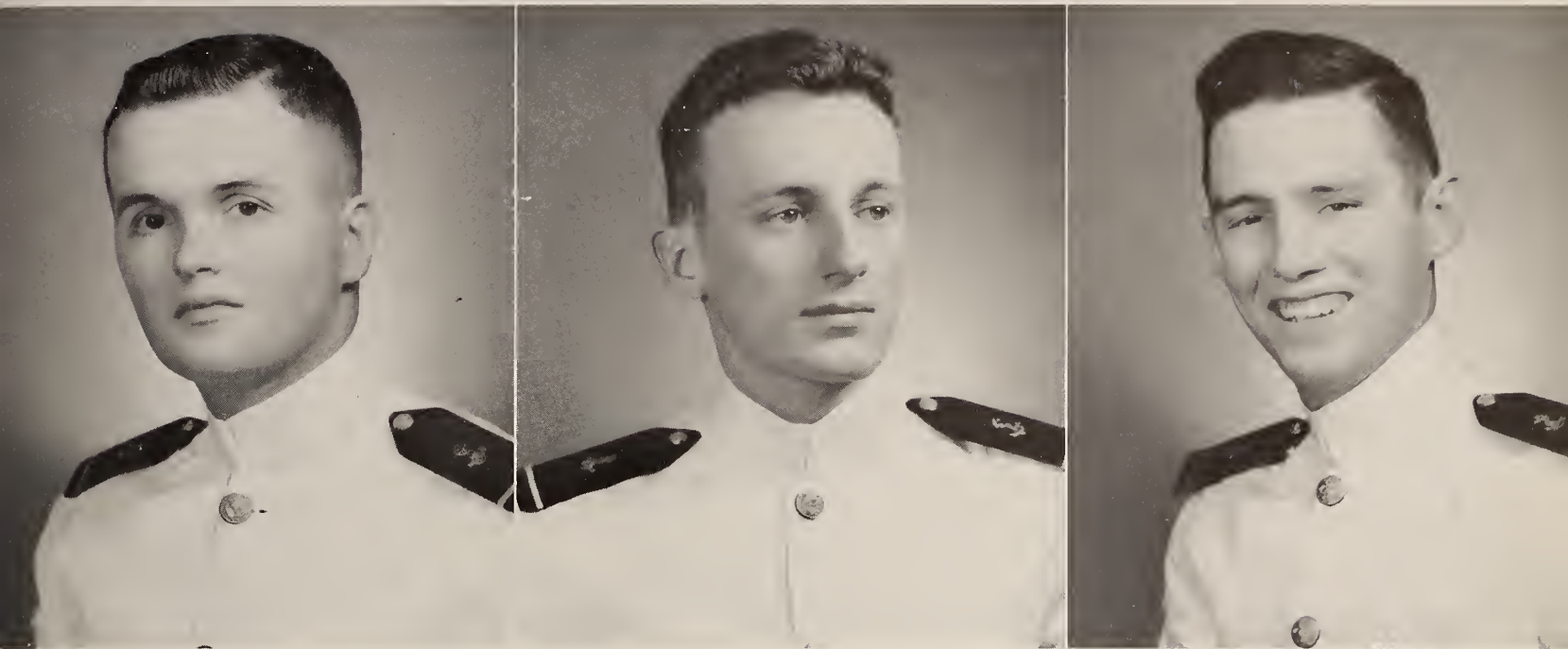
Friendly Donnie arrived at the Academy via Granby High and Bullis Prep. Bringing with him an athletic talent matched by few, this Southern gentleman was easily one of the best athletes around. He was a consistent winner for the Plebe thinclads and then settled down to devote his time to the "Mighty Mites," becoming an outstanding halfback on those National Championship teams. His many academic crises could never dampen his smile or love for life; his popularity was extended throughout the Brigade. As long as there is no bull book waiting for him after graduation, he can't help but be one of the happiest and most successful graduates of Navy Tech.

## JOHN MILLARD GAITHER

Jackson, Tennessee

John strolled north from the Volunteer State, pausing at Columbia Military Academy to begin his military life. He immediately established a reputation as a roving Southern gentleman with the finest tastes in beautiful women and good times. The books breathed rather heavily down his neck at times but the will to win was always with him. No matter how pressing other problems might be, John could be counted on to help the company with his spirit and drive, particularly on the athletic field. It looks as if Navy line will win again when "Big Jack" joins the Fleet.





**DAVID BRUCE GIBSON**

Bloomfield, New Jersey

Dave joined us from Farragut Academy ready to take his rightful place with the future admirals. His love for competition and the will to win was soon manifest in his studies as well as on the squash courts. Here was a fellow who considered nothing too much to do for a classmate; unselfishness and sportsmanship were Gibson trademarks. One of our financial wizards, his magic with the monthly insult was wonderful to behold. His sagacity with the buck goes well with his ambition to make a million someday. Extra-academic activities included liking the girls more all the time. Dave's high standards and abilities will make him a welcome member of any wardroom.

**RICHARD OTTO HAASE**

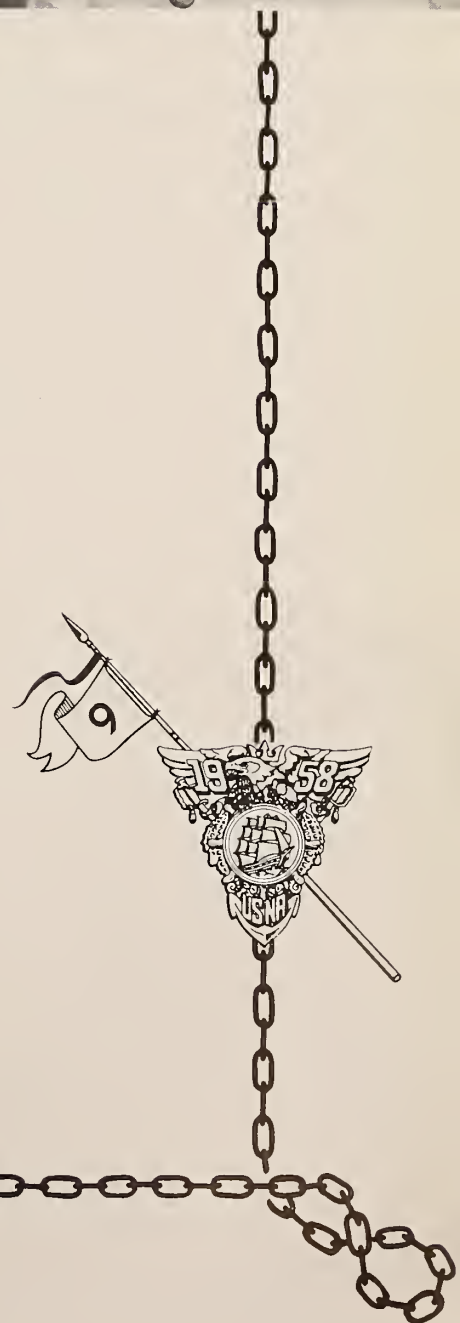
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Coming from the land of breweries, Dick was always proud of the fact and never failed to elaborate on it. Two years of learning the facts of life at the University of Wisconsin put him well ahead of the Navy game and he had no trouble making the change from Joe College to Midiot. An excellent company athlete, his ability and enthusiasm aided many an intramural squad. Variety, if nothing else, was his watchword with the drags and he lived up to this in full. Other than that, he was usually busy writing a stack of back letters. His future plans include Navy wings and a family later on. We wish him the best, for that is what he deserves.

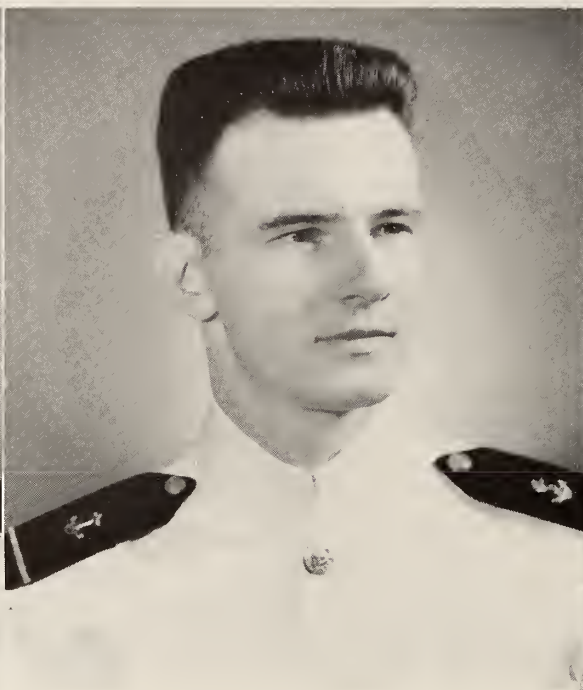
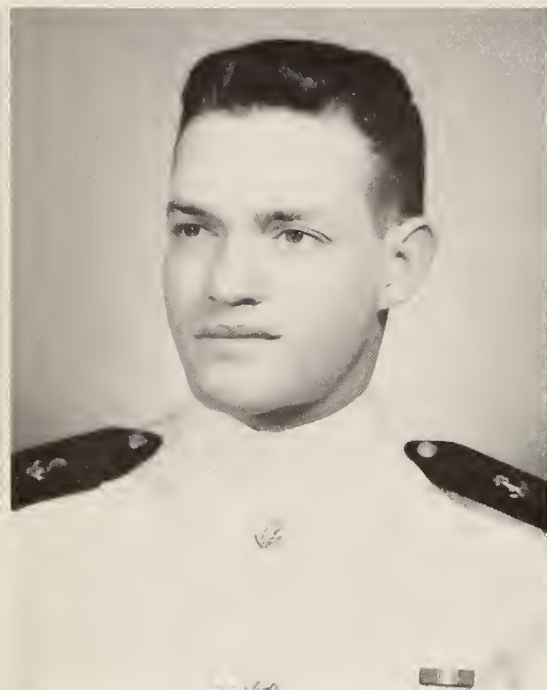
**JOSEPH RUSSELL HENDERSON, JR.**

Gainesville, Florida

Russ, always referred to affectionately as "Womp," was indeed a displaced Florida "Gator"; his sail-like ears flapping in the breeze gave him away whether on his way to class or in the dark spaces of the drag house. A steeplechase stalwart, he could always be counted on to finish . . . not always first, but he would finish. We always suspected that maybe another Hemingway was in our midst when reading his verbose articles in the *Log*. Destined for a suit of Marine green, "Womp" will always be remembered for his easy-going manner, sense of humor, and those fabulous liberties we pulled with him. His tact and ability will easily pave his way to any goal.



*United States Naval Academy*



**FREDRIC CLEMENT KANE, JR.**

San José, California

Fred came to the Ninth after a short stay at Hilder Prep and immediately took the lead in many phases of Navy life. Always the tops in the eyes of his associates, he could be depended on to lend a helping hand on any job. After gaining his numerals with the Plebe thinclads, "Killer" devoted his time to company sports and contributed to many victories. As for the ladies, Fred claims that he loved them all; however most of his weekends were spent in fighting a close battle with Skinny. Life in the Silent Service attracts him and he looks forward to following the footsteps of his father into the Fleet. Nothing should prove too much for the "Killer."

**HAROLD ROBERT KENDALL**

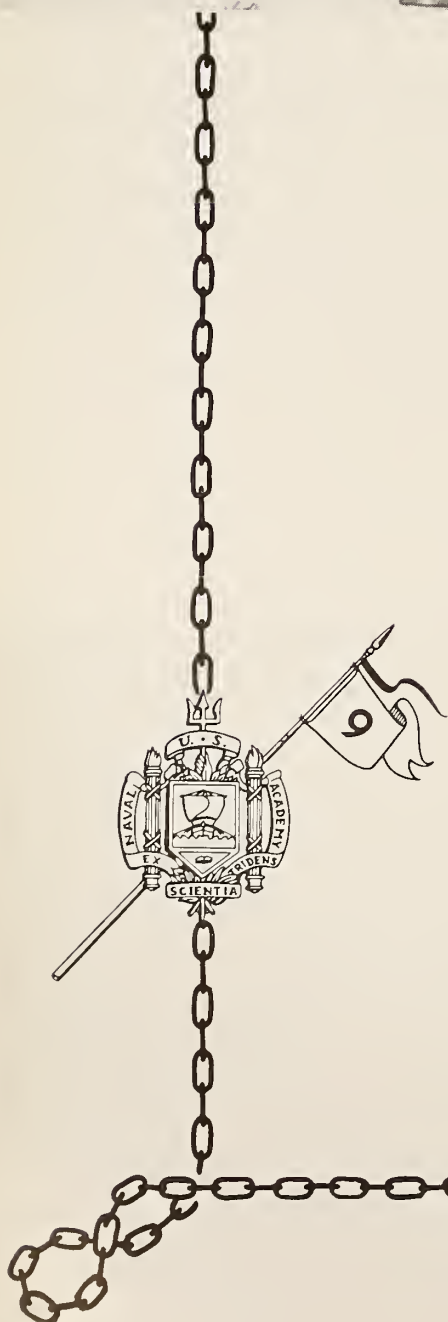
Morrisville, Pennsylvania

Leaving three years in the airdale Navy behind him, Bob blew into USNAY to seek new fortunes and eventual fame. Studies always proved to be the exception rather than the rule; he could be coaxed upon occasion to emerge momentarily from the rack. Although not too keen on dragging, he nevertheless could come up with some good ones. Soccer was his athletic love, and he played for the Plebe, company and battalion teams. The Model Railroad Club also showed him some enjoyable non-sleeping hours. Bob plans to return to the Navy, but this time at the opposite extreme; the submarines have caught his eye and with it a fine prospective officer.

**RONALD BRISCOE KIRK**

Knoxville, Tennessee

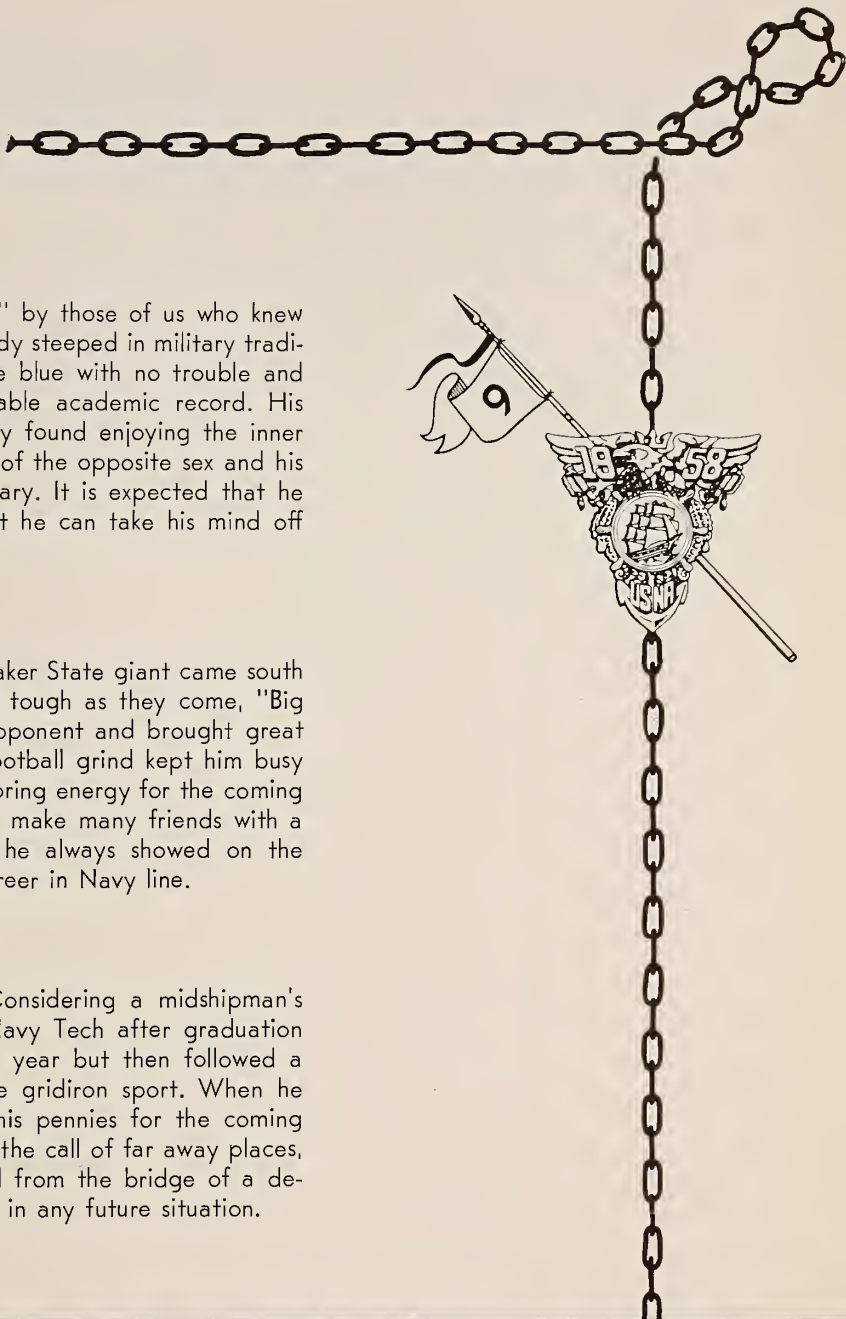
Ron proved he was determined in his attempt to aspire to a professional career when he traded his military browns for a couple of sets of Jake Reed specials. Named the outstanding senior military student at the University of Tennessee in 1954, he came to Navy after four years there. The transition from big wheel to little wheel proved easy for Ron, as has most everything since then. His participation in the various Academy phases always reflected an enthusiasm and a love for the military that was hard to match. Ron's spirit and perseverance proved almost inspirational; a fine officer prospect, we expect nothing but the best from him.



*United States Naval Academy*



# United States Naval Academy



## JOHN HUTCHINSON MacKINNON

Saginaw, Michigan

Mac, who will more likely be remembered as "Shank" by those of us who knew him, came to USNAY from Culver Military Academy already steeped in military tradition. He made the transition from kaydet grey to middie blue with no trouble and despite the trials of Plebe year, he established an enviable academic record. His proficiency with the books soon enabled him to be usually found enjoying the inner sanctum of the beloved pad. Mac was an ardent admirer of the opposite sex and his adventures with them sometimes bordered on the legendary. It is expected that he will pin on his dolphins soon . . . provided of course that he can take his mind off the femmes long enough to get through sub school.

## JAMES RICHARD MARTINEZ

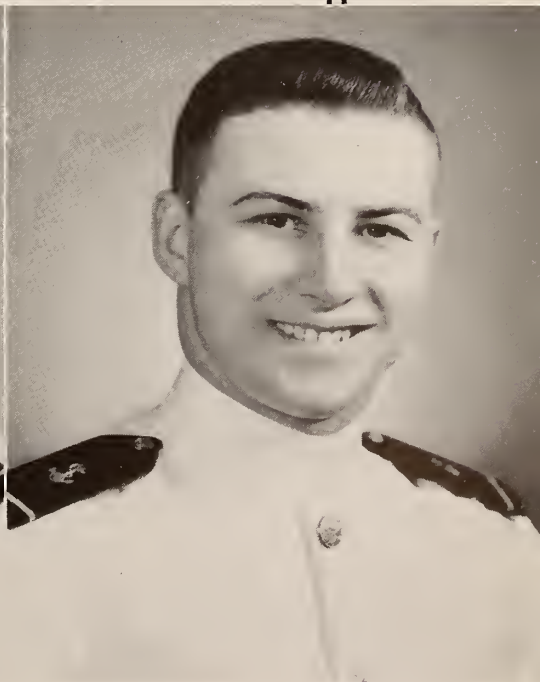
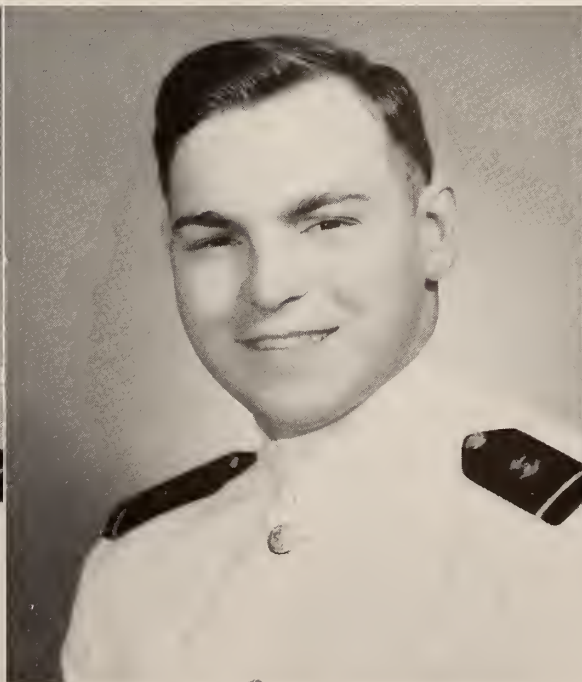
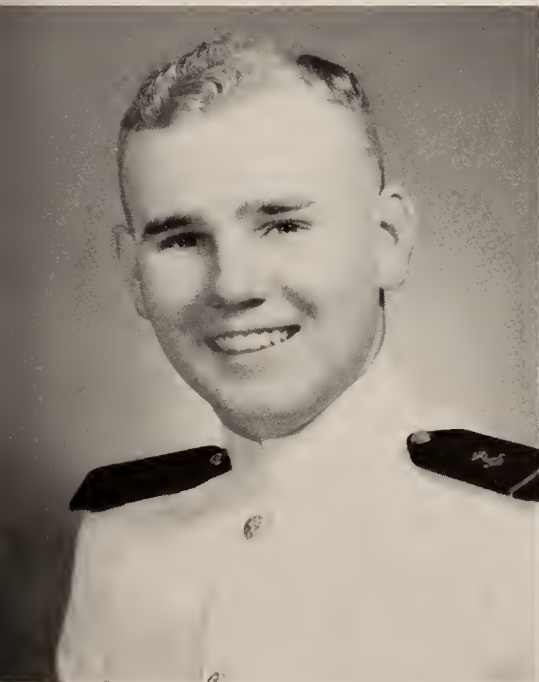
Frackville, Pennsylvania

After prepping a year at Wyoming Seminary, this Quaker State giant came south to grace our presence and our football team. Rough and tough as they come, "Big Marty's" bruising play for the gridsters jolted many an opponent and brought great pleasure to all the followers of the Blue and Gold. The football grind kept him busy and when he wasn't out there, he was usually in the pad storing energy for the coming weekend. He still found the time to pay all due rent and make many friends with a good humor and quiet amiability. The attributes which he always showed on the gridiron will give him a big boost as he embarks on his career in Navy line.

## ROBERT HENRY MASON

Belmont Hills, Pennsylvania

Bob always wanted to visit every city in Europe. Considering a midshipman's travels to be a good way to start, he matriculated to Navy Tech after graduation from high school. He gave football a whirl during Plebe year but then followed a steady diet of lacrosse and the intramural variety of the gridiron sport. When he wasn't studying, he could usually be found counting up his pennies for the coming weekend or reading his latest dime novel. Always lured by the call of far away places, Bob is finally about to reach his goal of seeing the world from the bridge of a destroyer. We feel sure that he will be happy and successful in any future situation.





# United States Naval Academy

## JONATHAN CRAIG McCARTER

Boise, Idaho

Mac traded in his skis for a knockabout and joined the long blue line at Navy Tech. His talent for company sports was continuously realized as he set the pace for good sportmanship and fair play on our courts. One usually found him in the rack or writing the O.A.O., but such activity was exceeded only by his desire and determination to prove his value in his studies. An ambition to see the world was partly satisfied while a member of our fold and he hopes to see more of London. Mac set many good examples for all of us to follow and he'll always stand high in our memories.

## JOHN CUNNINGHAM MILLER, JR.

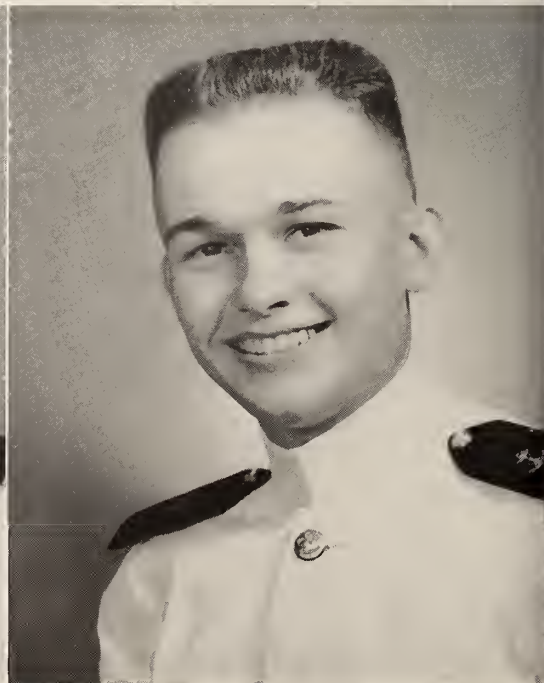
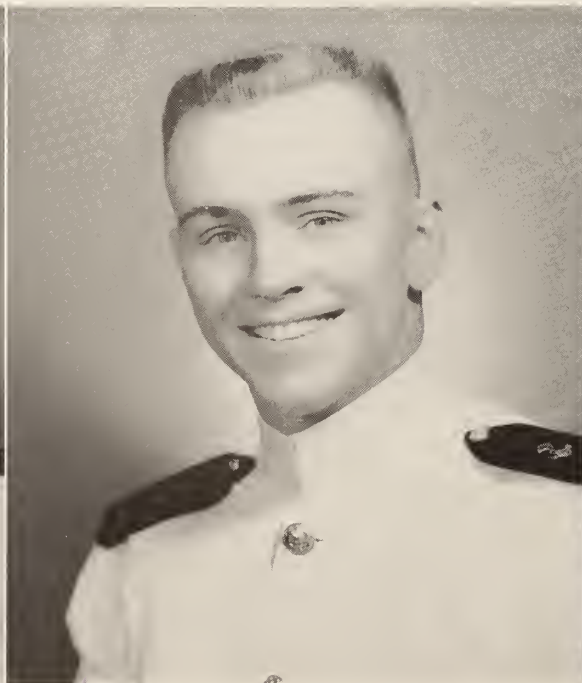
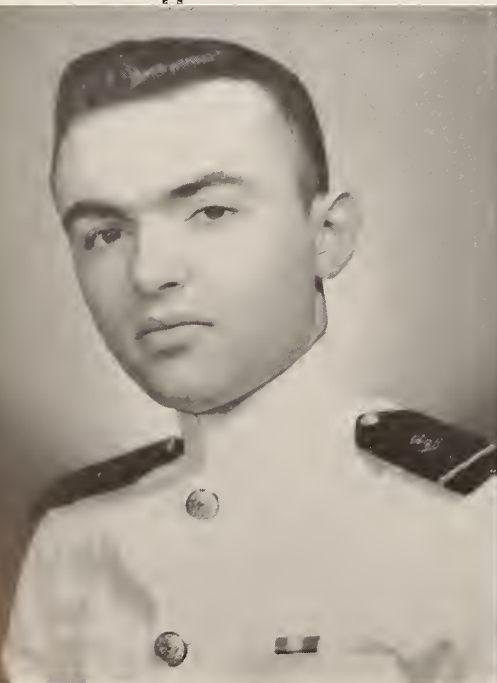
White Plains, New York

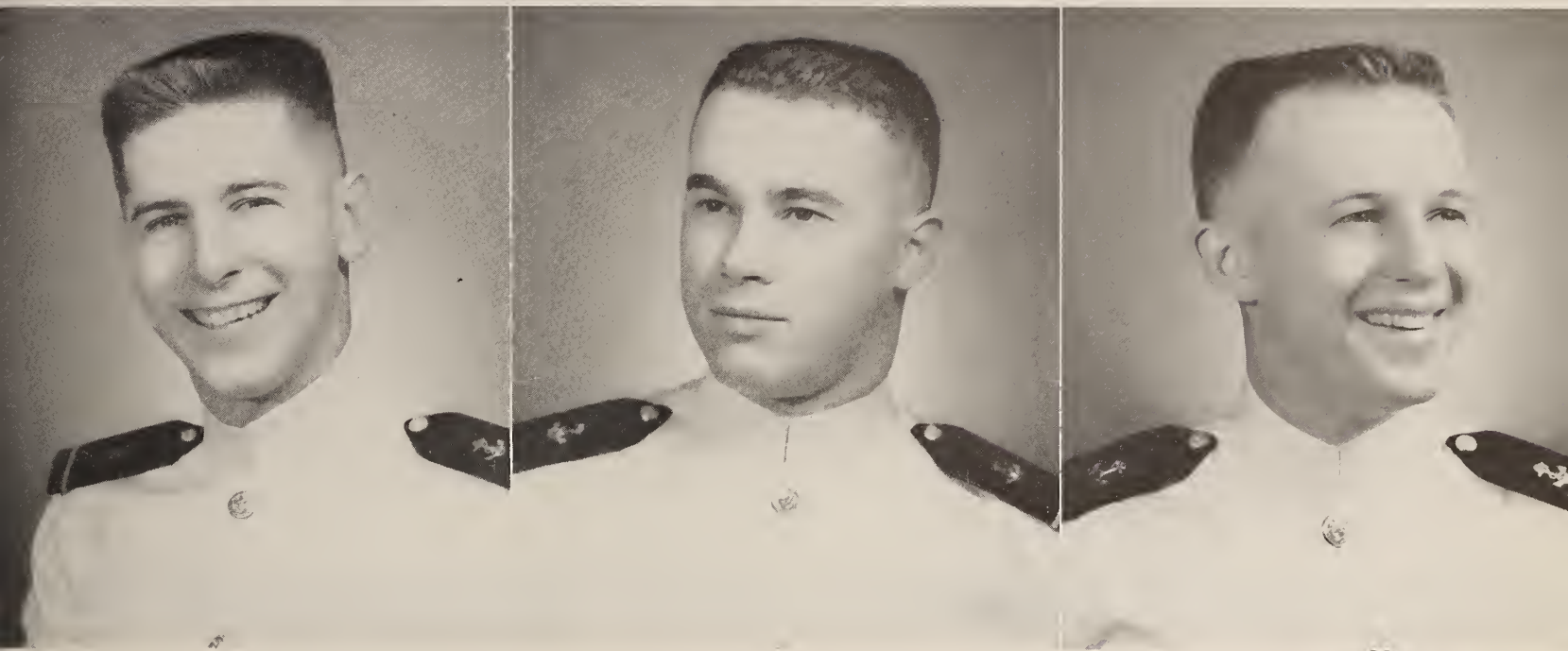
"J.C." quickly became acquainted with Mother Bancroft after leaving high school in White Plains. Even Plebe year was enjoyable for him; he was one of the lucky ones sitting on the training tables. Quite a man on the athletic field, J.C. was one who starred on any intramural team. Never one to worry about the dragging situation, those frequent letters from up New York way reflected his security in this respect. Gun collecting was a hobby somewhat restricted here, but he never lost the urge. Certainly a credit to his class, he will be long and warmly remembered by his classmates.

## WILLIAM PETER MORTENSON

Seattle, Washington

Bill attended one year at Olympic Junior College as a part of the Navy's trainee program and was well adjusted to the life of musters and inspections by the time he got here. Further experience in a shipyard gave him quite a grasp of Steam and Skinny, although Bull and Dago often had him on the run. His capacity for hard work was well satisfied with his studies as Varsity soccer manager. His battles with Dago didn't seem to hamper him in gay Barcelona, and he'll always have good memories of the time spent there. Bill wants to seek Navy wings and then go on to a life as a test pilot.





**JACK ROBINSON NICHOLAS, JR.**

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

From out of the steel country, Jack strolled south to Bullis Prep and then on to Navy Tech. Long used to success, he had no troubles in adjusting himself to the bells and other rigors of life in Mom Bancroft. Hard working and enthusiastic, his grades always reflected the fact that here was a true scholar. The Navy shells took up most of his non-academic time and he was a staunch member of the lightweight crew. The melodic sounds issuing from his room showed his prowess both as a music lover and a hi-fi bug. His personality and frankness will be valuable possessions when he joins the ranks of alumni.

**JOHN LAWRENCE NULTY, JR.**

Sea Girt, New Jersey

Already well-acquainted with the intricacies of the slipstick and log tables when he joined us, Jack always put his two years of college to the best advantage. With a lack of strain in the classroom, our boy had plenty of time to further his talents elsewhere. Always swearing allegiance to the Spartan life, Jack was a valued member of the Varsity crew. One in a while, though, he would weaken and succumb to the temptations of the blue dragon. The German and "N" Clubs rounded out a busy schedule. Never one to let a seasick stomach dampen his enthusiasm, Jack hopes to find a home in the tin can fleet.

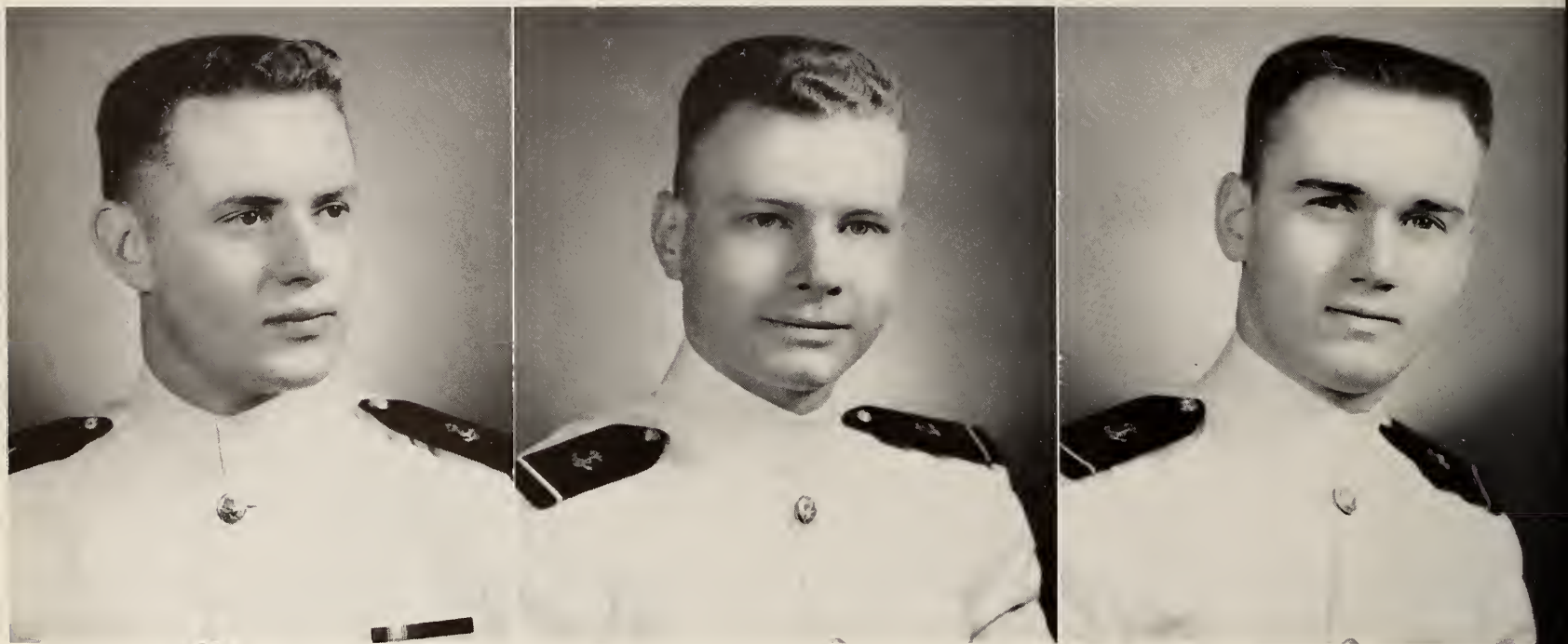
**WILLIAM HARLEY PARKS**

Overton, Texas

Famous for his lack of size, "Wee Willie" was destined to blow sand at every step. A hard Plebe year was capped by his exhilarating climb to place our cap atop venerable Herndon Monument. A year at Abilene Christian College had prepared him well for the books, and he spent most of his time sparking the company lightweight football team or winning friends with his propensity to smile and enjoy himself. He apparently had some secret of success with the femmes, for he dragged frequently and seemed to have a great time. Willie will naturally adorn a happy wardroom table in the future while he practices to become the "fastest gun in the West."



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**RODERICK JOHN PEJSAR**

Lincoln, Nebraska

Rod hailed from the country's breadbasket where the corn and tales grow tall. A ruddy complexion, a deceiving shyness, and a twinkle in his eye accompanied him and combined to win many a friend and the heart of many a young lass. A staunch fraternity man, he had spent two years at the University of Nebraska in pre-dentistry. He threw the discus for the Plebe tracksters and then settled down to a successful intramural career. He also spent many hours making the Concert Band a better organization. A great sense of humor and sincerity became his well-known trademark and should enhance his future career in destroyers.

**WALTER CHARLES PETERS, JR.**

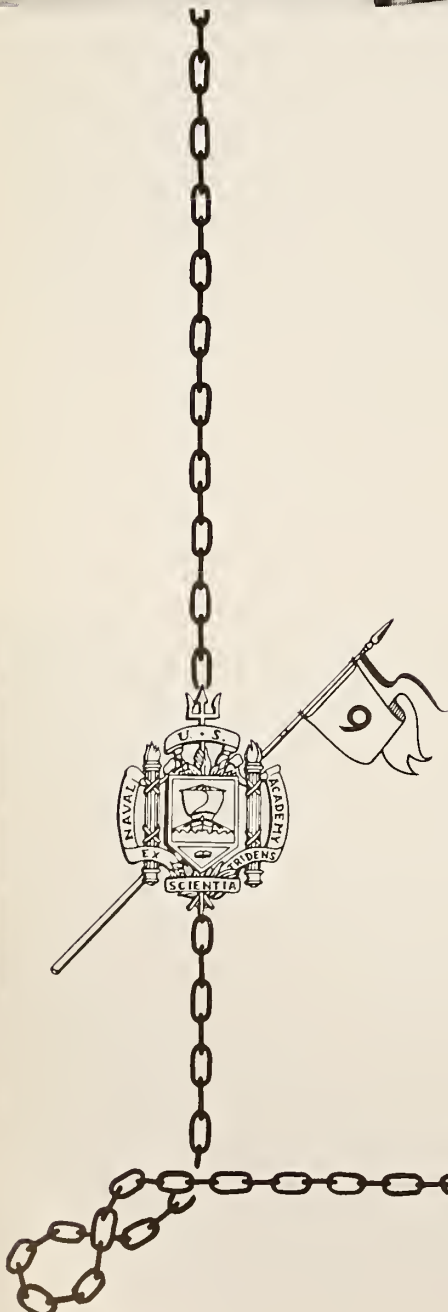
St. Paul, Minnesota

Entering the portals of Gate Three after a year as a weekend warrior in the Twin Cities, Walt soon became accustomed to Navy Tech life and spent his four years absorbing academic snow and keeping a step ahead of the O.D. His battles with the books didn't keep him from participating fully in many activities, the most notable of which were the Aeronautical Engineering and Photography Clubs. An unerring eye made Walt a valued man on the Varsity pistol team. Sailing kept life from getting dull, as will be attested by any self-respecting spider buoy. Walt had a knack for hard work and success which will stand him in good stead always.

**WILLIAM GEORGE PRINCE**

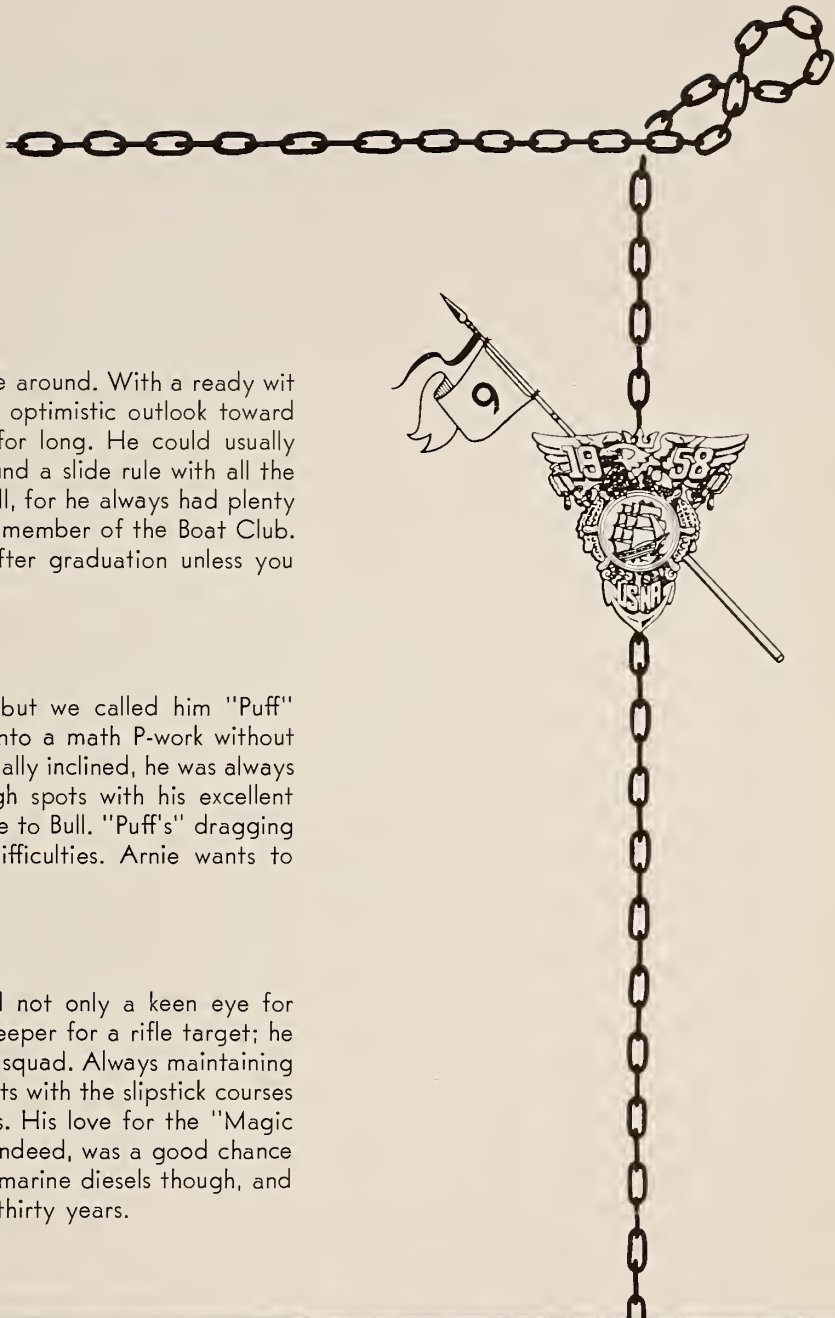
Spring Lake, Michigan

Bill was a quiet man among us, but we always knew this belied his real dynamic personality and love for the good life. Academics were always a nuisance; he was convinced that they were being used to arouse him from a deep sleep. His room was characterized by numerous models and gadgets, including a complete pipe locker version of a portable model railroad, to say nothing of his harassed wives. A career in Navy air upon graduation and a bachelor's penthouse apartment upon retirement are this young man's goals. We personally wish him luck and know that he will do well.



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## WILLIAM JOSEPH PROUT

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Bill was the kind of person whom everyone liked to have around. With a ready wit and humor, he was a valued asset to any group. With an optimistic outlook toward any problem, there weren't many that slowed him down for long. He could usually be found working out on the blue trampoline or trying to find a slide rule with all the answers on it. Every other subject must have treated him well, for he always had plenty of time to sail on the battalion yawl and became an active member of the Boat Club. Bill seeks the coveted dolphins and will be hard to find after graduation unless you know the exact dimensions of his periscope.

## ARNOLD FLACK PYATT

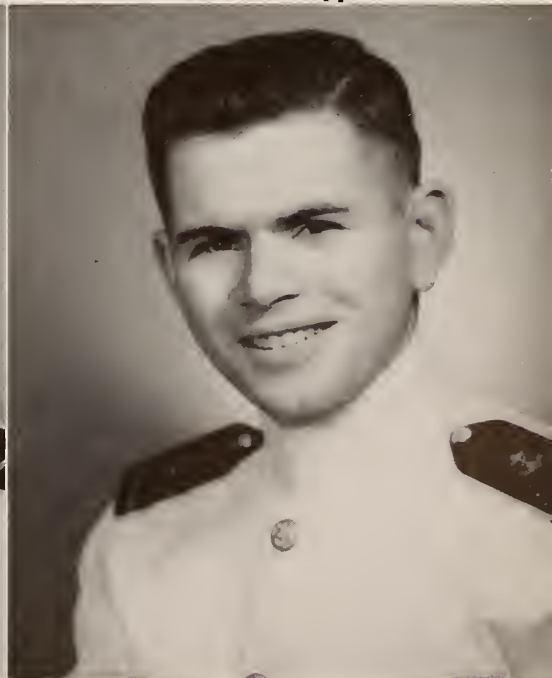
Marion, North Carolina

Arnie couldn't make us believe that he was once fat but we called him "Puff" anyway. His enviable claim to fame was his ability to go into a math P-work without cracking a book and come out with a starring mark. Scientifically inclined, he was always willing to pull a less fortunate classmate through the rough spots with his excellent E.I.; however, he often had to get some himself when it came to Bull. "Puff's" dragging wasn't an obsession but he never seemed to have any difficulties. Arnie wants to fly and later pick up a degree in aeronautical engineering.

## ALAN GORDON ROACH

Springfield, Virginia

Al, or "Wretch" as he was commonly known, showed not only a keen eye for the members of the distaff side but also an All-American peeper for a rifle target; he easily became one of the pillars of our excellent Varsity rifle squad. Always maintaining that Navy should go liberal arts, he had a few hectic moments with the slipstick courses but he always came through in the semi-annual sweepstakes. His love for the "Magic of Steam" movies was not great and he thought that here, indeed, was a good chance to catch forty winks. He hopes to get along better with submarine diesels though, and hopes to make his home in the Silent Service for the next thirty years.





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## GEORGE FRED SEGELBACHER

Ozone Park, New York

One of our most venerable members, the old man joined our ranks after earning a B.S. in math at Muhlenburg. Famous for his escapades during Plebe summer, big George never let up in giving us plenty of laughs and in giving the "Friers" plenty of headaches. Ineligible for all Varsity sports here, he was content with throwing his weight around the friendly fields of intramural strife and he earned much respect for himself and his company. George's biggest contribution to the class was the production of our rings from his spot as chairman of the Ring Committee. Always just one of the boys, he'll do well.

## WILLIAM LEE SMITH

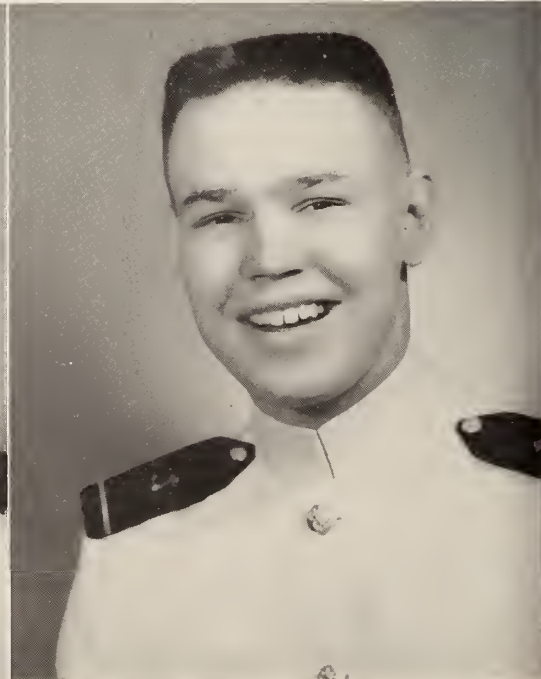
Tyler, Texas

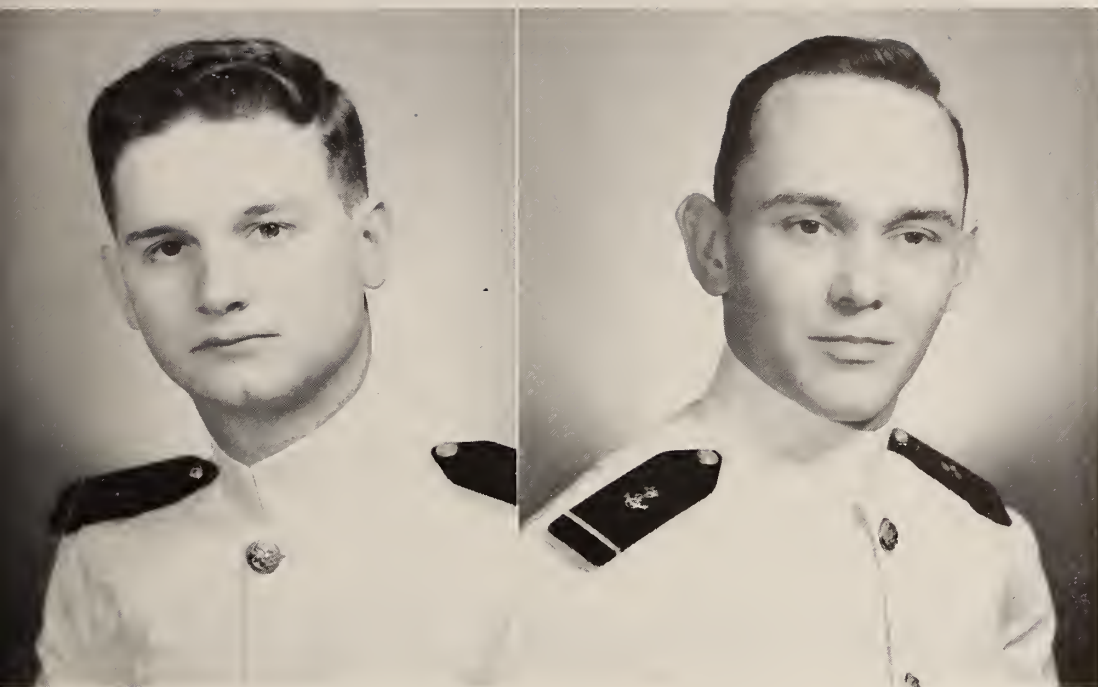
All you had to do was start talking about baseball and you had a lifelong friend in Bill. Loving to relax and shoot the old hot stove league breeze over coffee and a cigarette, he was a companionable delight of the first water. Equally famous for his ability to cut a rug, many a hop in venerable Dahlgren was brightened by his antics. Believing in variety as well as quality, both his drags and a large record collection showed his perpetual good taste, although he was of the opinion that the females would never replace night baseball. Bill will always have a big time wherever he goes.

## ROBERT DICKIE STANNUS

San Antonio, Texas

Dick was one who always wished there were more than twenty-four hours in a day; one of the busiest men around, we always wondered how he could combine his many activities and his academics so smoothly. All you had to do to find him was be patient and hope that you could catch him between rounds. His career with the **Log** was long and distinguished, and he was chosen as editor-in-chief for First Class year. Academics and intramurals also gave Dick ample chance to flex his many abilities. Still he found time to drag, although his femme sometimes had to wait for the **Log** to go to press. Hoping someday to be a Naval attaché, Dick will begin in Navy line.





**CURTIS STERLING SWORD, JR.**

Norfolk, Virginia

Curt never had any trouble on our frequent visits to Norfolk; making his home in that Navy city, he naturally chose USNAY for his higher education. A short tour of Bullis Prep readied him for the big jump to Crabtown. Content to stay off the Varsity trail, he blazed to glory on the intramural fields. Preferring to give the women a wide berth, Curt had none of the troubles here that many of the rest of us so cheerfully encountered. The books were anything but kind to him, but they could never interfere with his love for the pad. Navy air will provide his springboard to fame and success.

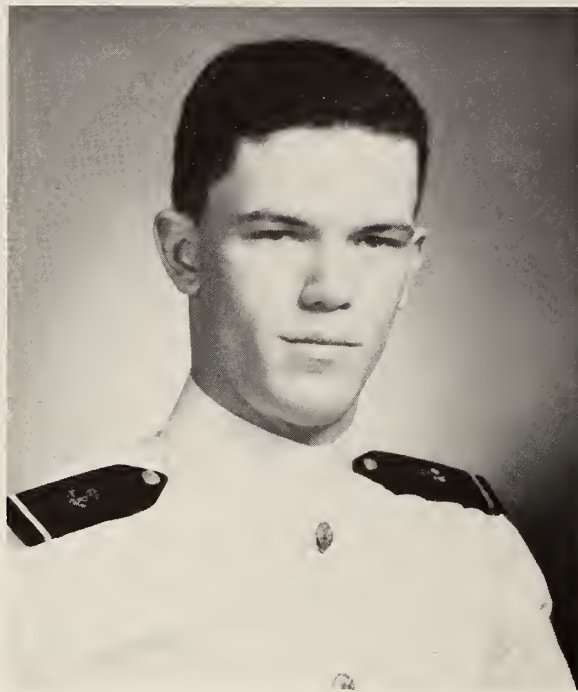
**DONALD ALEXANDER TAYLOR**

Eloy, Arizona

Don made quite a mark Plebe year when he won a commendation medal from SecNav for his quick work in pulling a fellow mid out of trouble in the Severn. This was typical of the Arizona shrimp, who seemed to succeed in everything. Being somewhat of a ladies' man, Don always enjoyed the weekends and liberties and will always remember the fabulous days in London in particular. Intramurals and hobbies filled up the rest of his time. With the desire to become an admiral matched with the ability to do it, Don should have no troubles in future years.



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**RANDOLPH MANCHESTER TEAGUE**

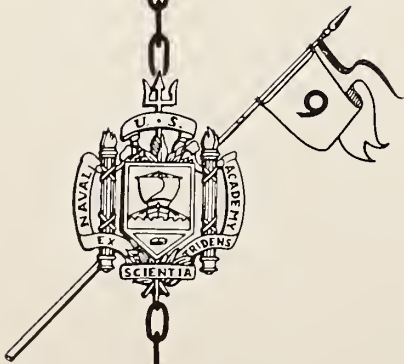
Santa Ana, California

Tall, quiet, and usually hungry was the best way to describe this fugitive from the Ivy League life at Cornell. A stalwart member of USNAY's thinclads, his broad jumping and sprinting for the Varsity won him wide acclaim and his "N-star" Youngster year. His famous, "Oh no, not swimming again!" became stock with the boys of the Ninth. He harbored futile dreams of gay bachelorhood and will probably use his renowned speed as a last ditch defense. A successful career in the Marine Corps interests him the most; he will probably become "Gyrene" representative to the Bureau of Ordnance.

**JAMES DALE WILLIAMS**

Wilmington, North Carolina

"J.D." brought just enough of the South with him to the Trade School to make his speech perplexing for the Yankees, but it was never enough to touch off another Fort Sumter. A real "beach bum" from way back, he was always one of the first to head for the roaring surf whenever our travels took us near the ocean. Frustrated by an injury in his desire to play Varsity football here, "J.D." took it in stride and came through in Varsity lacrosse and intramurals. Collecting stars and girls were the other hobbies which kept him busy. Always friendly and jovial, "J.D." has many friends here and looks forward to a long service career.



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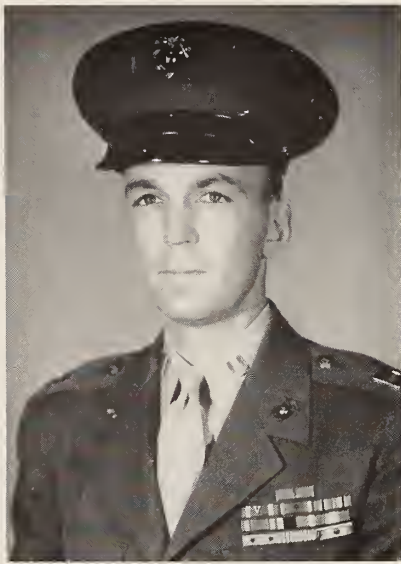
*Left to right: First row—Haumont, Abington, Green Chapla, Packard, Permenter, Kubasch, Weber, Fairchild, Bundarin. Second row—Shultz, Bond, Render, Copeland, Stanton, Henderson, Naef, Meehan, Menzies. Third row—Fuqua, Shelton, Grise, Ekstrom, Gaither, Curtis, Shimota, Davis. Fourth row—Laferty, Raunig, Christenson, Bryan, Stephans.*



*Left to right: First row—Sweeney, Holman, Neeley, Wegner, Pethick, Barcus, Patton, Groth, Gavlak, Rathbun. Second row—Burge, Lavelle, Plowden, Banister, Sheppeck, Slezak, Kee, Jordon, Roth. Third row—Volzer, Greenhalch, Rhodes, Everman, Murray, McCullough, Bass, Salinas. Fourth row—Hoffman D.A., Hoffman D.H., Simmons, Tucker, Vinje.*



*Left to right: First row—Sawyer, Kincaid, Wagon, Mayian, Cantrell, Gardner, Hickham, Dittrich, Galloway, Diamond. Second row—Nelson, McNicholas, Sauer, Mueller, Phillips, Doherty, Sullivan, Long, Cheaure. Third row—Miller, Riffey, Churchill, Arnold, Merrill, West, Sandrini, Connelly. Fourth row—Gray, Zensius, Moore, Popham, Giambattista, Down, Yurcovic. Fifth row—Chapman, Greenwood, Kelly.*



Capt. K.E. Turner, USMC  
Company Officer

The Terrible Tenth—there were times when we were sure that they would disband the company and leave only a Jolly Roger to mark an empty place on the parade field. Despite so many near escapes as to defy the imagination of even a Philo McGiffen, we managed, thirty-seven strong, to last through four years of watches and skinny P-works. Now, as we're graduating, we wonder if the trip would have been quite so colorful without George's pointed wit, "Any Face's" multitudinous close shaves, or Bud's littered desk at mail call. We'll remember the many times when, with the going thick, Mac would come through with his trademark, "Don't sweat it, boys!"

# Tenth Company

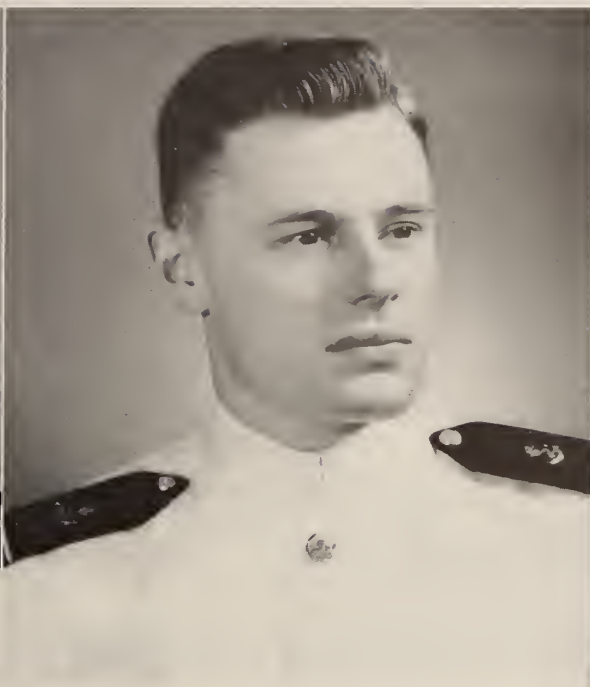


Fall Set. Left to right—Van Hoose, Venable, Keim, May, Flym, Doss.



Winter Set. Left to right—Nicolls, Gardner, Runzo, Murphree, McMichael, Fredda.

Now that the war of wits with the Executive Department and the mess hall egg fights with the Second Battalion are history, we are beginning to appreciate the strength of these links of camaraderie and how much they'll always mean to us. What other company ever had a Kant-quoting "Red Rooster"? Or a "907" still looking for a commission in the Confederate Navy? Or Tip, the Auburn Flash? We'll remember long, tall Ernie and his penchant for chasing white sticks, "Dracula," Jimmy and Vic, the "Goldust Twins," and the brains of Bud and Wes. It's true that we never even came close to winning the colors, but we can claim to have had the most colorful company. Four years at Navy could only have been short with this crew.



**RICHARD KENNETH ALEXANDER**

Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

After a year and a half of the gay college life at Drexel Tech and another year at Bullis, Dick rated the title of "old man" which was quickly attached to him. He quickly set out to show us younger fellows how life should be lived and came through admirably. His only bad moments came about when trying to figure out how to stop that forehead from expanding too fast. He loved baseball and you could usually find him on those long spring afternoons over at Lawrence Field keeping count of bats and balls for the Varsity. Dick has shown a great regard for the Silent Service and hopes to serve it shortly after graduation.

**DAVID ROSS AULT**

Wayne, Maine

You could never find Dave in his room; a real extracurricular "slash," he had irons in many fires and proved that you could stay happy by staying busy. His efforts as representative of both his company and battalion plus his work with many and varied clubs was as outstanding as it was extensive. Believing in always keeping on the move, he was perpetually planning on a sojourn over to Europe during summer leaves. With a well rounded personality and a great ability to get any jobs done, Dave will continue his outstanding work shown here at Navy with ease in the years to come.

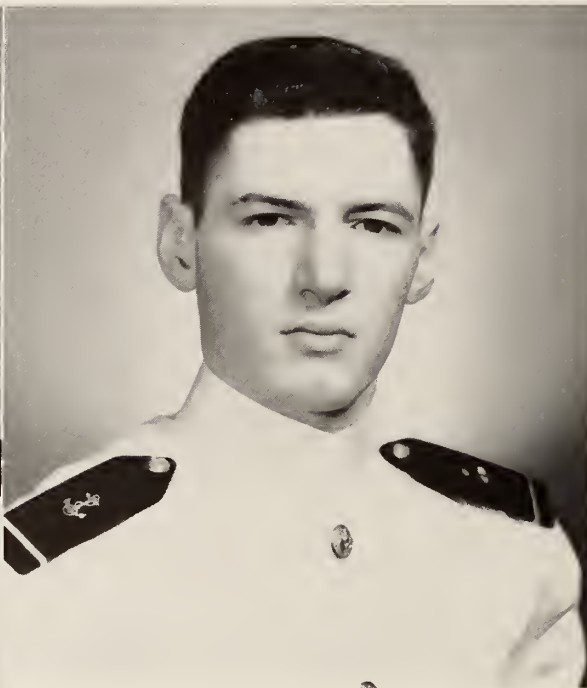
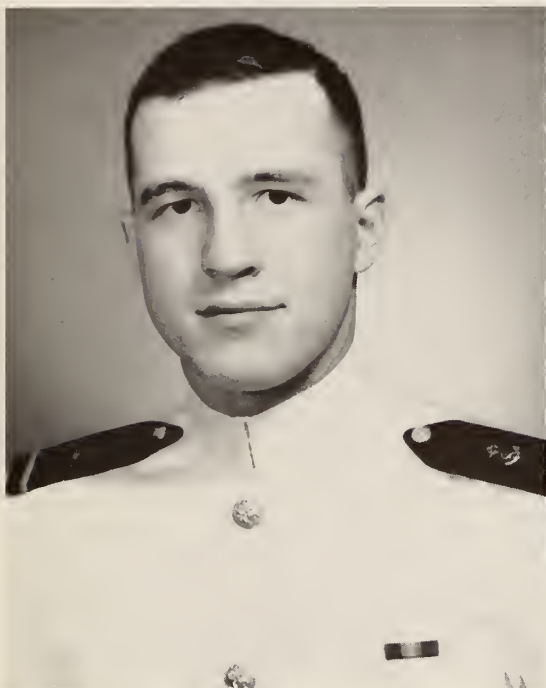
**CHARLES GARY CALDWELL**

Sante Fe, New Mexico

Tall, dark, and unorthodox was the best way to describe this refugee from the sun-baked Southwest. He generally made short work of the usual skirmishes with the academic departments and spent more time in trying to outfox the Executive Department and to stay off the sub squad. An avowed woman hater, Gary always preferred to plan his strategy for making a million dollars and becoming a South American dictator someday. Unusual ambitions, to be sure, but with his usual cheerful pessimism, he'll be in there fighting all the way. Picking up a pair of wings rates as the first stop.



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**MARION TURNER DOSS, JR.**

Topeka, Kansas

You could never be sure of what Marion was thinking about; but, whether it was mythology, next Monday's P-work, or just liberty, you could usually be sure that the results would be worthwhile. A star man from the time he went to his first class, this tall Kansan had little trouble in staying well toward the top of the class. He proved that sports could mix well with brains with his sterling work with the battalion football and lacrosse teams. Navy line looks mighty fine to Marion and with his ability and knowledge, he'll be a welcome addition wherever the service may take him.

**ROBERT WILLIAM FLYNN**

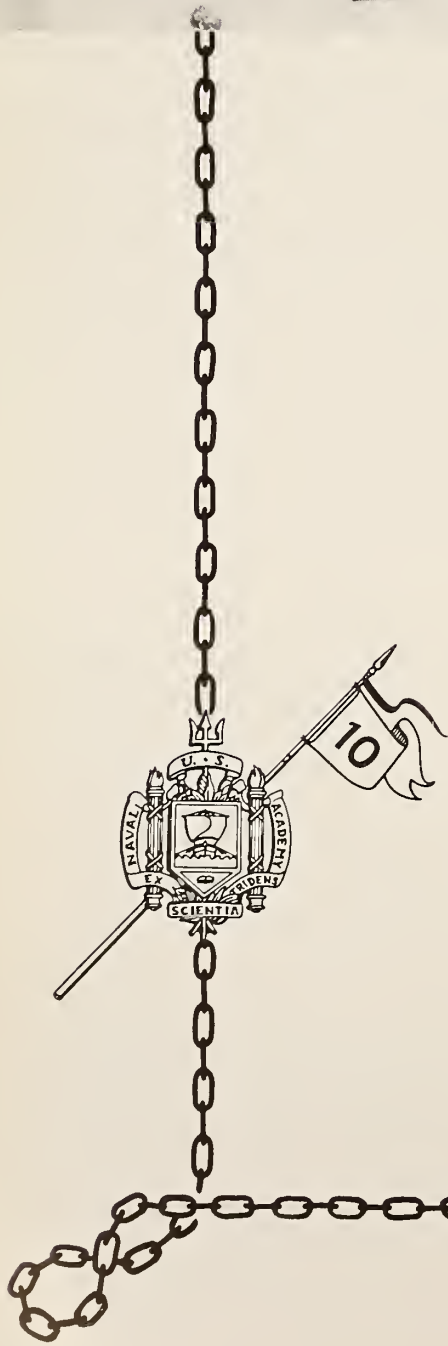
Brooklyn, New York

Distinguished by his charm, tact and dapper urbanity, Bob was a city boy with a heart as big as his home town. One who always wished that Navy would go liberal arts, his diversified interests always kept him well above the petty and the picayune. The old Brooklyn College motto of "Nothing without great labor" never applied to Bob; it seemed that academics fell into his hands with a readiness that was matched only by his ability to make friends and, incidentally, to charm many a young lovely. A man of well-read and discerning manner, Bob seems destined for a distinguished career in the Navy where perhaps he can exercise to the fullest the rare judgment and ability which he always displayed here.

**VICTOR IRVIN FREDDA, JR.**

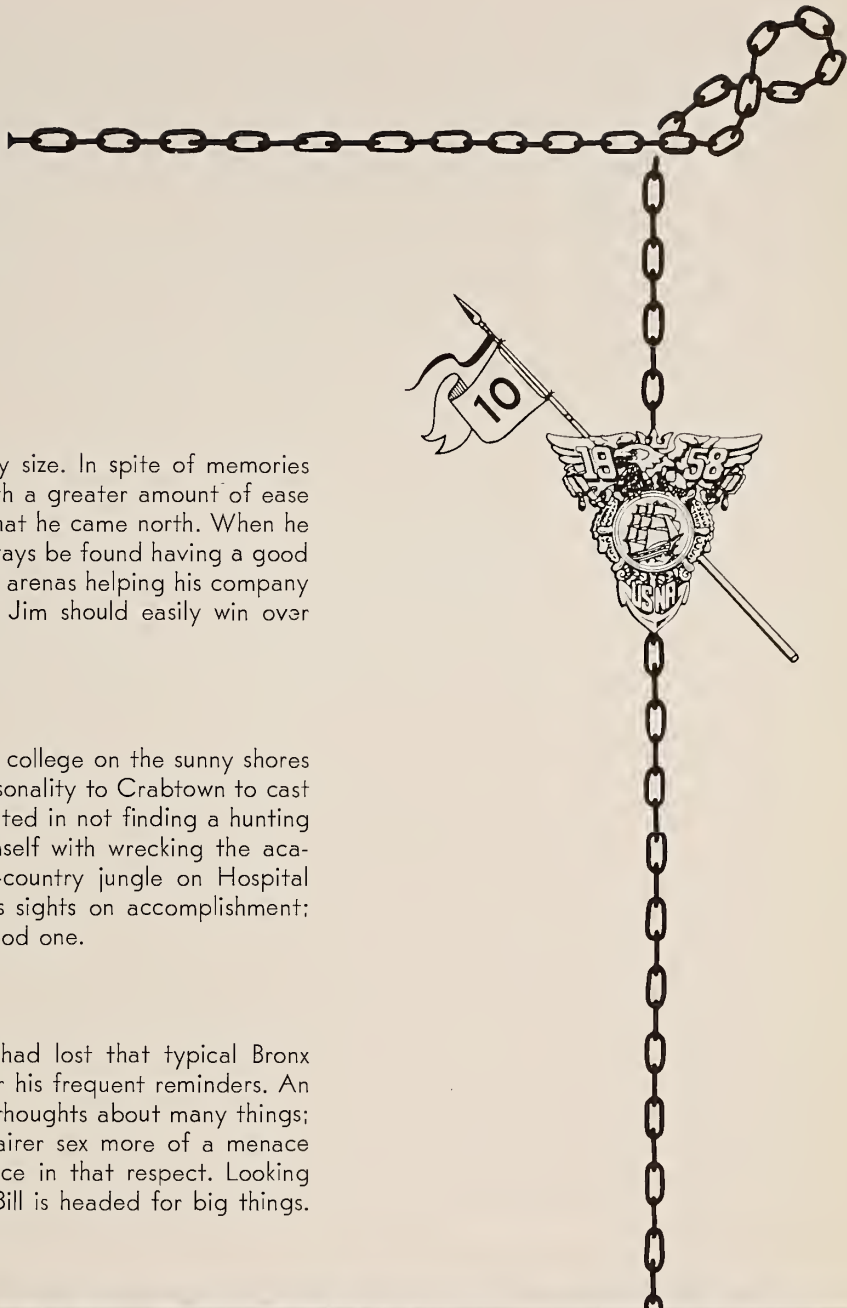
Matawan, New Jersey

Looking for that ensign's stripe as a springboard to a Naval career, Vic made a stop at USNAY from Farragut Academy on his way toward better things. He soon showed a ready smile and friendly nature that won him many friends. Enjoying his stay on the Severn, Vic was a staunch supporter of any Brigade, battalion, or company level activity and served the Reception Committee well for two years. Believing that girls were here to stay, "Squeaky's" main trouble was trying to find out where they were staying. With a sincere interest and devotion to a Naval career, Vic will proceed quickly to the top of anything which he does.



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**JAMES ALBERT FREDERICKSEN**  
Galveston, Texas

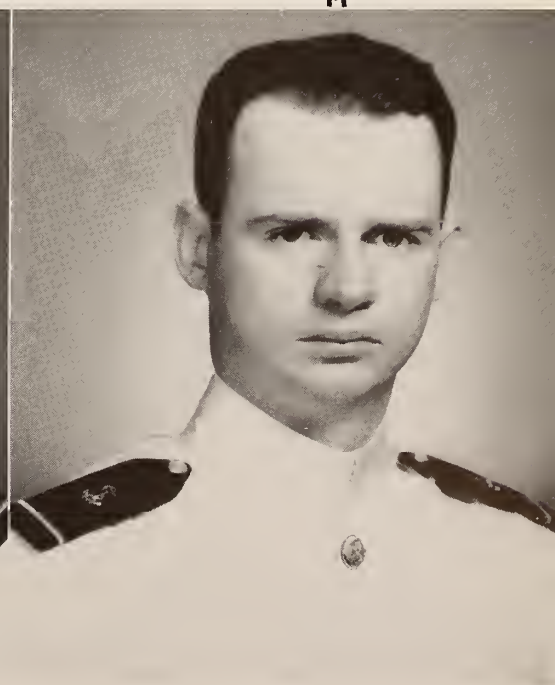
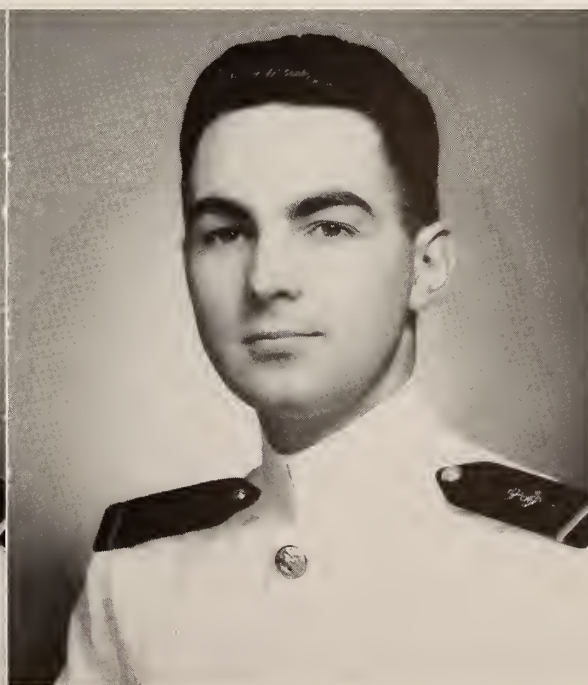
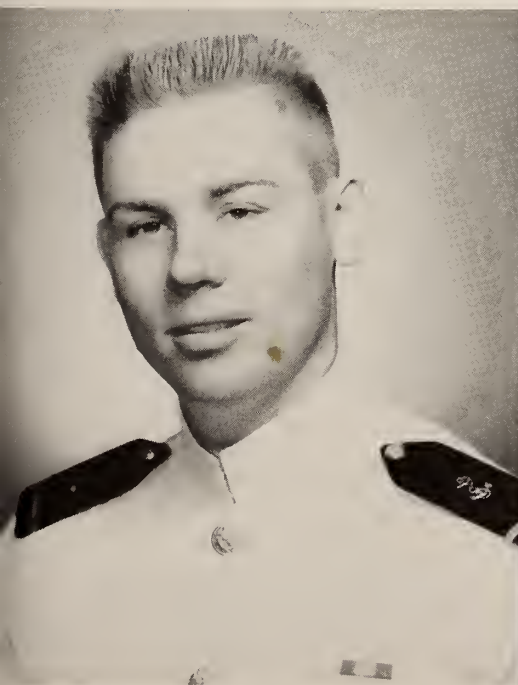
Jim came equipped with a smile—the giant economy size. In spite of memories of life in good old Galveston, he soon accepted Navy with a greater amount of ease than most of us, although he had reasons for being glad that he came north. When he wasn't dragging or writing letters to "B-more," he could always be found having a good laugh over something or out on one of the many intramural arenas helping his company to many wins. With a baby face and winning ways, our Jim should easily win over any wardroom to his cheerful ways.

**JOHN THOMAS GARDNER**  
South San Francisco, California

Leaving the happy days of high school and a year of college on the sunny shores behind him, John packed his slow grin and his amiable personality to Crabtown to cast his lot with the "pampered pets of Uncle Sam." Disappointed in not finding a hunting or fishing team at Navy, this outdoorsman contented himself with wrecking the academic average or by hacking his way through the cross-country jungle on Hospital Point. Nothing seemed too hard for John after he set his sights on accomplishment; Navy line will be no exception. His ship will always be a good one.

**WILLIAM AUGUSTINE GARVEY**  
Bronx, New York

Bill was unusual in the respect that somewhere he had lost that typical Bronx accent; you could never tell where he was from except for his frequent reminders. An affirmed philosopher and man of the world, Bill had many thoughts about many things; that is, when he wasn't in the pad. He considered the fairer sex more of a menace than a comfort, being content to lead a Spartan existence in that respect. Looking forward to a life on the bounding main, we predict that Bill is headed for big things.





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## JACK LAWRENCE GIDDENS JR.

Troy, Alabama

Did you ever hear that Rebel yell rattling through the fifth wing? No doubt it was Jack, for here was a Southern gentleman true to the traditions of Lee and Jackson. Leaving the mint juleps and Southern belles, he packed his Stars and Bars and came north to further his forefathers' fight against the hated Yankee. Dragging and the Reception Committee kept Jack busy when he wasn't otherwise occupied, although this was not often. His subtle humor and comments about the system will never be forgotten by those of us who knew him. Jack will answer the call of the sea and plans to be the Stonewall Jackson of the quarterdeck.

## MICHAEL ANGELO GIGLIO

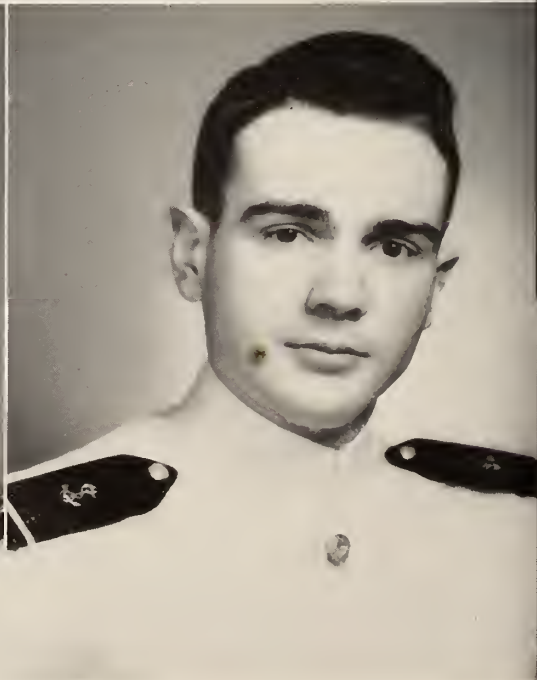
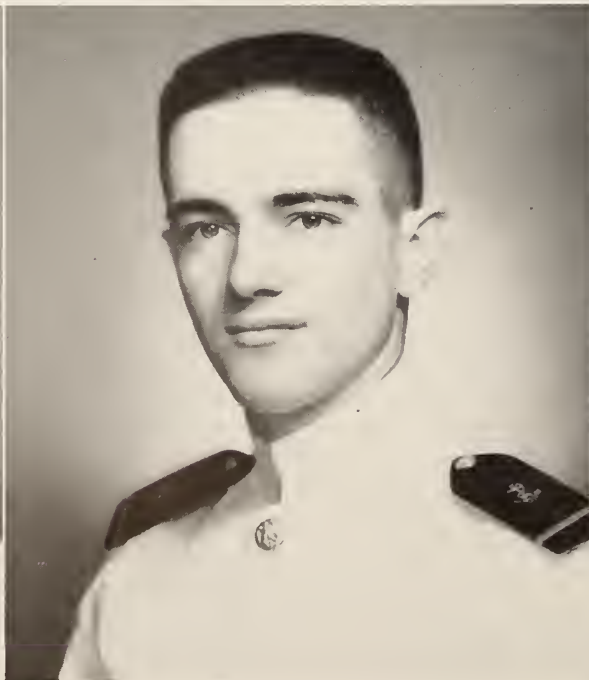
East Paterson, New Jersey

A favorite son of East Paterson, Mike was drawn into the Navy fold at an early age. He brought with him a love for all things normal, such as sleeping, eating, and writing to the OAO. Mike never had any real problems at Navy, as long as mail call in his room never gave the mate a free ride. Willing to pitch in and help with any task, he showed a contagious good spirit and an ability to get along in any situation.

## JOHN MOORE GRANVILLE

Abilene, Texas

From the plains of West Texas and a two year hitch at Castle Heights Military Academy, Johnny came to seek the title of officer and gentleman. Although a tiger in the boxing ring, a quiet humor and easy going style always identified this typical Texan to those who knew him. A love for liberty and those happy hours gave John and his many friends countless memories to look back on in future years. Providing that he doesn't fall off any more gangplanks, the Navy should prove to be as easy for John as the Academy always was.





**WILLIAM CLARKE HILLSMAN**

Concord, California

Bill hated Annapolis' typical rainy weekends even more than most; he couldn't forget the sunshine that he had left behind him. It took more than rain to dampen his spirits though. Always the man with a deal and a dame, Bill enjoyed life to the utmost. Taking everything in stride, including academics and the efforts of the Executive Department, he had a smile and a quick solution for every problem. With a great ambition to see his cap fly into the air and a life in the Navy, Bill brings to the Fleet one of USNAY's best.

**GEORGE RICHARD HOLDEMAN**

Elkhart, Indiana

Dick could always find something more interesting to do than study. Whether it was dragging, managing crew, debating, playing his "piccolo" on the side terraces, or brushing up on the latest developments in the junk-dealing business, he was an individual who couldn't be bothered by the more mundane things in life. His musical skill was put to good advantage with the "Hellcats" and netted him a few good trips during plebe year while the rest of us stayed home. Tired of sailing the smaller ponds at home, Dick looks forward to expanding to new horizons with the Fleet.

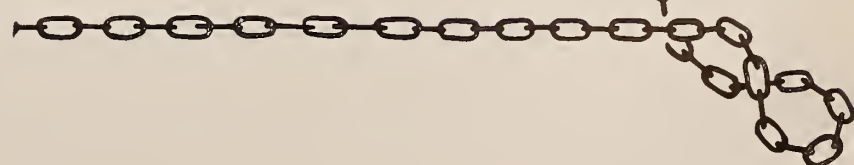
**JOHN BRYANT HULME**

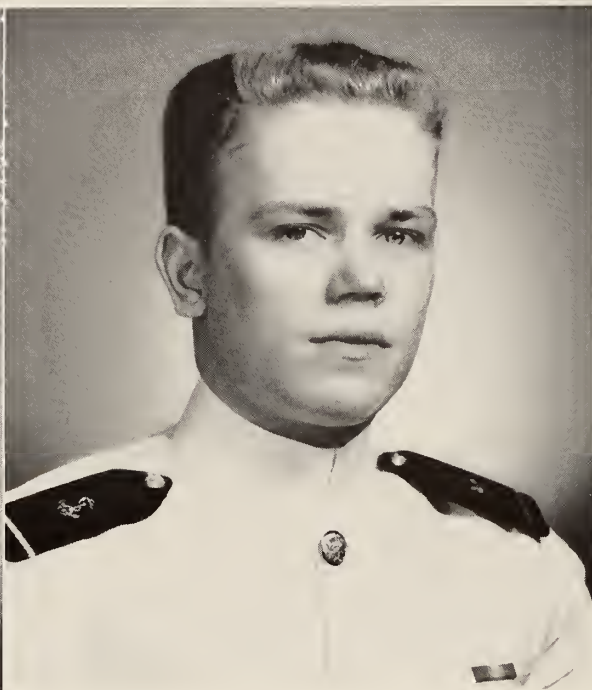
Coronado, California

"J. B." always swore by a life of leisure; in a weak moment, he gave it up and came to Navy. Hailing from those faroff sunny beaches, he found it a little tough at first to brave the elements of Maryland but nothing ever bothered this fellow for long. A staunch member of several company sports teams, he always maintained that the intramurals showed nothing when compared with the rigors and pitfalls of dragging. His battles with E. D. and steam left its mark, but nothing could dim his perennial bright outlook. Playing bridge, bilging bull, and marching at the end of the platoon were all S. O. P. for "J. B."



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**GEORGE JOSEPH JENKINS, JR.**

Charleston, South Carolina

Possessing one of the most creative minds in the Brigade, George was not one to be bothered by the minor, irritating details of day-to-day living. Invariably cheerful, his quick wit and good humor complemented his intelligence nicely. It would have been quite unfair to call George lazy, a much stronger term being necessary. Having once heard that laziness was a virtue, he developed and expanded it to a precise science which made him the envy of any aspiring sloth. If he can handle a ship like he could a story for the **Log**, he should prove to be one of the best.

**CLARENCE HOWARD KEIM**

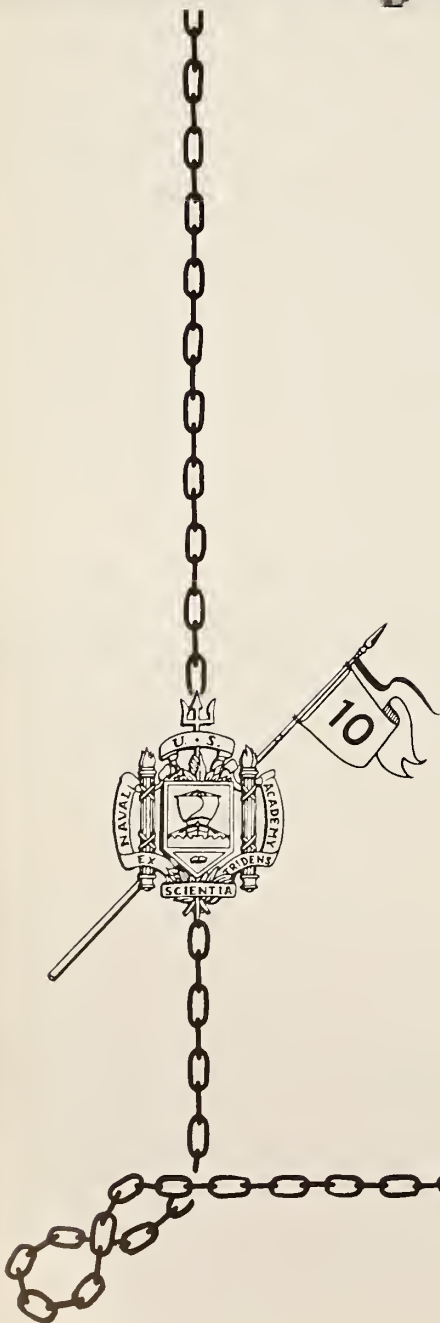
Kansas City, Missouri

Bud was known as a fellow with both brains and heart, as all the recipients of his frequent E. I. periods will attest. The academic departments all felt the power of his potent slide rule and shrewd deductions; stars and Bud were always synonymous. A dragging "slash" as well, his favorite accomplishment was his unofficial record of escorting a young lovely every weekend for three years. Generally very quiet and soft-spoken, Bud still amazed us with his ability to get around and have close friends in every corner of Mother Bancroft. With his love for both the Navy and science, he will fit in well with the Fleet's future plans for progress.

**JOHN DENNIS LANIGAN**

Washington, D. C.

After a life of seeing the world, Denny decided that more was in order and came to Navy to seek new horizons. St. John's and Sullivan Prep in nearby Washington prepared him well for the academic rigors, and he always seemed to have plenty of time to drag and live the life of leisure. Working hard over in MacDonough to stay in shape was a favorite pastime, although he never seemed to need it. Rack time and leaves were always periods of great rejoicing; on liberty, Denny was the true believer in wine, women, and song. Aviation looks best to him; his ambition to become an ace jet pilot someday should not prove futile.



*United States Naval Academy*



# United States Naval Academy

## RICHARD EARL LOVEJOY

Cornish Flat, New Hampshire.

In Dick's presence, you could never be sure what would happen next. Fascinated by good literature, he could usually be found either reading or writing it; but this was no guarantee that you wouldn't find him doing a handstand on his bedrail or trying for the company push-up record. With a mixture of dry New England wit and an easy affability, Dick had a personality which was forceful yet adaptable to any situation. Always ready with the appropriate comment, he would coin one himself when a prototype didn't immediately come to mind. Writing for the **Log**, playing battalion football, and eternally trying for that perfect sound on his hi-fi set managed to fill most of Dick's time, but he always had time to expound his latest philosophy. He should make any future wardroom quite an interesting place.

## LEO ALLEN LUKENAS

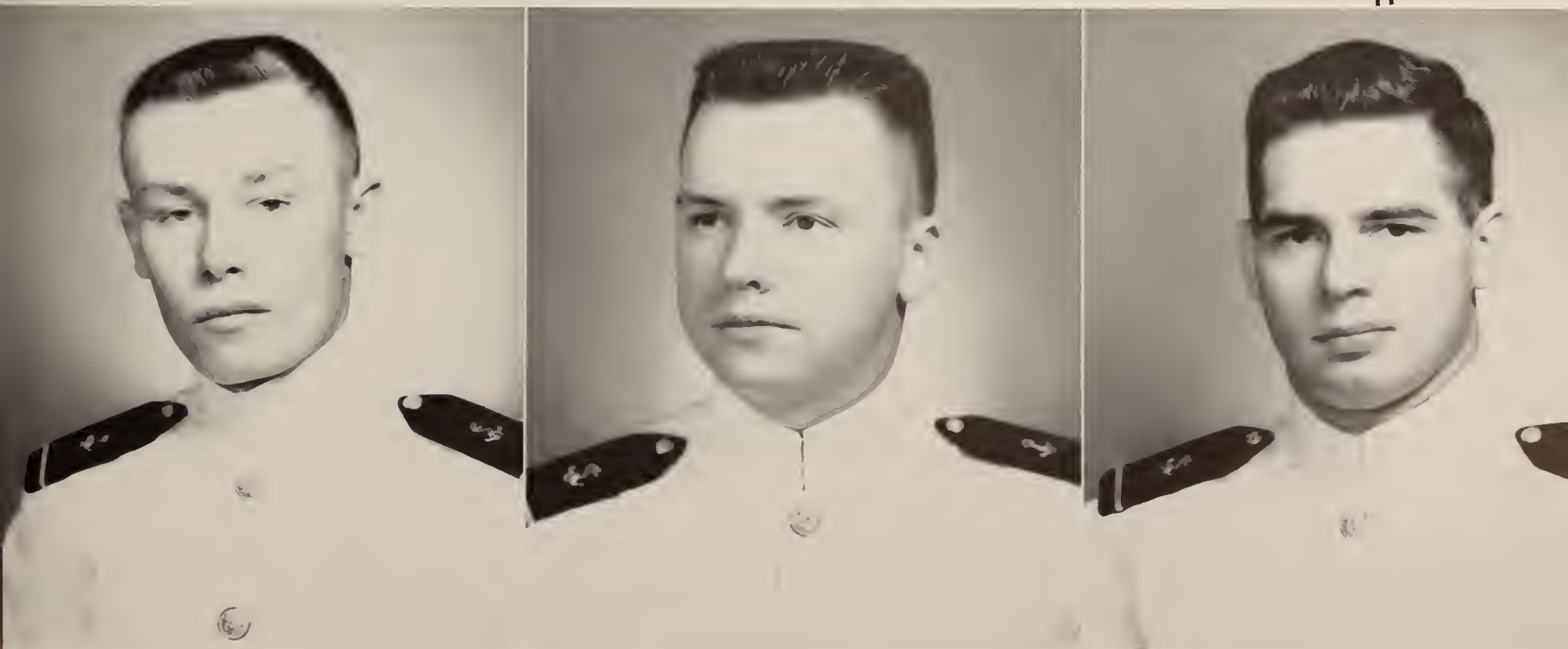
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Luke blew in from the Smokey City ready to take Navy completely in stride. He more than did this, as his outstanding record aptly displayed. Not satisfied to merely have stars, this fellow stayed well within the top twenty at all times. The sports program always gave him many chances to show his multiplicity of talents and his record on the football, softball, and volleyball teams was well above reproach. His skills were also utilized to the utmost in his four years on the **Trident** staff. Here is a fellow who has the sky for his limit and that's exactly where he hopes to go.

## ALEXANDER McCLURE LUPFER, JR.

Miami, Florida

Fulfilling a life-long ambition, Mac joined us at Navy to begin his persecution of the system. Quite an athlete, he brought an outstanding prep school record with him and performed capably for three years within the green fence. Loving to talk about Miami and write to the OAO, Mac could usually be found at one of these activities in between football seasons. However, that didn't stop him from being right in the middle of any mischief afoot on his side of Mother Bancroft. Hoping to fly upon graduation, Mac is sure to become one of the Navy's best "zoom boys."





# United States Naval Academy

## ROBERT MALCOLM MacGREGOR

Louisville, Kentucky

Hailing from the heart of the Bluegrass country, Bob was always the epitome of the typical Southern gentleman. Whether it was charming the opposite sex or getting along with the fellows, Mac had few, if any, equals. Kentucky Military Institute and Bullis Prep schooled him amply well for his Severn sojourn; his academic prowess, especially in math, were well renowned. Shooting for the Varsity rifle team or kicking the spheroid for the company soccer team were always done with equal ability and spirit. A life in the service is only natural for this easy going Kentuckian, and he shows a great potential for future successes with the Silent Service.

## MAURICE HARLOW MANAHAN

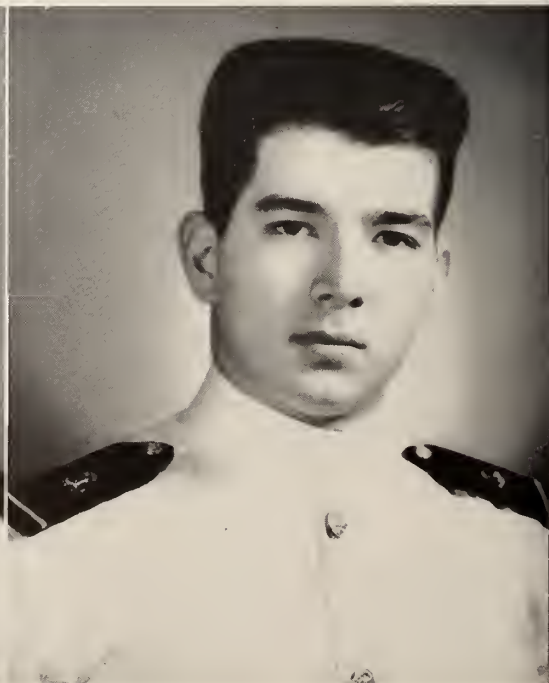
Big Rapids, Michigan

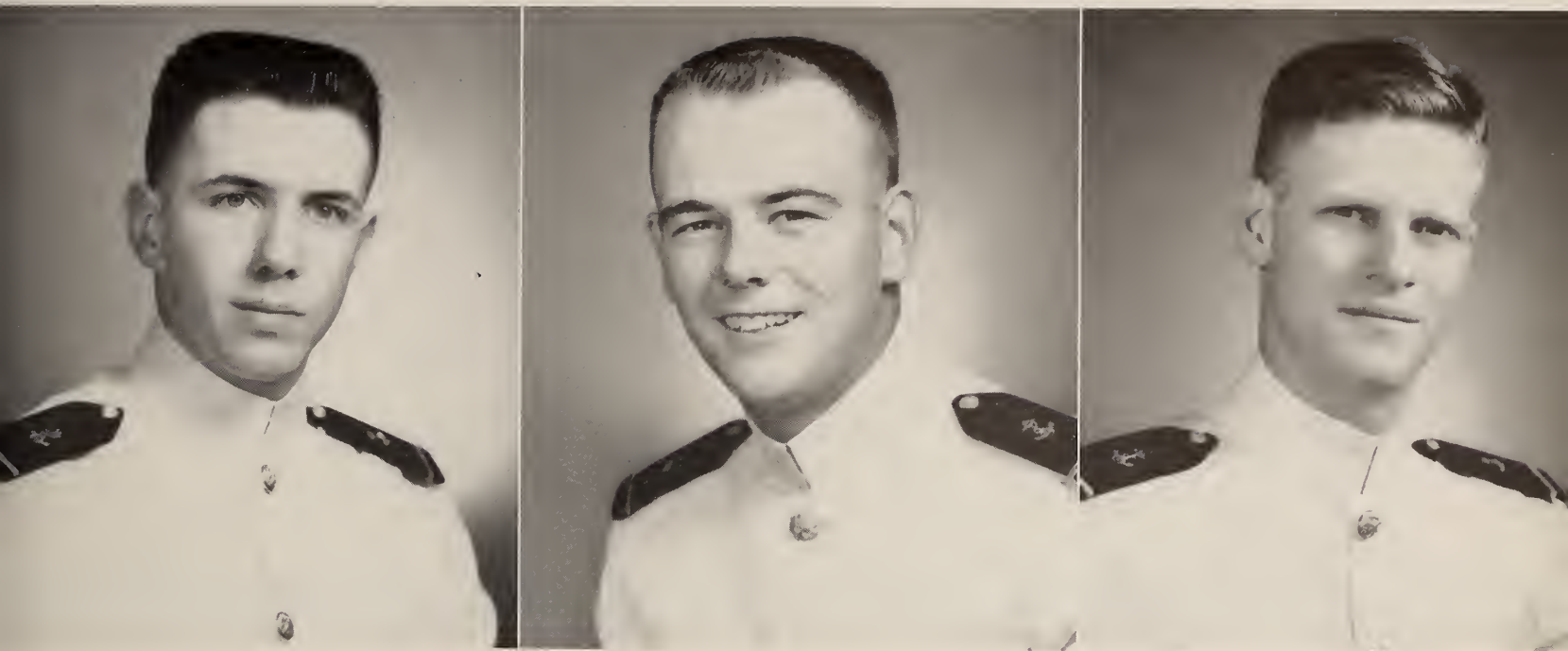
Hailing from points both north and south, Harlow brought a truly cosmopolitan nature to Navy. With connections in both Michigan and sunny Florida, you never knew where he was going on leave. Here was a fellow with a rare spirit and purpose, whether in the classroom, on the football field, or on liberty. Dago tended to ruin a few days for him, but it would have been a strange sight indeed to see Manny without his perennial smile. Aviation has impressed him no end and he looks toward Pensacola as his first step toward a long and successful Navy career.

## WESLEY MAY

Allentown, Pennsylvania

Two years at Columbia University must have done Wes some good; whatever happened, he certainly wielded a torrid slipstick at Navy. Always standing at the very top of the class, this fellow amazed many with his Einsteinian mind. Studies never kept him from being one of the boys, though. Intramural softball and football displayed his athletic talents, and his work with the Engineering Clubs and the Reception Committee showed that he had other interests as well. The perennial game of bridge and the hi-fi set filled the time that others spent in the rack. Pensacola seems the next port of call for Wes; Navy air is mighty lucky to get him.





**JOHN COLEMAN McMICHAEL, JR.**

Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania

The flying young man with the pole-assisted takeoff was the best description for Jake. When he wasn't busy soaring high over the bar out in Thompson Stadium or other waystops, you could usually find him trying to get a decent flattop or ready to confide his self-imagined life of the forlorn lover. Willing to try anything if he thought he could get away with it, Jake's luck amazed us and gave his friends many laughs. A thorough knowledge of jazz and many of the East Coast spots completed his well-rounded personality. With his affinity for high places, Jake seems a natural for a future career of jockeying a jet.

**LEE MELVIN MEADOR**

Los Angeles, California

A life spent in the sunshine of the Golden State gave Lee many complaints about the Maryland weather; however, this and ordnance seemed to be the only things that could ruffle him. A fast wit easily handled any problem and many a somber gathering brightened considerably when Lee arrived. The boys over in Ward Hall were his only academic obstacles; otherwise it was smooth sailing all the way. Hoping to return to his natural habitat of sunshine and salt water, Lee will grace the Fleet after receiving the long-awaited sheepskin.

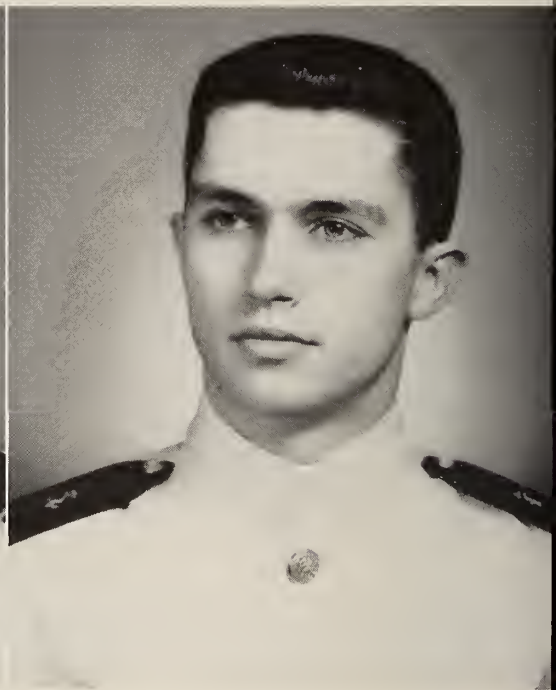
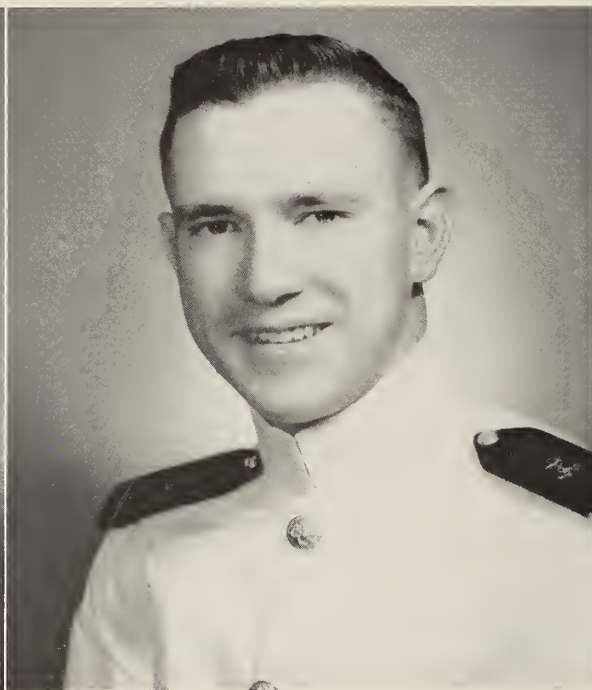
**PHILIP ANDREW MEURER**

Batlimore, Maryland

"Dracula"—he had the face to prove it—came to Navy from a year with the Army Rotcees at Lehigh. Quite a man with a lacrosse stick, Phil contributed quite a bit of talent to both the Varsity and battalion squads. Keeping busy with the **Lucky Bag** organization or the Naval Construction Club, he could always be counted upon to do his best. With his favorite "They can't do this to me," Phil gave us many humorous incidents to remember in later years and we'll never forget the time when he marched E. D. in blue service. Navy life looks mighty fine to Phil.



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**KENNETH FRANCIS MITCHELL**

Honolulu, Hawaii

A Navy junior, Mitch saw quite a bit of the world before coming to USNAY from the University of Hawaii. Taking a liking to life here, he settled down to lead an existence of leisure and dragging. He seemed to have a faculty for escorting the better looking members of the distaff side, but lived in dread of the hated brick. His cap at a jaunty angle or his "gook boots" always identified easy going Mitch to the Brigade while making his rounds in Bancroft. We wish him the best of luck in his ambition to fly for the Navy and to someday skipper his own flat top or air wing.

**TOM STEIN MURPHREE**

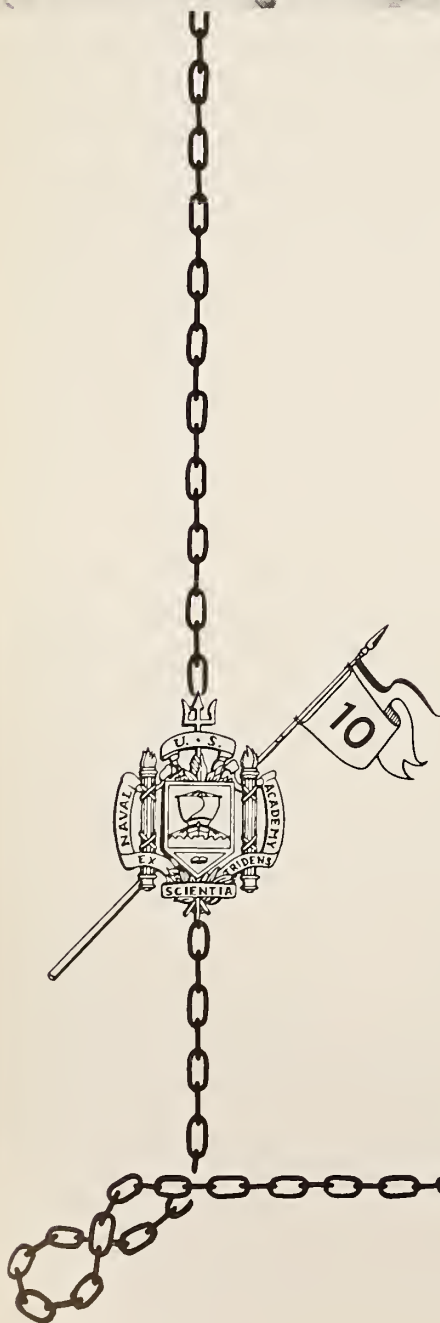
Little Rock, Arkansas

Not the little country boy from the hinterlands of the Razorback State you might expect him to be, Tom impressed us all with a rare worldliness and ability. He had quite a conservative, although political, nature which was probably born from his experiences as a page boy on Capitol Hill. Always showing outstanding leadership abilities, Tom was consistently near the top in the midshipman organization and took deep pride in a job well done. His work with the company soccer team was also well above reproach. Tom likes the prospects of riding an air-conditioned can upon graduation; after that, who knows?

**IVAN VAN ABNER NANCE, JR.**

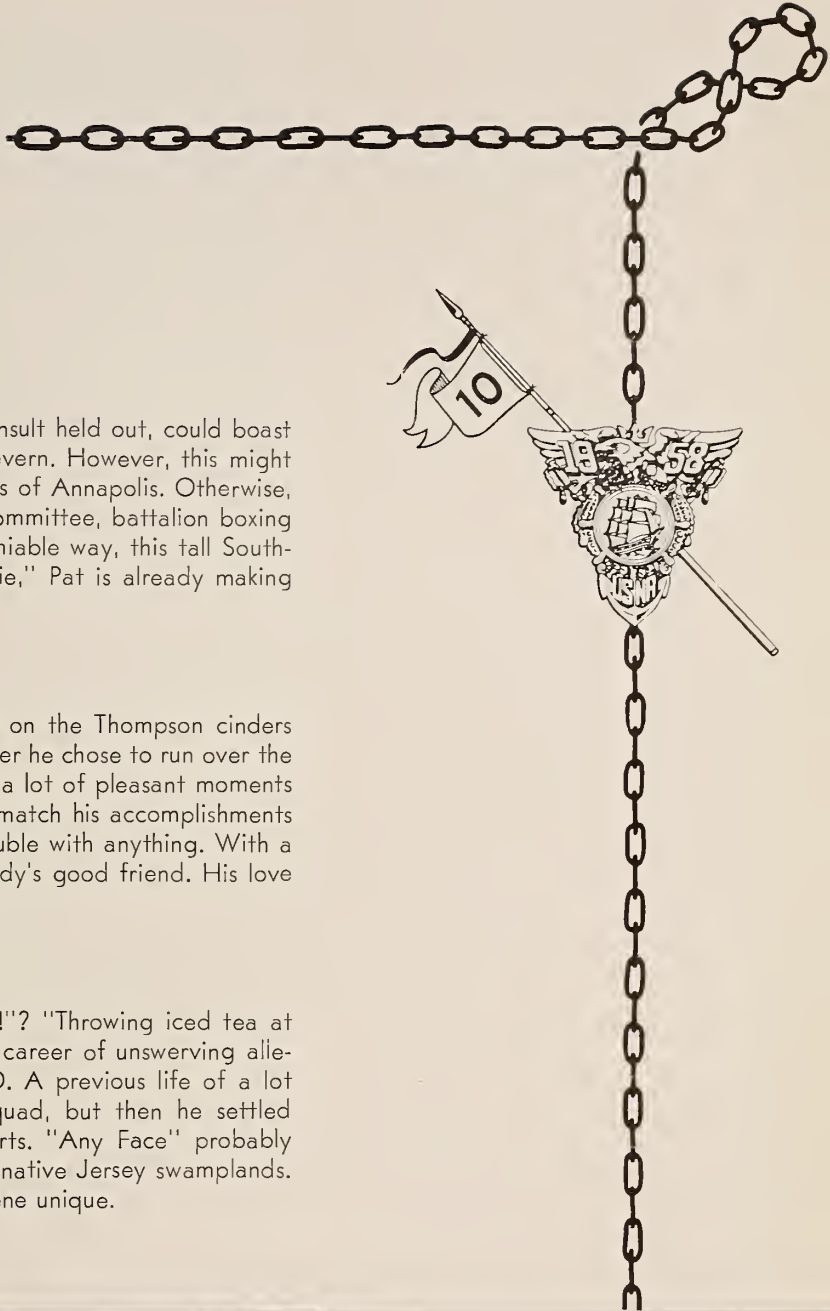
Arlington, Virginia

Van joined us at the Trade School after three years of electronics out in the fleet where he attained the rate of ET2. Quite the old salt, he used his previous experiences to best advantage in establishing a firm foothold at Navy and, in general, excelling in everything he tried. The debating team and company soccer both benefited greatly from his ability and spirit. Dragging was a real art with Van, and his prowess along these lines never failed to impress us. His record at USNAY was far above the usual, and we count on him to continue this habit of achievement wherever he is stationed in the future.



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## ROBERT PATRICK NICOLLS

Corpus Christi, Texas

Pat, with an obsession to drag as long as the monthly insult held out, could boast of never being seen with a brick in his four years on the Severn. However, this might have been due to his preference for the dark private corners of Annapolis. Otherwise, Pat will be remembered for his work with the Class Ring Committee, battalion boxing and a host of company sports. With a pleasant grin and amiable way, this tall Southerner was welcome in any situation. Another future "Zoomie," Pat is already making plans to take Pensacola by storm.

## ERNEST LEROY PYLE

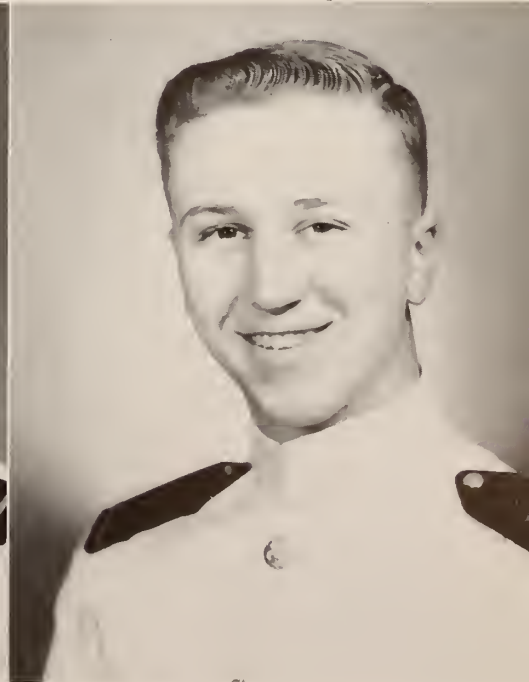
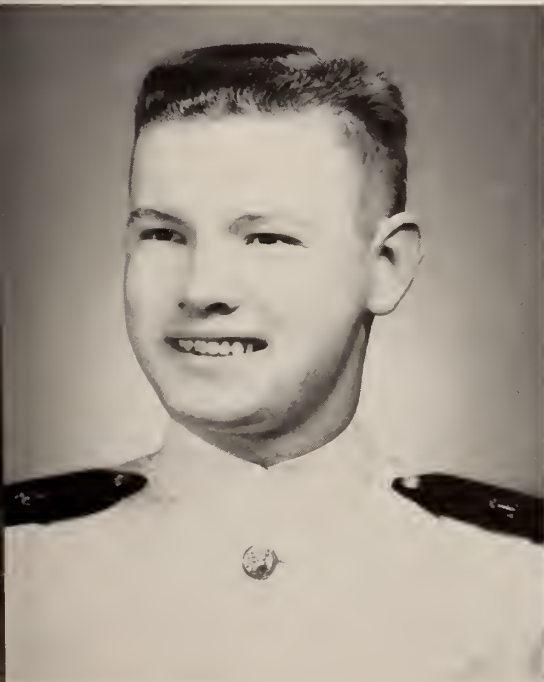
Oakhurst, New Jersey

If you saw two long-legged gents clearing hurdles out on the Thompson cinders during the spring, one of them was bound to be Ernie. Whether he chose to run over the sticks or through them, he was one of the best and gave us a lot of pleasant moments as we rooted his spikes home. With an academic record to match his accomplishments on the track, Ernie seemed to be the fellow who had no trouble with anything. With a good word and friendly smile for everyone, he was everybody's good friend. His love for speed will fit in nicely with his future plans for Navy air.

## EUGENE THOMAS RADCLIFFE

Medford Lakes, New Jersey

Who will ever forget the call "Fire in the paint locker!?" "Throwing iced tea at first classman, in messhall—15/3." This started Gene on a career of unswerving allegiance to his favorite extra-curricular pastime—marching E.D. A previous life of a lot of swimming enabled him to make good on the plebe squad, but then he settled down to lightweight crew and a variety of intramural sports. "Any Face" probably decided to be a Marine while tracking down squirrels in his native Jersey swamplands. He claimed he enjoyed Norfolk liberty; that alone makes Gene unique.





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## MELVIN ARTHUR RUNZO

Mesa, Arizona

Here was a fellow who enjoyed meeting people; with his habitual smile and friendly manner, it was easy for him. Mel was always one of our favorite people and we will not soon forget the diet he was always going on tomorrow. Squash and cross-country filled up many of his afternoons and when not thusly occupied, you could usually find him at the center of a spirited bull session about anything under the sun. His only troubles seemed to stem from the P.T. Department and his days on the Sub Squad over in the Natatorium. Mel's easy-going nature will continue to make lasting friends; friends who will wish him the best always.

## JOHN JOSEPH SEEBERGER

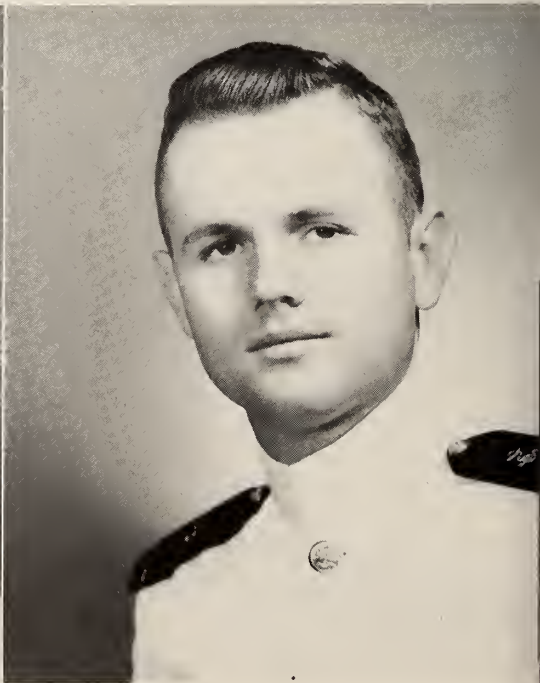
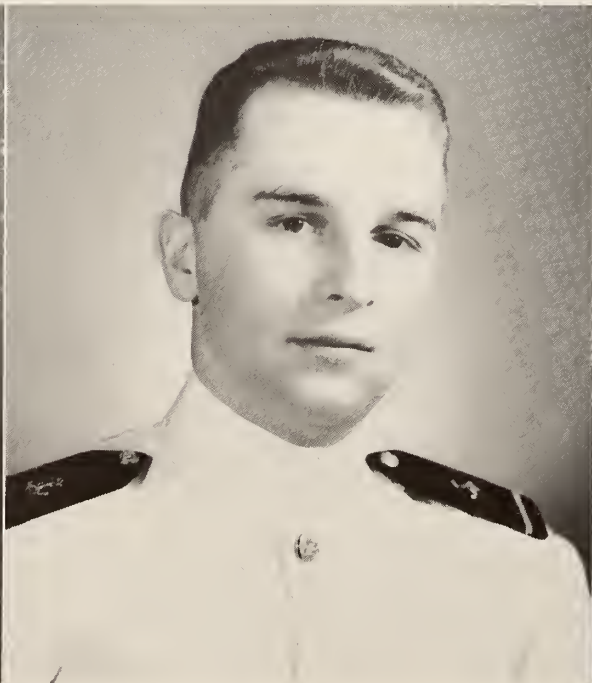
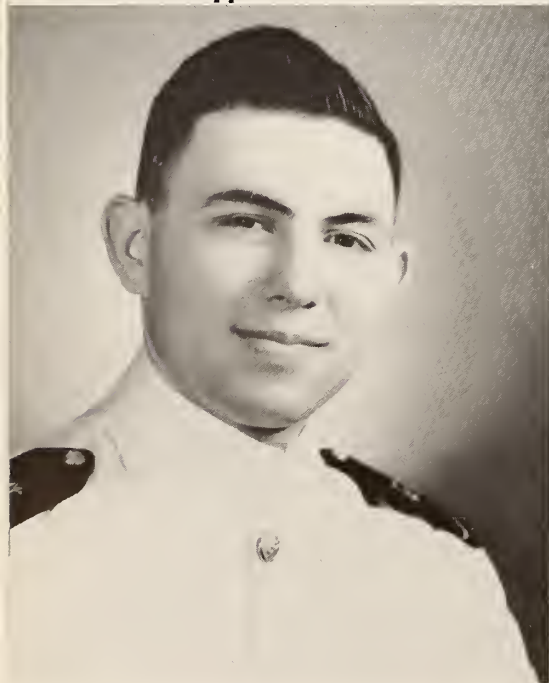
Bronx, New York

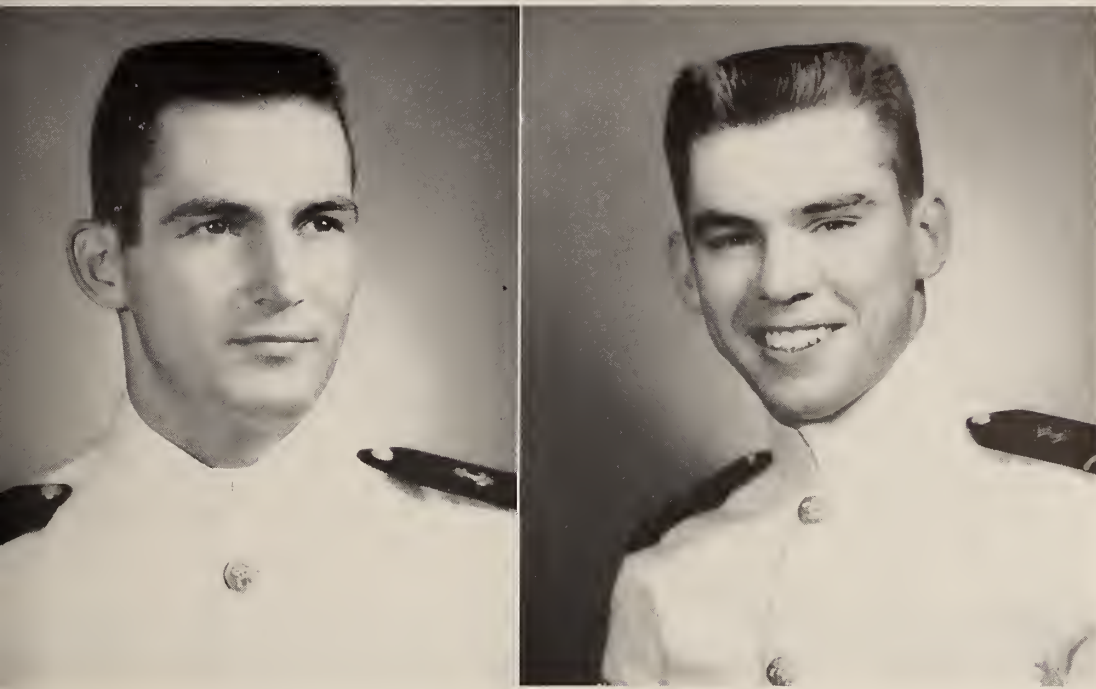
With a girl in every port, John always had plenty to talk about when the conversation swung around to his favorite subject of women. With the ideal line and manner, he's managed to snow the femmes from Barcelona to Philly. Not being able to resist the prospects of dragging, he chalked up more bricks than anyone in the company. Squash was his second love, and many an afternoon found him trying to find someone foolish enough to play him. Conscientious and level-headed, John snowed the academics as easily as he did the girls. With his eyes on a long career in the Fleet, he should go far; no doubt we'll see him with golden shoulderboards someday.

## DAVID MORTON SUTHERLAND

Boulder City, Nevada

From the time that he arrived from the Far West, Dave began making a name for himself. Believing in keeping busy, he participated in a variety of activities that would have made anyone proud. A good voice enabled him to sing regularly in the Glee Club and Chapel Choir. He also contributed to the Chapel organization by teaching Sunday School. A valuable asset to any cause he furthered, his enthusiasm and determination were always on display. Friendly and personable as well, this lad is one of which the Fleet can be mighty proud.





**JAMES CHARLES TIPTON**

Auburn, Alabama

After a two year hitch in the whitehat Navy, Jim came to USNAY with a chestful of ribbons and a penchant for being one of the cheeriest fellows around. His main claim to fame was his tenure as a Brigade Boxing champ. A tiger at the art of self-defense, there weren't many who could touch him. Claiming himself a lover, Jim was usually out trying to prove it; he frequently did. His main problem here was trying to adapt his ultra-Dixie drawl to the requirements of the Dago department. Hoping to see a lot more of the world in spite of his already frequent travels, Jim should get his wish while shooting up the ladder out there in the Fleet.

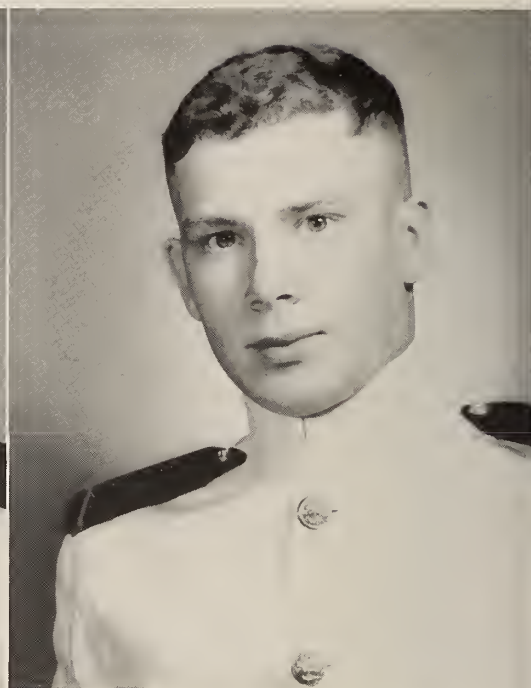
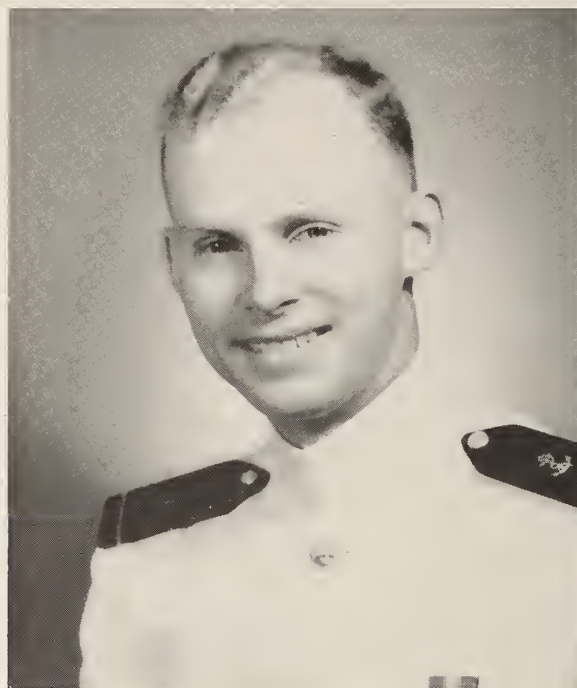
**JAMES BENSON VanHOOSE**

Webb City, Missouri

Jim qualified as a one-man Chamber of Commerce from his native "Show-Me" state. A confirmed Missouri Mule, he bade farewell to the gay college life at Kansas State Teachers before joining the Brigade. With the average likes and dislikes of any good mid, he kept busy at dragging, intramurals, and evading the dreaded clutches of the Academic Board. With many memories of the laughs he had here, Jim will perhaps remember longest the battle he had with the Dilbert Dunker. Marine captains gave him a greater appreciation for the Navy; his future with the Fleet looks long and bright.



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**ROBERT LUTHER VENABLE**

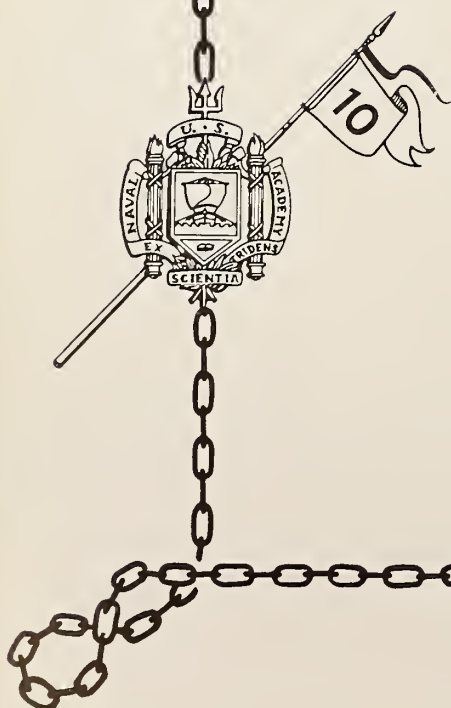
Roanoke, Virginia

Checking in from the pleasant confines of Roanoke, Bob stood ready at all times to back up his beloved Dixie to the hilt. A true Rebel in every respect, he would try to renew the Civil War within a moment's notice. Quite a runner, he logged a lot of distance for his company cross country and battalion track teams and always wanted to be Navy's first to break the four minute mile. While he never made it, he didn't fail from lack of trying. With a great desire to graduate successfully and then make good in Navy air, Bob has always done his best to do everything the right way.

**ROBERT LOUIS WEIBLY**

Etna, New York

Did you ever see such bright red hair? Striding in from Cornell University, Bob never stopped running and always looked as if his head were on fire. Varsity track and cross country felt the benefits of his running skills and he racked up a lot of points for Navy. His friendly nature was put to good use on the Reception Committee, of which he became battalion chairman. A confirmed woman hater, it was always a big occasion when Roberto saw fit to drag. His love for keeping on the move should fit in easily with his future desire to pick up a pair of Pensacola's golden wings.

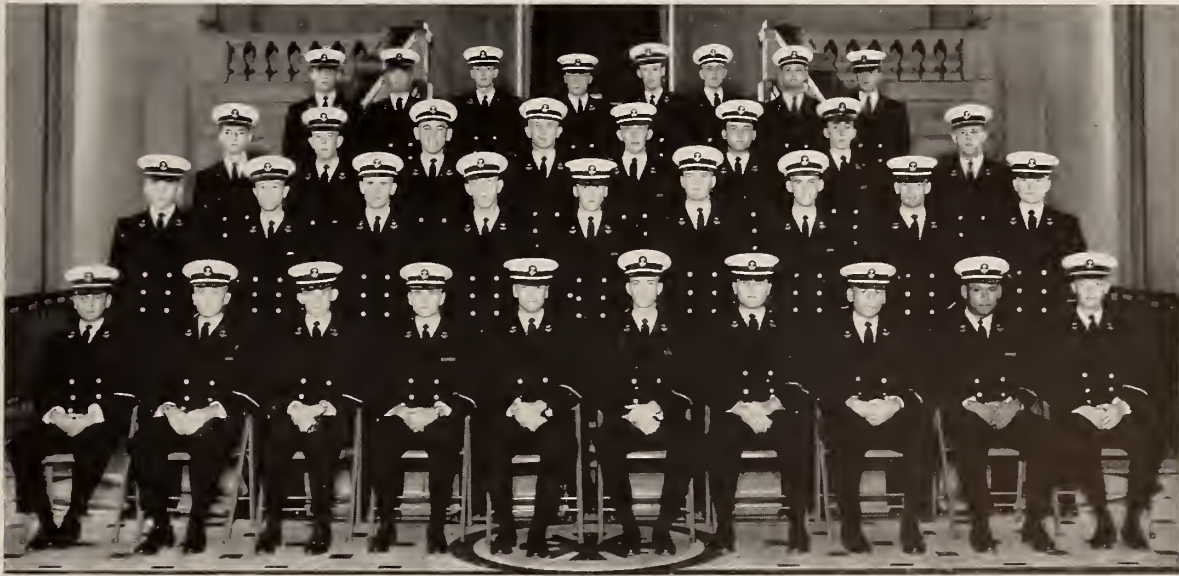


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*Left to right: First row—Anderson, Young, Lester, Huebner, O'Brien, Ferris, Camilleri, Bauer, Firmin, Grosh. Second row—Finerty, Stout, Westfahl, Dobbs, Pease, Dunn, Priest, Bush, Marthin. Third row—Fendorf, O'Connell, Held, Abdalla, Fernandez, Schlech, Norwood, Simmons. Fourth row—Osburn, Read, McVey, Mitchell, Smith, Findlay.*



*Left to right: First row—Johnson, Strand, Goldtrap, Kunkle, Jones, Birchett, Terry, Menikheim, Pauole, Paulsen. Second row—Palmer, Shipmen, Ulrich, Bennett, Richey, Schmickel, Jones, Miller, Kirkpatrick. Third row—Mims, Tait, Howarth, Pucher, Wolf, Devers, Dolan, Miller. Fourth row—Schriefer, Paletta, Bulter, Blockinger, Johnson, Clextion, Shea, Ross.*



*Left to right: First row—Dunnig, Hanlon, Walsh, Bratchi, Drustrup, Jacobs, Bodiford, Schin, Robinson, Korsmo. Second row—Blackington, Whitaker, Knight, Beem, Burdechewski, Tuliedeski, Brennan, Allen, Grubb, Laufersweiler. Third row—Farley, Delozier, Rohlffs, McMannamon, Oleata, Wilkes, Maiden, Brooks, Theroux. Fourth Row—Dillon, Stryker, Stackhouse, Dewhirst, Long, Barnes, Caviness, Smith, French. Fifth row—Herzog, Wisloff, Buterl, McFadden, Bleiken, Kline, Griffith, Carlson.*



Lt. W.S. Thompson, USN  
Company Officer

In September of '54, fifty-two refugees from the civilian world found their way to the waiting arms of Mother Bancroft and the Eleventh Company. Although the members of "Club Eleven" are not so plentiful now, we have quite a four years to look back upon.

The first year, like the rest, was a rough one, but we'll long remember its bright spots, such as the great win over Army, carry-on, Christmas leave, and the Sugar Bowl. Youngster year gave all of us the thrill of a lifetime, as "Club Eleven" took the colors for the first time. This brought a double measure of pride, as the next fall found us representing the Academy down in New Orleans for the Tulane football game. During Second Class year, we

# Eleventh Company



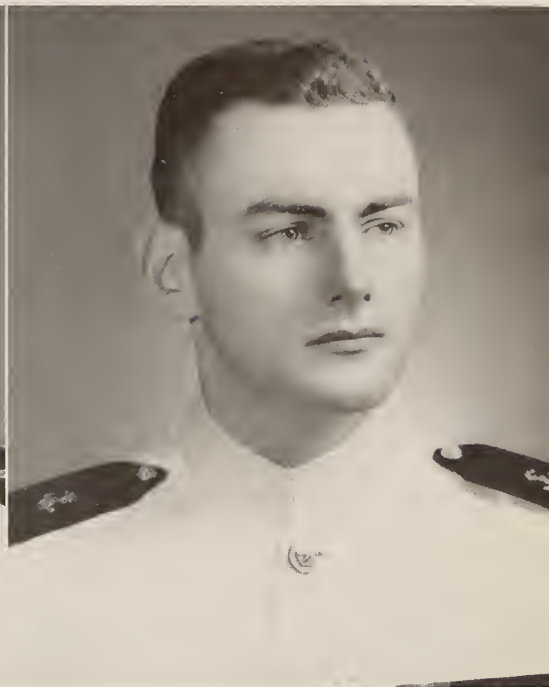
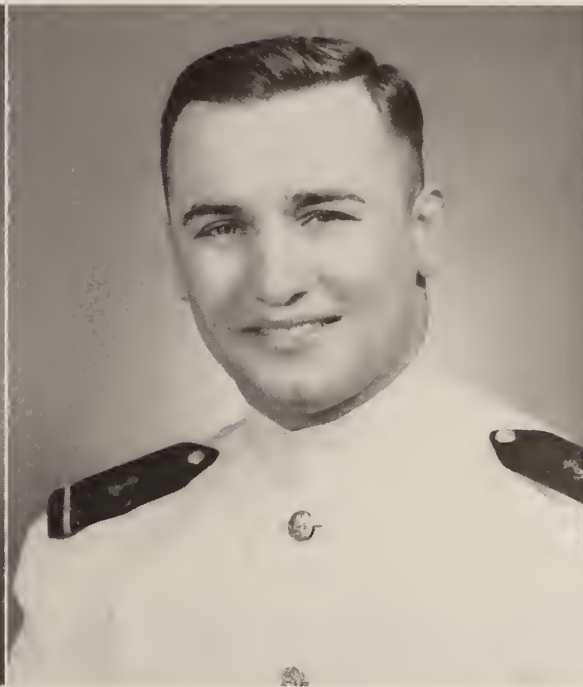
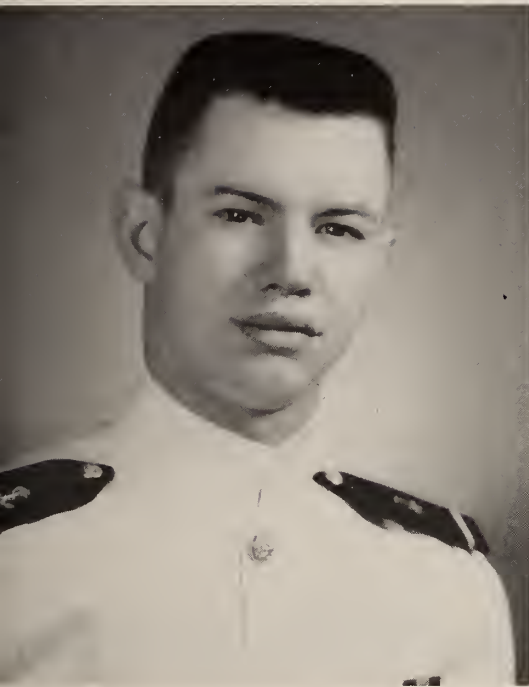
Fall Set. Left to right—Haugen, Ziegler, Meinig, Christenson, Burke, Midgarden.



Winter Set. Left to right—Kosoff, Victor, Wright, Troutman, Sickman, Roberson.

found time between financial lectures, Saturday noon formal room inspections, and class ring try-ons to fit into a "pretty fair" academic schedule. The day that '57 left us was a big one indeed, for at last we were the first classmen; now we had our privileges, responsibilities, weekends, and insurance brochures.

When we get together in the future, we'll remember the day when MacKenzie played Regimental Commander, Roberts and his Automobile Committee, the football players, and what we contended were the oddest assortment of nicknames in the Brigade—Hairy, Virtue, Ooga Booga, Square Root, Torpex, and Dewey. On graduation day, the thirty-eight of us remaining will split up and go our separate ways. In a way, though, we'll always be together in the friends we've made and the good times that we had together.



**JACKIE CONRAD ACCOUNTIUS**

Lima, Ohio

Although Jack hailed from the farmlands of Ohio, the "Magic of Steam" held a greater interest for him than the plow; so he packed his bags and came to our sacred shores. Sports and extra-curricular activities took the major portion of Jack's stay within the confines of Mother Bancroft. The battalion gymnastics, fencing, and football teams were all bolstered by Jack's participation, as well as the Juice Gang and Math Club. He wants to become a member of the men in green upon graduation and to eventually retire to peaceful Ohio as a general.

**ANTHONY ARTHUR ANTHONY**

Erie, Pennsylvania

Tony, another native of the coal-mining state, came to the Academy via the Marine Corps Reserve. Once here, he set out to make quite a reputation as one of Navy's best athletes. Since he never had too much worry on the academic side he did quite well, picking up "N's" in both football and track. Tony's pre-USNAY experiences and his love for something solid under his feet make him a sure choice for the Marine Corps upon graduation. Considering his past record, whatever course he steers will be a course to success and happiness.

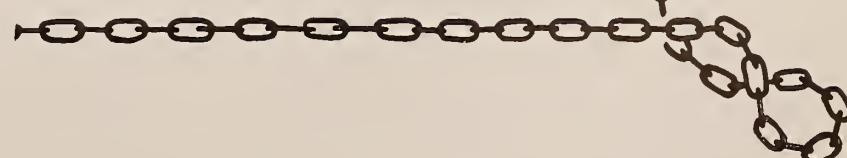
**CHARLES HERBERT BAKER, JR.**

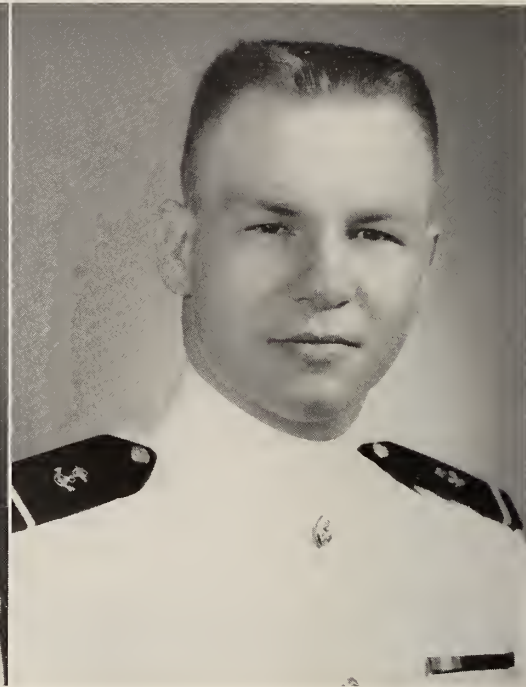
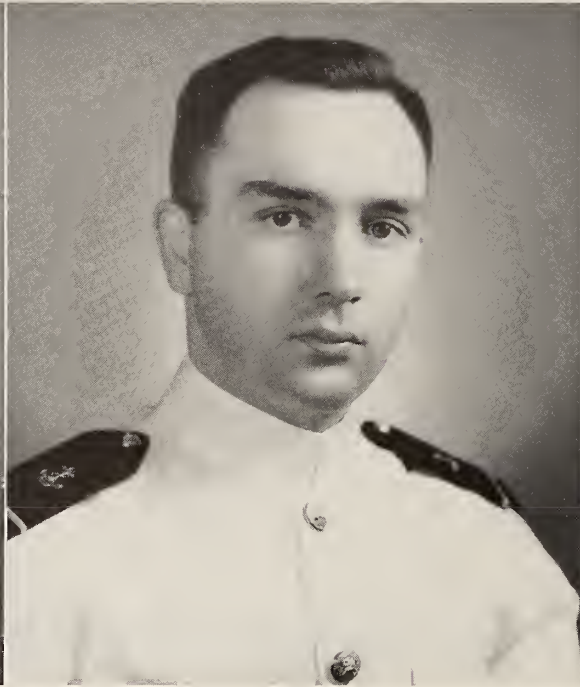
LaCrosse, Wisconsin

Herbie hails from that great land of lakes and dairies where he attended high school and one year at LaCrosse State Teachers College. He was one of the standout members on Varsity tennis teams and helped his company by participating in heavy-weight football. Along with this, he managed to help get out the Christmas cards each year. Here is a fine candidate for Navy line who later plans to go into flying. He will be a fine asset to tomorrow's Navy.



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**JOHN PATRICK BURKE**

New Orleans, Louisiana

Pat came to us from New Orleans via Tulane University and Admiral Farragut Academy. The son of a Navy Chief, he spent most of his early life traveling, and looks forward to do more after donning the proud uniform of the Marine Corps. While at the Academy, Pat divided his spare time between the handball courts, where he was a star player for the company, and extra instruction sessions in Skinny. Weekends were spent dragging his OAO or listening to his record collection from the horizontal office. The Marines are gaining a fine and capable officer in Pat.

**WAYNE LOUIS CHADICK**

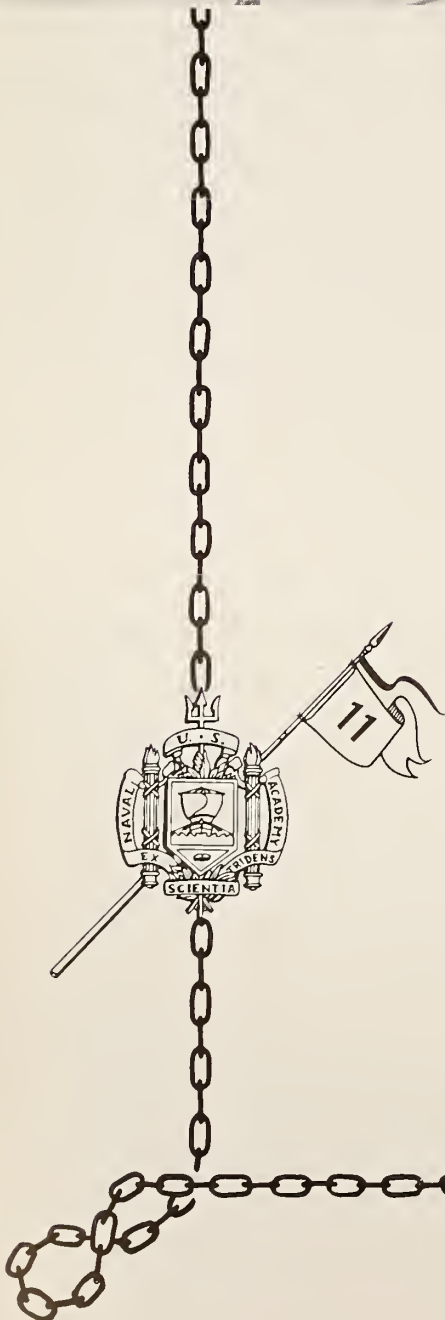
Texarkana, Texas

Wayne joined the Brigade four years ago, another refugee from the great state of Texas. He had first exhausted all the educational facilities in the Southwest, and decided he wanted a career in the service. His appearance greatly altered the batt and company sports program, for they soon found Wayne on every imaginable team. He was also very active in the Newman Club. Though sometimes the Steam Department threatened to end his career early, Wayne plans a career in the air and it is certain he will be a very fine and capable officer.

**WILLIAM CHARLES CHRISTENSON**

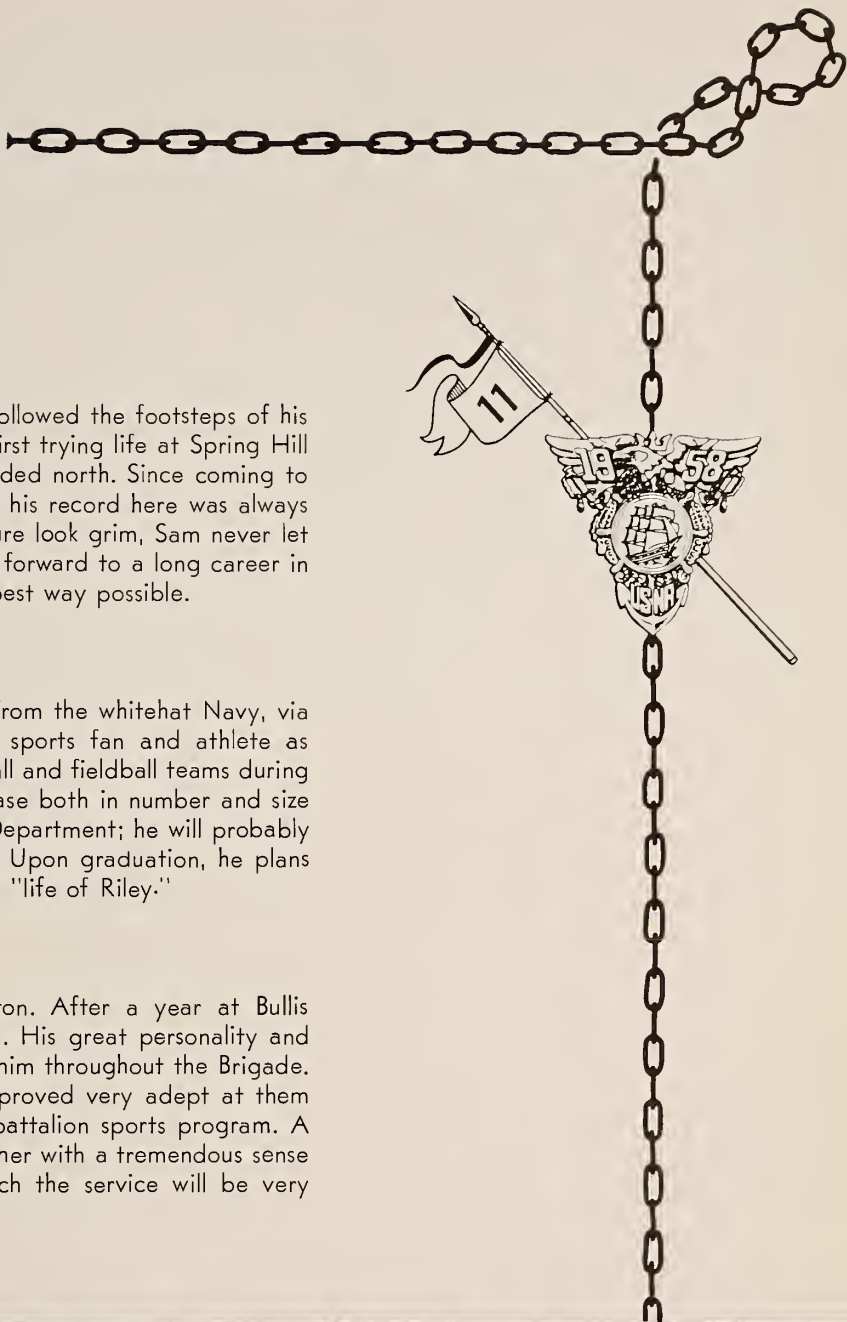
Black River Falls, Wisconsin

Bill came to USNAY from high school and a year at Northwestern Prep in the boondocks of Wisconsin. He seemed to be one of the lucky ones to whom the books were relatively fruit; thus, he had plenty of time to further his interests in sports. Besides one year as a Plebe wrestler and three on the Varsity, Bill was a welcome addition to his company softball team. Although he professed to be a lover, he was famous for once getting two "Dear Johns" in one week. Upon graduation, Bill plans to go into the Navy air, where he aspires to become a fleet admiral.



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## **SAMUEL PANCOAST COMLY, III**

Mobile, Alabama

The Navy life has always been familiar to Sam who followed the footsteps of his father and grandfather, both Academy graduates. After first trying life at Spring Hill College in the deep South, Sam packed his bags and headed north. Since coming to Navy Tech, he participated in many intramural sports and his record here was always one to be envied. Though Steam sometimes made the future look grim, Sam never let the books become too much of an obstacle. He now looks forward to a long career in Navy line, and should continue his family tradition in the best way possible.

## **PIERRE ALBERT DILLMAN**

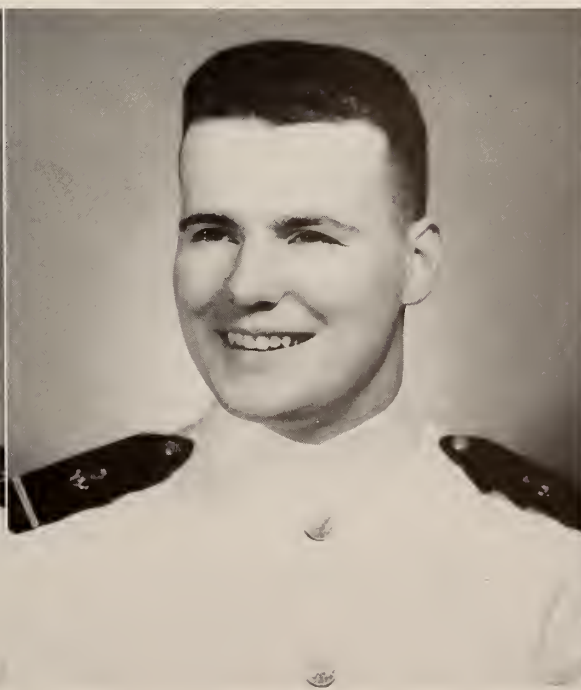
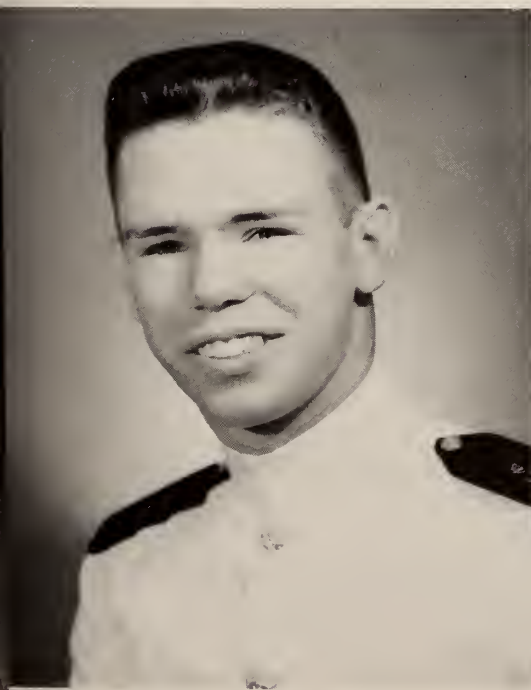
Franklin, Pennsylvania

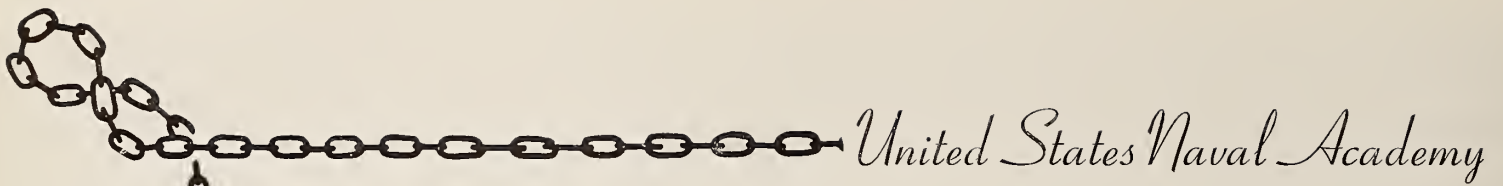
One of our "old salts," Pete came to the Academy from the whitehat Navy, via little USNAY at Bainbridge. He was known as an avid sports fan and athlete as well, being a mainstay of his company's basketball, volleyball and fieldball teams during his stay in the fifth wing. His smiles were noticed to increase both in number and size when we bid goodbye to the musty confines of the Dago Department; he will probably always wonder how he stood German for two long years. Upon graduation, he plans thirty quick years in Navy line, then to retire and live the "life of Riley."

## **LEONARD PETER DONAHUE, JR.**

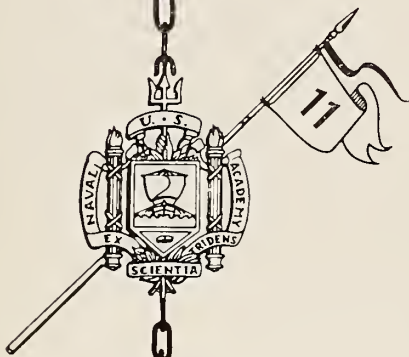
Boston, Massachusetts

Pete originates from that great metropolis of Boston. After a year at Bullis Prep, he started on the long haul toward that commission. His great personality and infectious sense of humor made a multitude of friends for him throughout the Brigade. Along with being an expert on all types of sports, Pete proved very adept at them himself by participating extensively in his company and battalion sports program. A determination to do well in everything he undertook together with a tremendous sense of humor, add up to a very well-rounded individual which the service will be very happy to receive.





United States Naval Academy



**JOHN STANTON FEENEY, JR.**

Boston, Massachusetts

Jack, who hails from the "City of Seven Bridges," came to the Naval Academy via Boston College, where he was a budding physicist. Though he is a lover of the old Navy of rigged ships, he plans on a career in the Silent Service. His career here was marked by three years of Varsity dinghy sailing, active membership in the Newman Club, and an occasional period of E.I. in Steam. The Academy loses but the Navy will gain an able seafaring officer in Jack.

**WILLIAM GEORGE FOHRMAN**

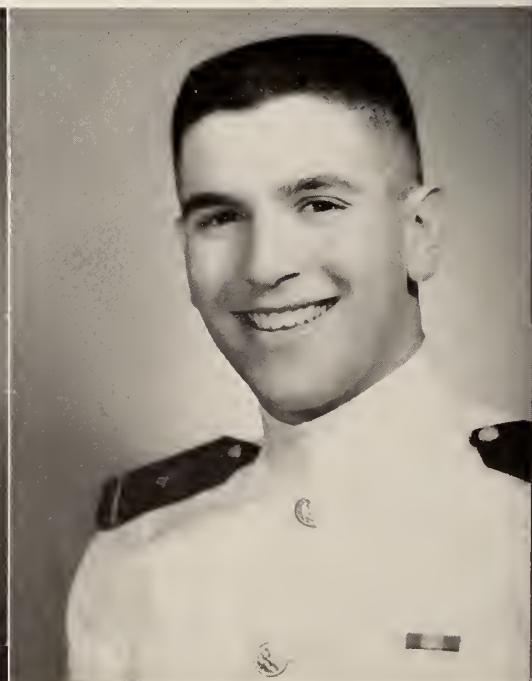
Braintree, Minnesota

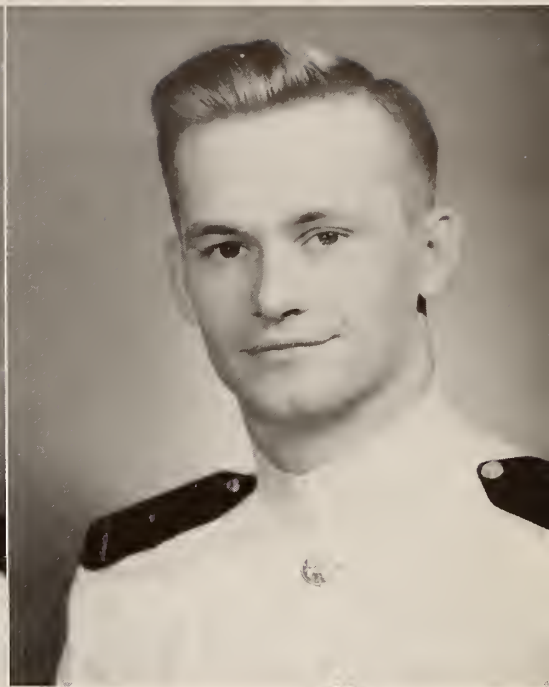
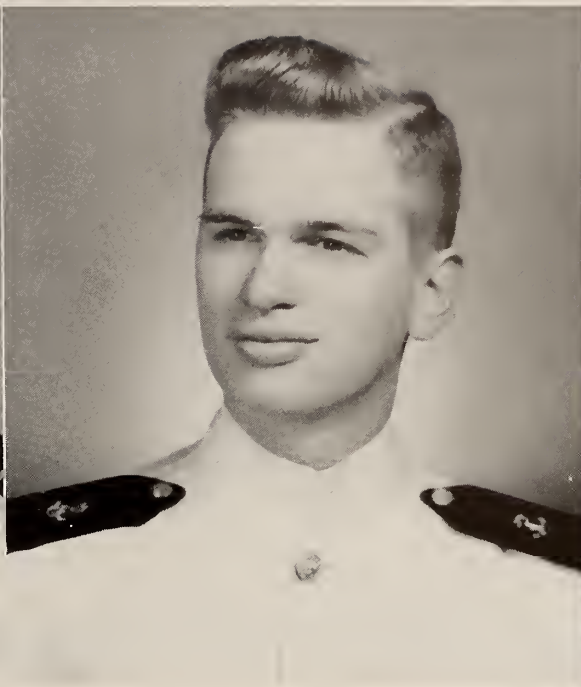
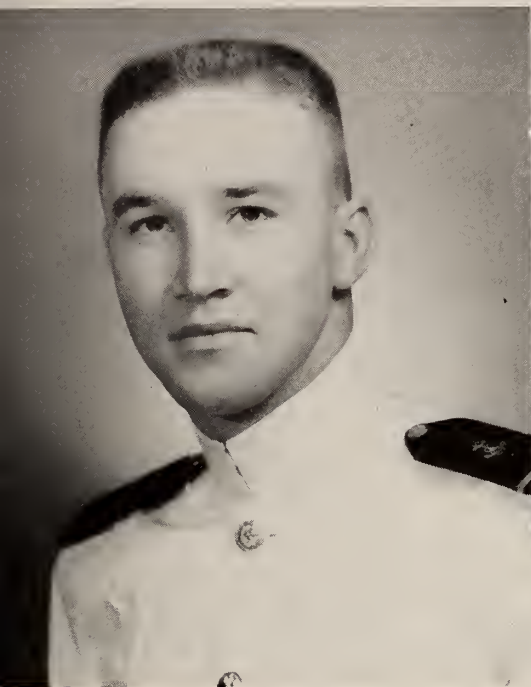
Bill has always been a great asset to the Brigade of Midshipmen with his many natural talents and his all-around good humor. His capacity as a lover of blondes plus his ability at playing the trumpet in the NA-10 and Drum and Bugle Corps made quite an interesting combination. The rack, Bill's favorite pastime, and Electrical Engineering, his worst subject, never did get along very well. Bill's great ambition in life is flying for the Navy. We all know that his goal will be happily achieved.

**GORDON MARTIN GERSON**

New York, New York

Gordy came to the shores of the Severn straight from his high school in the Bronx, which successfully prepared him for his four years at the Academy. Besides being active in two of the more strenuous sports, boxing and wrestling, he was a connoisseur of some of the finer things, such as wines, books, and women. Gordy's love for destroyers manifested itself in the amazing knowledge he gained of them during his cruises. It is his ambition, eyes permitting, to join the ranks of line officers, and in this field all concerned may rest assured that he will be one of the best.





**HOWARD LYNN HALL**

Scio, New York

Originally hailing from the deep South, Howie packed his bags and sojourned to school to keep out of the clutches of the Academic Board. During his stay on the shores of the Severn, he was quite a helping hand to his company and battalion sports teams, participating in squash, cross country and softball. Howie hopes for a career in the skies. Although he could never claim to be a "cut," he always managed to get by. We feel sure that he can't help but make a success and it gives us a great deal of pleasure to know that we will see him again.

**DAVID BARROW HAMILTON**

Shreveport, Louisiana

From the time Dave, popularly known as the "Social Cut" of Shreveport, came into our midst, he never ceased to amaze us with his sterling and uncanny techniques in the fine arts. Whether he was on the links, at the piano, or demonstrating a rebel war whoop to some fair damsel, his talent and suavity were no less than outstanding. Dave demonstrated fine leadership abilities which always made him a great asset to the Brigade and should make his service career a particularly outstanding one. His academic achievements were augmented by his many and varied extra-curricular activities. We all hope his career in the service will be as brilliant as his four years at the Academy.

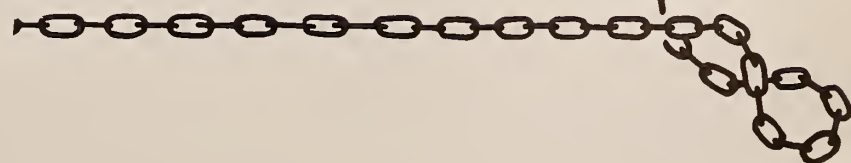
**ADOLPH BENJAMIN HAUGEN**

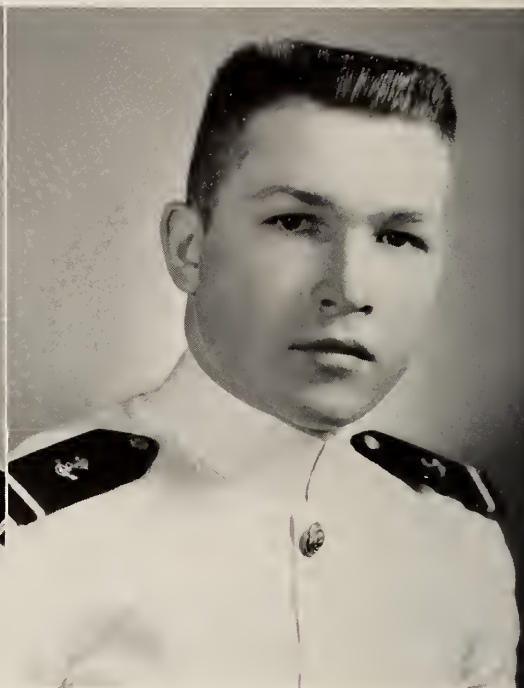
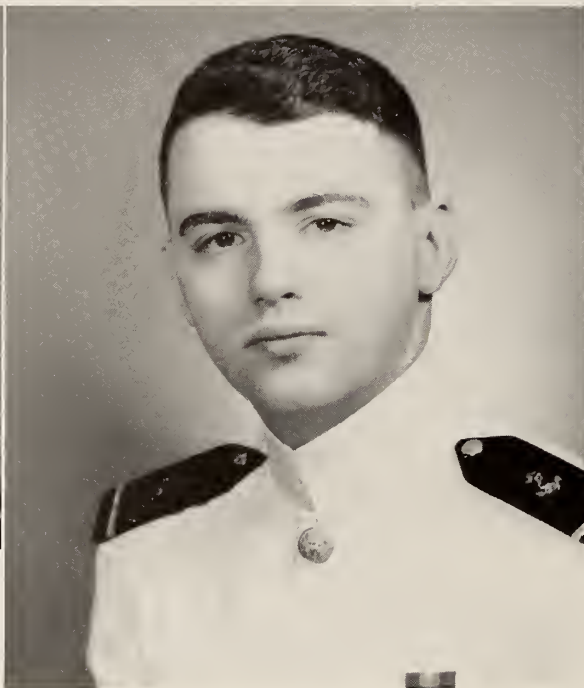
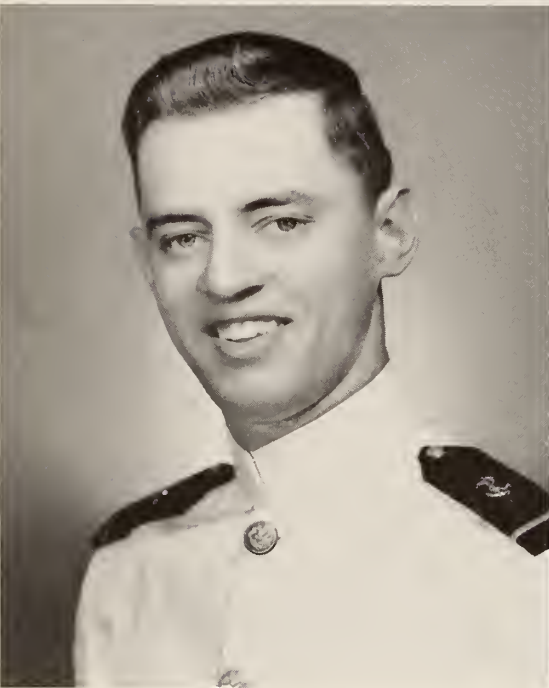
Stanton, Minnesota

Al left the tall timber of Paul Bunyan country to make the trek to the Atlantic Coast and our fair institution. He was a lad who had a habit of doing things right whether it was playing football or dragging a young lovely. Al was one of those lucky people who never ran out of friends; to the contrary, for he was always making new ones. He had many good times but claims that his fondest memories lie in that fabulous four-day stay in London. Navy air looks like the right way to Al and he should go all the way to the top.



*United States Naval Academy*





**NOEL BARRY HENDERSON**

Monticello, Iowa

After coming to the Academy from the heart of the cornbelt, Noel wasted no time in making his mark socially, academically, and athletically. Always a "starman," "Skitch" was known for playing a mean sax in the NA-10 his unnerving knack for "fortying" math finals and for his variety of athletic attributes which included wrestling, handball, fencing, company volleyball and company cross country. He was seen dragging more often than not; he claimed to like "women in general" and immediately set out to prove it. If this were not enough, this versatile lad also managed to find time enough to spend many hours down in WRNV and to sing in the Chapel Choir for four years. Navy line looks the best to Noel and we can say "so long" with the best of hopes for his future successes.

**WILLIAM FRANCIS HERRIN**

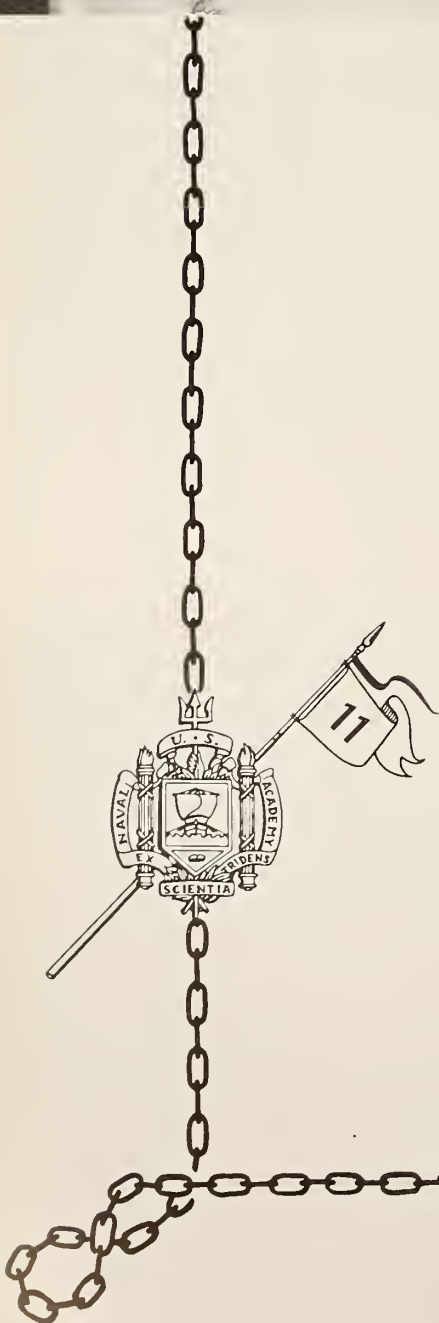
Mobile, Alabama

After a year at Marion Military Institute, Frank packed his toothbrush and Confederate flag and headed for Crabtown-on-the-Bay. With his prior military experience, he found it easy to adjust to Academy life. His time at USNAY was devoted to hard work, but he always managed to have his share of good times, as anyone who has ever been on liberty with him will agree. Frank was never a member of the Nine-bells Club; he was too busy reading the two or three letters a day he received from his OAO. When Frank packs his toothbrush for the second time, this time to report to the Fleet, the Navy gains a truly fine officer.

**TRACY MONROE KOSOFF**

Hoquiam, Washington

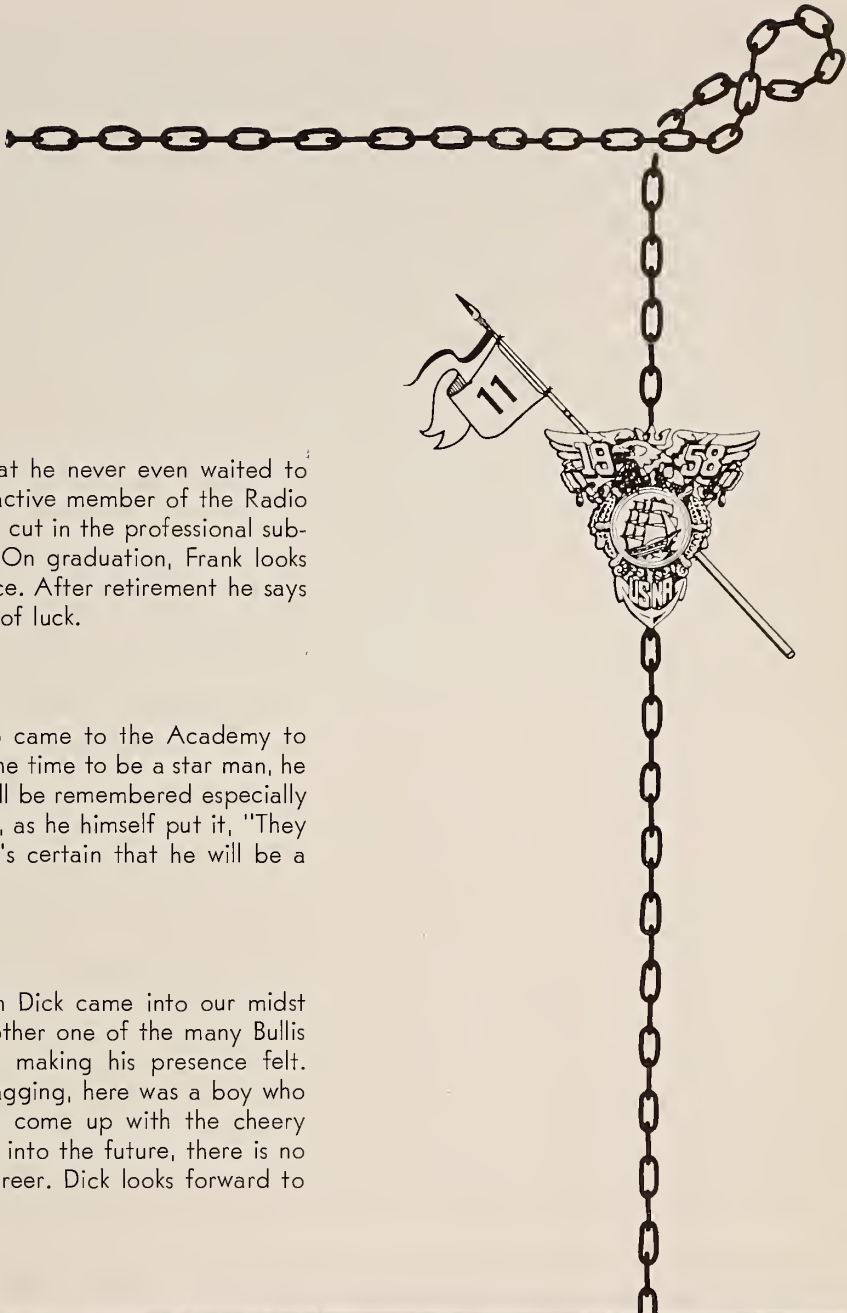
The "Fatman" made the long trek to the Academy from the booming metropolis of Hoquiam up there in the great Northwest. An avid sports enthusiast, Tracy always could be found on the intramural fields; that is, when he wasn't in the pad or down in the steerage. Studies came easy to him, so he never let them get in the way of his having a good time. Tracy hopes to go into the submarine service after graduation and a year with the Fleet. The Silent Service is gaining an outstanding officer who excels in efficiency and enthusiasm.



*United States Naval Academy*



# United States Naval Academy



## FRANKLIN FORSYTHE MACKENZIE

Phoenix, Arizona

Frank was in such a hurry to get to the Academy that he never even waited to graduate from high school. While he was here he was an active member of the Radio Club and a stout bastion on the Radiator Squad. Always a cut in the professional subjects, German almost ended his career at an early date. On graduation, Frank looks forward to a long and successful career in the Silent Service. After retirement he says he would like to finish high school. We wish him the best of luck.

## LANCE BRADFORD MASSEY

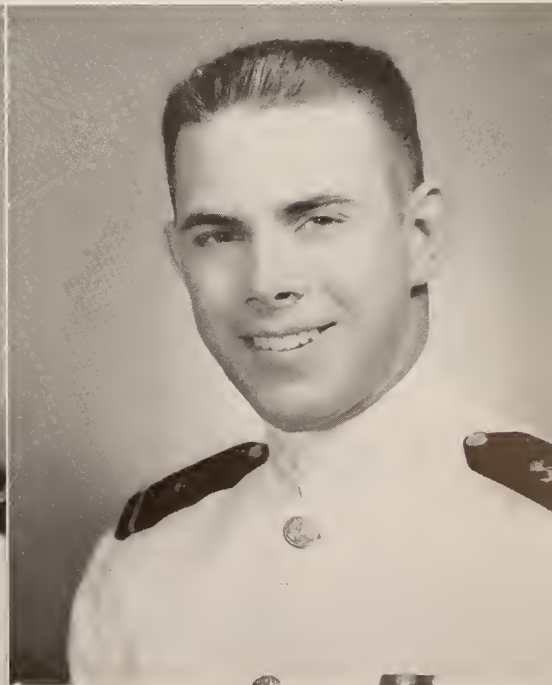
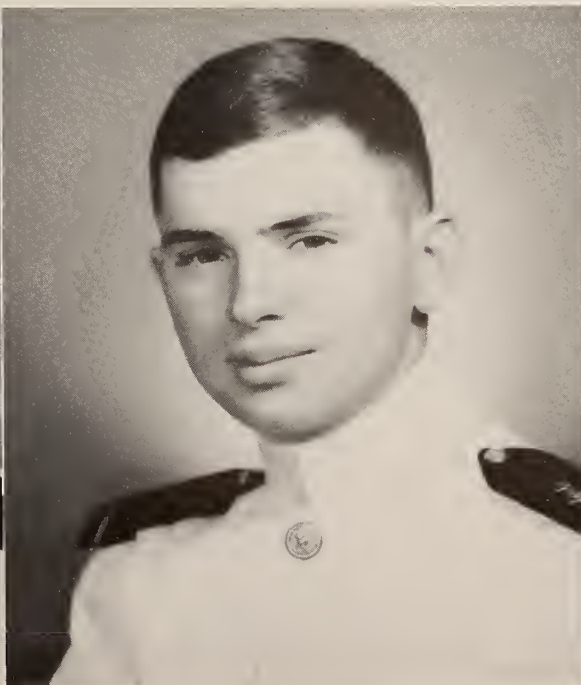
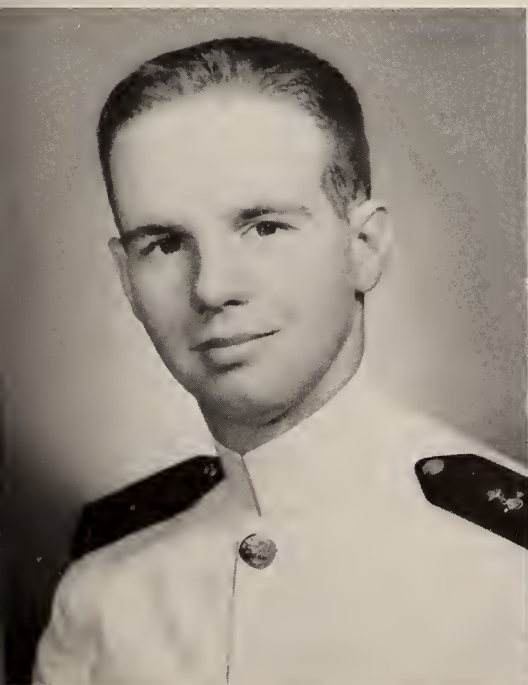
Greenwich, Connecticut

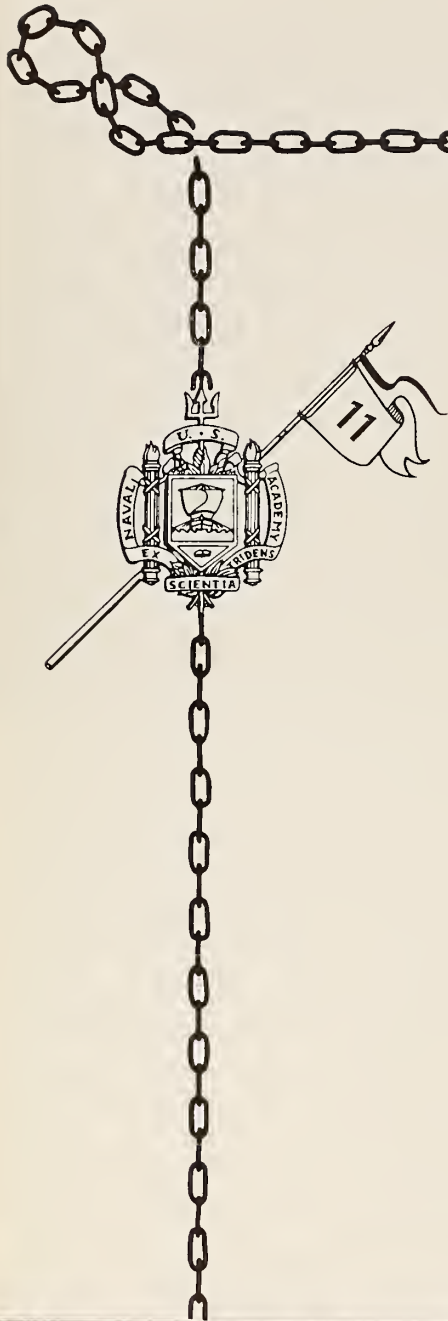
Lance is another one of the many Navy Juniors who came to the Academy to carry on the tradition of the Navy. While he never found the time to be a star man, he was certainly an outstanding athlete in the company. He will be remembered especially for his fighting spirit on the soccer field. As for the women, as he himself put it, "They exit." Lance plans to join the ranks of Navy liners, and it's certain that he will be a capable addition to the fleet.

## GEORGE RICHARD MEINIG, JR.

Wyomissing, Pennsylvania

We had never heard of Wyomissing before but then Dick came into our midst and soon we felt that we had lived there all our lives. Another one of the many Bullis Prep alumni to grace our shores, he wasted no time in making his presence felt. Whether it was wrestling, academics, or the fine art of dragging, here was a boy who always did himself proud. He was one who could always come up with the cheery outlook on things about himself and if he extends this trait into the future, there is no doubt that his will be the happiest and most successful career. Dick looks forward to New London after June of '58.





**PETER NEIL MIDGARDEN**

Hoople, North Dakota

To his Mom and Dad he may have been Peter, but to his company, he was always "Mudpuddle." The origin of this alias has been lost in the dim distant past but its use continued on. Hailing from the metropolis of Hoople, North Dakota (pop. 51), Pete was only as energetic as the situation called for. On the other hand he was known for his vim, vigor, and vitality out on the tumbling mats, where for three years he was one of Navy's regulars. Without doubt, "Mudpuddle" has a good future ahead of him, as his primary aim in life is "being happy." Navy line looks mighty fine to Pete and we wish him the smoothest of sailing.

**WAYNE ALLEN MORRIS**

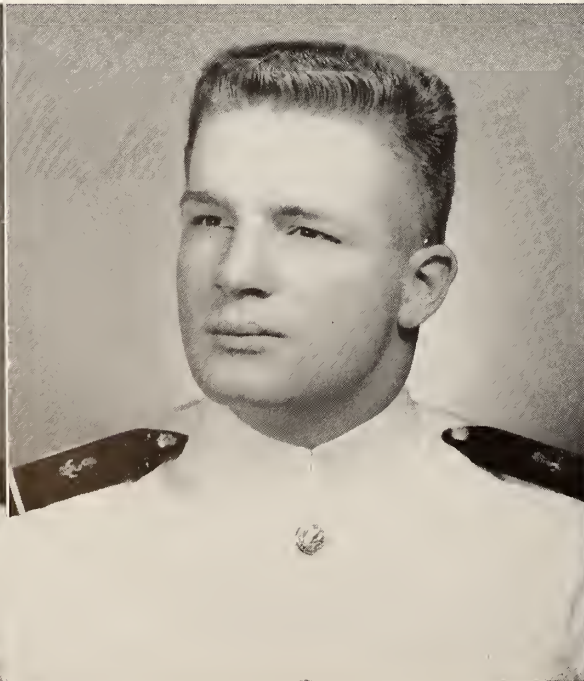
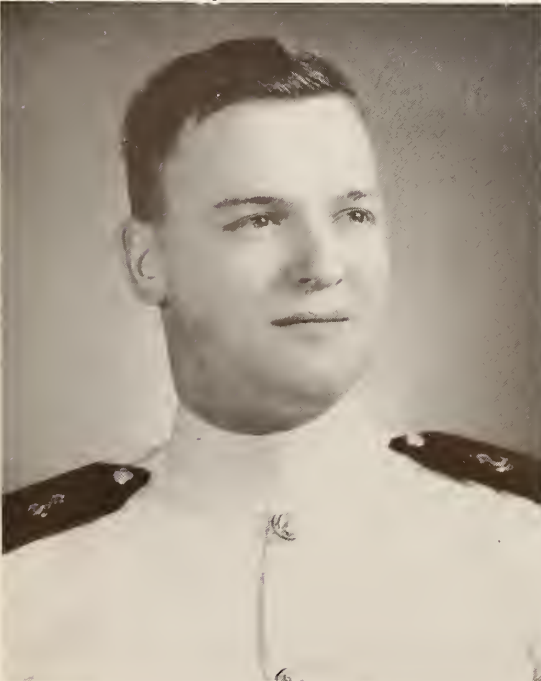
Titusville, Pennsylvania

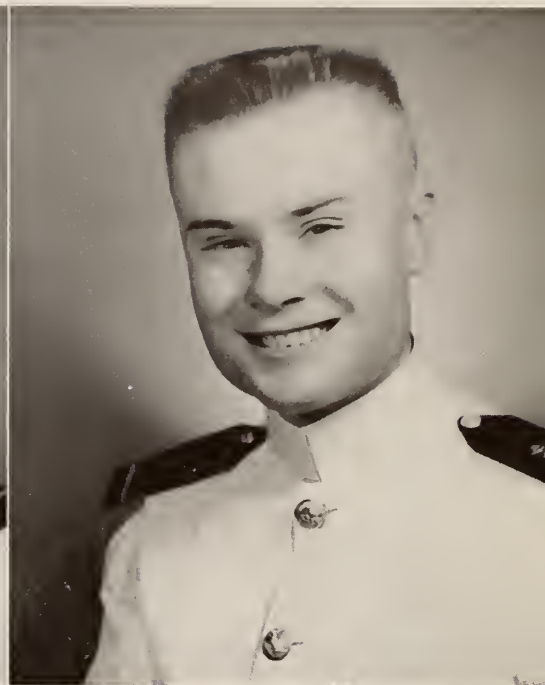
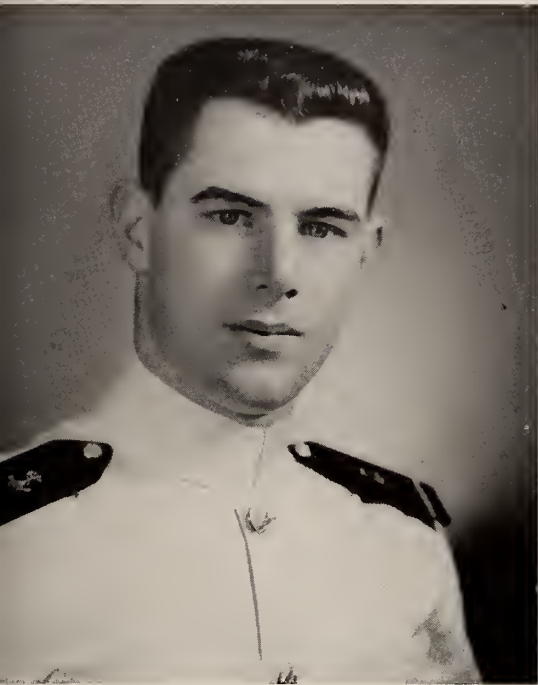
Red is another of the Ivy League boys who made the big switch to Navy, much to the latter's advantage. In his short but distinguished stay he was a Varsity N winner in track, a plebe standout in football and track, a star man and member of the Superintendent's List, and not being exactly unsat in aptitude either. Wayne has chosen Navy line for the future. If past actions reflect the future, Wayne should rise to the top in short order.

**SAMUEL ALLEN PARKER**

Barberton, Ohio

Sam hails from Barberton, Ohio, where he spent the first seventeen years. After leaving Barberton High School, he joined the future plebes at Bullis Prep, where he lettered in football, basketball and golf. Upon entering the Academy he turned his efforts toward varsity soccer, working his way up to number one goalie. Always ready for a good time, Al was a star performer at the many company entertainments. He later hopes to go into submarines or Navy air. Sam has the qualities to make him a success in anything he does and we all wish him the best of luck.





**CARL JERROLD PETERSON**

Bridgeport, Connecticut

Carl is another of the Navy Juniors who decided to settle down and carry on the tradition of the family. A great sports fan, Carl played a mean attack on the lacrosse field and was a valuable member of the regular "Freedom" crew on her many races. Though he never attained stars in academics, through seriousness and application he proved himself to be a useful man with the smoking slipstick. His interest in the Navy, and the many fine qualities he exhibits will help him to attain his worthy ambition—to someday be an admiral.

**STANLEY POREMBA, JR.**

Honolulu, Hawaii

"Taku" grudgingly left behind him the beautiful land of pineapples and hula girls to make the long journey to the Academy after one year in the Naval Reserve. Good wit and humor were his specialties; his main activity during Plebe year was letting go with one of his famous renditions of the Hawaiian War Chant which often echoed through the fifth wing. Stan's major athletic interests were battalion and company football. His love for the mysteries of the camera was manifested in many hours spent as one of the best of our amateur shutterbugs. Stan's ability to do a job right complements his ambition, "to do my best and achieve success." The Navy will gain a fine officer in him.

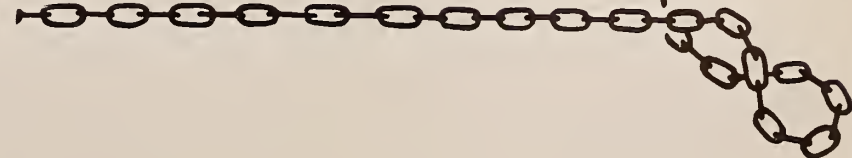
**ROY LEE REINARZ, JR.**

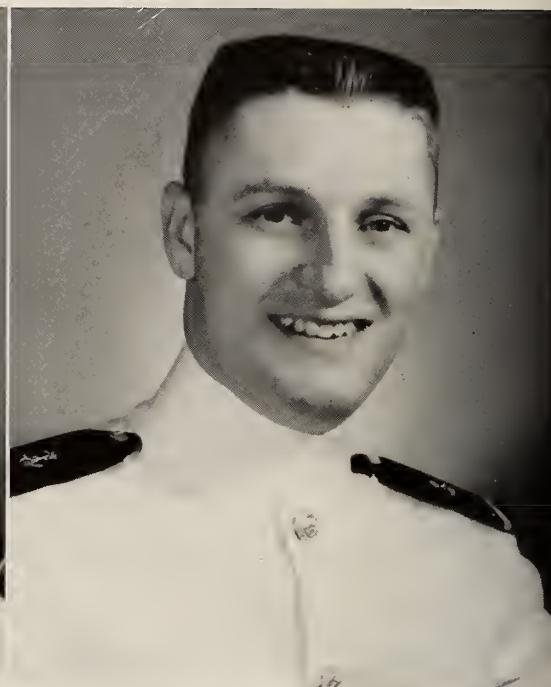
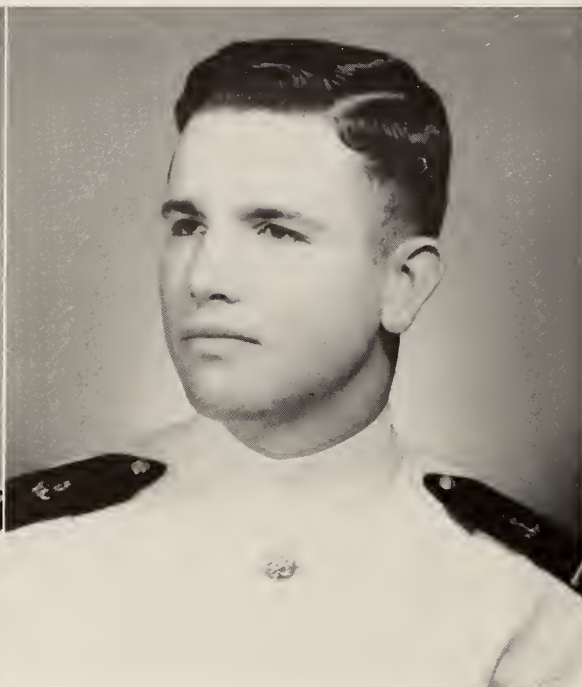
Amarillo, Texas

Roy came east from the wide open spaces of Texas to trade his levis and boots for a spit-shine and suit of Navy blue. Though a displaced cowboy, he took to the sea well and earned his yawl command early in Plebe year. From this he went on to the command of his battalion yawl and managed to hold down a berth in the 1956 Bermuda race. With his wealth of experience and his love for the sea, it is only natural that he should feel that Navy line is mighty fine.



*United States Naval Academy*





#### RAYMOND CUDDY RICHES

Salem, Oregon

From out of the Northwest came the Eleventh Company's one man band. Ray, who plays six instruments amazingly well, was part owner of the Brigade Pipers. Playing football and putting the shot for the Third Batt were also right down Ray's alley. He had a certain flair for sailing yawls, too. His interest and extensive participation in sailing engendered a love for all things nautical, and he is one who thinks that Navy line looks mighty fine. Being quick to pick up the facts on professional subjects and alert for all the latest developments are qualities that should give Ray a fine career. We wish him the best of "bon voyages."

#### JOHN CHESLEY ROBERSON

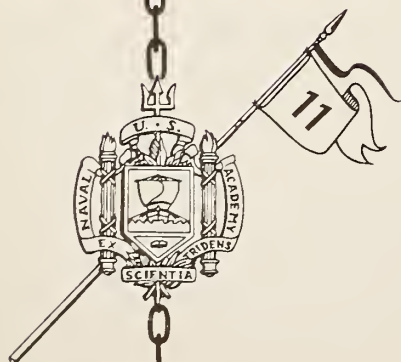
Los Alamos, New Mexico

Robbie came to us from the deserts of New Mexico to continue an already outstanding career. His high school days were marked with constant success in athletics and social life. His stay at the Academy proved that this success should continue through his lifetime. Sports wise, Robbie was a Varsity lacrosse player for three years and an outstanding player on his company and batt teams. He always stood high on the academic list, and had no trouble in continuing it here. Robbie plans on a career in Navy air and it is a certainty that he will excell.

#### GARY KIRKWOOD ROBERTS

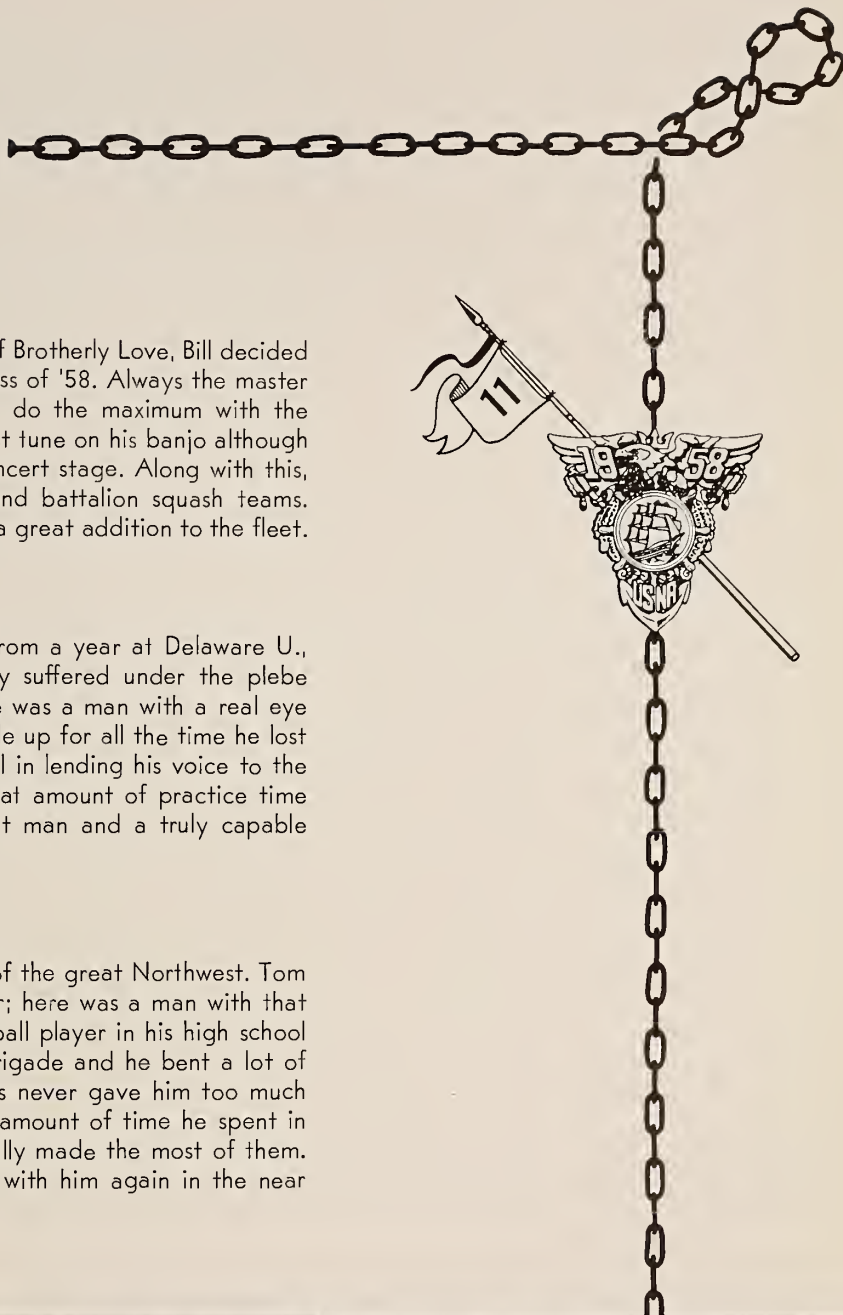
Reno, Nevada

The "biggest little city" of Reno can be the proud claimant of Gary, who is Navy's substitute for Rudolph Valentino. A constant profusion of good looking drags wasn't Gary's only claim to fame, however. He was very active in company and battalion sports and was chief announcer for the Public Relations Committee. Gary loves to ski, hates skinny and just tolerates navigation. His choice for Uncle Sam's service is Navy air, and it seems certain that he will be successful at this too.



United States Naval Academy

# United States Naval Academy



## WILLIAM HERBERT RORER, III

Wyncote, Pennsylvania

Hailing from the Ivy League country around the City of Brotherly Love, Bill decided to go to the other extreme and threw in his lot with the class of '58. Always the master of efficiency, he had that enviable gift of being able to do the maximum with the minimum of effort. He was often found strumming out a fast tune on his banjo although we had to admit that he was never quite ready for the concert stage. Along with this, he found time to be a "stout fellow" on his company and battalion squash teams. Bill's many attributes and likeable personality will make him a great addition to the fleet.

## JOHN FREDERICK SICKMAN, JR.

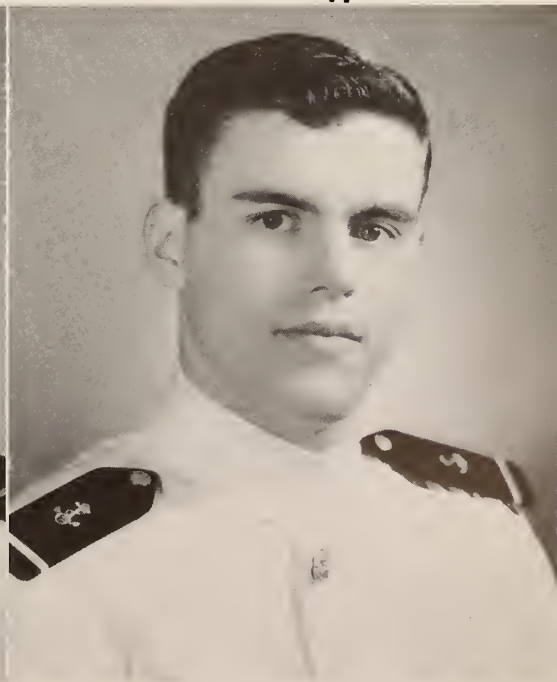
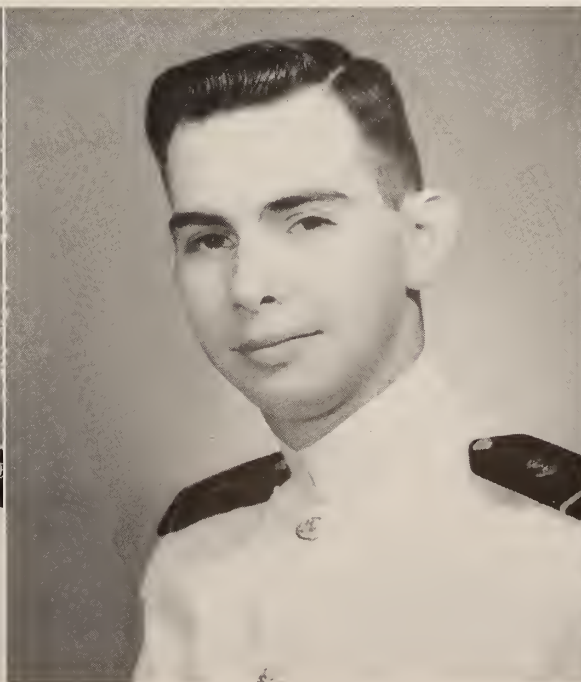
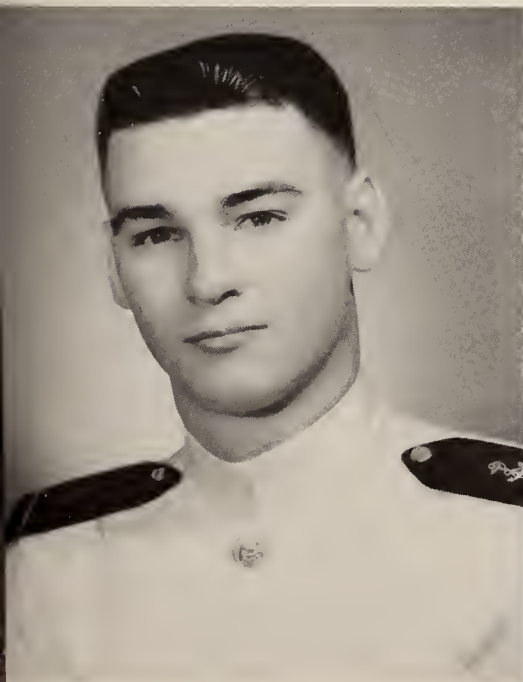
Wilmington, Delaware

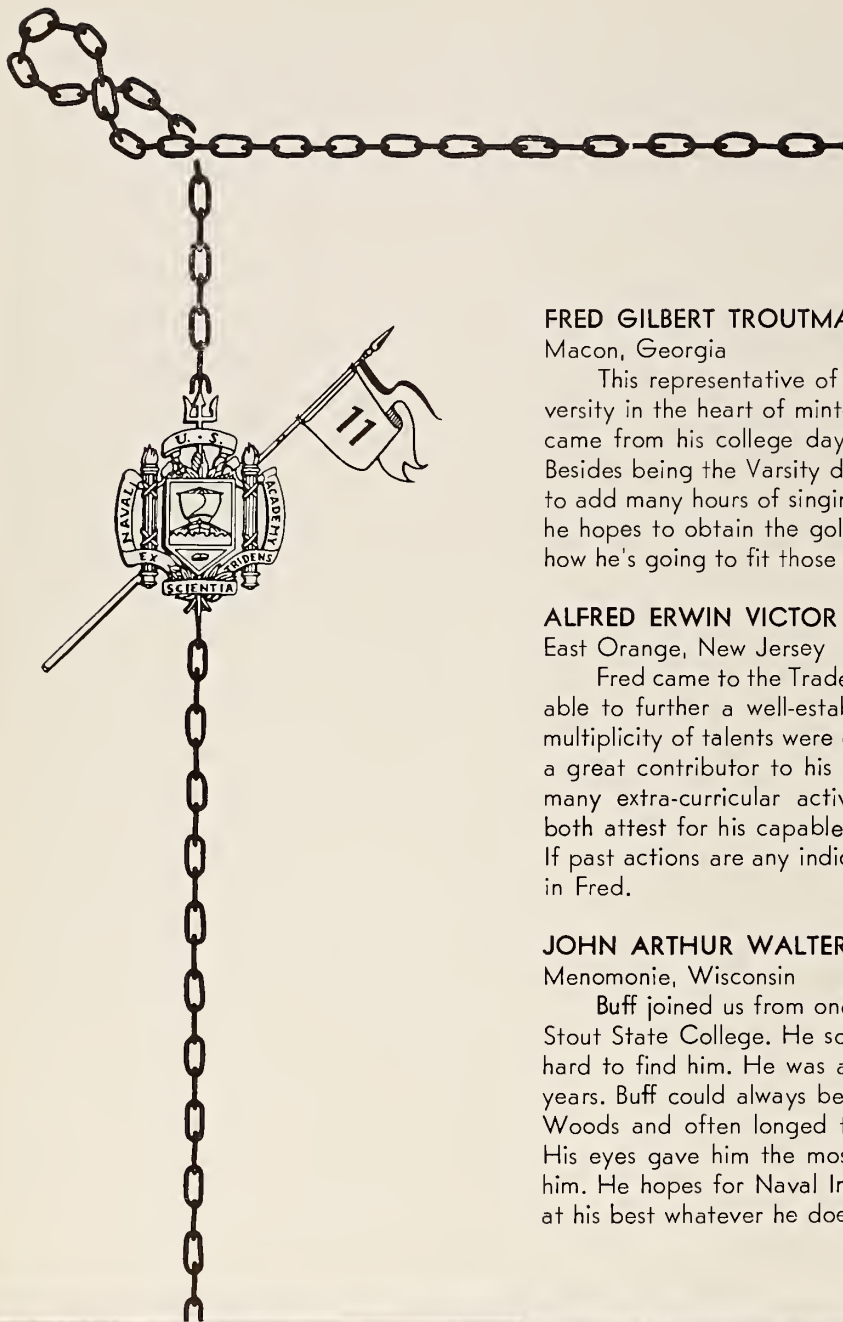
From the time John stepped through Gate 3, fresh from a year at Delaware U., he worked hard to make the Navy his career. John really suffered under the plebe system with its rigid restrictions against dragging, for here was a man with a real eye for the distaff side. As an upperclassman, however, he made up for all the time he lost during those terrible twelve months. He was very successful in lending his voice to the Glee Club and Catholic Choir, mainly because of the great amount of practice time logged in the shower. The Silent Service will gain a great man and a truly capable officer when John receives his coveted golden dolphins.

## THOMAS WALSH TOP

Olympia, Washington

From out of the shadow of Mt. Rainier came this son of the great Northwest. Tom hails from that town in Washington so famous for its water; here was a man with that true spirit of Western casualness. Though a top-flight football player in his high school days, he developed an interest in crew after joining the Brigade and he bent a lot of oars for Rusty and Navy during his four year stay. Studies never gave him too much trouble; at least this was the impression conveyed by the amount of time he spent in the rack each day. He enjoyed his four years here and really made the most of them. The Academy's loss is the Navy's gain; we hope to serve with him again in the near future.





# United States Naval Academy

## FRED GILBERT TROUTMAN

Macon, Georgia

This representative of the Stars and Bars came to us after a year at Mercer University in the heart of mint-julep land. The excellence he always displayed in marching came from his college days when he was a First Lieutenant in the Rotcee program. Besides being the Varsity dinghy sailing manager from 1955 thru 1958, Gil found time to add many hours of singing as a member of the Antiphonal Choir. Upon graduation, he hopes to obtain the golden wings of a Navy pilot and his only worry seems to be how he's going to fit those long legs into the narrow confines of a jet cockpit.

## ALFRED ERWIN VICTOR

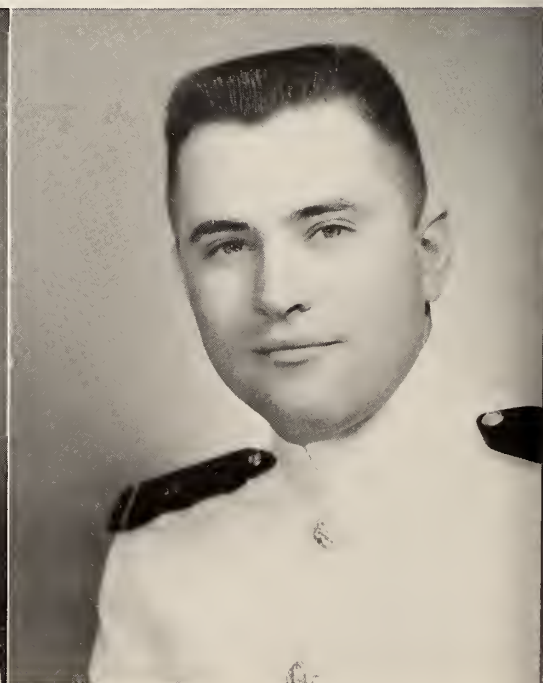
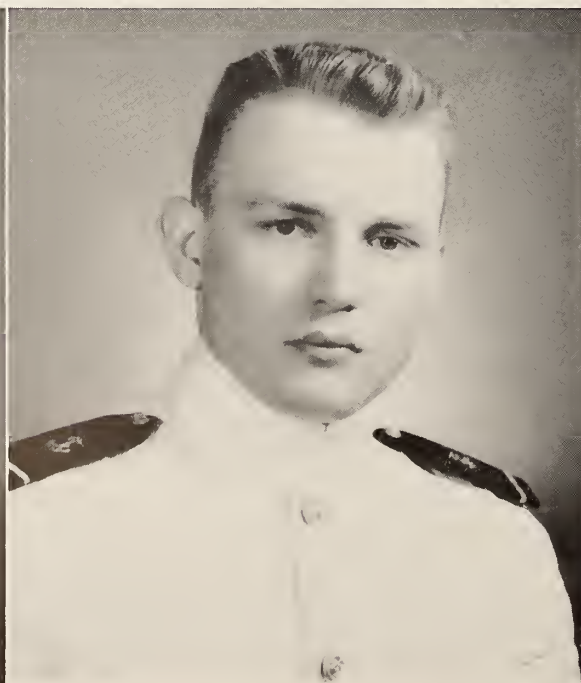
East Orange, New Jersey

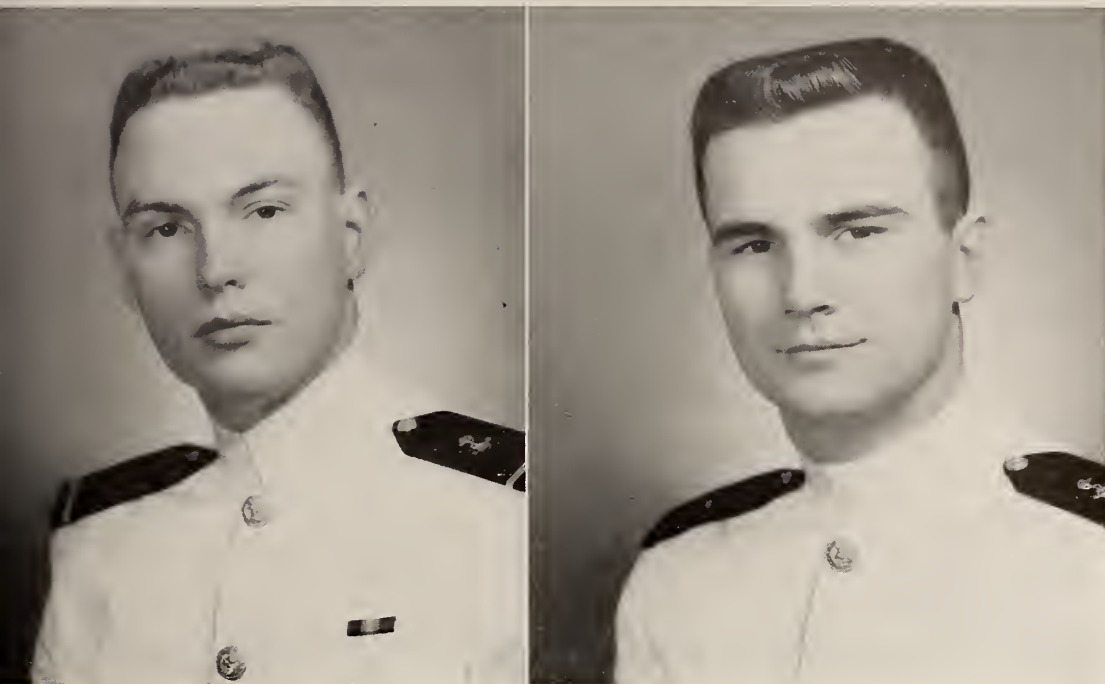
Fred came to the Trade School from the hinterlands of New Jersey determined and able to further a well-established reputation as both a fine athlete and scholar. His multiplicity of talents were constantly on display here at the Academy, where Fred was a great contributor to his company sports teams, a star man, and a hard worker on many extra-curricular activities. The staffs of **The Log** and **The Lucky Bag** could both attest for his capable work. Fred hopes to make C.E.C. his career in the Navy. If past actions are any indication of future successes, the Navy is gaining a fine officer in Fred.

## JOHN ARTHUR WALTER

Menomonie, Wisconsin

Buff joined us from one of the biggest little towns in Wisconsin and two years at Stout State College. He soon discovered the sailing fleet and after that it was never hard to find him. He was a consistent starter for the dinghy sailors for his last three years. Buff could always be counted upon to glorify the wonders of the Great North Woods and often longed to be back there, logging some hunting and fishing time. His eyes gave him the most trouble while he was here; nothing else seem to bother him. He hopes for Naval Intelligence upon graduation. We know that he'll always be at his best whatever he does.





**RONALD WOODROW WRIGHT**

Bethel, Kansas

Ron came to us from the land-locked state of sunflowers for his pre-admiral training. There were very few activities around the Yard that managed to elude Ron's attention and able participation. The Naval Construction Club, the dinghy sailing team and the combined Dago Clubs were a few of the many which could claim him as a full-time member. Ron is a confirmed follower of the Navy line. We know that the Fleet is gaining a fine and capable officer and we wish him the happiest of cruises always.

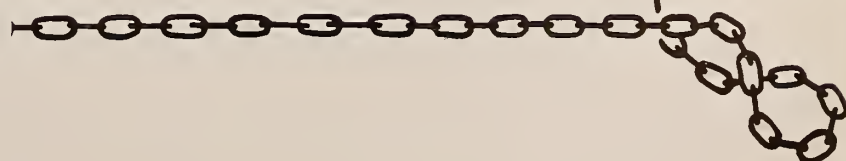
**DANIEL HARRY ZIEGLER**

Inglewood, California

Dan, one of the happiest guys in the class, brought his continuous smile from the Golden State of California. Coming here right out of high school, he managed to keep top grades all the way and earned a permanent spot on the Superintendent's List. His interests ranged from race cars to beautiful girls, though the higher percentage fell in the latter group. Dan hopes to return to the west coast for duty so he can carry on the tradition of being a ladies' man with the California contingent.



*United States Naval Academy*





*Left to right: First row—Neish, Sigmund, Wells, Vogt, Honsa, McCall, Posey, Joynt, Davison, Langemo. Second row—Hopkins, Touchstone, Danitschek, Quinn, LaVan, Smith, Wynn, Drake, Corse. Third row—LaCagnina, Ortega, Cutler, Lathrop, Long, Trossbach, Boothe, McDaniel. Fourth row—Houglund, Gorham, Pipkin, Meredith, Mauz, Lekebusch, Griffith.*



*Left to right: First row—McKinney, Kramer, Carter, Shipp, Kolbe, Lynch, Gamba, Walker, Schwer, Olson. Second row—Cogdill, Morrow, Lewis, Muenster, McCall, Maskell, Paul, Coleman, Rowley. Third row—Mahelona, Parkinson, McHale, Esslinger, Ressler, Magnussen, Folta, Rogers. Fourth row—Smith, Rippelmeyer, McFarland, Paepcke, Kemp, Parker, Taylor.*



*Left to right: First row—Goodpaster, Trice, Chang, Bubeck, McClaren, Cavanaugh, Fitts, Jones, Simpson, Comiskey. Second row—Brewster, Hulme, Morgan, Dobson, Benjamin, Osteen, Stem, Bennett, DeGarve. Third row—Hahn, Keivet, Cleveland, Robbins, Onorati, Goodall, Feinberg, Windle. Fourth row—Cassells, Schwirtz, Wiley, Parker, Walter, Calmes, Romine. Fifth row—Luper, Sullivan, McLaughlin, Artman, Reik, Parker.*





LCdr. V.K. Roux, USN  
Company Officer

Our four years with the Twelfth taught us one thing in particular . . . to relax in every sense of the word. We might have never won the colors, but nobody would have traded the "Mob" for any other company in the Brigade. Taking over the helm this year, we had a lot to look back on—"Rock Around the Clock" will always bring to mind memories of June Week, Plebe year; the pigeons in Tom Lacy's locker Youngster year; and the many bad and good recollections of Second Class year. Who can forget the way that the "Mob" spearheaded the great spirit that saw us down Notre Dame after twelve long years? And the "Tiger's" memorable remark afterwards? To Moose Krause yet? First Class year brought with it responsibilities, privileges, and a

## Twelfth Company

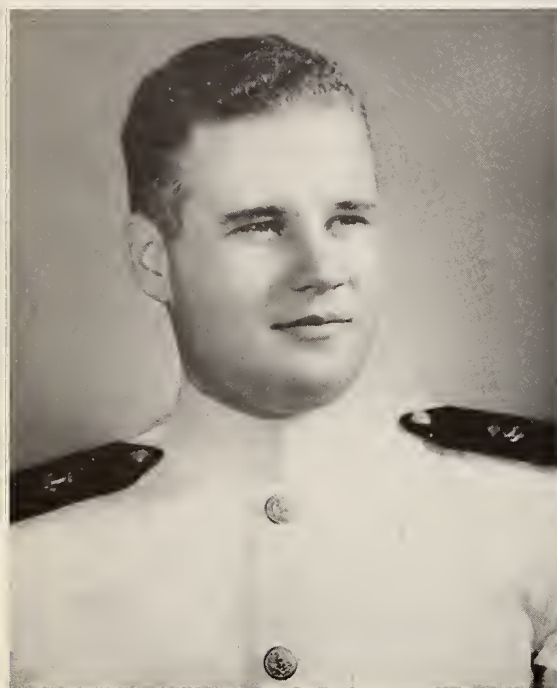


Fall Set. Left to right—Lyon, Chodorow, Randall, Hatchett, Haynes, Chafee.



Winter Set. Left to right—Taft, Graham, McCullough, Olson, Manazir, Goolsby.

few other things like the great play of Wayne, Jocko, and Bill on the Varsity gridiron, and of course, the "brown-baggers," Wes, Hatch, and "Stick." We'll long remember Jocko trying to get rid of those Cotton Bowl tickets down in Dallas; we wonder if Rice will ever forget the way he wrecked them? We had our "share" of stripers, too; you couldn't see for all the gold flashing around the passageways. Wes and Gordy pulled down five apiece, with Mc-Nergney and Westbrook getting four. Getting Bridgman from '57 proved quite a boon; the laughs he and his boys brought us fitted in quite well with the rest of the "Mob." Our next stop will be the four corners of the world; we hope that this spirit will remain with us always.



**JAMES LEWIS BAYNE**

Arlington, Virginia

Coming to us from nearby Arlington and graduation from Gonzaga High, Jim quickly adapted himself to Academy life. He was always quite fascinated by music, spending most of his free time listening to his many records or playing the trombone. He was one of the easiest to get along with and had a quick wit and friendly smile which we'll not soon forget. His only weakness was women, especially those brunettes with the short, curly hair. Jim seldom missed a weekend of dragging, and he never received the company brick. He will always be remembered for a devotion to his classmates and a tremendous sense of humor.

**WALTER ELMER BRIDGMAN, JR.**

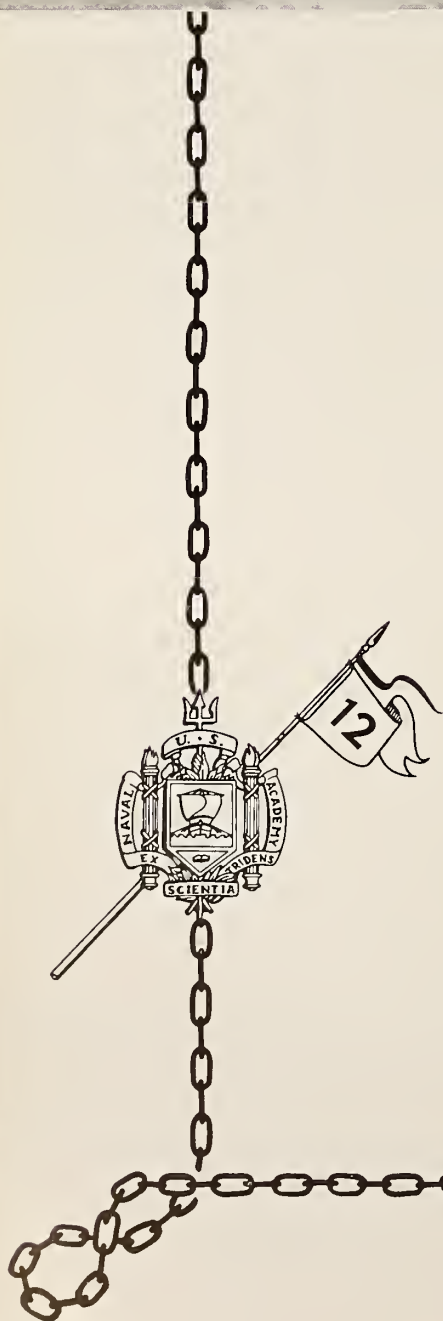
Chicago, Illinois

Wally came to USNAY via the Windy City and nearby Columbian Prep. Never quite a star man, he had his share of battles with the academic departments, but managed to excel in everything else. His ready wit and good humor brightened many a dark day for his classmates, especially during Second Class year. Never one to be idle for long, Wally could be found most every afternoon on Hospital Point or Worden Field practicing with one of the many intramural teams who were lucky enough to have him. A strong advocate of Navy air, Wally's big ambition is to earn those golden wings.

**THOMAS BINGHAM BUELL**

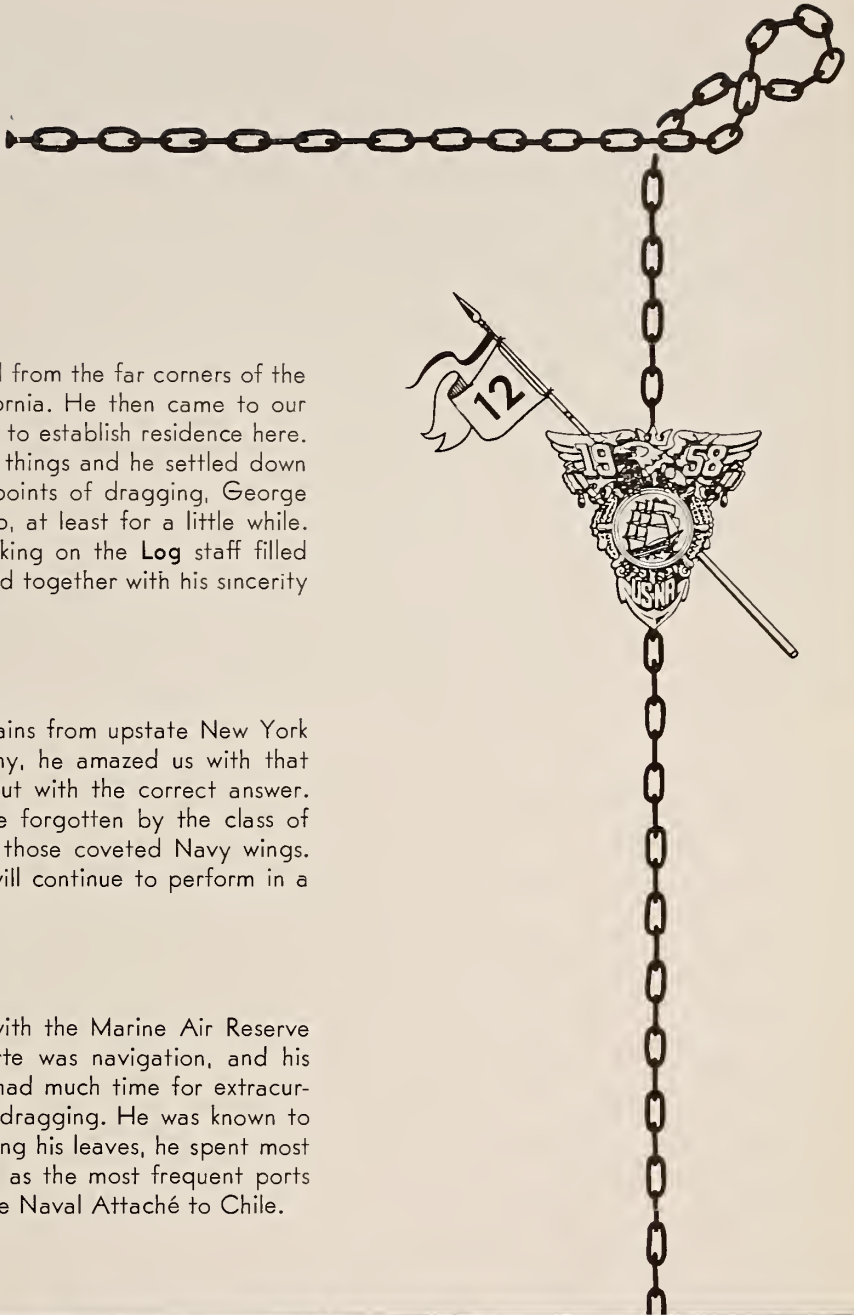
Elmira, Michigan

With the blessings of Elmira ringing in his ears, Tom left the family farm and came east, looking for new worlds to conquer. The perfect combination of farmer and sailor, he could always be counted upon to comment on the importance of both agriculture and the Navy. A keen eye for tall, slim, good looking women gave Tom many pleasant hours to enjoy the Navy as a bachelor. Youngster cruise convinced him that he was a tin can sailor at heart and he hopes to report to one of Uncle Sam's finest shortly after graduation.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## GEORGE BENEDICT CHAFEE, JR. Alexandria, Virginia

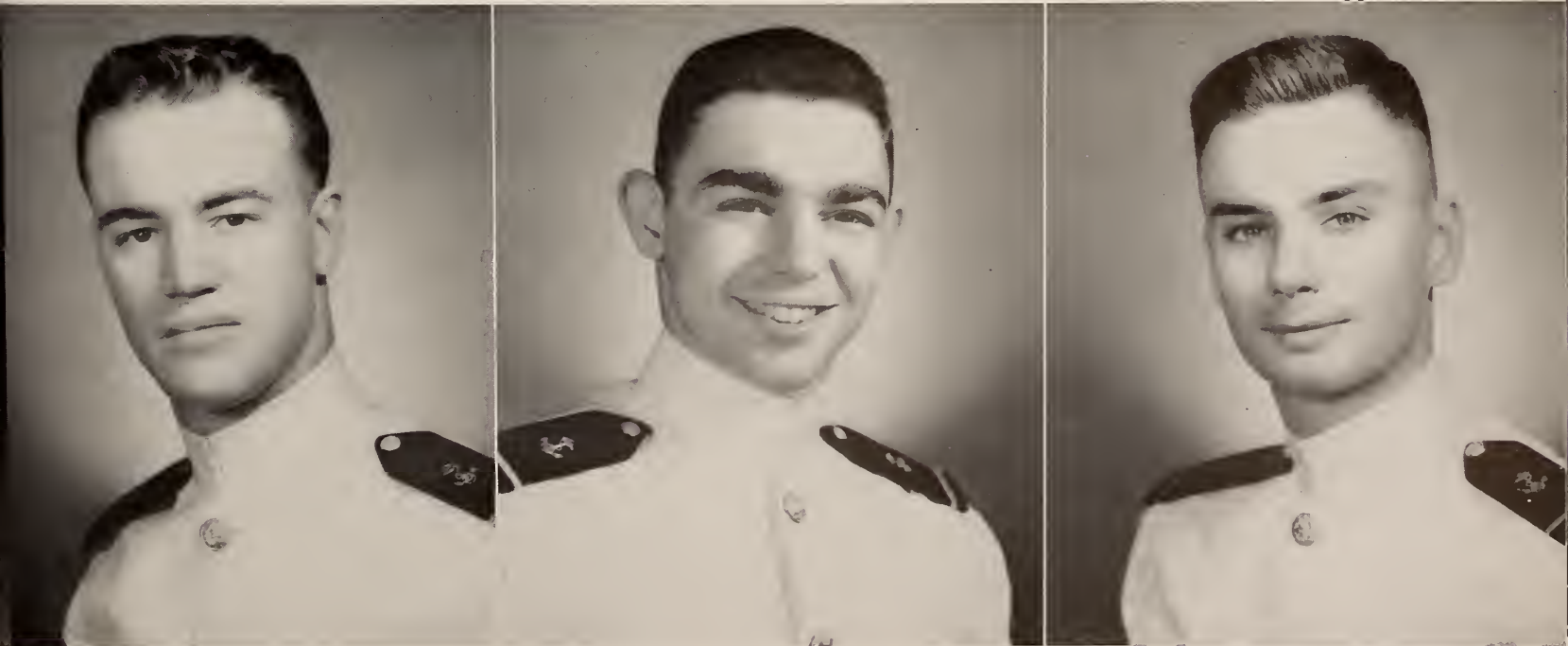
As a Navy Junior, George spent a life traveling to and from the far corners of the country, attending high school in both Virginia and California. He then came to our hallowed halls where he is the third generation of his family to establish residence here. A year at Bullis Prep enabled him to get into the swing of things and he settled down quickly to enjoy himself. Strongly attracted by the finer points of dragging, George always managed to stay off the hook and hopes to stay so, at least for a little while. Squash and water polo took up his athletic hours and working on the **Log** staff filled in the rest. George has a strong love for all things naval and together with his sincerity and ability, this should take him a long way in the Fleet.

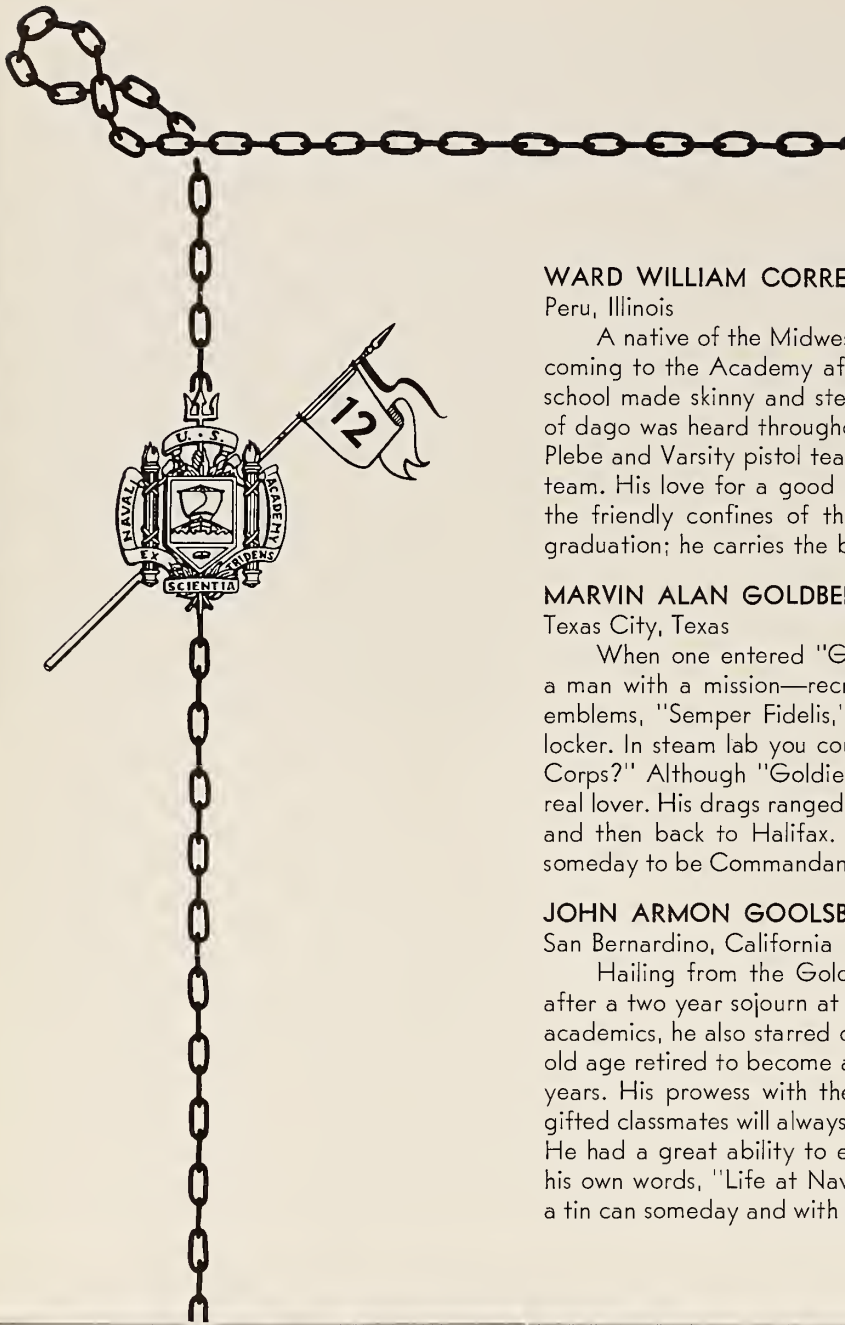
## ALAN MICHAEL CHODOROW Auburn, New York

Turning down a scholarship to RPI, Al brought his brains from upstate New York and set the academic trail ablaze at Navy Tech. In skinny, he amazed us with that "King Midas touch"; every problem he touched turned out with the correct answer. As Editor of the 1957-1958 **Reef Points**, he will never be forgotten by the class of 1961. Upon graduation, Al seeks to enter Pensacola and those coveted Navy wings. There is no doubt in the minds of his classmates that he will continue to perform in a 4.0 manner in whatever he does.

## GRANT ALAN COOPER Flagstaff, Arizona

Grant was truly an "old salt" despite a year spent with the Marine Air Reserve before joining us. During his stay at Navy Tech, his forte was navigation, and his favorite pastime was taking the conn of a YP. He never had much time for extracurricular activities due to his absorbing interest in constant dragging. He was known to have a girl in every port from Barcelona to Baltimore. During his leaves, he spent most of his time "south of the border," with Acapulco and Rio as the most frequent ports of call. In future years, you will probably find "Coop" as the Naval Attaché to Chile.





# United States Naval Academy

## WARD WILLIAM CORRELL

Peru, Illinois

A native of the Midwest, Ward took to the Navy life much earlier than most of us, coming to the Academy after twenty-one months as a whitehat. His experience in ET school made skinny and steam breeze by easily but his sigh of relief with the passing of dago was heard throughout the fifth wing. A crack pistol shot, he shot for both the Plebe and Varsity pistol teams besides wielding a potent stick for his battalion lacrosse team. His love for a good time and pretty girls was surpassed only by his regard for the friendly confines of the Blue Dragon. Ward plans to return to the Navy upon graduation; he carries the best wishes of all who knew him.

## MARVIN ALAN GOLDBERG

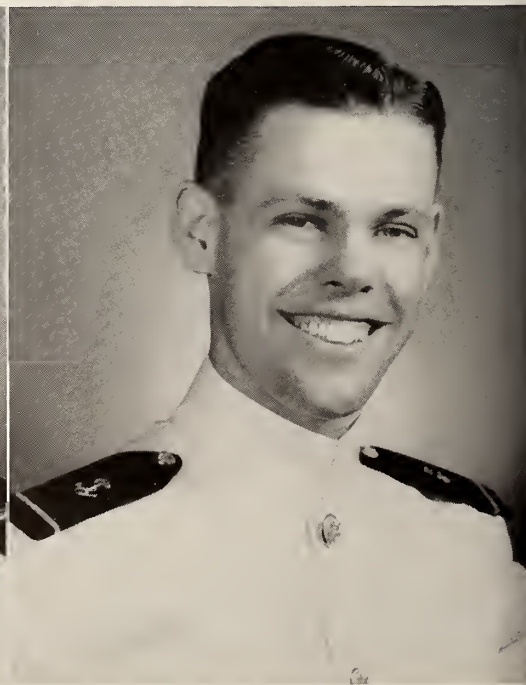
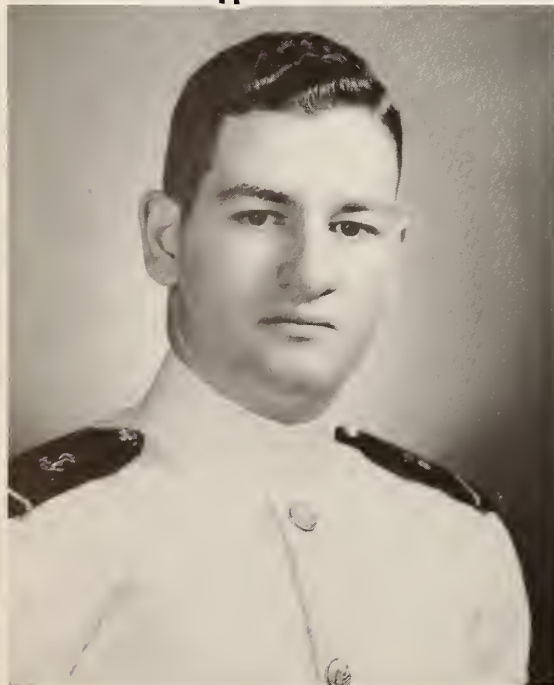
Texas City, Texas

When one entered "Goldie's" room, it was immediately apparent that here was a man with a mission—recruiting wayward classmates for the Marine Corps. Marine emblems, "Semper Fidelis," and the Commandant of the Corps were all part of his locker. In steam lab you could often hear him mutter, "What's this got to do with the Corps?" Although "Goldie" had to work hard for the grades, he earned his 4.0 as a real lover. His drags ranged in origin from the West to the East coast, Spain to London, and then back to Halifax. His ambition is to be a dashing Marine officer and then someday to be Commandant of the men in green.

## JOHN ARMON GOOLSBY

San Bernardino, California

Hailing from the Golden State, John made his way to the confines of USNAY after a two year sojourn at San Diego State College. Not content to be a star man in academics, he also starred on the plebe tennis team during plebe year, but because of old age retired to become a stalwart on the battalion tennis team during his remaining years. His prowess with the books made his services greatly in demand and his less gifted classmates will always be grateful to him for those many hours of extra instruction. He had a great ability to enjoy himself and to communicate this feeling to others; in his own words, "Life at Navy was one big humorous incident." He hopes to command a tin can someday and with all he's got, he can't miss.





**WILLIAM ALEXANDER GRAHAM, JR.**

Santa Monica, California

Bill, born in Illinois, became a Californian at an early age and joined us after graduation from high school out there. He made a natural choice in the Academy, as his father and brother both graduated from West Point. His friends are sure that Bill made the right choice; since arriving at Annapolis, he has been an outstanding athlete, competing with distinction on the Varsity cross-country and track teams for three years. He was also a consistent star student and always took pride in doing a good job. Bill plans to go into either submarines or Navy air upon graduation.

**CHARLES EMERSON HARRISON**

Ithaca, New York

Chuck's first time away from Ithaca's green hills found him coming aboard at Navy Tech. He spent one year after graduation from high school working or "aging" as he called it, before the Naval Reserve provided him an appointment to Navy. He brought with him an avid interest in both electronics and music, the two of which allied themselves in his beloved hi-fi set. A sterling bass voice enabled him to sing in the Glee Club for four years, the rest of his time being taken up with company sports, academics and the radiator squad. He hopes to fly upon graduation and eventually go to P.G. school in electronics in accordance with his ultimate ambition to become a research engineer.

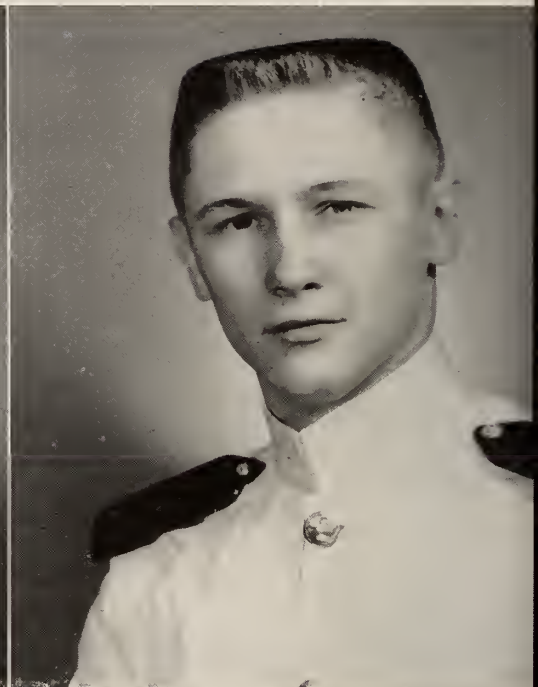
**JOHN WAYNE HATCHETT**

Winchester, Tennessee

This Southern gentleman gave up the quiet life of the Southland and journeyed northward to become one of Mom Bancroft's most devoted midshipmen. Gifted with a wonderful voice, he sang with the ever popular "Severns" and also participated in various religious activities. A real Southern gentleman throughout, "Hatch" would never fail to keep us smiling with his dry wit and friendly grin. Although an alumnus of the Air Force ROTC program in college, Wayne has switched his allegiance wholly to Navy and looks forward to taking his place in the Fleet upon graduation. Possessed with a dynamic personality and a generous heart, Wayne should find success in any endeavor which he undertakes.



*United States Naval Academy*



**JERRY RAY HAYNES**

Knightstown, Indiana

Jerry answered the call of the sea from Indiana after graduation from high school. Bringing with him an outstanding athletic record, he wasted no time in continuing this prominence here in intramural sports, much to the benefit of his battalion and company. A real advocate of the opposite sex, Jerry had a hard time sitting out Plebe year but managed to make it and then began his dragging career in earnest. It was a rare weekend that did not see this gay blade cavorting about the streets of Annapolis with some young lovely. His main hobby was star-gazing and he hopes to become a famous astronomer. But first he wants to go Navy line; he'll succeed with plenty of room to spare.

**ROBERT ERNEST HOLROYD**

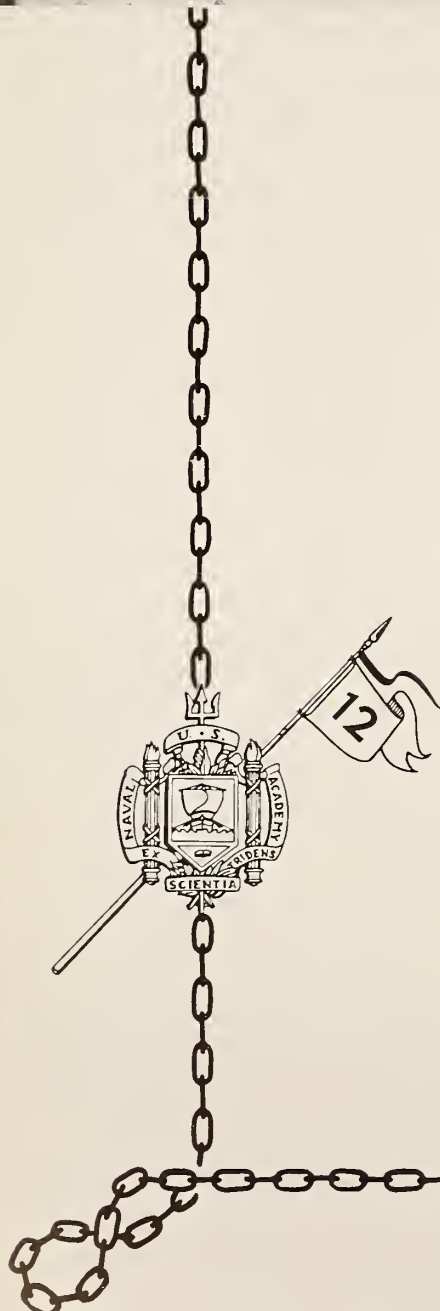
Ocean City, New Jersey

Bob was one of our "salts" who came to Navy via NAPS. During his stay on the Severn, he became acquainted with Hubbard Hall and since then, never seemed to be away from it very long. With his red hair, ready smile, and a joke for any occasion, Red soon became one of our favorite friends. Another of the more prolific draggers, he was well known for his many queens and he claims a record of sorts by dragging fourteen different girls during Second Class summer here. His ability to do a job right was always demonstrated during his four years as company representative. A future Navy pilot, Bob plans to find his way down to Pensacola after graduation.

**GUY McEACHIN HOUSTON, JR.**

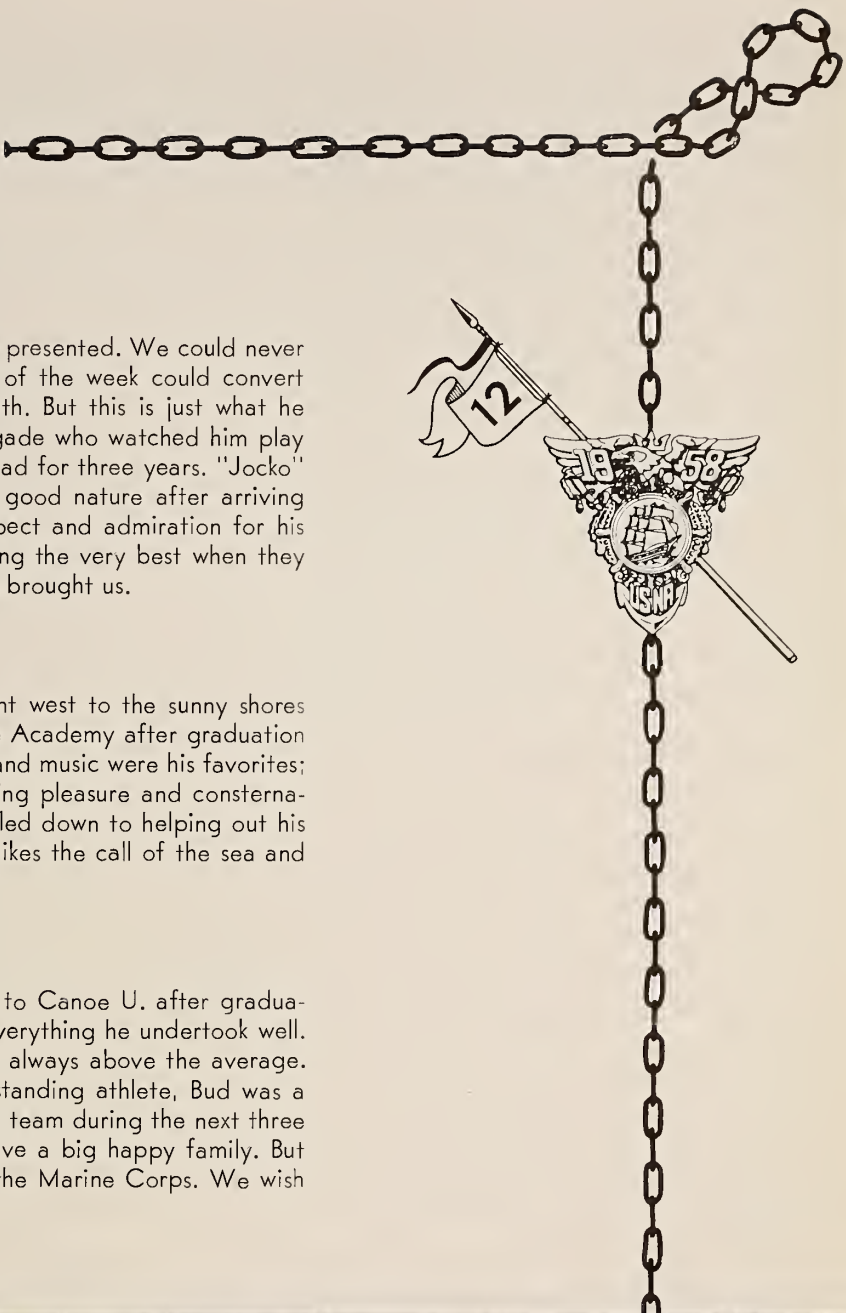
New Albany, Mississippi

Equipped with genial smile and Southern drawl, Sam blew in from way down south of the Mason-Dixon line ready to have a ball and make a million friends. Here was a fellow with a heart as big as a house; no favor was too big for him to do for a friend. He spread his multiplicity of talents into many fields, chief among which were the Concert Band and Varsity gym, picking up an "N" for his efforts in the latter activity. A good man with the books as well, Sam had no trouble in maintaining a good class standing, giving him plenty of time to drag frequently. With the well-rounded personality which was constantly on display to us, Guy is a good prospect for the service life, and will undoubtedly succeed no matter what choice he makes.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## PETER JOKANOVICH

Los Angeles, California

Here was a fellow who amazed us with the contrasts he presented. We could never understand how such a quiet, friendly person on six days of the week could convert himself to such a tough, slashing competitor on the seventh. But this is just what he did, to the continual delight of Eddie Erdelatz and the Brigade who watched him play such a devastating game at end for the Varsity football squad for three years. "Jocko" gained universal friendship due to his constant smile and good nature after arriving here from the Golden Coast and an equal amount of respect and admiration for his great ability and tremendous spirit. The Navy will be gaining the very best when they get Pete; we'll not forget him for all the thrills and smiles he brought us.

## HYLAN BENTON LYON JR.

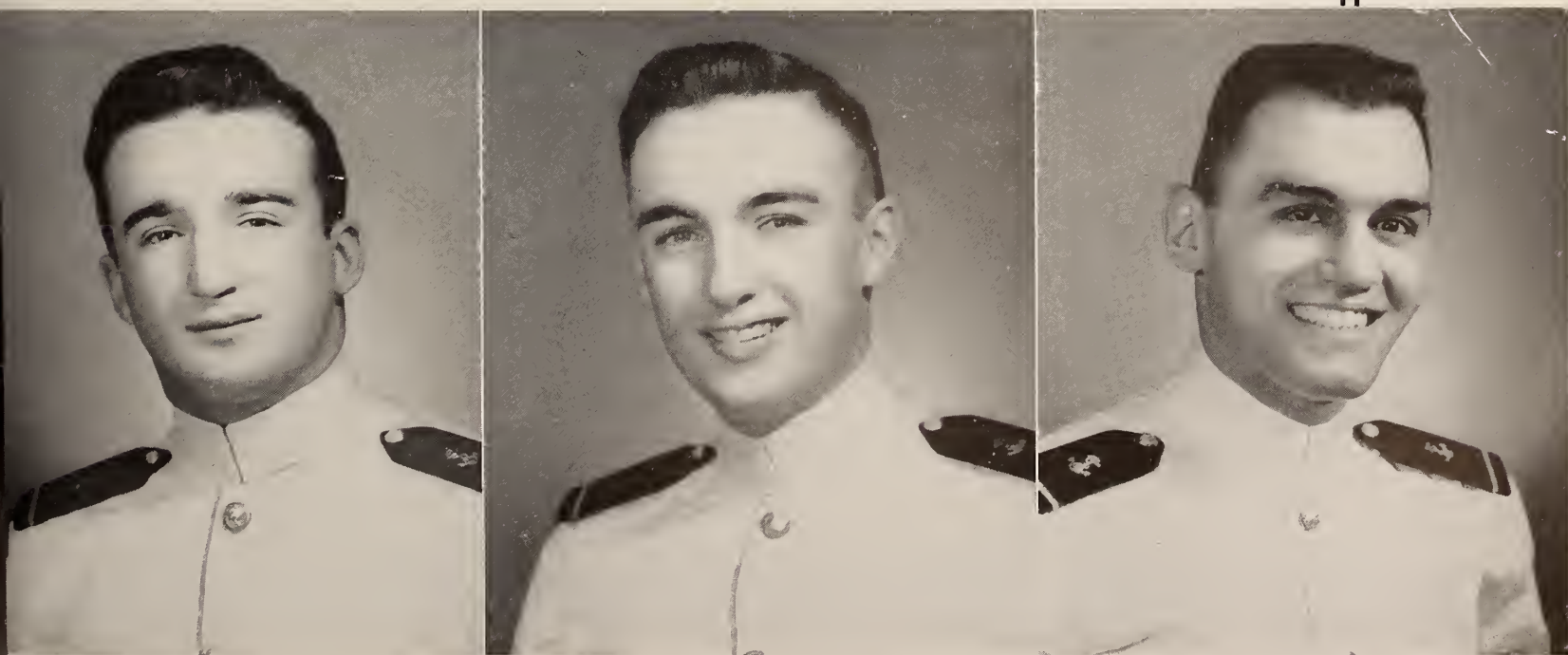
Santa Cruz, California

Hy, born in the cradle of all good naval officers, went west to the sunny shores and now claims the Golden State as home. He came to the Academy after graduation from high school to cast his lot with the Brigade. Basketball and music were his favorites; he and his guitar were almost inseparable, to the alternating pleasure and consternation of his wives. He played plebe basketball and then settled down to helping out his company and battalion teams with his sterling ability. Hy likes the call of the sea and will undoubtedly be at the conn of a can sometime soon.

## CHARLES HOWARD MANAZIR

Roslindale, Massachusetts

From the maritime state of Massachusetts, Bud came to Canoe U. after graduation from Boston Latin School. While here, he did almost everything he undertook well. Although he never quite managed to star, his grades were always above the average. At any rate, the books never bothered him much. An outstanding athlete, Bud was a stalwart of the Plebe football team and then of his battalion team during the next three years. He always said that his one ambition in life is to have a big happy family. But first he plans to go to Quantico and start his career with the Marine Corps. We wish him the best of everything always.





# United States Naval Academy

## MARTIN LIENTZ McCULLOUGH

Arlington, Virginia

Coming to Annapolis from the backhills around nearby Arlington, Marty, sometimes known as "Stoneface," was quick to adjust and soon had the life of Bancroft under control. During plebe year, he concentrated on athletics, playing football, and discovering those long racing shells. Quickly becoming adept in this latter pastime, he was never far away from the boathouse during the next four years. Always ready to lend a helping hand and a hard worker, Marty will follow in his father's footsteps toward a successful career in Navy line.

## WAYNE HARRISON McKEE

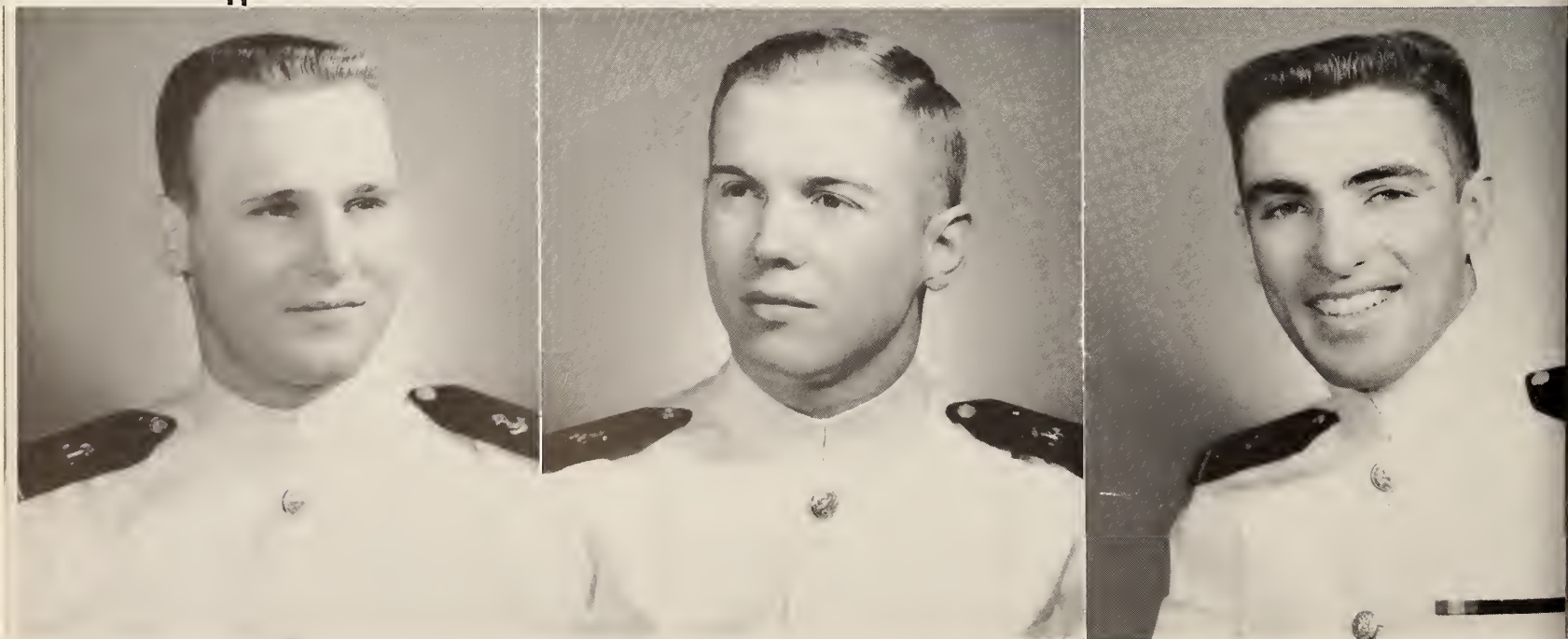
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Wayne came south from the suburbs of the steel mill city fresh from high school, bringing with him a great athletic ability. A year at Columbian Prep and in the Naval Reserve readied him to take everything in stride. His prowess on the sports field earned him major "N's" in football, where he started at end for two years, and lacrosse. Wayne always displayed more than his share of leadership abilities, as well as staying well ahead of the academic departments. Despite a busy schedule, he still found time to write to the perennial OAO, make many friends, and to lead spirited bull sessions about the merits of Pittsburgh. His ability and spirit will lead him far in his chosen career, that of wearing the golden wings of Navy air.

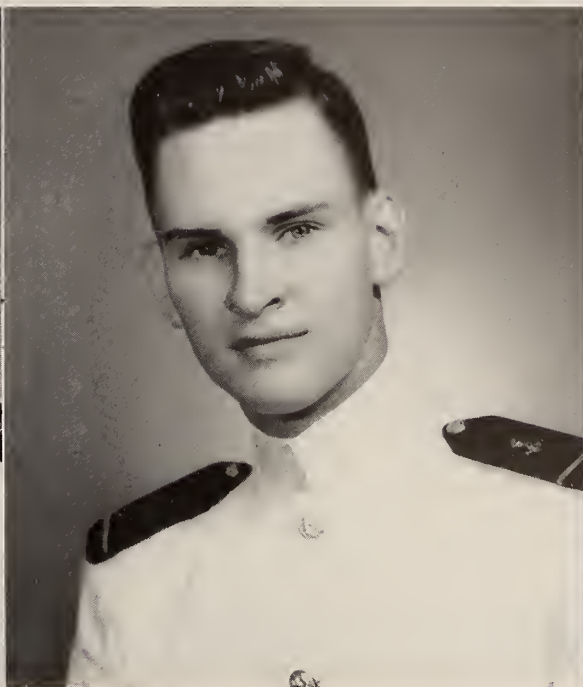
## ROBERT PAUL McNERGNEY

Sebetha, Kansas

After pledging Sigma Chi Fraternity and living a year of "college life," Paul discovered that such "plush" living was not for him—even in the far reaches of the Kansas plains, salt water had crept into his veins. After arriving at the Academy, Mac quickly settled down to business; in addition to beating the academic departments, he found time to play a good brand of intramural sports and to work with the staff of the **Trident**. Through a magnetic personality and friendly smile, Paul established quite a reputation among his classmates and especially the femmes. We predict a brilliant career for Paul as a Navy pilot.







**WILLIAM JOHN MEISEL**

Alton, Illinois

After spending most of his life in the wilds of New England, Bill switched allegiance to the Midwest. A year in the Marine Corps Reserve led him to nearby Columbian Prep and then the jump to Crabtown. Bill will be remembered best for the rugged brand of tackle that he played for the Varsity and will recall always the thrill of actually once scoring himself. When not on the gridiron, you could usually find him listening to some of his favorite music or shooting the breeze with one of his many friends. He managed to steer clear of any one girl, preferring to keep it on a "I like 'em all" basis. Bill plans to report for flight training at Pensacola after graduation; a lot of ability goes with him, along with the best of wishes from all those who knew him.

**ROBERT LEWIS MILLER**

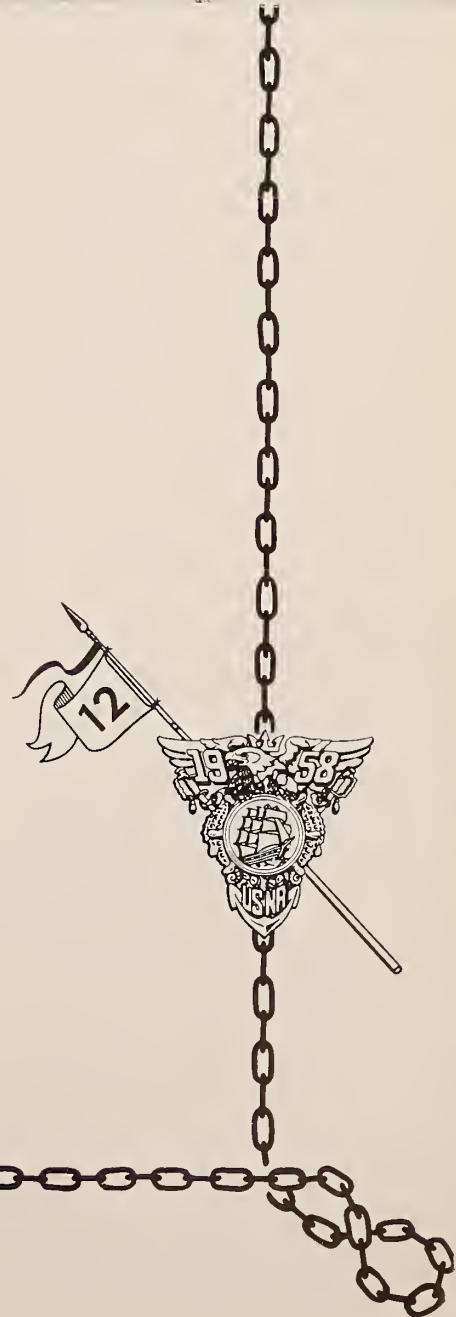
Van Nuys, California

Bob is one of those fellows who "went west" when the word was passed, and now claims California as the old stomping grounds. He arrived at Navy eagerly anticipating his new life which lasted until plebe year started. But managing to weather the storm, he settled down to study hard and enjoy the luxuries of upperclass life. Bob's favorite pastime was setting the alarm for 0515 which let him know that he had another hour left in which to sleep. Known to his classmates as "Ace," he attributed his nickname to his red hot squash playing, but we always wondered.

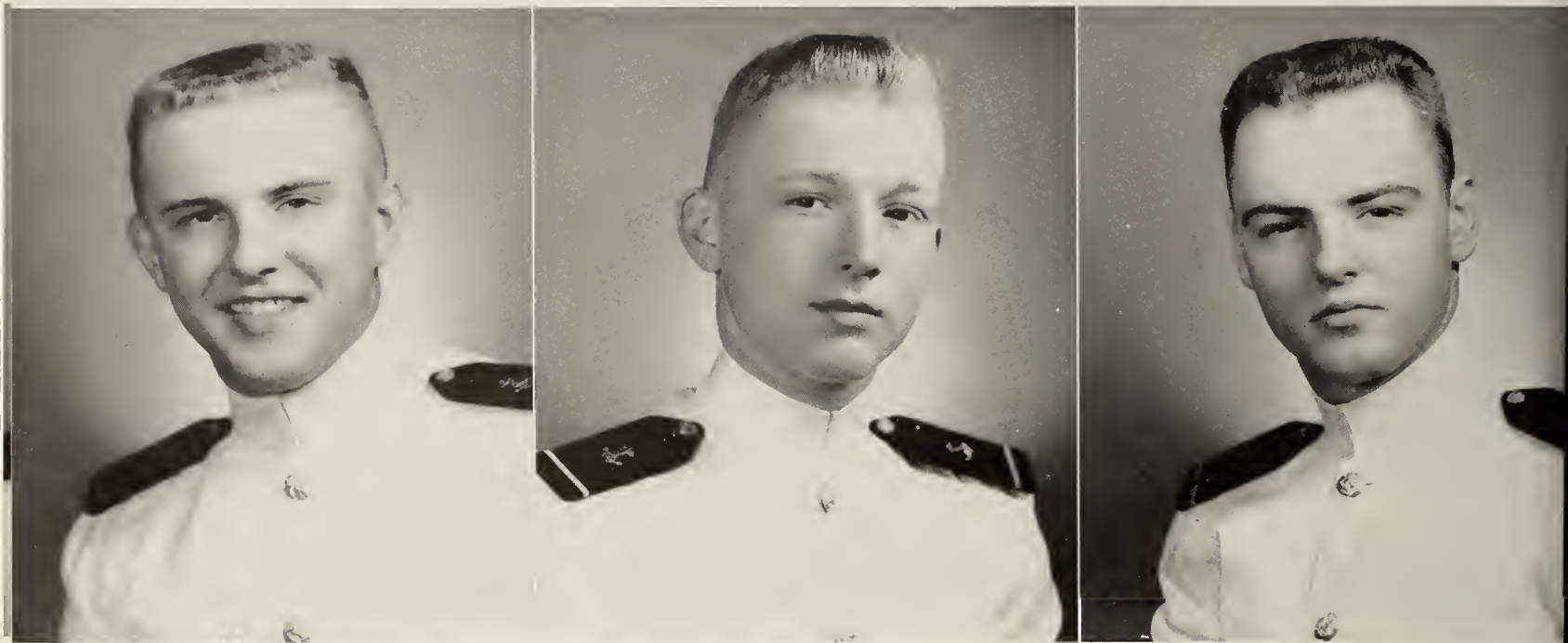
**WALTER FRANCIS MITCHELL**

Washington, D. C.

From out of the wilds of far off D. C. came Walt to sample the gay life of Middie-land. An alumnus of Gonzaga High and Sullivan Prep, he was well prepared for the onslaught of higher learning. His stay afforded Walt a pretty good time with only youngster steam threatening to do him in. He also made great contributions to intramural sports whenever his good right hand came out of its custom-built cast for a little exercise. A love for aviation and a high spirit should lead Walt to success in his quest for Navy wings and a life as a test pilot.



*United States Naval Academy*



**REID HUBERT OLSON**

Boomington, Minnesota

This fair-haired youth from Minnesota was a staunch member of the champion lightweight football team of Navy, and an active member of other Academy sport squads. Academics were a stumbling block to Reid only in his first semester of plebe year, and from there he went through Navy in a breeze. His likeable and friendly personality won him many friends during his stay on the Severn; his sharp military bearing always placed him high in the Brigade organization. The outstanding qualities of this big Swede will undoubtedly give the Marine Corps one of their best officers in the years to come.

**WILLIAM FULTON OMBERG**

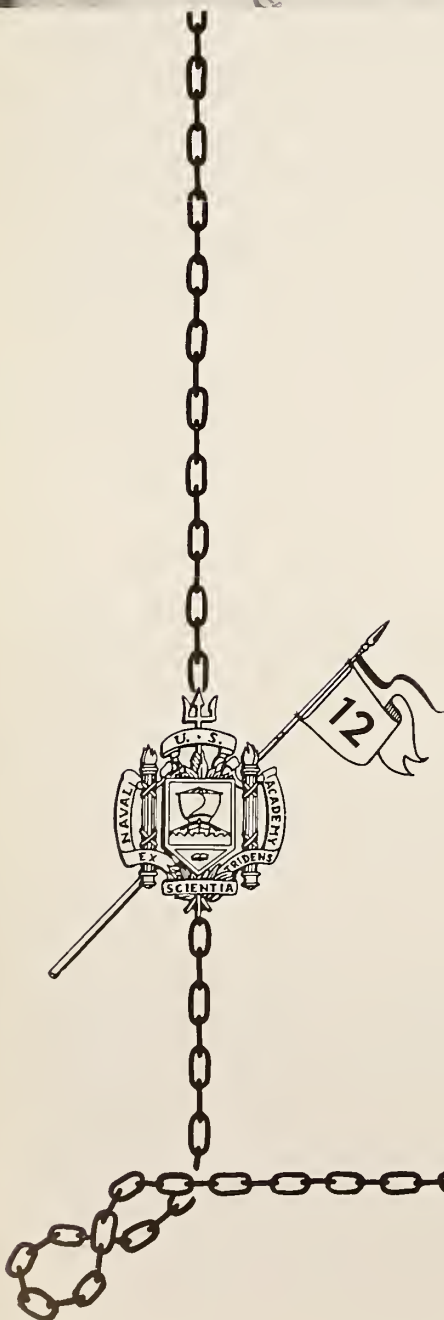
Mishawaka, Indiana

No one thought it strange when Bill claimed three different states as home; we all agreed that it must have taken all three to develop his ready wit. He was never known to be without a ready answer to any quip. His antics bordered on the legendary and were always steering to push even Philo McGiffen aside. His work on the company intramural squads always rated a well done; he was no real slouch with the books either. After two years of preferred Far Eastern duty in tin cans, Bill hopes to take his talents to New London. The Silent Service will be getting a truly fine and devoted officer.

**WESLEY ROBERT PHENEGAR, JR.**

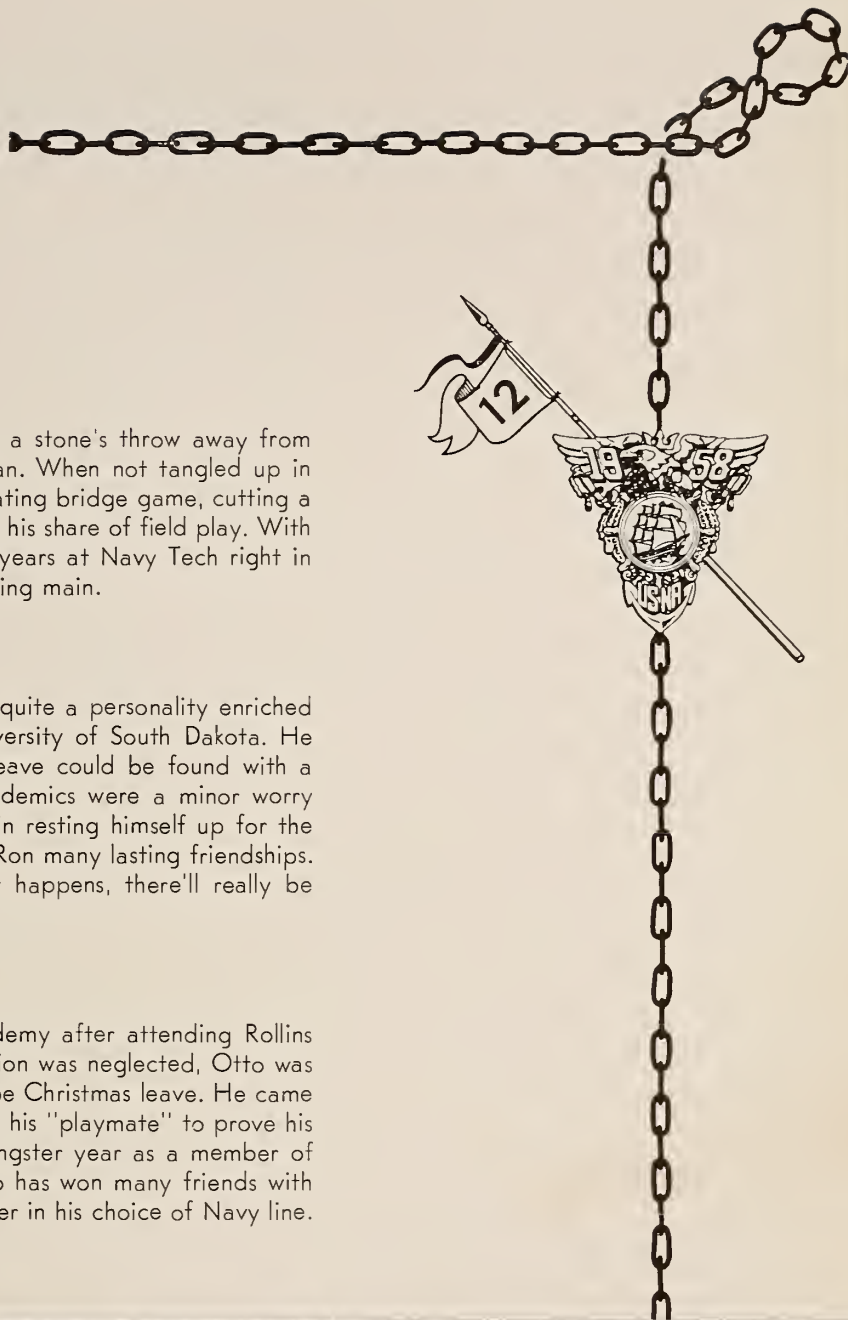
Chicago, Illinois

Wes blew in from the Windy City and breezed through Navy without any strain. During his four year hitch, he could be found mostly at Brigade Hop Committee and Ring Dance committee meetings or up in the wrestling loft. A star man from the start, he never worried much about academics. There was always plenty of time for dragging and he never missed a weekend. Wes left many things that he may be remembered by. His future career looks nothing but bright.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## ALLAN RACHAP

New York, New York

Al hailed from the land of the Yankees, in fact only a stone's throw away from Yankee Stadium; none the less, he was a stout Dodger fan. When not tangled up in the wiring of his hi-fi rig, he could usually be found in a floating bridge game, cutting a wicked caper with the sabre up in the fencing loft, or doing his share of field play. With a sharp mind and a friendly personality, Al took his four years at Navy Tech right in stride. Now it's off to sea and a long career on the bounding main.

## RONALD FISHER RANDALL

Mitchell, South Dakota

Blowing in from those fabled badlands, Ron brought quite a personality enriched by a year and a half of the Joe College life at the University of South Dakota. He always loved to play the role of playboy and when on leave could be found with a flashy T-bird complementing that famous Navy line. Academics were a minor worry for our "human Univac" and the week was usually spent in resting himself up for the weekend. An easy-going nature and friendly smile earned Ron many lasting friendships. We hope to see him someday as an admiral; when that happens, there'll really be some changes made.

## OTTO CLYDE RICE

Sarasota, Florida

Otto hailed from sunny Florida, coming to the Academy after attending Rollins College for one year. To be sure no element of his education was neglected, Otto was ordered to learn how to wrestle an alligator during his plebe Christmas leave. He came back from leave with a full report and a picture of him and his "playmate" to prove his story. In the way of sports, Otto won his "N" in his Youngster year as a member of the '56 National Championship dinghy sailing team. Otto has won many friends with his quiet good humor and is sure to have a rewarding career in his choice of Navy line.





# United States Naval Academy

## GORDON MARTIN SCHAAF

Madison, Wisconsin

The passageways of the fifth wing were greatly brightened during the last four years by this brilliant, friendly, and resourceful redhead. He was always characterized by a one-digit standing in academics, a high aptitude rating, and a love for the Navy with preference to flying. Gordy participated in Varsity fencing for three years, losing eligibility his last year due to fencing at the University of Wisconsin prior to entering the Academy. His outstanding popularity could be attributed to a bright smile, dynamic personality, and complete friendliness. He is a man that Mom Bancroft can justly be proud of having once within her fold.

## ALVIN VENABLE SKILES III

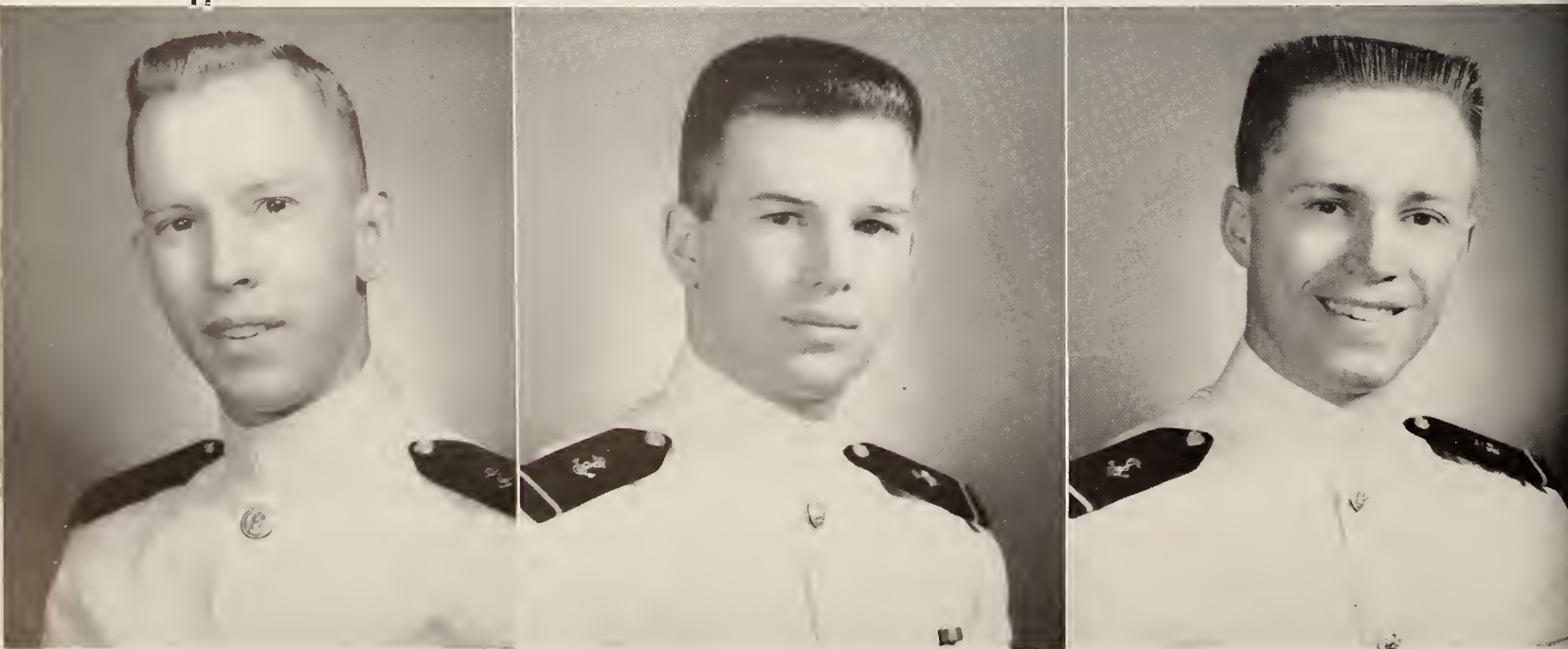
La Jolla, California

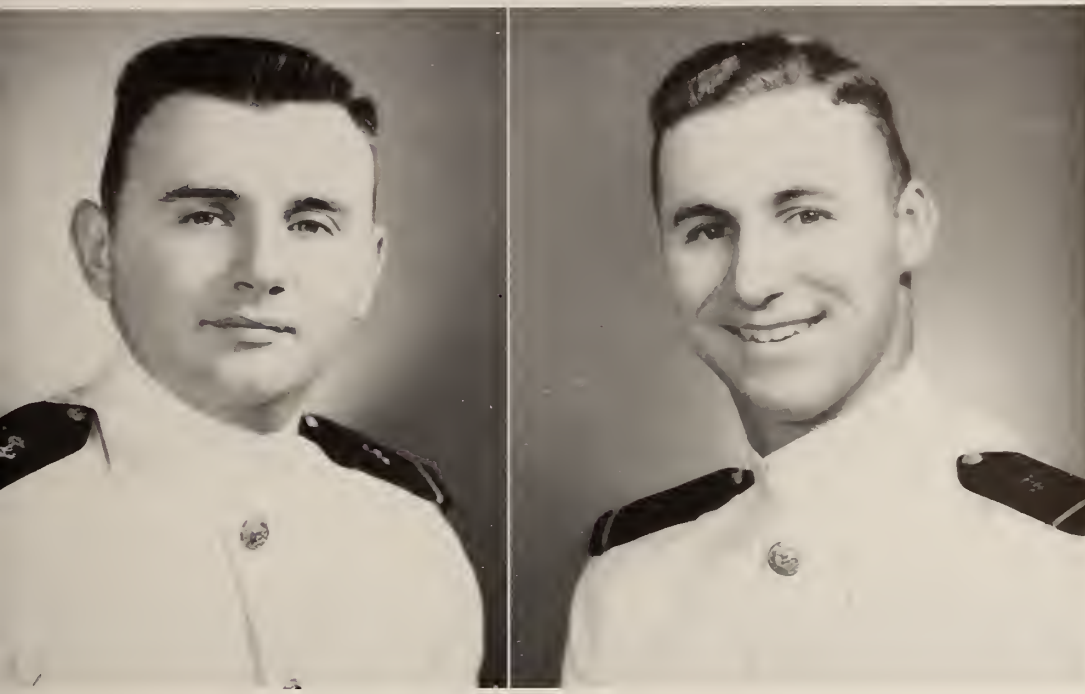
Al came in from the Golden Coast loaded for bear. His favorite conversation topics were Stanford and his experiences on the battle field of romance. Quite a ladies' man, he claimed devotees from Madrid to Oklahoma City to Palo Alto. His favorite sport was playing tennis; he swung a mean racquet and could usually be found beating someone out there. Academics proved to be not too hard for Al and he was constantly in the top third of his class. He's headed for submarines and eventual flag rank; his way of getting things done the right way the first time with a minimum of effort stamps him as a man to watch. Maybe we'll see him behind the CNO's desk someday.

## DENIS JAMES TAFT

Mitchell, South Dakota

Dennie left Northwestern Prep in Minneapolis to come east and take his long-desired spot with the "pampered pets." Settling down immediately to wreak havoc upon the academics, he shot to the very top part of the class and stayed there with little trouble. He played plebe squash and cross country and then satisfied himself with generally making life miserable for company opponents on the intramural fields. Thirteen months of previous reserve experience helped him get along with the military side of things. He's headed for Navy line and a long and distinguished career. There appear to be no limits to what he can do.





**JOHN HENRY VanNIMAN**

Dover, New Hampshire

Jack had to work awfully hard to make it through Navy Tech, but he always had what it took when the chips were down. In spite of many days at E.I., he always had a smile and a good word for everyone. His friendly personality made him a natural for the bartender role of post football game company parties. When it came to dragging he was no slouch, and he had his share of queens—and bricks. Jack may not have had many starring grades but his many friends will always remember him as a 4.0 person.

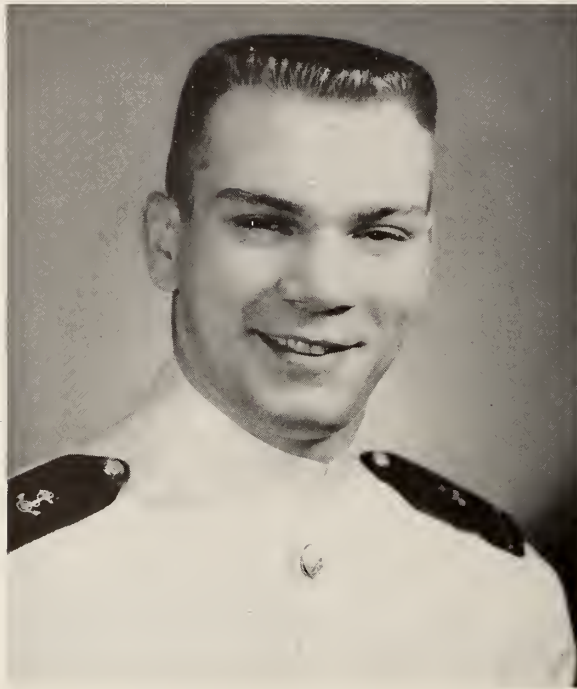
**PAUL LEROY WEITFLE, JR.**

Wayne, Pennsylvania

The City of Brotherly Love claimed this Army brat as its own. Arriving at USNAVY after one year with the Naval Reserve and one year in the NROTC at the University of Pennsylvania, Paul found the military life to his liking, and settled down to a pleasant four years on the Severn. From the first, he showed disdain for academics letting them fall as they may. His only enthusiasm was for Navy and for writing letters to the OAO. Paul plans to go straight Navy line until the gold wears off, and then settle down and spend the rest of his life watching his kids grow up.



*United States Naval Academy*



#### DALE ALLEN WESTBROOK

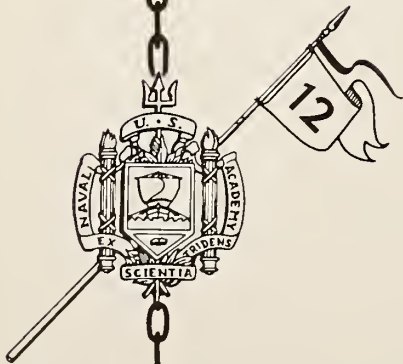
Rossville, Georgia

Only a few months after reporting to the Naval Academy, Dale proved that the precedent established by his older brother was not to be ignored. In four years Dale made many friends throughout the Brigade with his Georgia drawl and quick smile. These likeable characteristics also made him a popular ladies' man in Annapolis, on the East Coast, and in cruise ports abroad. During sports seasons each year, Dale was kept outside by battalion football and lacrosse, but in spite of these and other activities, his academic average was always high enough to make the coveted Superintendent's List. A career in naval aviation and the eventual rank of admiral lie ahead for Dale.

#### BRUCE ALAN WILCOX

Dearborn, Michigan

From a suburb of Detroit, Bruce made his way to Navy Tech. He showed very well in his academics here although not quite reaching a star grade. Bruce was known for his bounce on the parade field and his gay abandon on liberty. Intramural sports took up much of his spare time; however, during the spring he could be found on the Varsity tennis courts covering the matches for the Public Relations Committee. The Silent Service will be blessed with a very capable officer in Bruce, who will serve his country and our Navy well.



*United States Naval Academy*



*Left to right: First row—Ruth, Erickson, Hammond, Young, Poole, Hudgins, Vandeputte, Sapp, Haley, Casasanto. Second row—Cain, Glaeser, Leeds, Starck, Lackey, Palmer, Batts, Schoneman, Fernow. Third row—Davis, Hamilton, Calhoun, Knox, Habermas, Yeager, Osgood, Richman. Fourth row—Wilderman, Braman, Leonard, Riley, Ligon, Shiels, Logie. Fifth row—Wright, Jesberg.*



*Left to right: First row—Burns, Myers, Wycoff, Young, Dimsdale, Meredith, DeLude, Batchelor. Second row—Bell, Turner, Mercer, Shugart, Jenkins, Harris, Shea Sharp, Calvert. Third row—Wheeler, Butler, Swaverly, Maguder, Ryder, Ramsey, Dunne, Keys. Fourth row—Falk, Parcels, Rentfro, Brenton, Baker, Thames, Bailey.*



*Left to right: First row—Joyner, Rauenzahn, Hodde, Sullivan, Lewis, Kreuger, Anderson, Kleban, Sanders, Freeland. Second row—McCain, Rowe, Dean, Jowers, Learued, Williams, Gundrum, Farber, McManemin. Third row—R. C. Smith, Maybach, Gollahon, Spaulding, Johnson, W. J. Smith, Zimmerman, Ernst. Fourth row—O'Dea, Chadwick, Kraus, Gregg, Melenzyer, Keesey, Landin. Fifth row—J. M. Smith, Bowser, Dugan, Deman, Thompson, Burgard.*



*Fall Set. Left to right—Scott, Bredbeck, Degnan, McNutt, Conery, Foley, Watts.*



## *Second Regiment*



*Winter Set. Left to right—Wood, Gray, Schenck, Weir, King, Reed, Owens.*







Cdr. Raymond Wiggins, USN  
*Battalion Officer*

The Fourth Battalion . . . took over the Second Wing . . . spoke French . . . led by Commander Wiggins . . . famous for lightweight and battalion football championships . . . had some big stripers . . . a lot of characters . . . some pretty good preference numbers . . . usually a good performance in anything . . . had to walk a mile to get anywhere in Bancroft Hall . . . remember "Nails"? . . . usually had a good time.

## *Fall Set*



*Fall Set.* Left to right—Mansfield, Steckler, Holland, Barbero, Davis, Vaughan.

## *Winter Set*



*Winter Set.* Left to right—Pierce, Kornegay, Hanson, Hofstedt, Doty, Stephenson.

# *Fourth Battalion*



Lt. T.F. Rush, USN  
Company Officer

Terrible Thirteen—where else could you find such an assortment of characters and everything else that went with them? They told us in the beginning, so long ago, that this place bred personalities, and before many moons had passed, this group was living proof of the fact. The first three years were patiently lived through, waiting for the big day when we would take over the conn of Thirteen. When June Week of '57 finally did roll around, we were ready in every respect.

Things started out with a bang as the "Grand Hombre" took charge on the P-rade field, and we battled it out for last place in infantry competition. One by one, the endless days passed—Army game,

## *Thirteenth Company*



*Fall Set. Left to right—Guthman, Caughman, Hoch, Powell, Martella, Matheson.*



*Winter Set. Left to right—Hardy, Merry, Moran, Pulling, Booriakin, Izard.*

Christmas, exams, term papers, Spring Leave, June Week, and finally the biggest day of our lives. We'll remember the days at Usnay with fonder memories than most, the friends we made, and the times we had—Ensign O'Toole, Sleepy, and Hot Dawg . . . Herb with his pleasant word to all . . . VADM, Inc. . . . Blackie and his dream convertible . . . the Deacon and his Fabulous Few . . . the animals in the Fourth Wing . . . "Mucho Cabeza" and Robbie . . . those we had to leave behind, but will never forget . . . Vince and his friend Bill . . . and all the rest as well. It's been great with '58. We've had four years together, some days good, some not so good, but days that we'll remember for the rest of our lives.



**MILO RICHARD BERAN**

Cincinnati, Ohio

After three years as a Phi Delt at Miami University of Ohio, "the Deacon" at first found it difficult to adapt himself to the rigors of life at Navy Tech. The change was made easier, however, by his participation in tennis, intramural football, and softball, and lending his voice to the choir. A very close call in calculus never phased Milo as he continued his favorite pastimes of sketching and listening to the Four Freshmen without fail. He will be remembered for his numerous escapades, the result of many of which found him walking hours of E.D. His easygoing personality and ability to get along with anyone promise a good future in Navy line.

**WALTER ANDREW BOORIAKIN**

Norfolk, Virginia

At the age of fourteen, Walt came to the United States from China and ultimately decided to answer the call of the sea. He came to the Academy equipped with a knowledge of the Russian language that soon had his classmates and professors both agog. He will always be remembered by less fortunate classmates for his frequent and helpful E.I. sessions. He became very active in the Russian Club, over which he later presided. During his leisure hours, Walt could always be found tinkering with his radio or listening to his favorite music. A love for the Navy and great ability will make him a strong asset to the Fleet.

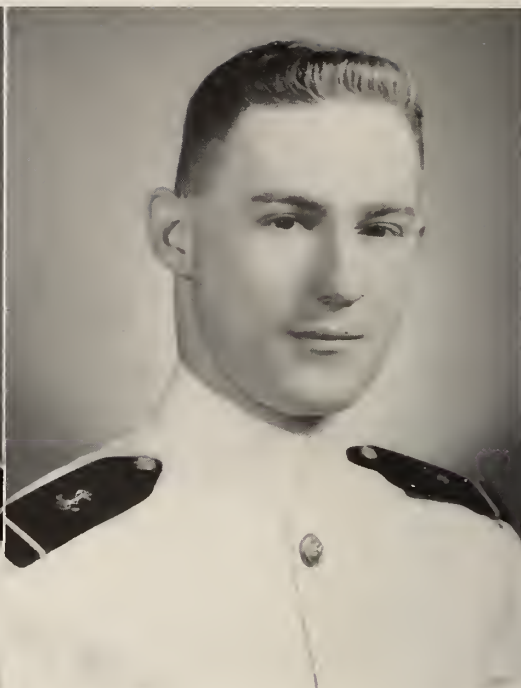
**ARTHUR VINCENT BROADY**

Glassboro, New Jersey

From the little town of Glassboro came Vince to begin his life in the Navy. He must have liked what he saw as he settled down for four years of hard work and little play. Being a true scholar, Vince spent a lot of time with the books and was rewarded with better than average grades. During his stay on the Severn, he was very active in religious activities as well as lacrosse and crew. With his determination and hard work, Vince looks like a good bet in whatever service he chooses.



*United States Naval Academy*



**HARRY WAY BROWN, III**

Ogden, Utah

Harry came to the Naval Academy from the salt flats of Utah, where he graduated from Ogden High School. His main interest at Navy was writing, and the **Trident** Magazine was graced with many of his efforts. Company soccer and field-ball were his main athletic interests and his participation greatly strengthened these teams. A constant desire to be a good student led him to good marks during his four years and a profound knowledge of professional subjects. His humor and ability to add greatly to a good bull session made him a good companion and welcome ship-mate anywhere.

**JAMES BANKSTON CAUGHMAN, JR.**

Columbia, South Carolina

From the deep South and Clemson College, Jack found his way to Navy Tech. Military life posed no problem to him since he had previously learned to shine shoes and handle an M-1 well at Clemson. Academics never troubled Jack, and it wasn't long before he had earned the reputation of being the biggest radiator squad member in the company. Our cruises taught him the fine art of sleeping in any position, an ability he never lost. His quick wit and warm smile soon earned him many lasting friends. The service will get a good man when this rebel takes his place there.

**FRANCIS ALOYSIUS CONERY, III**

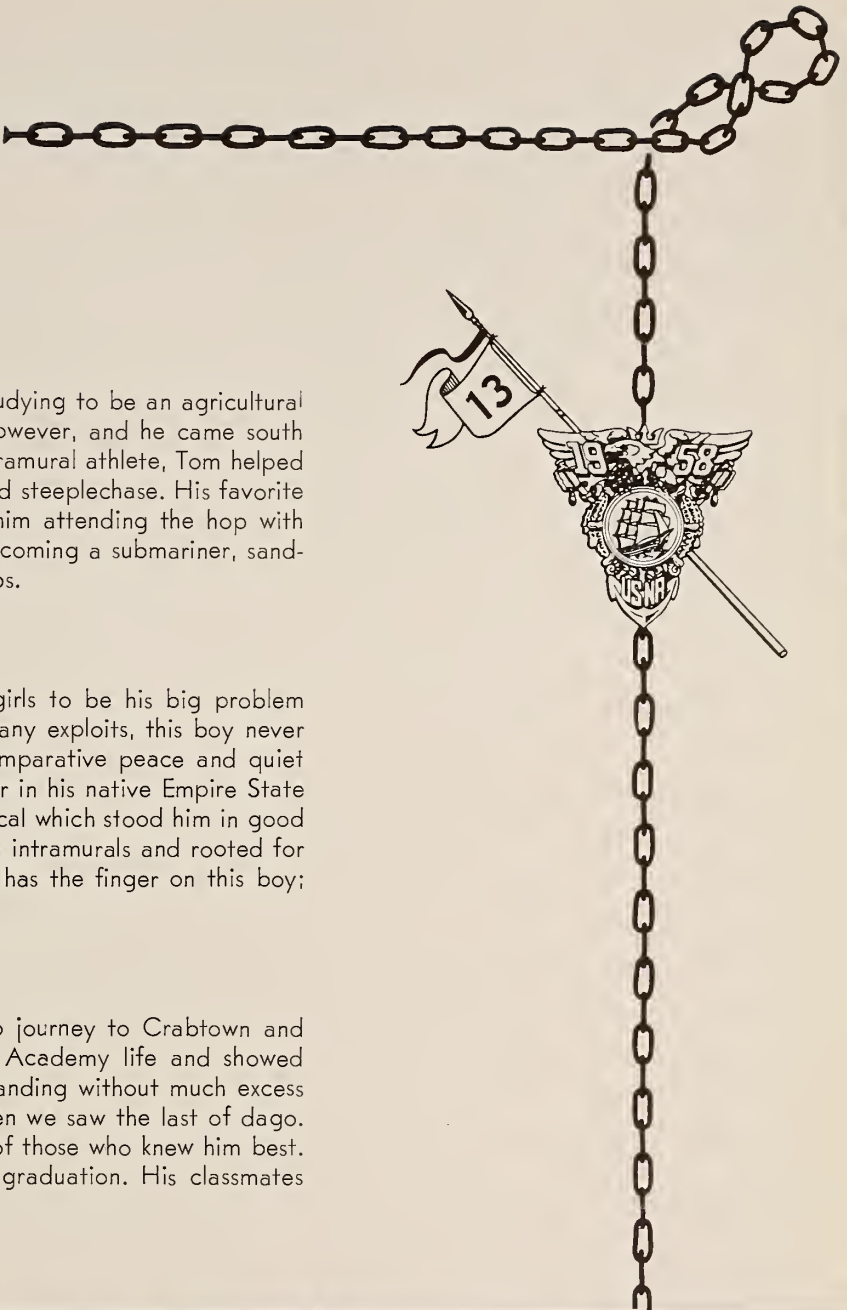
Worcester, Massachusetts

With a Congressional appointment tucked in his pocket, Frank found his way down the coast from New England and St. John's High to our fair shores. An avid soccer player and bowler, Frank was a valuable asset to these battalion squads. His favorite pastime was reading, and he had the remarkable asset of being able to read an entire bull lesson in a few minutes before hitting the pad. His determination and congeniality were well known, and his friendliness made him welcome company at any time.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## THOMAS FRANCIS DEGNAN, II

Meriden, Connecticut

Tom spent a year at the University of Connecticut studying to be an agricultural engineer. His interests soon changed from land to sea, however, and he came south to Mother Bancroft to seek a new education. An active intramural athlete, Tom helped out greatly in battalion swimming and company softball and steeplechase. His favorite pastime was dragging, and nearly every weekend found him attending the hop with one of the best. Upon graduation, he has aspirations of becoming a submariner, sandwiched in among several overdue hunting and fishing trips.

## THOMAS GLADDING, JR.

Roslyn, New York

"Stroke," the non-athletic oarsman, considered the girls to be his big problem at Navy. With trying to drag two at a time among his many exploits, this boy never had a dull moment on weekends and should enjoy the comparative peace and quiet of post-graduation experiences. A life spent near the water in his native Empire State bred in the "Stroker" a fine appreciation of all things nautical which stood him in good stead at the Trade School. Sportswise, he did well with the intramurals and rooted for any team playing the Dodgers. It appears that Navy line has the finger on this boy; the two should get along famously.

## ROBERT GRAY

Mt. Kemble Lake, New Jersey

"Red" gave up the good old days in New Jersey to journey to Crabtown and take his place in the Brigade. He soon settled down to Academy life and showed himself to be an able student, maintaining a good class standing without much excess strain. His sighs of relief were long and loud, however, when we saw the last of dago. An ability to get along well put "Red" in the high esteem of those who knew him best. He hopes to obtain the golden wings of Navy air upon graduation. His classmates wish him the happiest of landings always.





# United States Naval Academy

## STEPHEN FRED GUTHMAN

Norwalk, Connecticut

Steve arrived at Gate Three after two and one-half years in the Navy and a corresponding status of one of our old salts. Previous training at the University of Connecticut plus an able mind put him in good stead with the academic departments, giving him a lot of time to devote to company sports and to make more friends. A keen sense of humor and great sincerity of purpose made Steve very popular in the Brigade and with the femmes. He looks forward to graduation and a pair of ensign's shoulder boards in order to return to the "tin can" Navy. Remembering Steve's determination and ability, we wish him the best of luck in the future years, even though he probably will not need too much.

## RAY STERLING HARDY, JR.

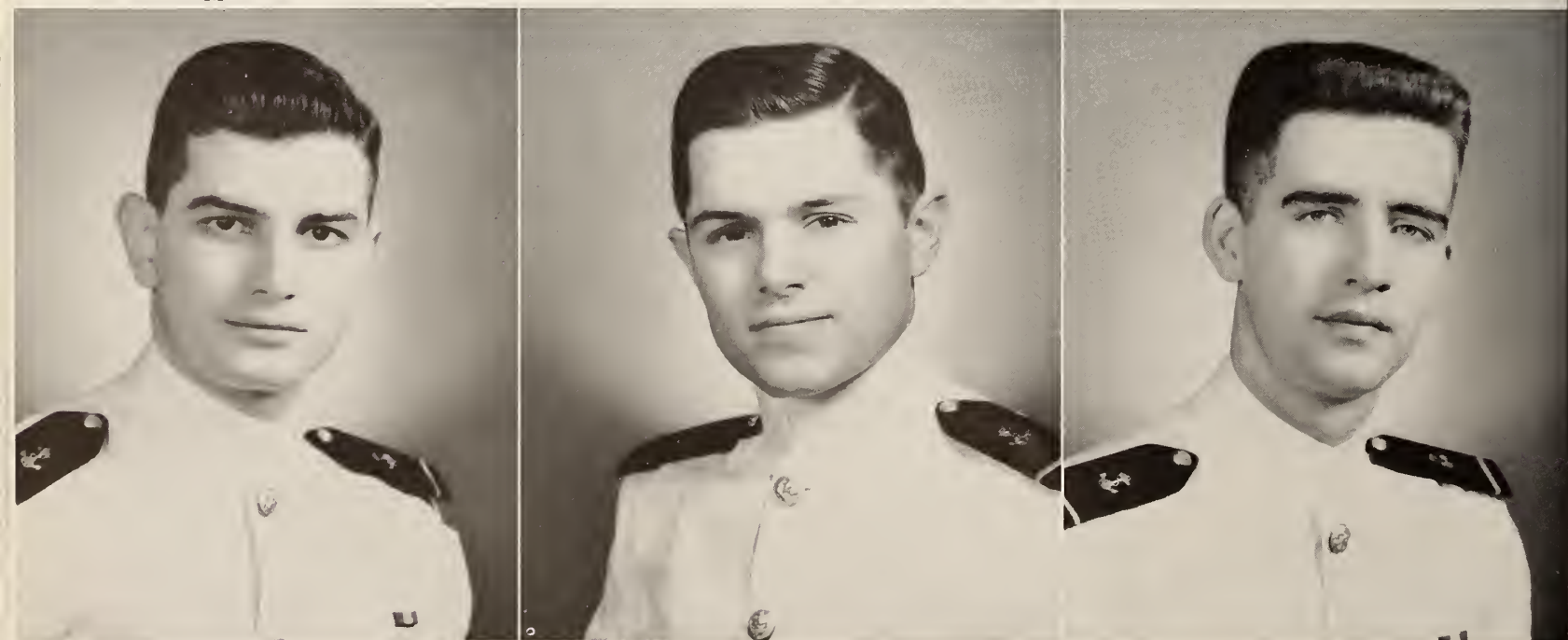
Minneapolis, Minnesota

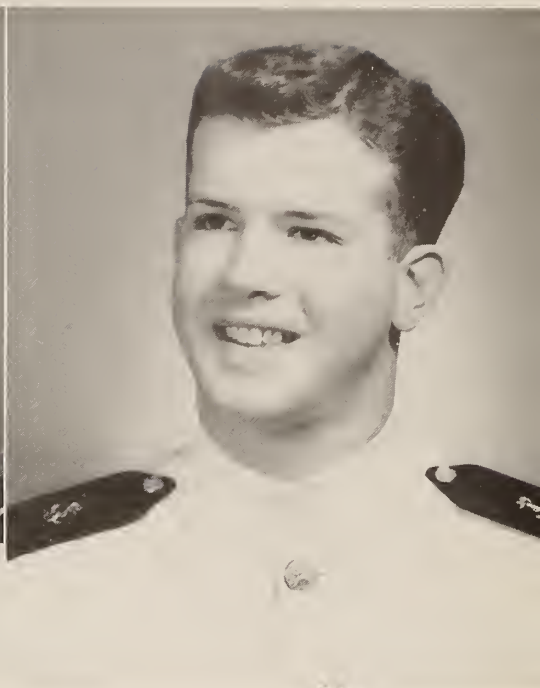
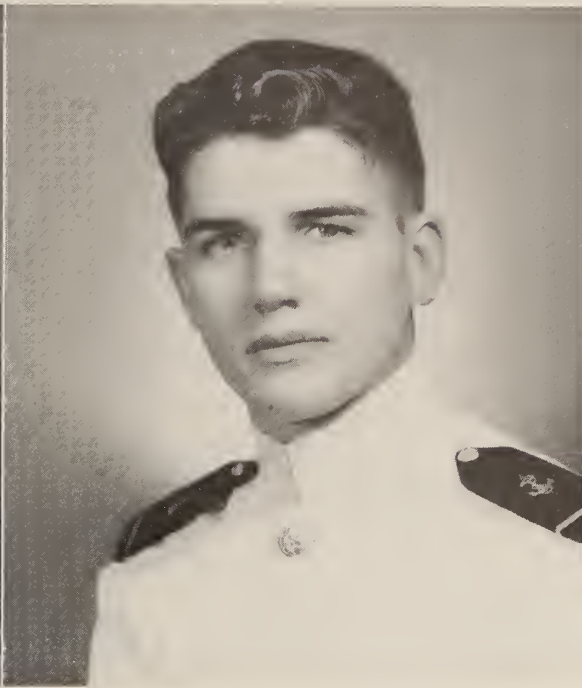
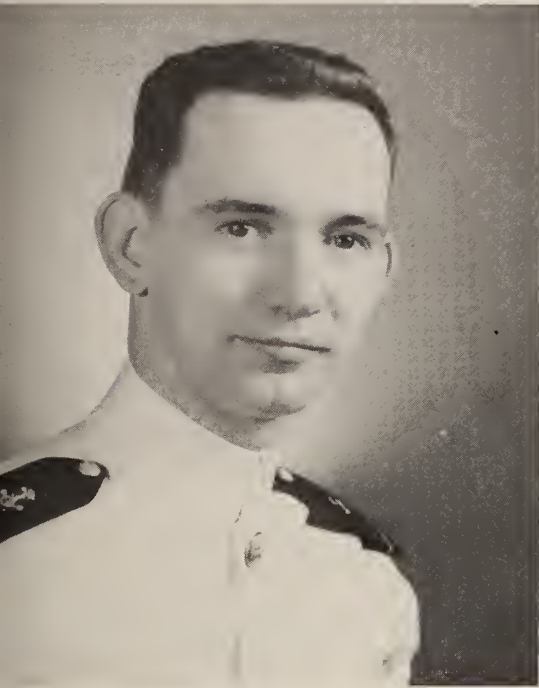
In the summer of '54, Mike bade farewell to the social life at the University of Minnesota and launched himself on his Naval career. The only problem that continually confronted him was how to get his crest back in order to pin another "fair damsel." A true sailor, Mike usually spent the weekends skippering the "Highland Light" around the Chesapeake. A friendly smile and his interest in others were a sign of his tireless activities. Caught by the Blue and Gold spirit, Mike should reach great heights in the Navy.

## JAMES EDWARD HOCH

Des Moines, Iowa

Hailing from the fair land of corn, Jim entered the Academy directly from Dowling High School in Des Moines. This jump proved no hindrance in the field of academics for he was always able to hold his own and then some. Known to everyone as "J.E." or "Hotchie," he always possessed a big smile which matched a perpetual sense of humor. Famous for the amount of time spent in the pad, "J.E." nevertheless found time to show his ability on the basketball court. Jim should find success in whatever he attempts and will make good in the "tin can" fleet as a very able officer.





**JAMES IZARD**

Burlington, Vermont

From the snow covered hills of Vermont came this friendly, smiling character to brighten up the passageways of Mother Bancroft. Jim's numerous antics made him a popular man and his battles with both the flying squadron and the Executive Department will be long remembered. Bull was almost his downfall and it afforded "Izzey" his only trying moments. If you couldn't find him on the intramural field, then you knew that he could be seen on the faithful Blue Dragon. A certainty to succeed in future life, "Izzey's" love for a good time will assure him and his friends many happy hours.

**ROBERT ROACH KORNEGAY**

Centreville, Alabama

Bob came north after a year of civil engineering at the University of Alabama, ready to set all the Yankees straight on who really won the Civil War. His pre-Academy "book-larnin" helped him breeze through the academics and enabled Bob to spend a lot of his time in which to elaborate on the glories of his beloved Dixie and to help the lightweight football team win a couple of championships. His slow drawl and cheerful smile will long be remembered by his classmates; we wish him the very best of everything in his quest for Navy wings.

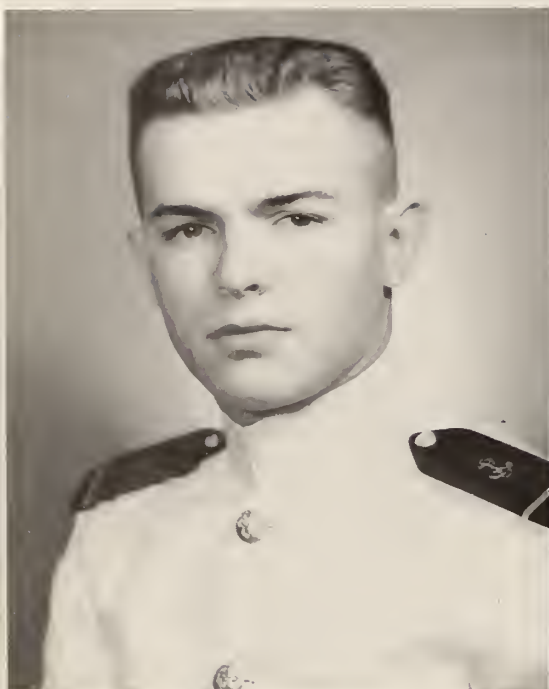
**ROBERT EARL LANE**

Walhalla, South Carolina

Known as a man who liked to run his classmates more than plebes, Bob was never without an appropriate comment for every occasion. A year at Clemson College in South Carolina helped him through academics but his battles with the system were long and varied. He never let anything bother him, though, and his big smile and sharp wit helped to while away those long hours during the Dark Ages. An easygoing nature blended perfectly with determination and ability will take Bobby far in the future.



*United States Naval Academy*



**JOSEPH SEABORN MANSFIELD, JR.**

North Augusta, South Carolina

Joe arrived in Annapolis ready for "Plebe Year Bravo" after a year at the Citadel down in Dixieland. Military life was never a problem for this Southern gentleman, and he soon settled down to make many friends and to become highly regarded by both his superiors and classmates. Known as a man with a discriminating eye for the latest in styles, Joe was continuously depleting his monthly insult by enlarging his civilian wardrobe. He's a sure bet for a successful service career; we wish him the best of everything in the years ahead.

**ALEX ANTHONY MARTELLA, JR.**

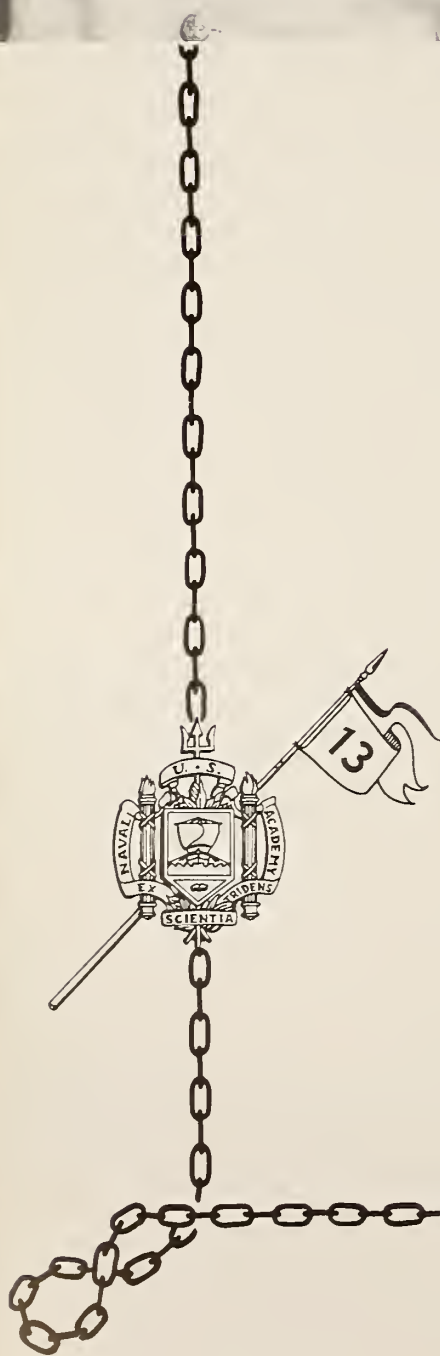
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

After prepping a year at nearby Bullis, "Ax" came our way from the heart of the steel country. He learned the art of squash before coming to Navy and soon proved his ability by greatly helping the Varsity squad. A star man only in dragging, "Ax" had big troubles with the books, especially in skinny, but through hard work managed to pay the rent. His main ambition now that it is all over is to retire his slide rule in a gold case as a memento of a hard-earned victory. Welcome company in any situation, "Ax" is certain to gain future success.

**JOHN WHITMAN MATHESON**

Bristol, Rhode Island

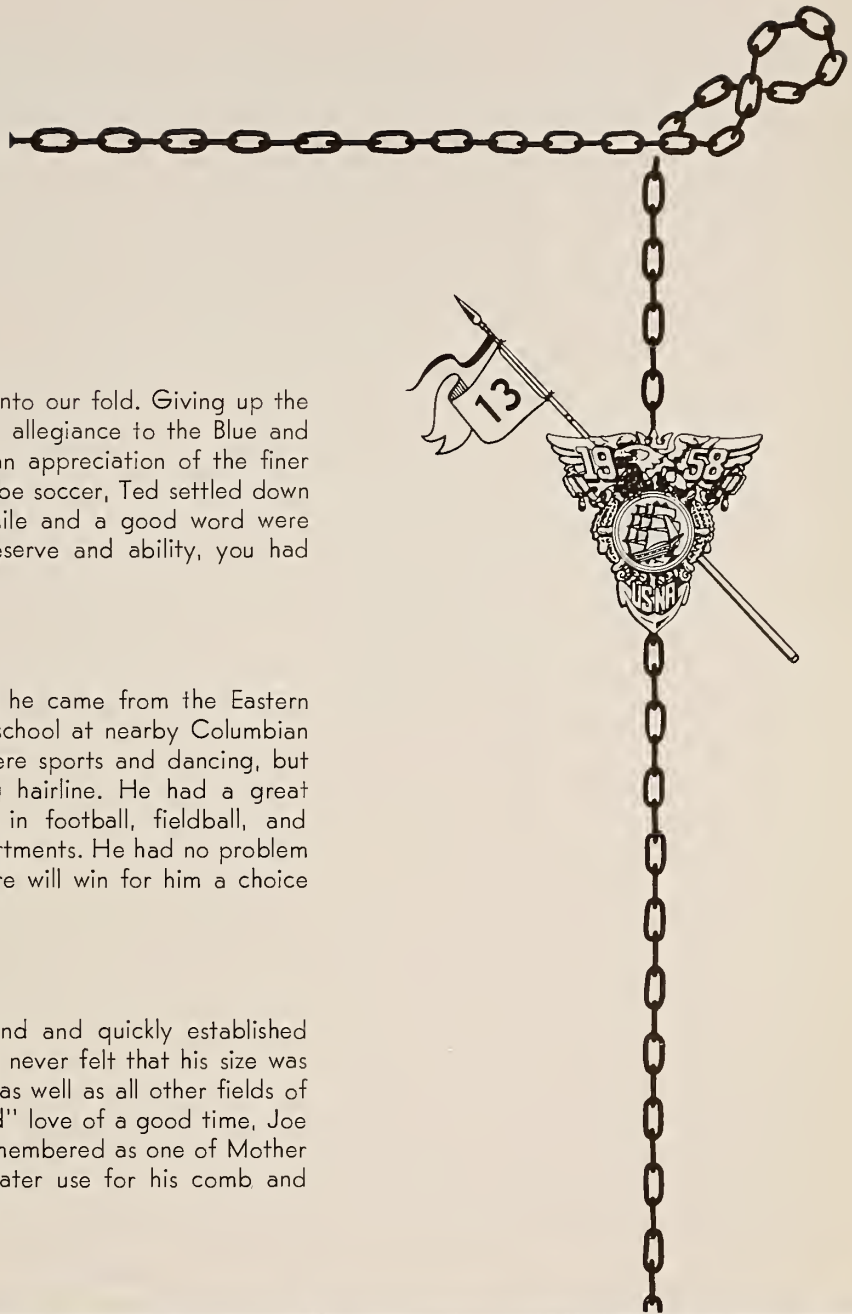
A shell fisherman in his high school days, Jack came from a long line of seafarers along the coast of Rhode Island. Jack played football during plebe year and then settled down to hit the books and enjoy himself. Putting his seafaring upbringing to use, Jack turned to sailing and became a top-notch hand on the "Highland Light." The Navy is getting an "old salt" when Jack joins the Fleet upon graduation.



*United States Naval Academy*



# United States Naval Academy



## THEODORE ROBERT MERRY

Atlanta, Illinois

One of the old men among us, Ted barely made it into our fold. Giving up the gentle life at a midwestern college, he decided to switch allegiance to the Blue and Gold and came to USNA. His background gave him an appreciation of the finer things of life and he got along very well. After playing plebe soccer, Ted settled down to intramural sports and working with the **Trident**. A smile and a good word were his trademark and putting this together with a quiet reserve and ability, you had quite a guy.

## HERBERT MOLL

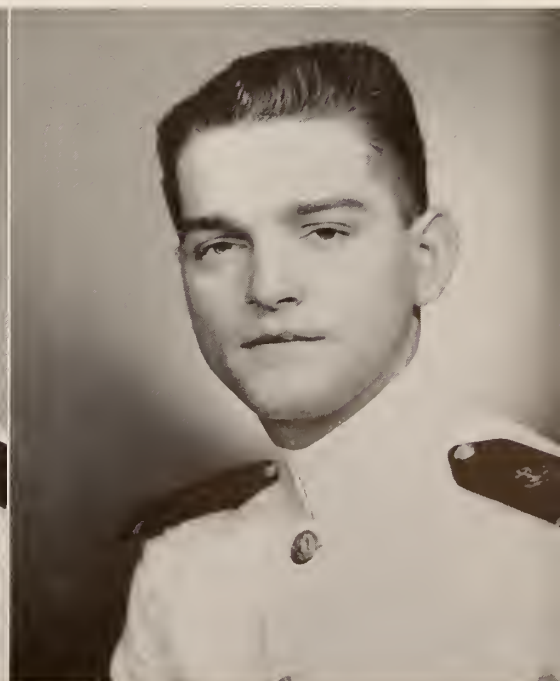
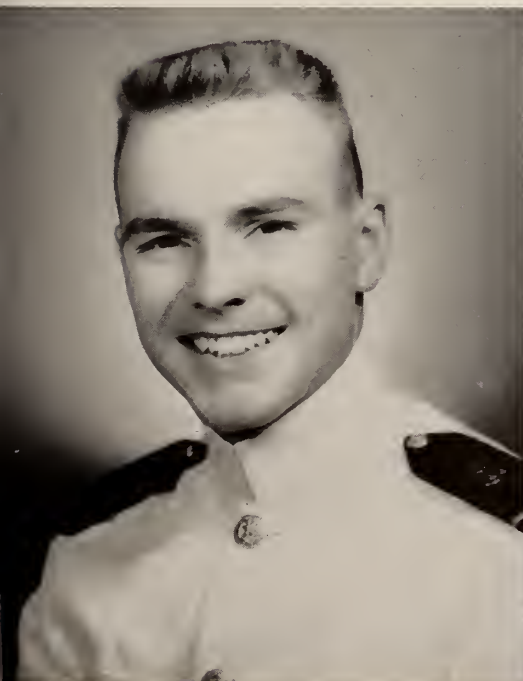
Laurel, Delaware

Herb's journey to Navy was but a short one, since he came from the Eastern Shore. He came to Mother Bancroft via a year of prep school at nearby Columbian Prep. Herb had many favorite pastimes, among which were sports and dancing, but his chief activity seemed to be watching that receding hairline. He had a great desire to win, and this quality was put to good use in football, fieldball, and lacrosse, as well as the encounters with the academic departments. He had no problem which could not be quickly solved. Herb's drive and desire will win for him a choice spot on the Navy team.

## FRANCIS JOSEPH MORAN, JR.

Greenwich, Connecticut

Joe came our way from high school in New England and quickly established himself as short in stature but long in everything else. He never felt that his size was a handicap and consistently proved this on athletic fields as well as all other fields of endeavor. With a friendly personality and the typical "mid" love of a good time, Joe was welcome company in any situation. He'll always be remembered as one of Mother Bancroft's finest amateur barbers; perhaps he will find later use for his comb and clippers. Here is a fellow who should go far in future years.





# United States Naval Academy

## VINCENT ANDREW PANAI

Ambridge, Pennsylvania

Vince came to the Academy from William Penn's home state via a year at Bullis Prep. His sincere friendship and warm sense of humor soon was to win him the loyalty of his classmates; this was shown by his election to the vice-presidency of the class. As a member of the Plebe football team, he showed his worth and later moved up to the Varsity. Always a man of excellent tastes, he was soon the envy of his friends with his good looking drags. With so many attributes, it is hard to see Vince anywhere except at the top.

## JAMES FREDERICK PATTERSON

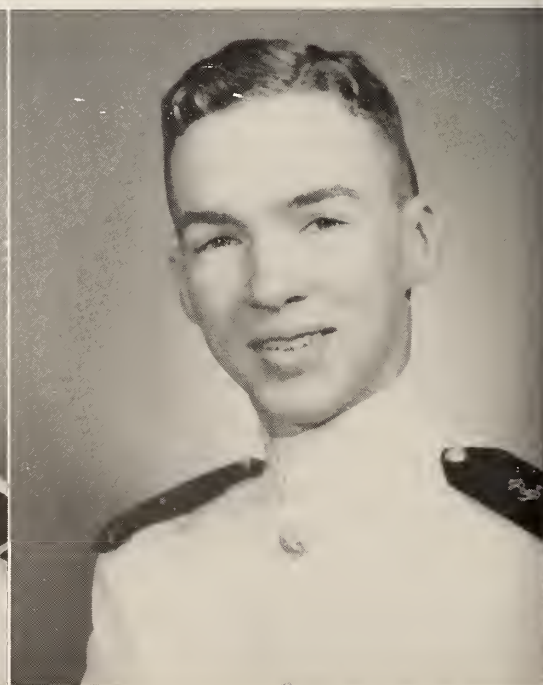
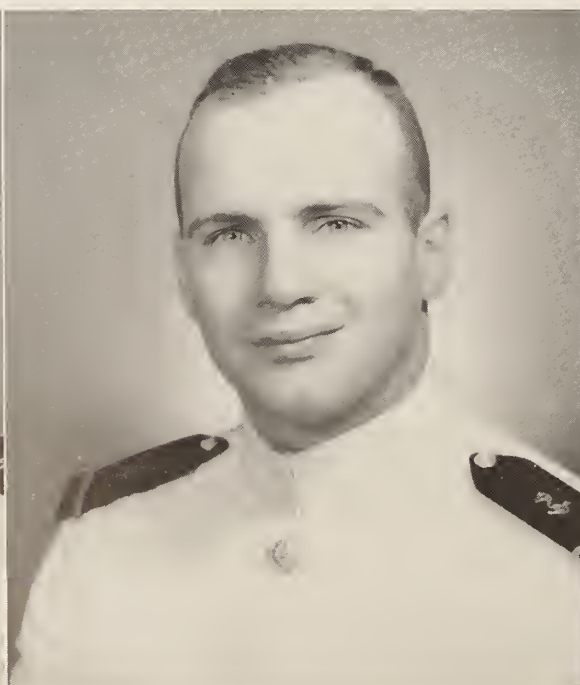
Gainesville, Georgia

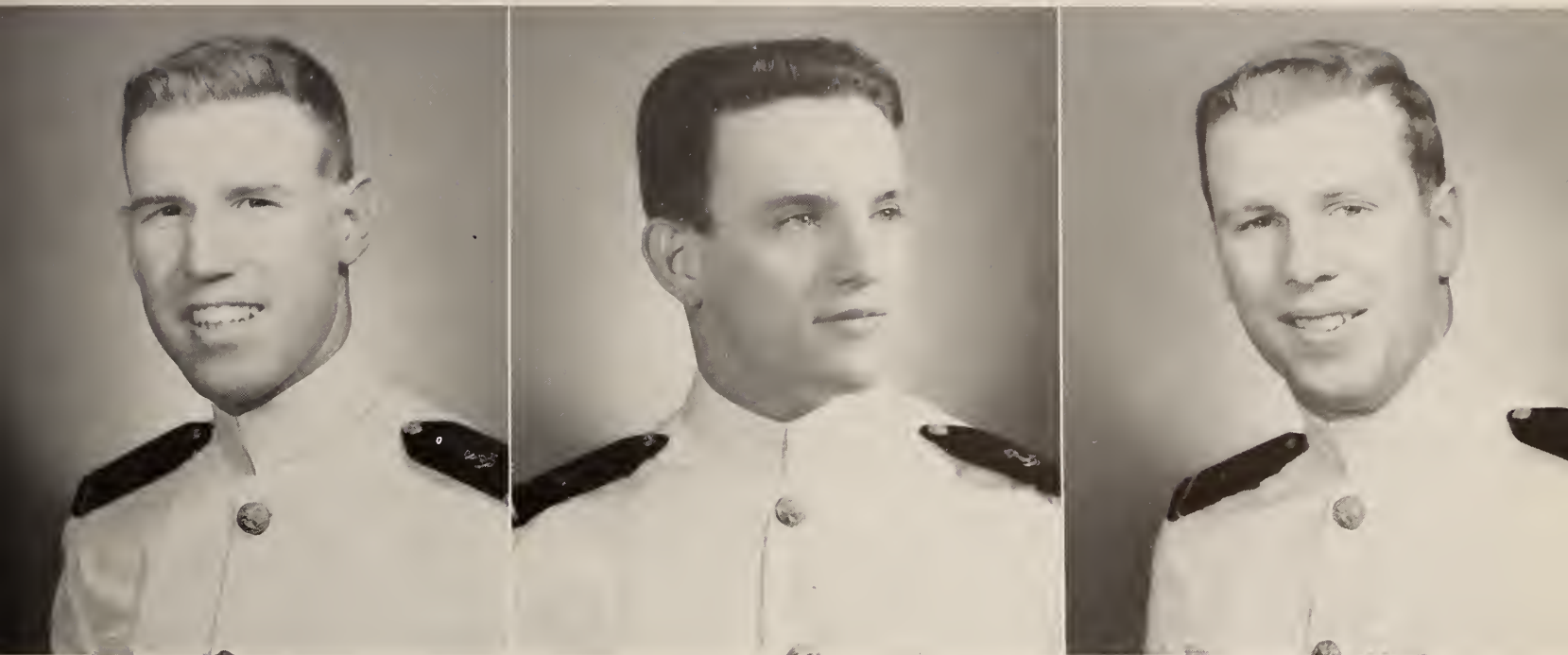
During his four years at Navy, Pat had many opportunities to refight the Civil War, even though he was born in the Far West. Moving to Dixie at an early age, he has been a stout disciple of the Stars and Bars ever since. Pat's southern drawl was always a subject of amusement and fun for his classmates. Good natured and easy-going, he still sometimes found it difficult to catch the punch line of a good joke. Nevertheless his good humor, among the best, won him many friends. Pat, known as a "gedunk" sailor, hopes to visit Pensacola upon graduation and become a Naval aviator.

## JOHN DAVID PETERS

Columbia, Missouri

Pete came to Navy from the University Lab. School in Columbia via a Presidential appointment. Academics were smooth sailing for Pete, allowing him plenty of time to pursue his favorite hobbies and extra-curricular activities. Free time would usually find him in the darkroom, amateur radio shack, or buried in a good book. His standards were always set high and nothing was considered good enough unless it was the best. This philosophy was applied to everything, whether it was high fidelity or plebe posture. A dual role as a Marine Junior and a Naval Reservist served to whet his interest in military life. John's drive, initiative and will to win insure that the service is receiving a fine career officer.





**LEO THOMAS POWELL, JR.**

Mountain Lakes, New Jersey

Tom came to Navy from Mountain Lakes High School, where he was a star track man. He made both the plebe and Varsity squads while here at Navy Tech and was a great asset to the teams. Academics proved to be no obstacle to him during his four year stay. Tom's cheerfulness in the face of the Executive Department's wrath and his ready smile made him good company at any time, and will make him a valuable addition to any wardroom.

**WAYNE EDWARD PULLING**

North East, Pennsylvania

"Weep" came directly from his high school in the heart of the Pennsylvania grape country to our monastery on the Severn. He was quiet, easygoing, and always had a quick and ready smile. Athletic agility, grades, and an even, friendly temperament were his strong points. Sports, especially football, were his main diversion, serving to display his keen competitive spirit. We look for "Weep" to go quickly to the top in any future endeavor.

**DONALD MALCOLM ROBINSON**

Los Angeles, California

Another of the Golden Coast boys in our midst, Don was always longing for some of that California sunshine and the return of his suntan. He soon became used to the Maryland climate and settled down to make the most of it. One of the most cheerful fellows around, Don was always ready with the right quip for every occasion and became known as the originator of numerous pranks which kept Mother Bancroft amused. A good athlete as well, he was a staunch bulwark of a couple of championship lightweight football teams. With Robbie's personality and spirit, it's hard to see him not succeeding in the future; he takes with him our very best wishes.



*United States Naval Academy*



**DAVID VINCENT ROWE**

Scarboro Beach, Maine

Hailing from down east in Maine, Dave brought to the Academy a warm personality and quiet manner which made friends out of all who came in contact with him. An ardent believer in "keeping in shape," he was rarely found in the rack; more than likely he could be found over in MacDonough working on the flying rings for the Varsity gymnasts. The rigors of Navy life proved to be no obstacle to Dave and outside of an occasional skirmish with the Executive Department, it was all smooth sailing. Nothing but the very best should be in store for him.

**LEON TREAT SMITH**

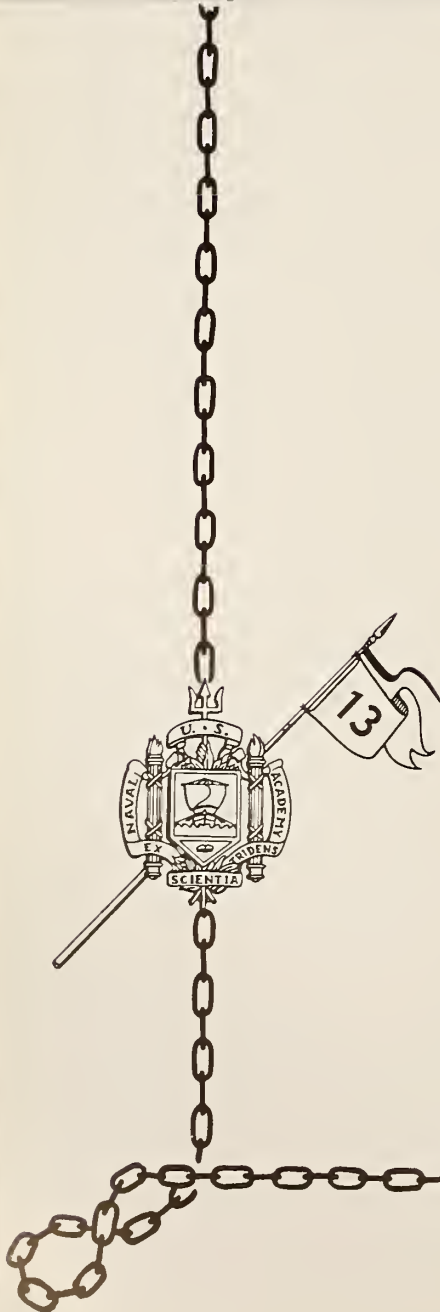
Cambridge, Maryland

Although it was nearly impossible to roll Smitty out of the blankets in the morning and get him started on another day, he was always ready to go after that cup of joe. Severn Prep sent this follower of the sea to Hotel Bancroft. His first love was sailing and his many amusing experiences as skipper of the boat "Wha' Hoppen?" will be told for many years to come. A real cut with the slipstick, he was in his element with the engineering courses here; dago and bull were always less friendly. Smitty wants to go to New London after graduation; it will be a real pleasure to see him conning his own submarine.

**JOSIAH DIRCK STRYKER**

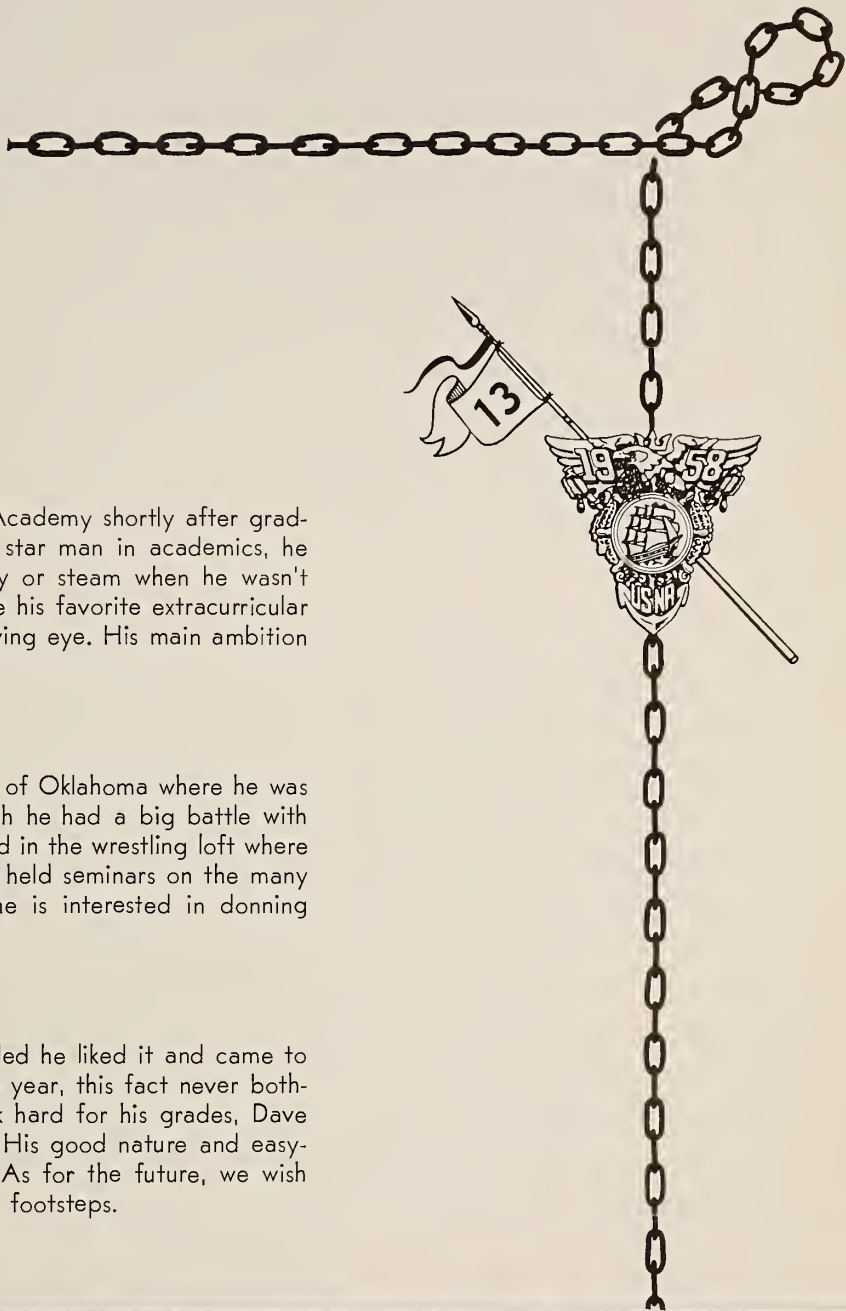
Alexandria, Virginia

Although Dirck displayed a conscientious attitude toward his required duties and academics—standing consistently in the top of the class—he was never one to worry about the trivialities of Navy Tech routine. NA-10 jam sessions, Louis Armstrong records, and Varsity lightweight crew were prime interests in his life. Always striving for intellectual improvement, Dirck was an avid reader of philosophy and history. After graduation he hopes to become a submariner, preferably in the nuclear field.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## DONALD CHARLES TARQUIN

Syracuse, New York

"Tark," a man with a perpetual smile, came to the Academy shortly after graduation from Christian Brothers Academy in Syracuse. A star man in academics, he could frequently be seen tutoring his classmates in skinny or steam when he wasn't playing on the intramural fields. Liberty and femmes were his favorite extracurricular activities, but he had trouble with the ladies due to a roving eye. His main ambition is to go to Pensacola and earn the Navy wings.

## RICHARD "E" TENNENT, JR.

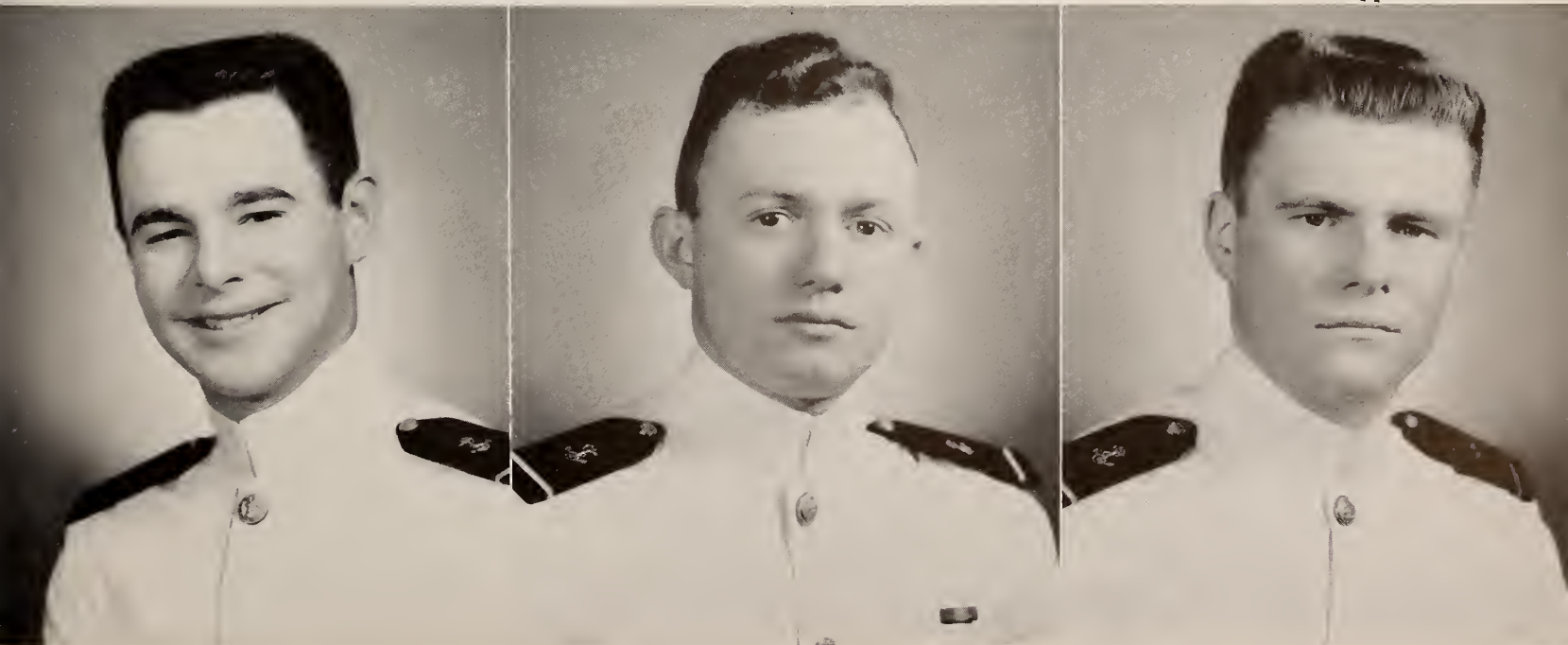
Cleveland, Oklahoma

Dick came to the Academy by way of the University of Oklahoma where he was studying geological engineering. While here at Navy Tech he had a big battle with dago, but came out on top. In the winter he could be found in the wrestling loft where he helped manage the Varsity team. In his spare time he held seminars on the many merits of Oklahoma's football team. Upon graduation he is interested in donning dolphins and going beneath the sea.

## DAVID ANTHONY WIER

Arlington, Virginia

A Navy Junior used to seeing the world, Dave decided he liked it and came to USNA. Although somewhat of a hindrance during plebe year, this fact never bothered him after that. One of the fellows who had to work hard for his grades, Dave was well satisfied and happy to pass with the rest of us. His good nature and easy-going ways will long be remembered by his classmates. As for the future, we wish Dave the very best as he sets out to follow in his father's footsteps.



**JOHN HERBERT WITZMANN**

Bronx, New York

Counting the days until leave commenced was Witz's favorite pastime. John came to the Academy from the heart of the Bronx in search of bigger and better parties. His disappointment soon became an obstacle which he fought during his plebe and youngster years. For diversion from the academic routine, "Witz" spent most of his spare time in the hall in search of chow. In the fall, he put his weight to good use playing football where he was a valuable asset. Although a tiger on the field, John attacked his subjects in an easygoing manner with one eye on the clock making certain that he kept his studying down to a minimum. The service he enters will certainly benefit by his presence and he will not be denied the bright future which is in store.

**PHILIP LOYAL WORK**

Modesto, California

Originally from Colorado, Phil heeded the sage advice of Greeley and crossed Donner Pass into sunny California. As rabid a booster as any native, he never let us forget that some people thought that there was only one state in the Union. During plebe year, he earned his numerals with the wrestling team and then settled down to an enjoyable existence of just living life. Studying was always a bother, but he still had little trouble with his academic endeavors. He could always be found at the center of a card game or listening to some of his favorite music from the horizontal position. New London and a pair of dolphins are his primary post-graduate aims.



*United States Naval Academy*



*Left to right: First row—Whittlesey, Chidsey, Loveless, Donovan, Thompson, Barnam, Baldwin, Hamlin, Pagnillo, DeIulis. Second row—Franklin, Navratil, Parsons, Nelis, Wallace, Crompton, Naviaux, Greene, McReynolds. Third row—Tidd, Smith, Rogers, Elliott, Donovan, Bogle, Troyer, Hurley. Fourth row—Yerkes, Phillips, Shinn, Hoefer, Bond.*



*Left to right: First row—Ilg, Benson, McCoy, Kanakey, Rudy, Durham, Patterson, Cox B. W., Harlan, Branson. Second row—Fish, Leahy, Marsh, Littlefield, Potter, Mullen, Birtwistle, Dirksen, Babcock. Third row—Witcher, Booth, Britell, Cox, C.J., McKinley, Schweizer, Japp, Montgomery. Fourth row—Bostick, Williams, Klein, Warson, King, James.*



*Left to right: First row—Allegretti, Palumbo, McGinley, Keller, Clark, Lyman, Madden, Outerbridge, Mock, Bick. Second row—Helton, Sonsini, Holben, Vaught, Willimon, Wade, Allen, Klump, Rush. Third row—Roman, Price, Glavis, Harden, Koch, Hill, Brown, Guerriero. Fourth row—Boudov, Laut, Myers, Hjelm, Waldorf, Gruber, Desrosiers. Fifth row—Stebbins, Kleindorfer, DuBois, Furtaw, Eldredge, Nowotny, Thorell, Nichol. Sixth row—Gesswein, Pigeon, Smith.*



Capt. W.C. Louisell, USA  
Company Officer

Plebe year found as heterogeneous a group as could be thrown together, claiming the Fourteenth as their home for the next four years. The Class of '55 taught us that Plebe year was not all sweat and regulations, but also good for many laughs. The funny incidents will keep us amused for many years to come, and who can forget that Hundredth Night we gave them? As the time passed, we became a group pledged to the pursuit of good times, interspersed with a few short but determined scuffles with the various academic departments. Playing the role of "Meedsheeps" on cruise, weekends at Bill King's, Liar's dice, squeezing into Mac's basement and later floating out, the Twentieth Century Club—these

## Fourteenth Company



Fall Set. Left to right—Weigand, Fraher, Williams, Merriken, Wilson, Berry.

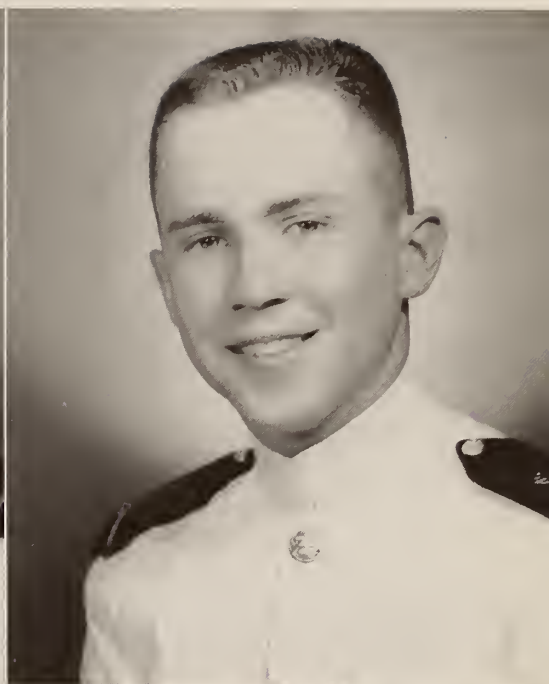
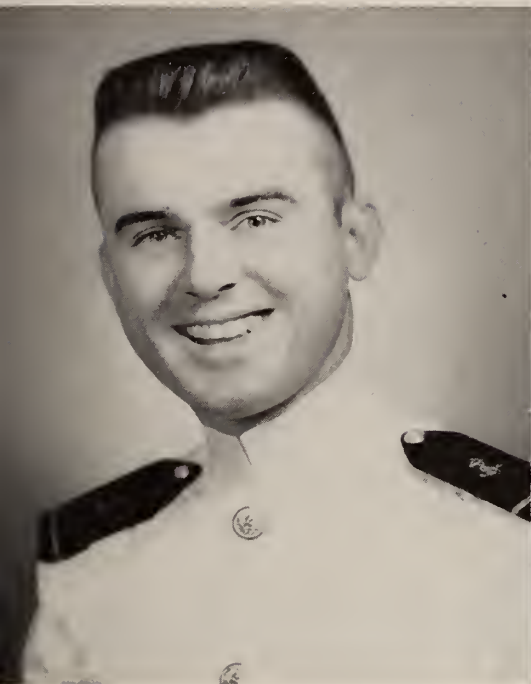


Winter Set. Left to right—Griffin, Corr, Barnheiser, Wandell, Ingle, Galla.

will always be remembered as the bright spots that broke up the daily routine. It wasn't all play and no work, however; The "retreat from Moscow" during Second Class year was something to always remember. We found that there was a lot to learn and a tough pace to keep. We developed some real characters: dealers, social climbers, and even some star men and a few stripers. The mass exodus during Second Class year left us minus a few members, but the spirit of the Fourteenth never abated.

As we bid a final adieu, our hats are off to those we leave behind and to those of us who didn't make it. We wouldn't trade the last four years together for anything.





**BRUCE "L." BARNHEISER**

Lewisburg, Ohio

"Barney" came to the Naval Academy from the Buckeye State, bringing with him a great determination and sincerity. Academics proved no great obstacle for him, as indeed nothing did. A more avid sports fan and dedicated intramural athlete could not be found in the hallowed halls of Bancroft. A lover of music in any tempo, "Barney" could be found singing bass in the Chapel Choir or spinning Dixieland jazz records on the same night. A certainty to succeed in any endeavor, "Barney" will be a welcome addition to the Naval service.

**GEORGE THOMAS BAUER**

Pennsauken, New Jersey

After one year in the ROTC program at Villanova, George went regular and began his four years with the Brigade. Here was a very soft-spoken fellow but after knowing him a while, one could see that he was one who spoke softly but carried a big stick. He thought that everything had its lighter side and especially got more than his share of laughs out of Plebe Year. He was a natural Bull cut and spent a lot of his free time with the Foreign Relations Club. Crew took up most of his athletic hours. With his background and desire to get ahead, George will be a fine prospect for the Navy line upon graduation.

**JOHN PAUL BERRY**

Richmond, Virginia

Little "J.P." came north from the capital of the Confederacy, where he attended the University of Richmond for two years. Tiring of civilian life and the rigors of college, John decided to try the other extreme and joined us at the Academy. Being a star in both academics and social life, he found time to indulge in squash, cross country, and softball in intramurals. Although small in stature, "J.P." has in spirit and ability what he lacks in size.



*United States Naval Academy*



**DAVID EDWARD BERTKE**

Chelsea, Michigan

Dave moseyed in from the University of Michigan complete with brains, a love to run, and an absorbing interest in amateur radio. His brains enabled him to star consistently and his success with the engineering subjects was the envy of us all. He spent many an off-hour running with the Varsity harriers across the river and with the track team during the spring. Sailing became another pastime and soon he was a member of the Boat Club and a frequent weekend mariner on the Severn. The Foreign Relations Club and the Radio Club were among the many others which saw a lot of Dave. With such a well rounded personality and ability to learn, he should be a cinch to succeed in the Navy.

**PETER SARSFIELD CORR, JR.**

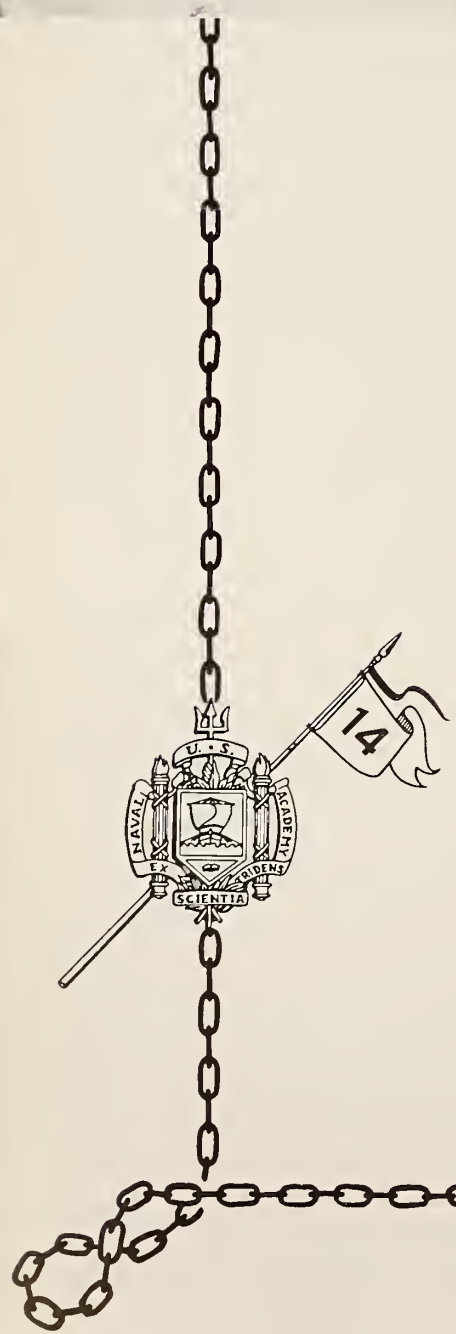
Providence, Rhode Island

Provided with a year's background at Brown University, Pete's only problem in four years at USNAY was how to fit in another date into an already crowded social calendar. Next to dragging, his greatest love was track. He was a standout on the Plebe team and although hampered by injuries in Youngster year, Pete came through to bolster the Varsity in fine form Second and First class years. Swimming was his nemesis and he spent many a waterlogged period in the Natatorium but he always managed to pass the ones that counted. His Irish origin showed through in his fun-loving personality and his ability to take a joke as well as play one. Pete was always ready to help a buddy and his friendly personality and determination will take him far in whatever field he chooses to enter.

**LILES WALKER CREIGHTON, JR.**

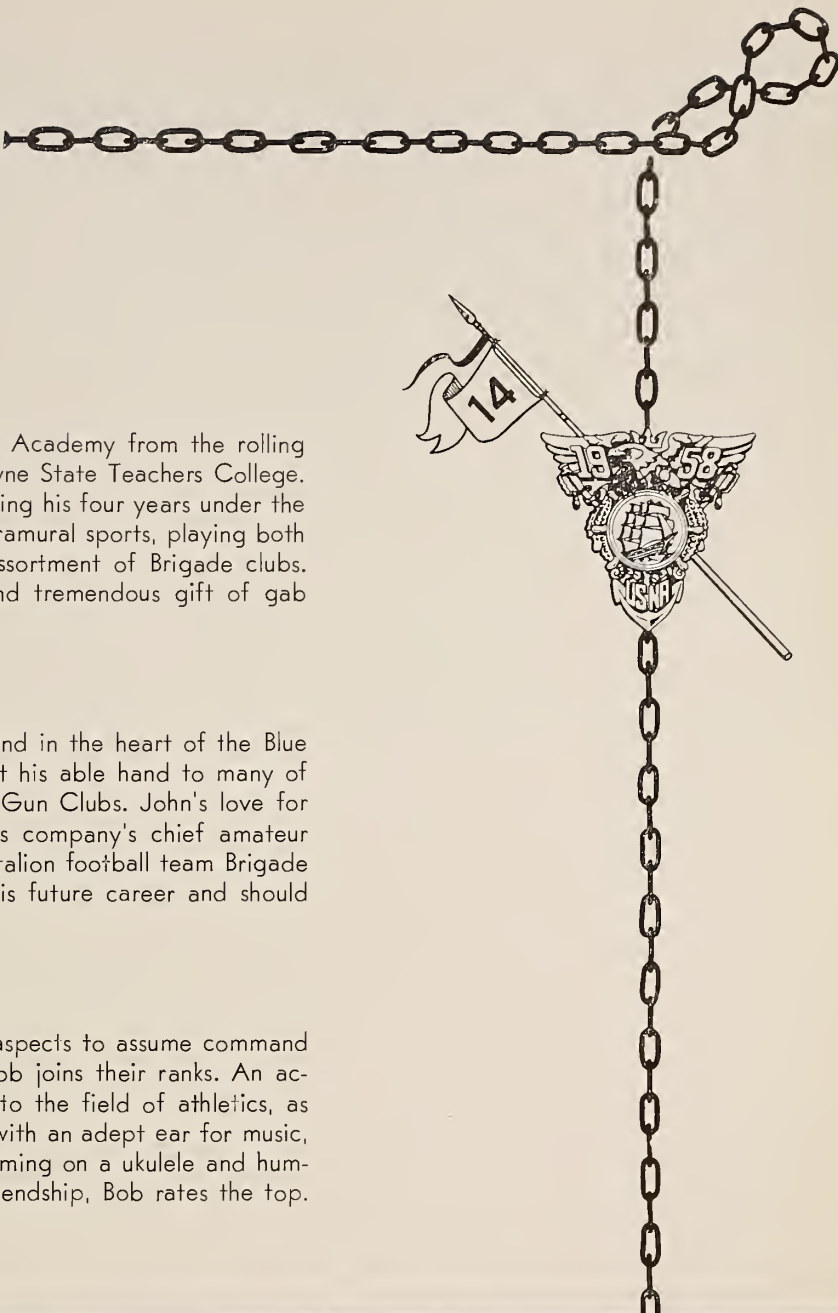
Holton, Maine

Liles, a Navy Junior, followed the footsteps of his father in wending his way to the Academy. He was a standout on the Plebe lacrosse team, but later focused his attentions on company fieldball. He was active in the Russian, Sailing, and Foreign Relations Clubs. Much of his time was devoted to slashing his classmates in Skinny and P.T. Liles' enthusiasm, energy, and personality will always earn the respect and admiration of all who work with him.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## JAMES BURR DAVIS

Wayne, Nebraska

Known to his classmates as "Burr," Jim came to the Academy from the rolling plains of Nebraska after a riotous year and a half at Wayne State Teachers College. He came complete with slide rule, loaded for pigeons. During his four years under the sheltering wings of Mother Bancroft, Jim was active in intramural sports, playing both battalion and company football, and taking part in an assortment of Brigade clubs. Jim's ability to make friends, his easy going manner, and tremendous gift of gab should take him far in his Naval career.

## JOHN ELIAS DICKSON, JR.

Ashland, Kentucky

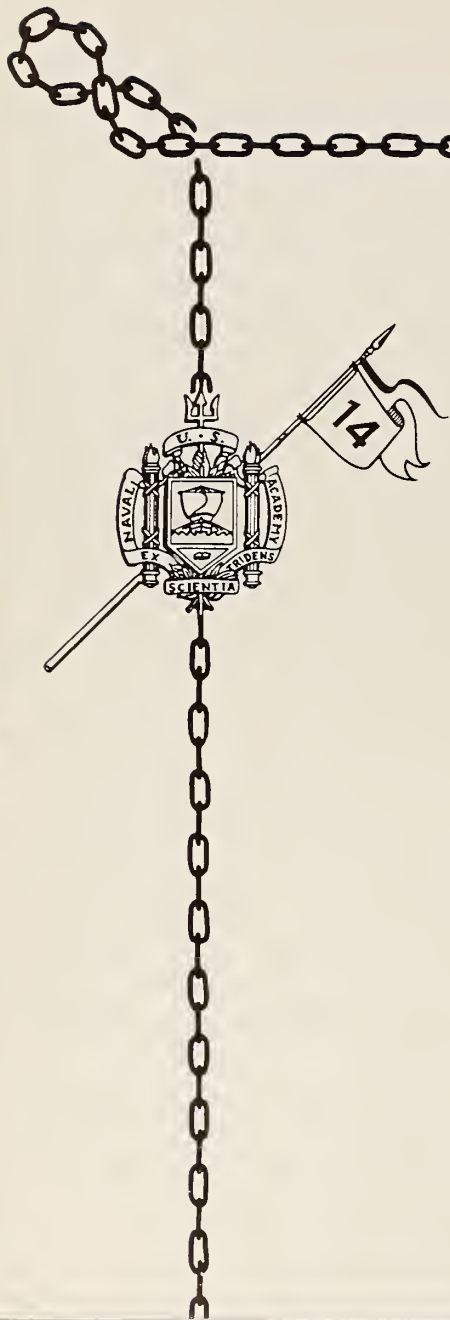
Big John hailed from the growing little city of Ashland in the heart of the Blue Grass country. During his sojourn at the Academy he lent his able hand to many of the clubs, most prominent of which were the Radio and Gun Clubs. John's love for radio was used to good advantage when he became his company's chief amateur repairman. He was one of the stalwarts that made his battalion football team Brigade champs time after time. He looks toward Navy line as his future career and should be there for the next thirty years.

## ROBERT ELDON DOTY, JR.

Queens Village, New York

The Navy will be getting a man well qualified in all aspects to assume command and carry on in the highest and finest traditions when Bob joins their ranks. An accomplished athlete, he did not confine his talents solely to the field of athletics, as many a sweet young miss could attest. A flawless dancer with an adept ear for music, Bob could always be found, between dates, casually strumming on a ukulele and humming a lively tune. In the world of sports, society, and friendship, Bob rates the top.





**CLARK PORTER DYCK**

Creston, Ohio

"C.P." possessed a shrewd sense of humor and a fatalistic attitude toward life, being his company's official "sad sack." Probably the only man in the Brigade who fell out of the rack at least once a year, he was known as one of misfortune's favorites. At the Academy, he added his weight to his company steeplechase team and his battalion fencing team. Another of his pets was the Juice Gang, along with the Russian and Gun Clubs. He plans to go Navy line upon receiving the long awaited diploma. We wish a lot of luck always to one of the best.

**JEREMIAH FRAHER**

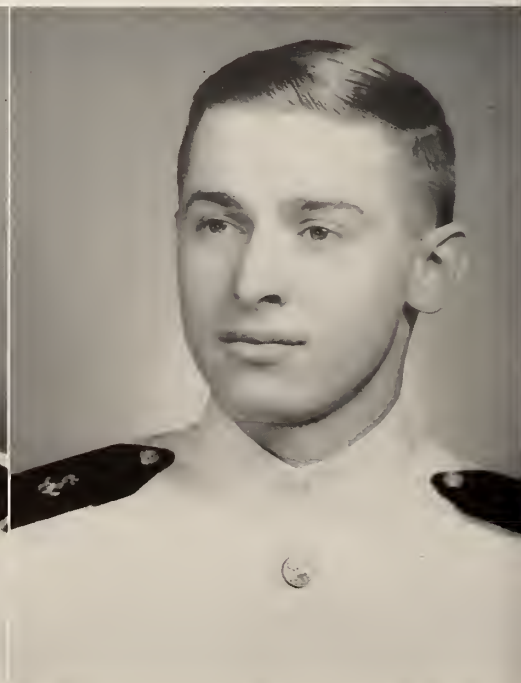
Bronx, New York

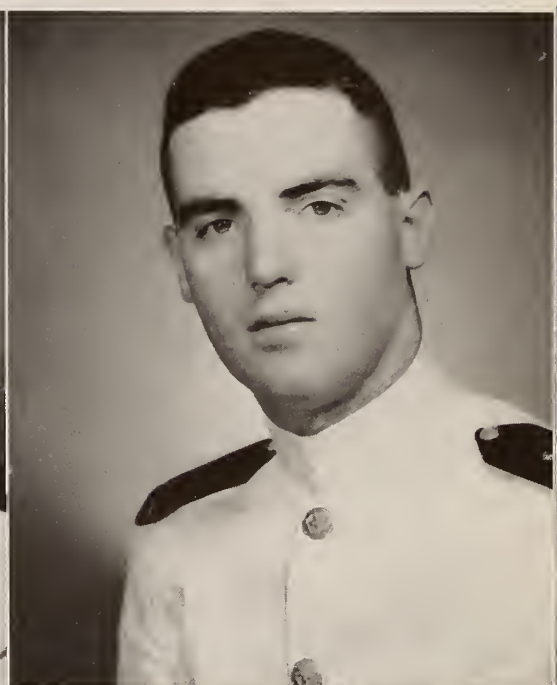
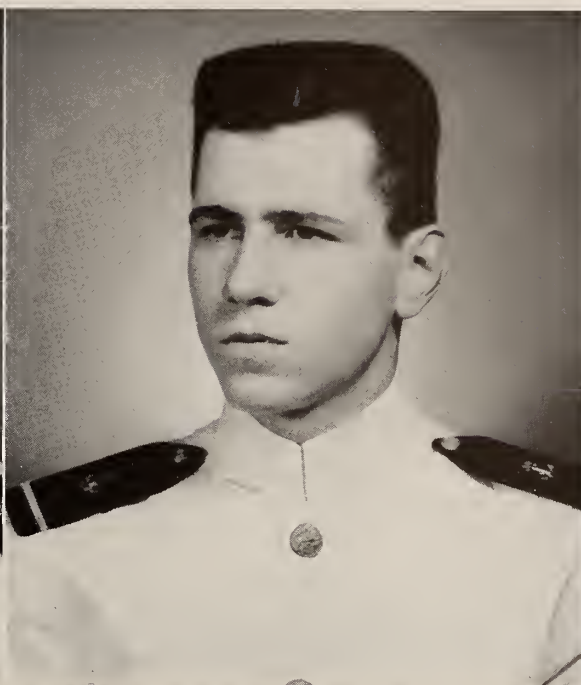
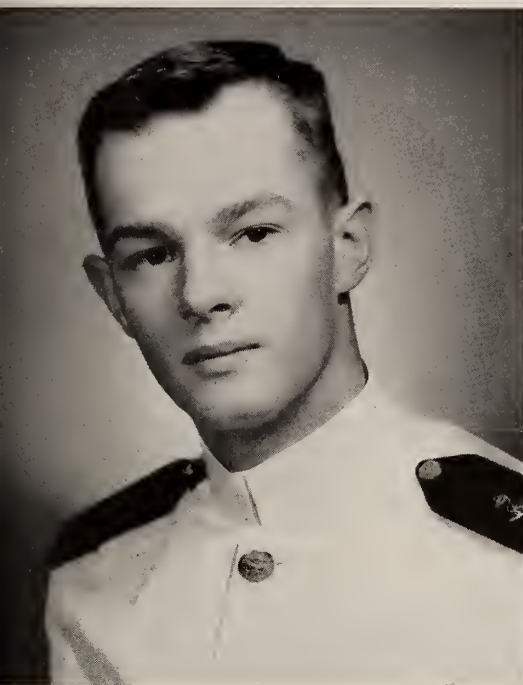
A wearer of the green from way back, Jerry came to us from the Emerald Isle. Jerry had quite a brogue when he came here and it wasn't the easiest things to understand him at first; however, he was getting through to most of us by the end of plebe year. Hard to understand or not, he was one of the easiest guys around to get along with as long as the Dodgers or "The Fighting Irish of Notre Dame" were winning. Jerry likes Navy line all the way even though his brother did graduate from West Point.

**JOHN HALM GALLA**

Bridgeport, Connecticut

Bearing a resemblance to a certain character of comic book fame, Jay descended upon the vast plains along the Severn to cast his fortune with Navy air. As time went by, however, a slight decline in occulatory power forced him to alter his aspirations somewhat. J.H. found that academics offered no difficulty, thus leaving plenty of time devoted to his rack, the BAC, lacrosse, and concentrated efforts toward having a good time. The "Spirit Boss" will be remembered by his classmates for his ready grin and antics directed toward proving that life is one big ball.





**KENNETH LEWIS GEBHART**

Louisville, Kentucky

Kenny came to the Naval Academy upon graduation from high school in the heart of the Blue Grass State. He got along well, always seeming to be at the center of a group of friends. He enjoyed the studies, especially those of an engineering nature, and obtained great satisfaction from working a difficult problem. A future spaceman at heart, Kenny spent many hours engrossed in books about rockets and space travel, his interest in which was shown by his desire to work on rocket propulsion problems. Until that time, he wants to try to pick up some experience in the "common jet fighter."

**WILFRED ELZEAR GELINAS**

Haverhill, Massachusetts

Bill, one of the smaller by-products of industrial New England, came to us after a brief tour of duty at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. This tattooed sea dog, although small in stature, had the voice of a bull elephant, which, when combined with his complete frankness, soon made him a well known man around Bancroft. Frequent bouts with the Executive Department and an unusual ability to misunderstand the workings of assorted female minds made his stay enjoyable and interesting. His carefree nature and his common sense are to make his life pleasant as well as successful.

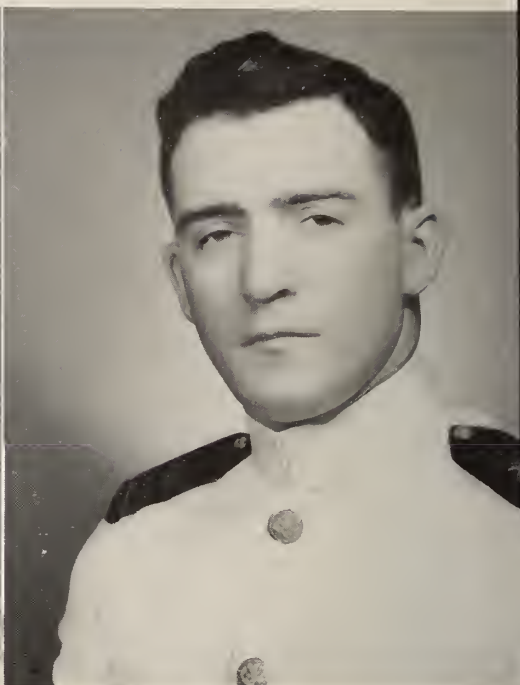
**HOKE DANIEL GRIFFIN**

Americus, Georgia

The "Senator" left the deep south to journey north to take his place with the bringing him special packages of mail from various Southern belles. Soccer, football, to come from anywhere north of Americus. He always kept the mates happy, busily bringing him special packages of mail from various Southern belles. Soccer, football, and softball on the intramural level took up many of those long afternoon hours, but they were never wasted with Griff. Aviation held the interest of this southern gentleman with Second Class Skinny finishing a poor last. He definitely looks toward the wild blue yonder upon graduation and we wish him the best of flying always.



*United States Naval Academy*



**DENNIS ROBERT HUFF**

Boise, Idaho

From above the timber line, this mountain man descended upon the marshy expanses of Crabtown to make his mark on the world. After launching a determined offensive against the academics, Denny settled down to observe his work and philosophize from the horizontal position. "Cuddles" took to the sea like the proverbial duck and won lasting fame on the grounds of the P.O. Club in Gitmo. Denny will always be remembered by his classmates for his wit and the brightness he brought to every party.

**HAROLD CULP HUNTER**

St. Paul, Minnesota

Skip came to Navy after eleven months as a whitehat, most of which were spent in electronics school. He was well content to abide by the regs the first year and had little trouble. Early during Youngster year the dragging bug hit him and after that, well, there really wasn't much else he wanted to do. Skip was known both as an expert on his taste for parties and his literature collection for reading. He looks forward to returning to the Fleet where we are sure he will be a great asset.

**CARL EUGENE INGLE**

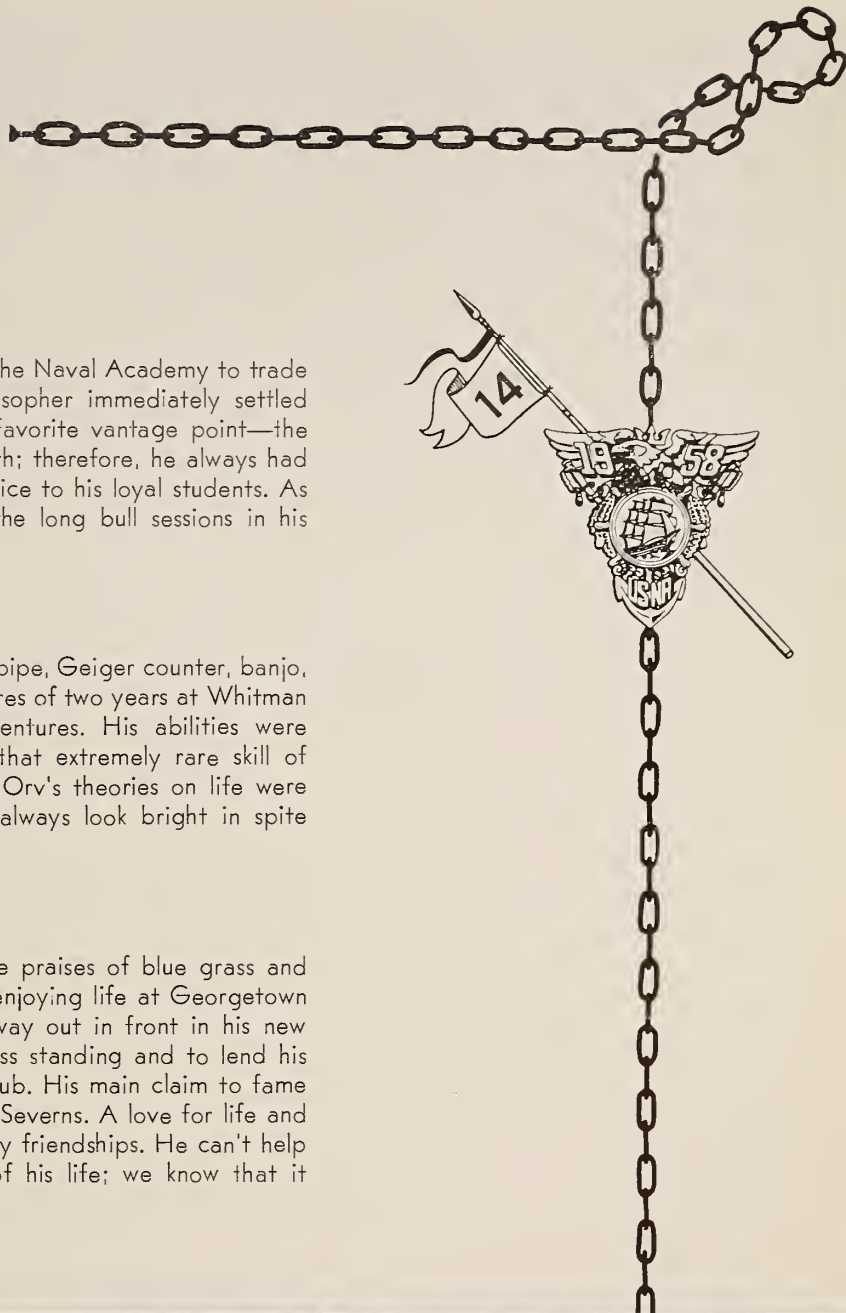
Bedford, Indiana

Hailing from the limestone country of the Hoosier State, Gene entered General Motors Institute upon graduation from high school. After two years there his attention shifted from automobiles to ships and he came east to Annapolis. An interest in football carried over to the Academy and Gene managed to get in two seasons of football a year. His confirmed bachelorhood proved to be quite a challenge to the many drags he was seen escorting at Canoe U. On rainy afternoons, Gene could generally be found curled up with a good book or catching a few winks. His ability to make friends coupled with an easy-going outlook should carry him far along whatever path he chooses in life.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## HENRY KEITH JAEGER

Marion, South Carolina

After spending a year at the Citadel, Keith came to the Naval Academy to trade spit and polish for more spit and polish. This old philosopher immediately settled down to survey the world and gain knowledge from his favorite vantage point—the rack. Academics were never too much of a strain for Keith; therefore, he always had plenty of time for dragging, partying, and dispensing advice to his loyal students. As time goes by, Keith's classmates will always remember the long bull sessions in his smoke-filled room.

## ORVILLE ALTON KIEHN

Walla Walla, Washington

Orv blew in from famous Walla Walla, complete with pipe, Geiger counter, banjo, and of course, food. Having exhausted the fraternal pleasures of two years at Whitman College, Orv decided to come east, seeking new adventures. His abilities were endless, ranging from a good Caruso shower voice to that extremely rare skill of keeping the feminine world under the proverbial thumb. Orv's theories on life were many but the most profound appeared to be: "Things always look bright in spite of the Executive Department."

## RAYMOND GARNETT LANDRUM

Cynthiana, Kentucky

Ray came from a small town in Kentucky, singing the praises of blue grass and mint juleps. Prior to his arrival here, he had spent a year enjoying life at Georgetown College. A quick mind and a good voice soon put him way out in front in his new surroundings; he went on to attain a consistently high class standing and to lend his musical talents both to the Chapel Choir and the Glee Club. His main claim to fame was his spot as first tenor in the very popular quartet, The Severns. A love for life and the personality to amply supplement it carried Ray to many friendships. He can't help succeeding in all of his endeavors throughout the rest of his life; we know that it couldn't happen to a nicer fellow.





# United States Naval Academy

## CURTIS HEWITT McGAFFIN, JR.

Baltimore, Maryland

From the far-off reaches of Baltimore, Curt arrived on the banks of the Severn to seek his fortune. Thanks to a low clutch factor he breezed through Plebe year and was able to take any academic obstacle in stride. Curt was often seen with a wide assortment of females and will always be remembered for the swell parties he threw after the football games. As fish in the water, he swam backstroke for the Varsity natadors for three years. It is sufficient to say that Curt will succeed in his ambition to become a submariner and that he will carry with him the best wishes of his many friends always.

## STUART ANDERSON MERRIKEN

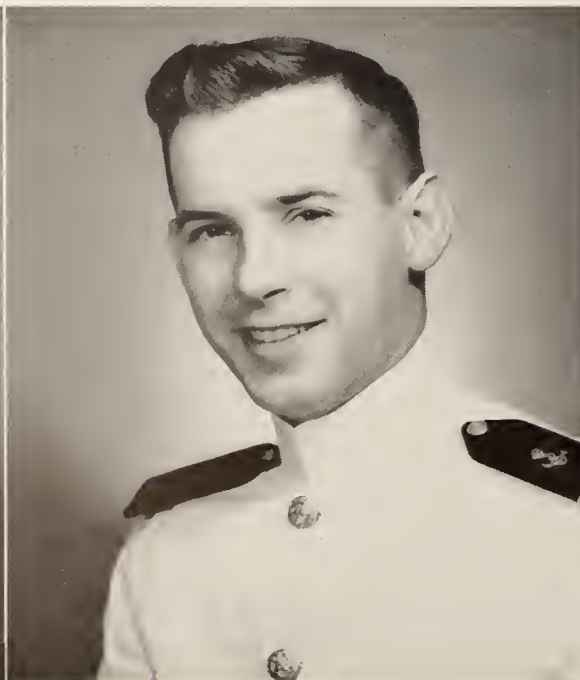
Salisbury, Maryland

Stu, one of the fairly local contributions to the class, came to us after two years as a Navy musician and a short hitch at the Little Academy at Bainbridge. He's been able to use his musical abilities to good advantage since joining us in the Glee Club, the Concert Band, and the NA-10. Any afternoon one could find him conducting a favorite score of Mozart to the bored audience of his wives. Soccer was his main athletic activity which he played on both his company and battalion teams. Stu wants to join the Fleet after graduation and if he remains half as faithful to the Navy as he has been to his music, we don't hesitate to predict a bright and successful future for him.

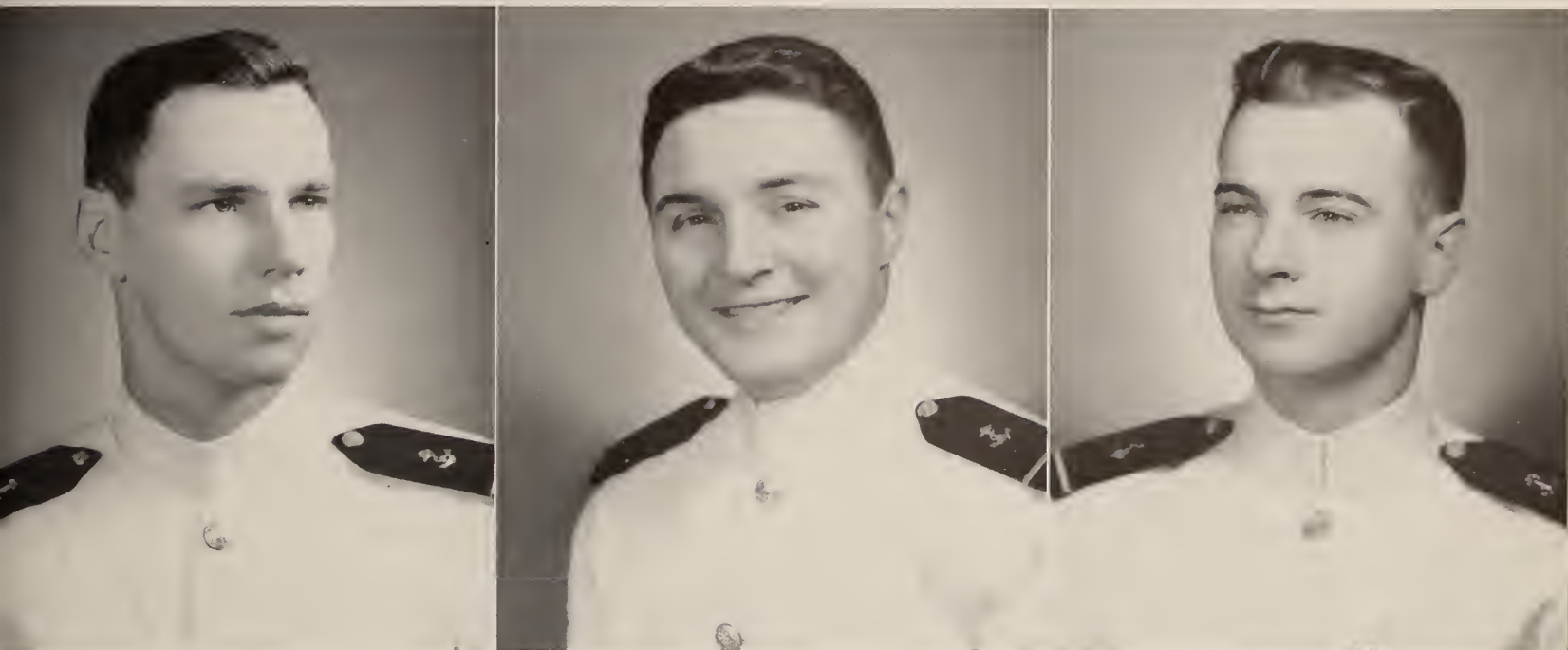
## DAVID ARTHUR NEWCOMB

Brewster, New York

Via a detour to Lehigh University, Dave came to Crabtown from the backwoods of New York. His athletic abilities were clearly demonstrated in his participation in Plebe football, Varsity wrestling and battalion football. His college background afforded him more spare time than most, but he never hesitated to give it up to provide E. I. for many grateful classmates. "Newk's" experience at many fraternity parties gave him a good foundation to make the best of the social life here at the Academy. Dave was also an avid yachtsman and he could be found in many of his leisure hours competing in various races. He likes Navy line all the way and will be a great asset to the Naval Service.







**HUGH LEE PALMER**

Middletown, Ohio

Turning his back on an ambulance and his dreams of becoming a mortician, Hugh left Middletown for a place in the Brigade. It seemed to be the natural thing for him to do as his brother graduated from West Point. Although no star in academics, Hugh certainly excelled in personality and sense of humor. His attitude about life seemed to be, "Worry a little, but laugh a lot." He was living proof that the Executive Department was not enough to make his life dull. Always carefree and full of joy, Hugh will always make life more pleasant for those around him wherever he goes. We wish him a most successful career with smooth sailing always.

**WILLIAM JASPER PETERS, III**

Richlands, Virginia

With one leg shorter than the other, Bill left his still and came down from the hills of Virginia. Enroute to USNAY, he stopped for a year stint at the University of Richmond. Tired with the abundance of wine, women, and song, Bill came to Navy for a rest. Encountering little difficulty with academics, he divided his spare time between the many women in his life and the swimming pool, where he was constantly trying to raise his buoyancy factor. The sub service will get Bill soon after graduation and his biggest problem should be to find one with large enough hatches. His shrewdness, good judgment, amiability, and a host of other worthy attributes assure Bill of a bright career as a Naval officer.

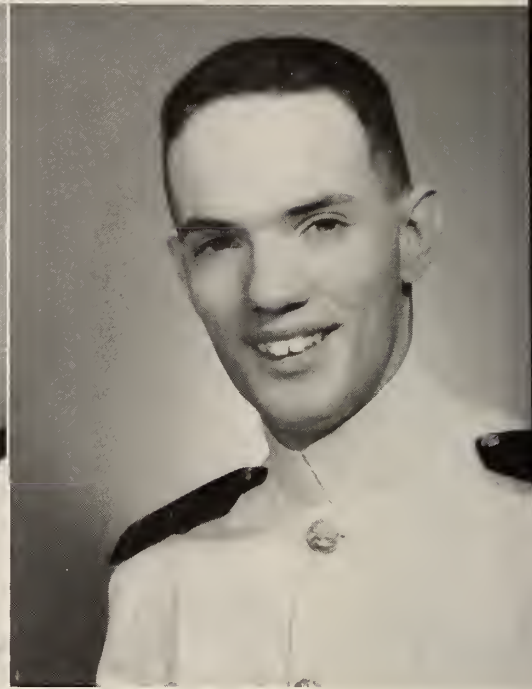
**WILLIAM ROY SACHSE**

St. Petersburg, Florida

Bill arrived at Navy after a year at the University of Michigan, but calls sunny Florida home. This well-traveled lad had little difficulty in outwitting the academic departments and had ample time to devote undivided attention to this favorite pastimes—thinking, sleeping, and partying. He retired from Plebe swimming to don his "Ebony Spats" and to meditate in his favorite position—the horizontal. Bill was always wide awake however, when it came to helping out a friend. His classic remark to a Baltimore cabbie at the expiration of liberty, "Help! It's midnight and I'm turning back to a pumpkin!" was characteristic of the quick wit for which he will always be remembered by his classmates.

*United States Naval Academy*





**ROBERT LYMAN SHEARER**

Dayton, Ohio

A frustrated philosopher who would switch sides in an argument when he found his opponent agreeing with him, Bob drove us all pleasantly daffy in his escapades with love. He seemed to have a good looking drag more often than not. The most amazing of his many well-hidden talents was the ability to tell a pretty good joke so that any connoisseur of good humor would break down in tears. A person interested in most everything he encountered, he specialized in being a coxswain of one of our plebe shells and then settling down to battalion tennis and the Gun Club. Bob wants to skipper a submarine someday and we bet that if all else fails him, he could talk his way into it.

**THOMAS THEOHARY**

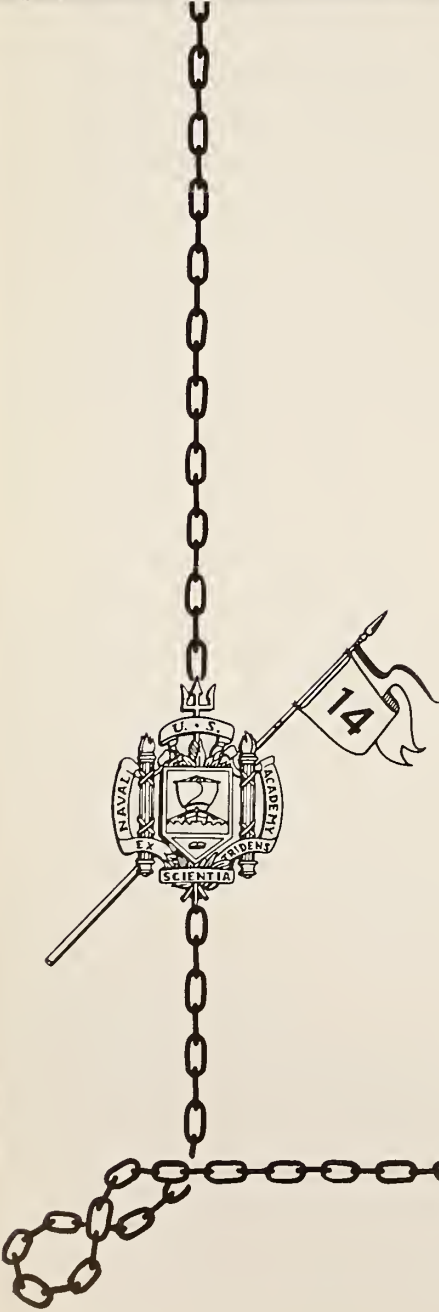
White Plains, New York

From the sophisticated confines of upper Westchester County, Tom arrived to cast his luck with the Crabtown Canoe Club. During Plebe year, he was known for his powers as a gymnast and somewhat dubious ability as a mathematician. He was often quoted as saying, "I don't get this stuff," but come exam time, Tom always made it in true Frank Merriwell tradition. As time went by he mellowed in fine form. His gymnastics gave way to an intensive study of the sack, members of the opposite sex and Bacchanalia. Tom will always be remembered for his high spirit and drive toward having a good time.

**CLIFFORD NEIL WADE, JR.**

Patchogue, New York

Neil came to the Academy with a better idea of what he was getting into than most of us. He had spent a year at the Merchant Marine Academy where he had been indoctrinated in most of the "seagoing ways." Neil spent most of his time pursuing his favorite hobbies of dragging, letter writing, and sailing. It looks like Navy Line will get this lanky son of the Empire State and we must say that they'll get few better deals.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## JOHN JOSEPH WANDELL, JR.

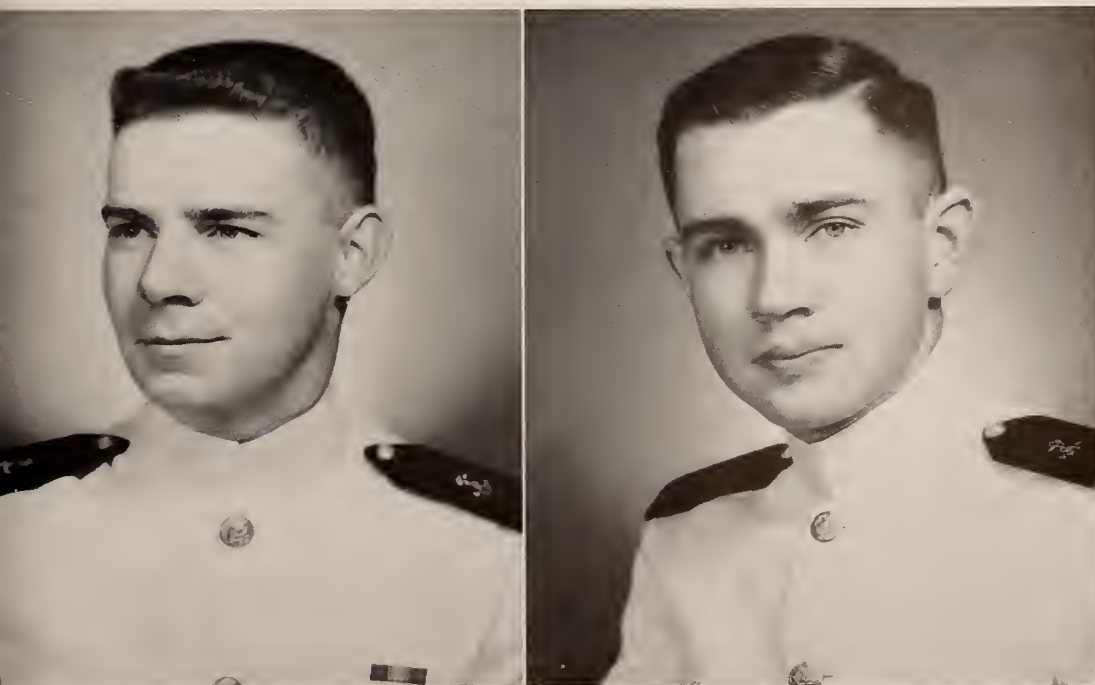
Jersey City, New Jersey

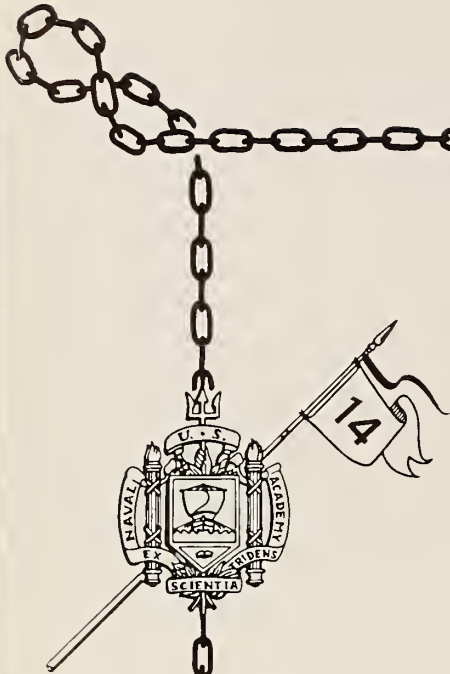
Seeking a life of love, leisure and luxury, Johnny chucked his year of campus mischief at St. Peter's College and made the trip to Crabtown with great expectations. Never one to worry as long as there was a "big weekend" in the near future, J.J. sailed through the academic departments with the finesse of Farragut at Mobile Bay. J.J., who always wanted to prove that he was taller than you, even if he had to stand on his toes, loved to practice the old song and dance routines of the past and a stroll to his room any night found him either dancing to or singing from the score of some Broadway musical. We all expect great things from Johnny in the future no matter what branch of the service he chooses.

## JAMES GARY WEIGAND

Delta, Colorado

Gary came to the Naval Academy from the far-off Rockies via a year of pre-med at the University of Colorado. A westerner through and through, he would always be more than willing to enlarge on the glories of his far-off home. Sometimes called the "Professor" by his classmates because of his more than acceptable class standing in most of the more difficult subjects, his big interest was in the Radio Club. He also was in the Aeronautical Engineering Club, besides contributing greatly to his company's intramural cause. We all wish Gary many happy landings in his chosen career as a Navy pilot.





**JAMES RAYMOND WILLIAMS**

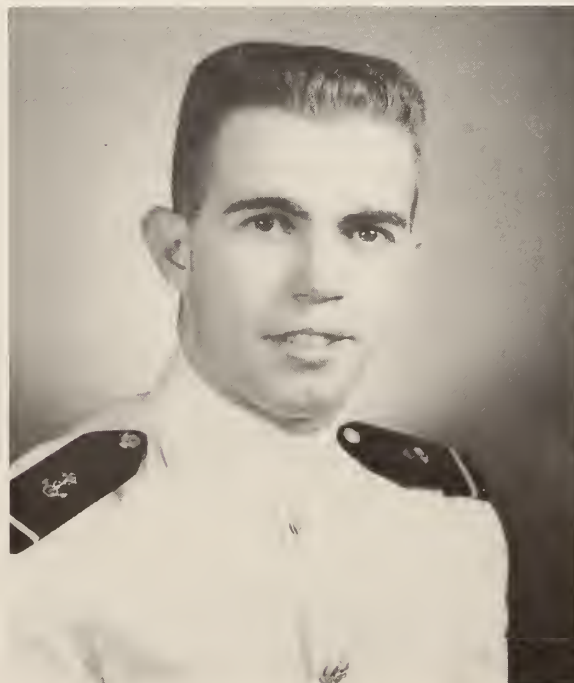
Pensacola, Florida

"The Stump" was the deep South's smallest contribution to USNAY in many a year. But Ray soon came to be known as 135 pounds of dynamite! With the girls he was the greatest thing since Valentino, and with his classmates, one of the finest there was. Between women, preaching to his wives, passing out "bum gouge," and playing cops and robbers with the Executive Department, it was always a wonder how he found time to study. His one soft spot was his drawl. However, after four years of hard practice he had almost learned to speak. English? It is "Stump's" ambition to someday make admiral.

**DENNIS KENDRICK WILSON**

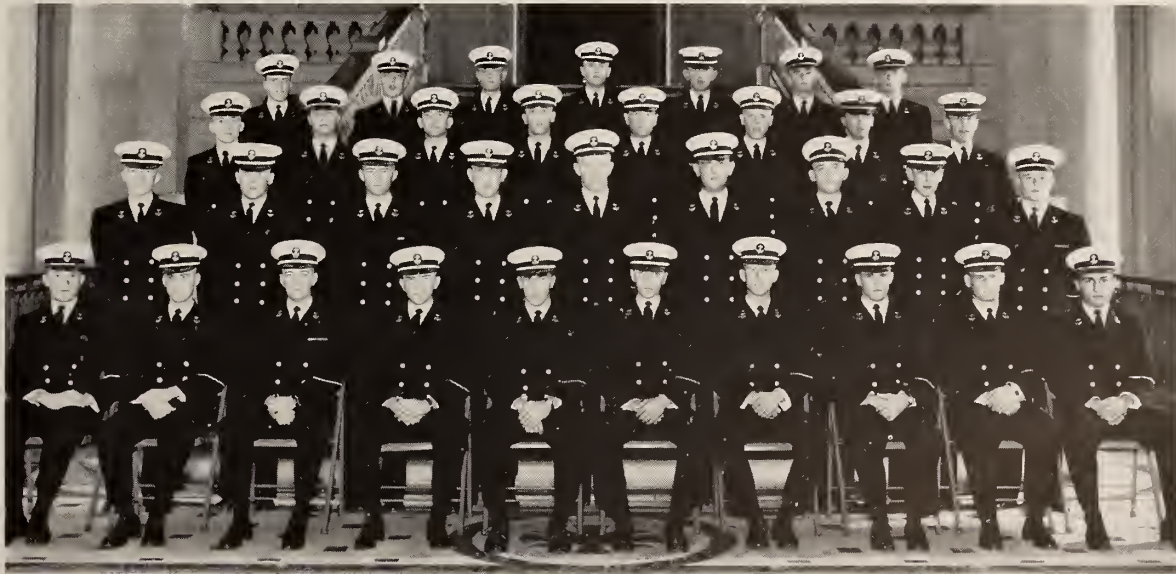
Buffalo, New York

Denny, after a year with the ROTC at Northwestern University, thought that the regular Navy looked like a better deal and decided to come to Navy. After arriving here, he discovered the wrestling loft and liked its homey confines so much that it was a rare afternoon indeed when we didn't find this likable little guy up there bumping heads with the best of them. Although never overly blessed with academic talent, Denny always took the books in stride and made it with comparatively little strain. What counted most was his spirit and desire to do as well as possible in everything he encountered. He liked the looks of a pair of dolphins on the blue and gold and we wish him the very best of cruises always.





*Left to right: First row—Whipps, Short, Eshelman, Gross, Corroum, Clark, Garrity, Guthrie, Langford, Korrell. Second row—Bado, Buxton, Hernon, Flynn, Gardner, Ealick, Doyle, Leder, Nourie. Third row—Smoot, Gifford, Connolly, Wheaton, Larson, Paine, Bickley, Cobb. Fourth row—Tuzo, Martin.*



*Left to right: First row—Turner, Powers, McCusker, Krese, Chabot, Logan, McKee, Freeman, Super, Della Perota. Second row—Temple, Woodward, Ames, Rognlien, Moore, Marquis, Head, Sammon, Hinkel. Third row—Antonio, Morrissey, McLean, Lowsley, Khoury, Manning, Gorman, DiFillippo. Fourth row—Taylor, Chenard, Carlson, Backus, Ravetta, Lees, Carpenter.*



*Left to right: First row—Tressler, Kasales, Bucher, Melendy, Bricketto, Bishop, Talcott, Lester, Everage, Hutchens. Second row—Arneith, Gloudemans, Horton, Moore, Ciccarone, Martin, De Sha, Miller, Champion. Third row—Gile, McKeown, McMillan, Barth, Brewer, Klinck, Bower, Marxen. Fourth row—Drake, Brummerstead, Palmer, Stave, Tredick, Burns, Lawrence. Fifth row—Schottle, Galbraith, Driscoll, Moore, Curran, Sydow. Sixth row—Oldham, Hancock, Osos.*



Major H.L. Claterbos, USMC  
Company Officer

Four years with the Fifteenth was an education in itself. Now that I'm an officer, polished and poised, I want to thank the whole gang for lessons learned. Thanks to J.D. and Larry for the tips on caution—I'll always hide cocoa and horsefly cemeteries from men like Hank. Battlin' Bo, Tom, and R.R. taught me many things—"You see, there is this little electron." Spanish, T.J., and Skee showed me the odds on filling an inside straight. Stump, Doc, and big Carl taught me persistence—you rowed a boat for four years and never did quite get to Baltimore. Before I met Moon and Petinos, I never knew a man could sleep in any position. After watching Stamps, I know anybody can learn to march. Mike and Boerner showed me the ins and outs of Bancroft Hall. I learned how easy and hard it could

## *Fifteenth Company*

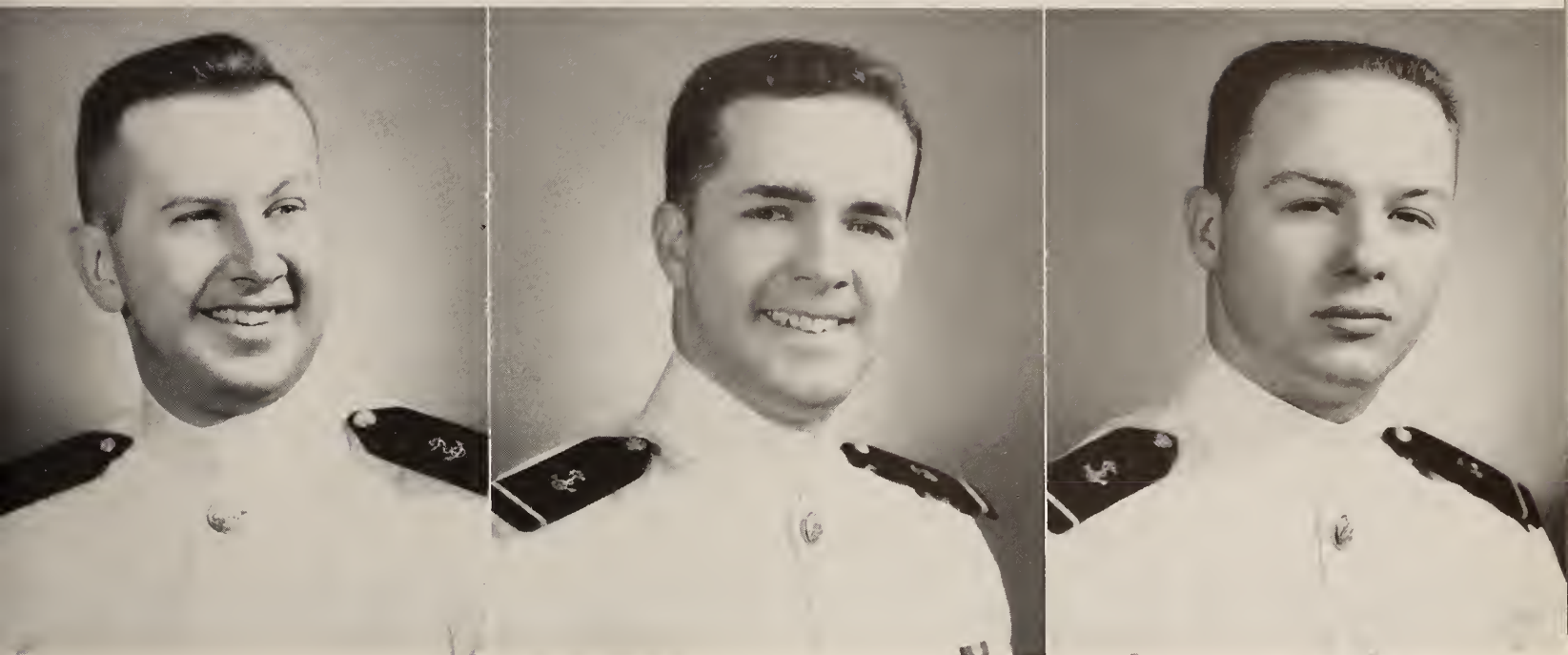


*Fall Set.* Left to right—Spane, Werner, McNall, Whitney, Giese, Cook.



*Winter Set.* Left to right—Dunbar, Kessler, Boerner, Lenggauer, Mooney, Parks.

be—Ralph spent three years in the Hall and Joe, counting up time at night, spent five years here. Gringo showed me the perfect way to further inter-American relations—date the maximum number of girls the maximum number of times. The Boessel Boys taught me how to just sit and enjoy life. I'll remember Cooky's perpetual "just combed" look. I learned it was a sin to be late; I.K. knows every brick in the Fourth Wing terrace. I learned the importance of getting both kinds of word; George's was official and Corky knew all the scuttlebutt. Then there were the words of the steeplechasers, Jean and Harry—"Automobiles are dangerous" and "Don't go near the water." Now I graduate, full of knowledge and memories.



**ALBERT LOUIS BARBERO**

Haledon, New Jersey

After spending two years on the banks of the Raritan at Rutgers University, Al came to the banks of the Severn. With his memories of fraternity life tucked away, he settled down to the routine of Navy. Preferring a good time to good grades, academics came second with him. Much of his time was spent playing lacrosse, watching other sports, or catching liberty in town. The Marine Corps seems to have the inside track on this good-natured fellow with the big smile.

**DONALD ARTHUR BOERNER**

Massillon, Ohio

Don was born and reared in Ohio and calls Massillon his podunk. Always ready for a "bull session," Don was one that thought a date or two now and then rounded out an enjoyable life here. The "Dear Johns" came easier for him due to his extensive experiences in high school. A hard worker with the books, Don always had time for the Chapel Choir and Glee Club. A year's tour with the Masqueraders helped to round out his stay on the Severn. A confirmed bachelor, "Peanuts" has an executive's demeanor and should do well in his future career in the Fleet.

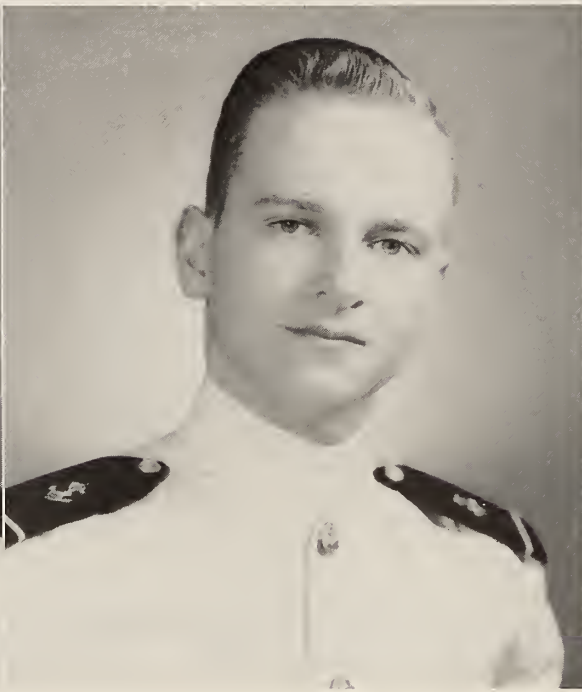
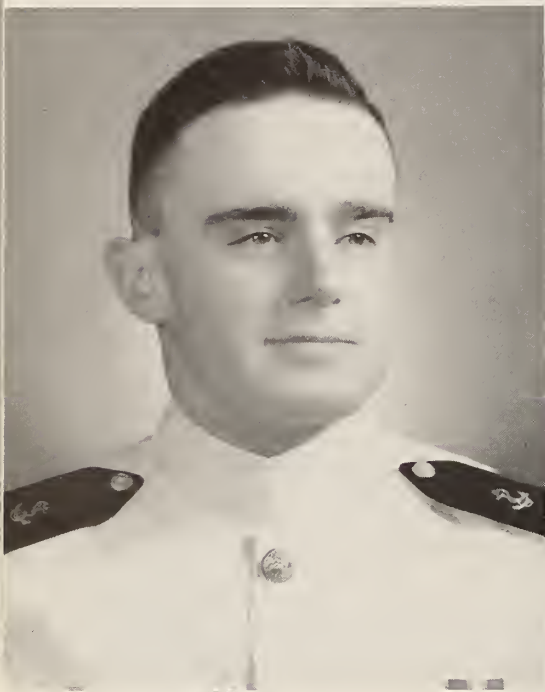
**BRUCE BARTON BOMAN**

Pataskala, Ohio

Bruce came east from Ohio after three summers spent at Culver Military Academy. With this background, he had little trouble adjusting himself to Navy routine and it wasn't long before everything was being taken in stride. A man of many interests, Bruce could be found busy at many tasks ranging from working on his hi-fi to providing do-it-yourself kits to all his classmates. Company and battalion football filled the long autumn and winter afternoons. With the brains and ability to do the Navy a lot of good, Bruce hopes to get duty in C.E.C. in the years to come.



*United States Naval Academy*



**DELOS SAMUEL CALKINS, JR.**

Valley Stream, New York

"Corky," as he was always known, came to Navy after a year at Oregon State and a rich service background as an Army brat. Finding academics no hurdle, he immediately devoted himself to the finer things and seemingly enjoyed his tour at Navy Tech. Active in all phases of Academy life, most of his time was taken up managing the "hosses" behind that sacred green fence. The service will undoubtedly benefit when "Corky" leaves our ranks to join them.

**JAN WILSON COOK**

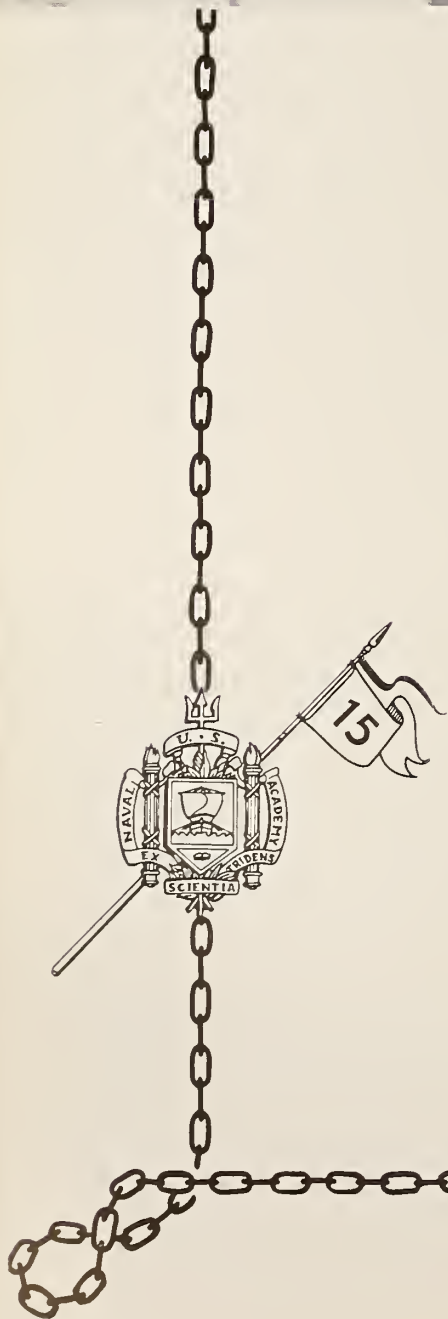
Alexandria, Virginia

Jan bade farewell to high school and the sunny California shores to come east to Navy. Academics never proved to be much of a chore; he seemed to master all tasks with equal adeptness. His main claim to fame was his record as one of Rusty's expert "little men" who took their many dunkings so gracefully. His easy manner and ready smile will definitely be a bright addition to the Fleet; New London is the preferred first stop for Jan.

**RICHARD PARKER DUNBAR**

La Mesa, California

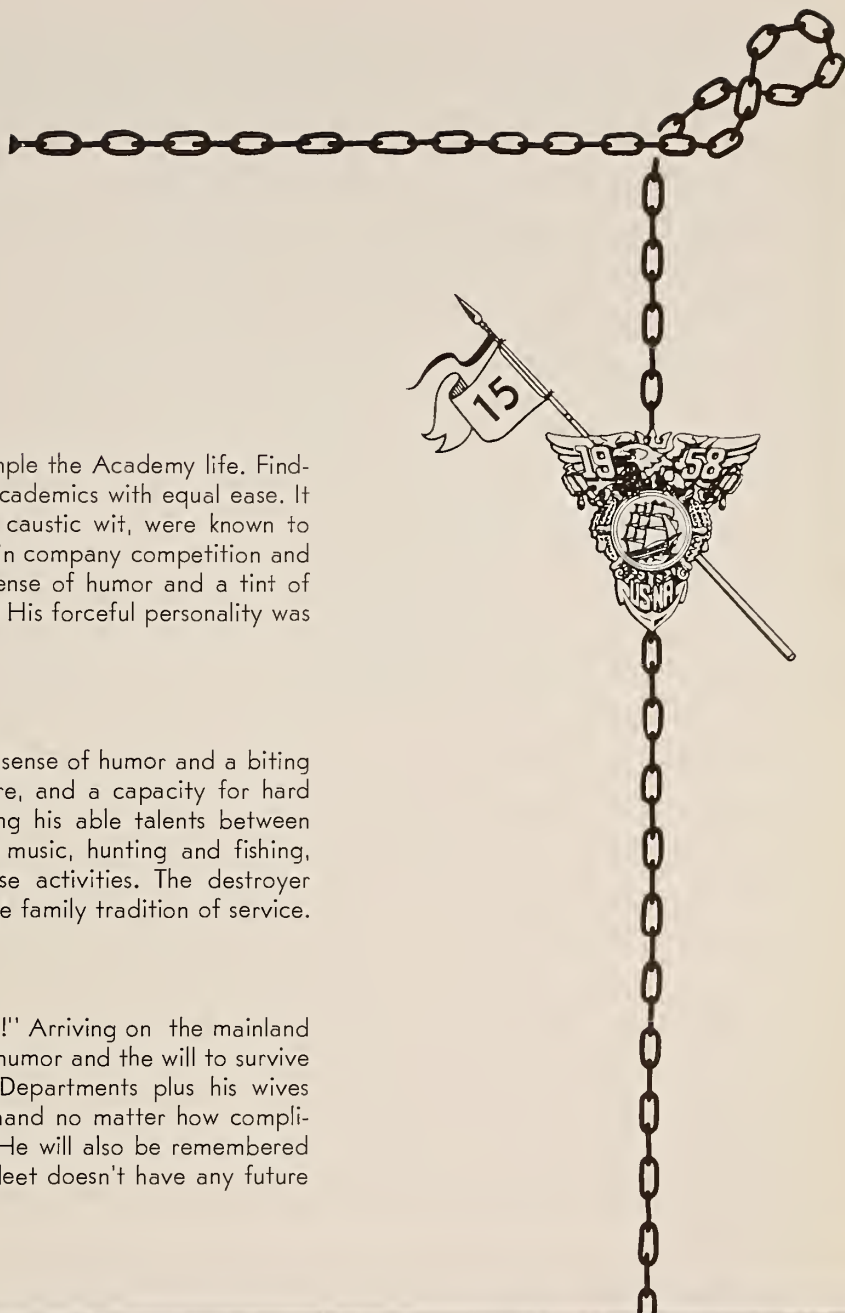
Leaving the farm in Indiana and two years of Navy life behind him, Dick decided to follow in the footsteps of his two older brothers and he entered the "Trade School." When he wasn't studying, he could usually be found on the Severn hauling away in one of our eight-oared shells. They say that patience and hard work will accomplish much; if this is so, "Doc" will go far in any endeavor. With his quiet, good-natured sincerity, he will always have many firm friends.



*United States Naval Academy*



# United States Naval Academy



## FREDERICK RONALD FRY

Silver Spring, Md.

From nearby Silver Spring, Fred came to Navy to sample the Academy life. Finding no obstacle insurmountable, he handled athletics and academics with equal ease. It wasn't long before his diversified talents, among them a caustic wit, were known to everyone. Always at home at the Academy, Fred excelled in company competition and served a stint with the Varsity golfers. Endowed with a sense of humor and a tint of cynicism, Fred contributed in making Academy life livable. His forceful personality was always a driving force in the company.

## CARL EMIL GIESE, JR.

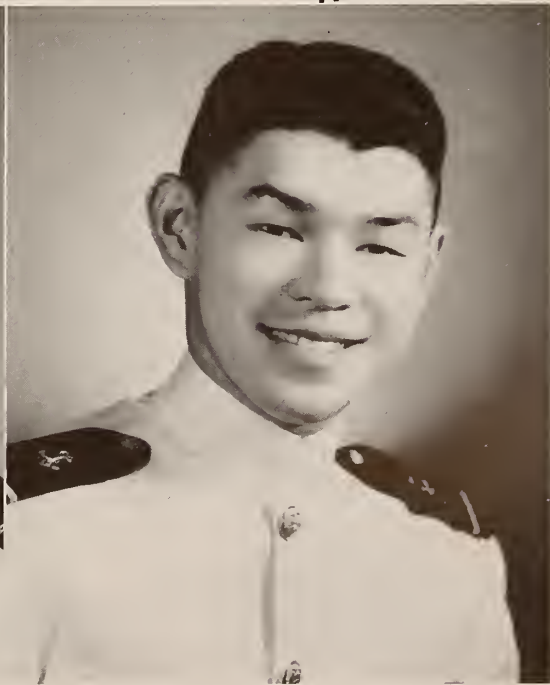
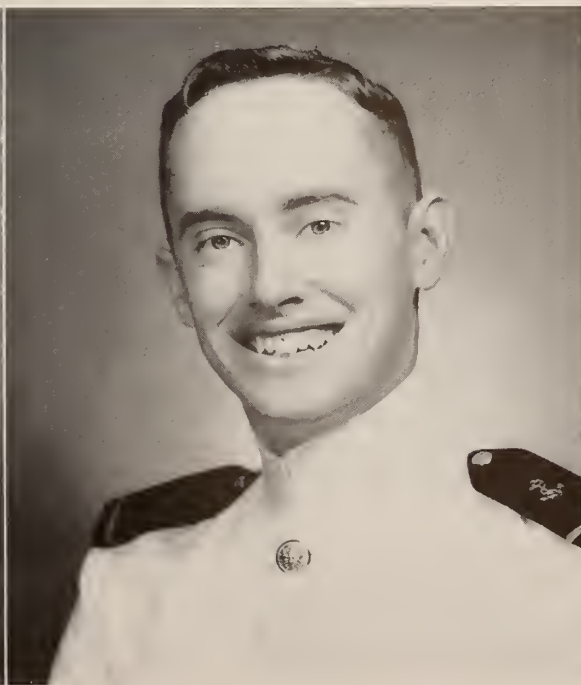
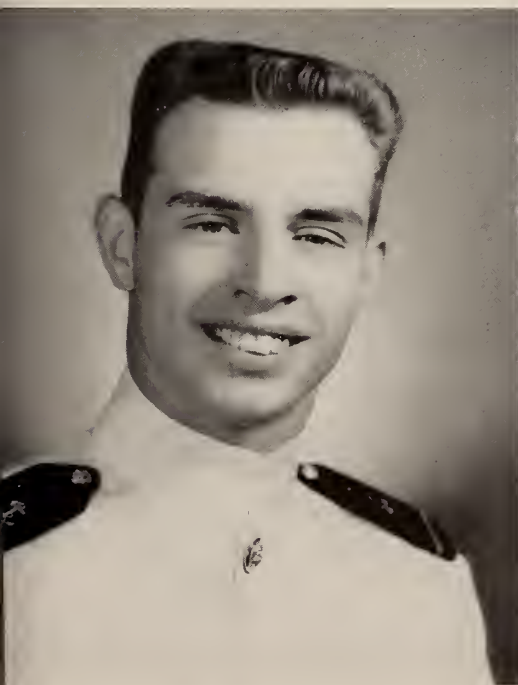
Merrill, Wisconsin

Coming from the Fleet, Carl brought with him a keen sense of humor and a biting wit. Characterized by a stern countenance, a lanky stature, and a capacity for hard work, he managed to divide his time admirably; spreading his able talents between academics, crew, and reading his favorite westerns. Fine music, hunting and fishing, coupled with numerous fish stories, completed his diverse activities. The destroyer Navy is Carl's choice, in which he will carry on an impressive family tradition of service.

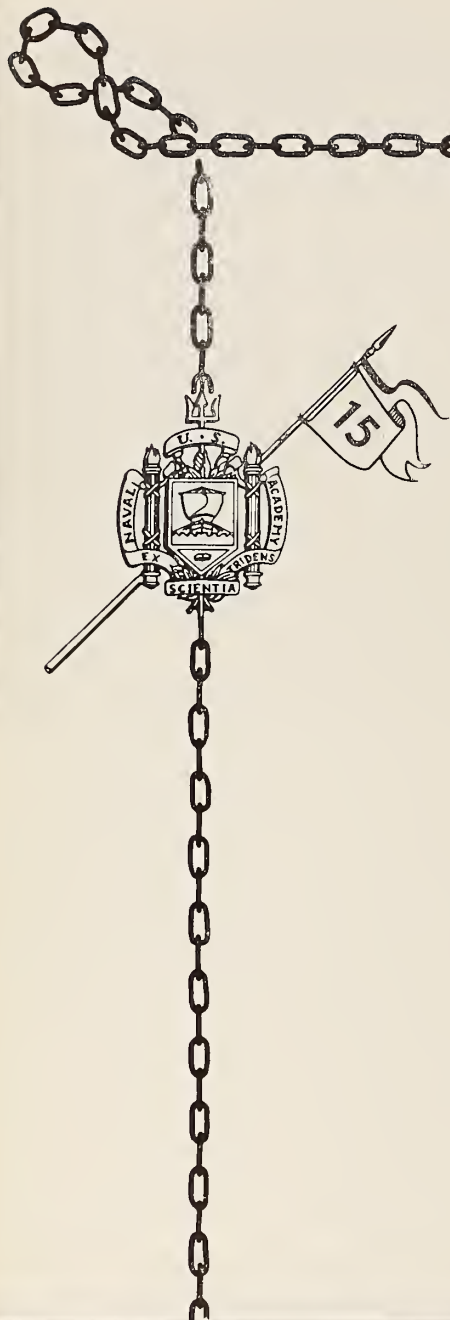
## IRVING KEN GOTO

Honolulu, Hawaii

"Those islands are bigger than you guys think they are!" Arriving on the mainland from Hawaii, Irv came equipped with a boundless sense of humor and the will to survive no matter what obstacles the Executive and Academic Departments plus his wives could place before him. Always ready to lend a helping hand no matter how complicated his own problems were, Irv was a friend of friends. He will also be remembered for his yeoman service on this year book. As long as the Fleet doesn't have any future sub squads, Irv should conquer all.



# United States Naval Academy



## CHARLES HENRY GRAHAM, JR.

Managua, Nicaragua

A representative from Central America, Charlie made his mark as one of the fortunate few who never seemed to study but always knew their stuff; he only had three years of high school to boot. Every study period was a happy hour for this smiling Latin and he could usually be found engrossed in some aviation periodical. His regard for the American femme was high and he probably dragged more different girls than any man at Crabtown. Charlie was always a valued shipmate and we sincerely hope to see him again in the near future.

## JAMES ALTON HAGOOD

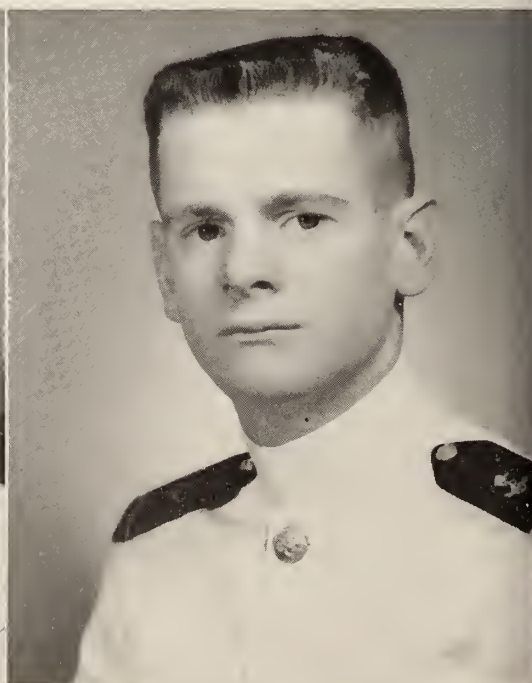
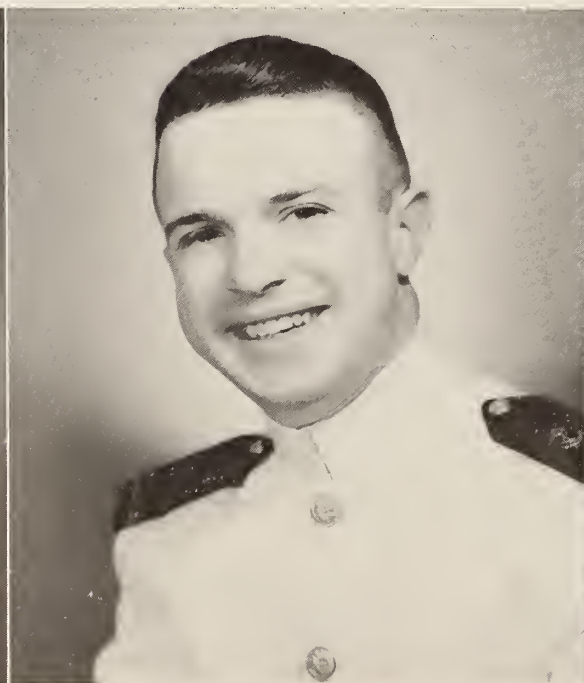
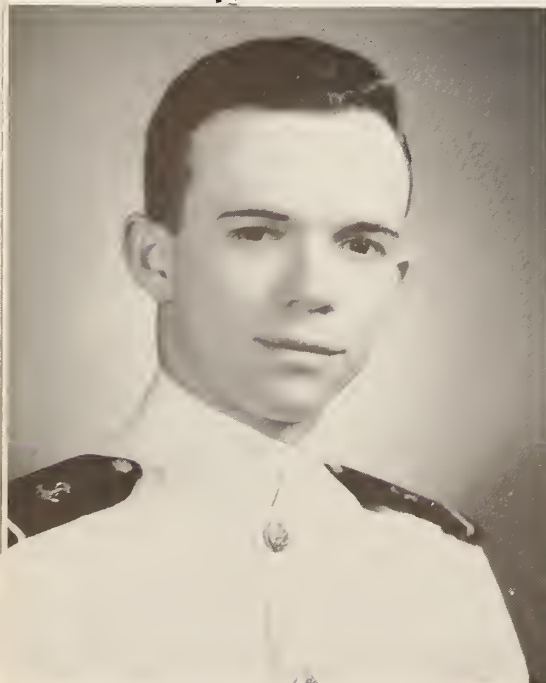
Demopolis, Alabama

"Skee" was an easy going, sincere, and fiery Southerner from deep, deep Dixie. From his early home on subs in the Navy he went to Fire Control Technician School and then to NAPS where he obtained a Fleet appointment to the Academy. Although he often mentioned his preference for the party life and claimed that his only ambitions were to read, write, and be happy, he managed nonetheless to get through. He was aided greatly by huge volumes of mail and a great deal of sack time. Friendliness and a sense of humor have won him many good friends. His banter and cheerful attitude will brighten any wardroom.

## HARRY JAMES HANSEN, III

Glendale, California

"Hap" came to Navy after a short hitch in the Fleet. Never one to spend valuable time studying, he usually could be found in the rack; however, he occasionally would tear himself away for athletics and various extracurricular activities, among which were the **Log** and **Splinter**. "Hap" seeks to push a plane around for a living, and will depart USNAY in quest for those silver wings.





**JOHN LAWRENCE HIGGINS, JR.**

Ho Ho Kus, New Jersey

Larry came to the Naval Academy via Wyoming Seminary. Rejecting the idea of following his father into the automobile business, he came to Crabtown in search of new horizons. Athletic successes had long been a habit with Larry and his four years at Navy were no exception; his record on the Varsity basketball squad was outstanding. Larry's slow, easy-going manner was truly genuine and he liked to say that worry was pure folly. If he finds a plane to fit those long legs, he'd like to fly for the Navy.

**JOHN DIAMOND HOLLAND, JR.**

Washington, D. C.

John was no stranger to the Navy when he joined the Brigade in the summer of '54; he had spent a year in the Naval Reserve and came to us via NAPS. A man of varied athletic and musical talents, he always had too much to do to worry about the books; a variety of intramurals, the Concert Band, and even duty with the **Log** staff will confirm this. His music and the ability to please the femmes kept him busy. John should have no troubles in any service career.

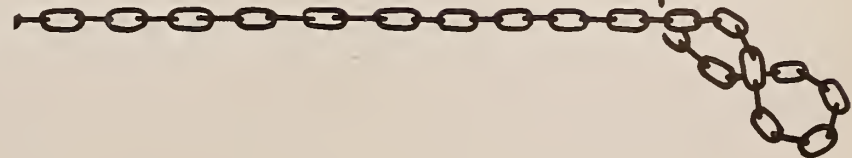
**WILLIAM STAMPS HOWARD, III**

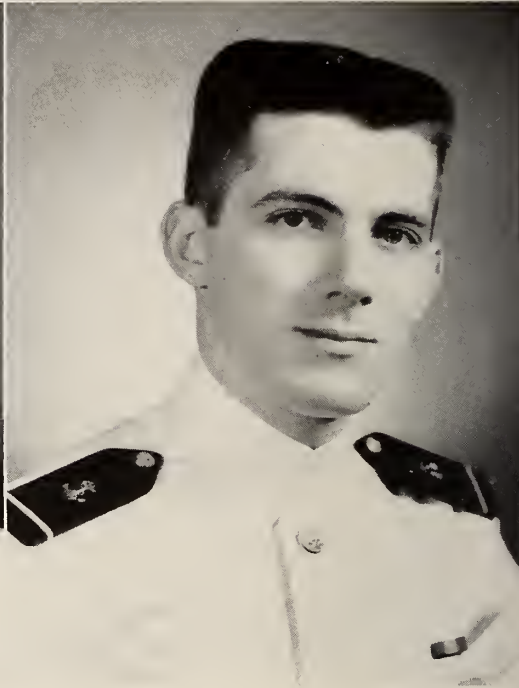
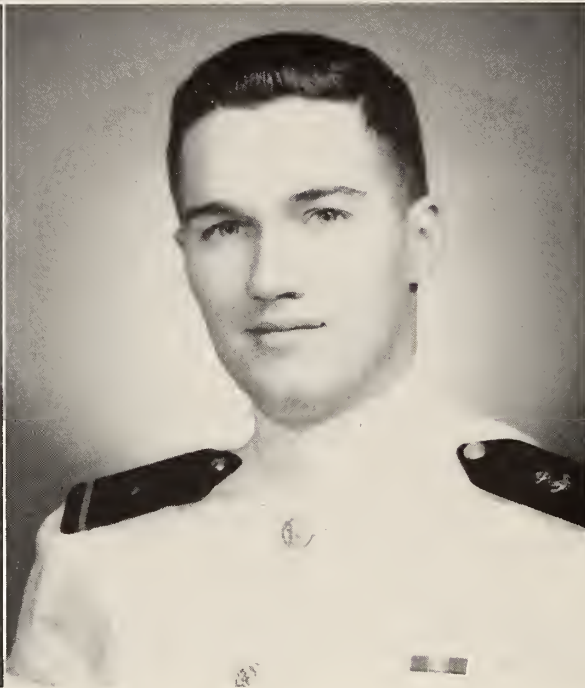
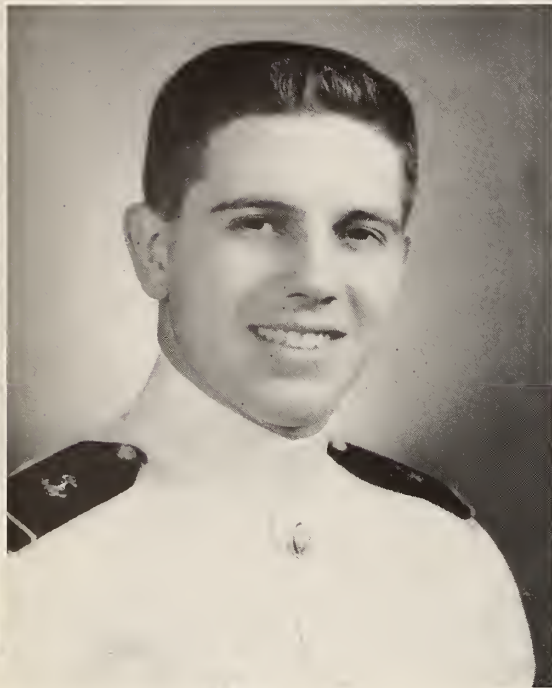
Tarboro, North Carolina

Stamps, born in sunny California, moved at an early age to the Tarheel State, where he has resided since. After graduation from Woodbury Forest Prep, he packed up his tennis racquet and came to the Academy via a Presidential appointment. The Varsity courts were mute witnesses of Stamps' outstanding play for his three upperclass years. He was also active in intramural sports during the off-season. His congenial personality and keen sense of humor seemed to appeal to everyone. Sports and studies took up the majority of his time but seldom did a weekend pass that he was not escorting some Southern belle. Upon graduation, Stamps hopes to follow the footsteps of his father to the "Tin Can Navy."



*United States Naval Academy*





**WALTER SEIPLE ILLICK, JR.**

Easton, Pennsylvania

Walt must have had a great time during his one year stay at Columbia judging from the smile and good nature he brought with him. Never one to place much stock in worry, he relaxed and did everything with the minimum of effort. He soon discovered the Navy sailing fleet and became a staunch member of the Royono crew. But his main activity seemed to be writing to the OAO and generally brightening up any spot in Bancroft which dared to be dark. Navy line will be Walt's future job and his ward-room will undoubtedly be a happy one.

**EDWARD LEO KESSLER, JR.**

Albany, California

Ed brought to the Naval Academy a broad smile, a pleasant manner plus a will to pitch in and work on any project. He quickly established himself a firm place in the Brigade and made many friends. His main interests lay in studies, athletics, and the opposite sex. In the fall and spring he was one of the mainstays of the Varsity golf team. Another budding jet jockey, Ed is already planning the future of military aviation.

**JEAN ROBERT LeBER**

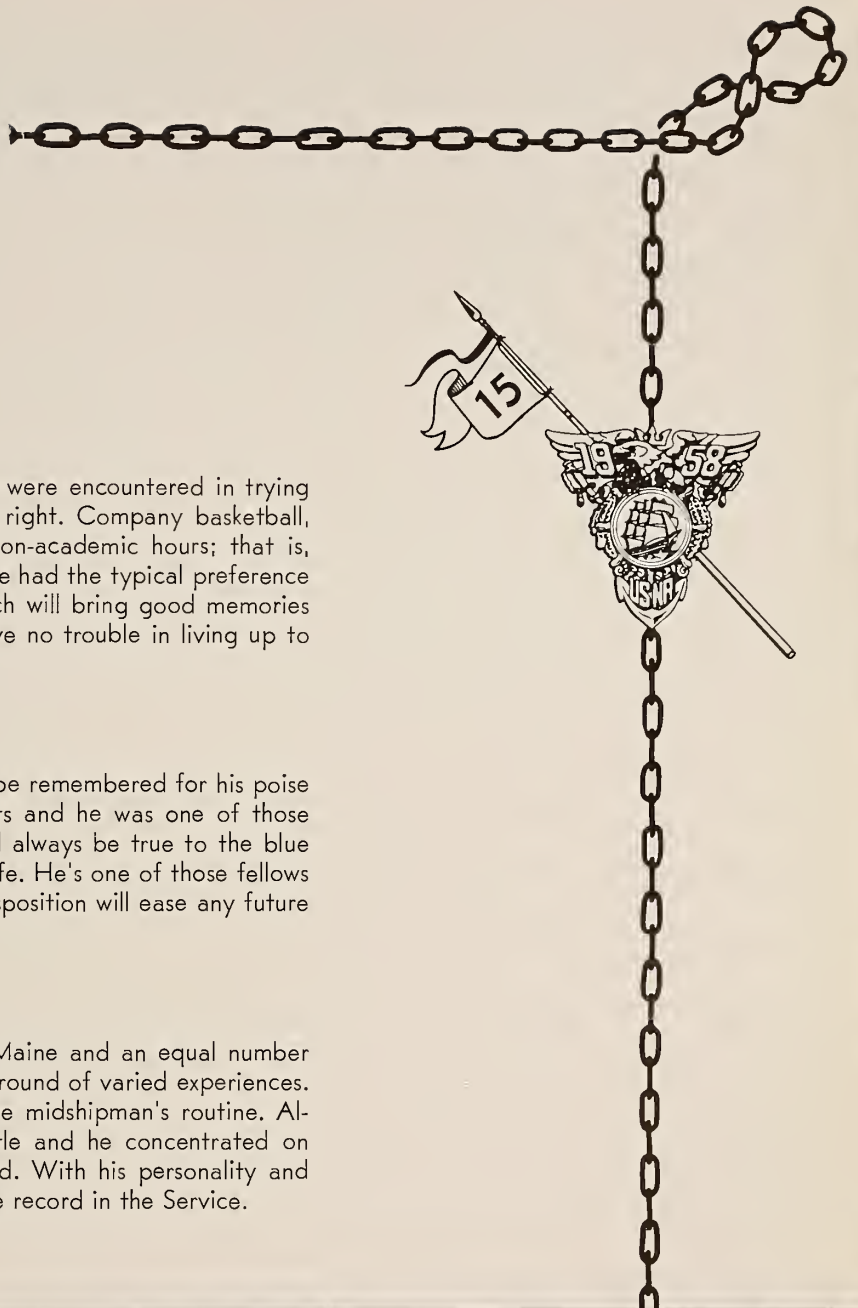
Long Beach, California

Another product of sunny California, Jean was always a youngster to his many friends. Joining us at sweet seventeen, he was able to learn a lot more than mere academics. Enjoying his liberal education, he soon became a man of the world in all respects. Developing into a prolific follower of skirts, Jean liked them all, but sincerely believed in playing the field. A life of travel gave him an ample appreciation of those far-away places. With his gift of gab, his sincerity, and sense of humor, Jean is certain to brighten any unit which he serves with.



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## GEORGE THOMAS LENGAUER, JR.

Sharon, Pennsylvania

It seems that George's most persistent troubles here were encountered in trying to get people, especially plebes, to pronounce his name right. Company basketball, volleyball, and the "blue dragon" claimed most of his non-academic hours; that is, when he wasn't out scouting the latest corp of brunettes. He had the typical preference for leaves and liberties and can recall many incidents which will bring good memories in future years. Serious and conscientious, George will have no trouble in living up to his ambition of being successful.

## PHILIP EDWARD LOVE

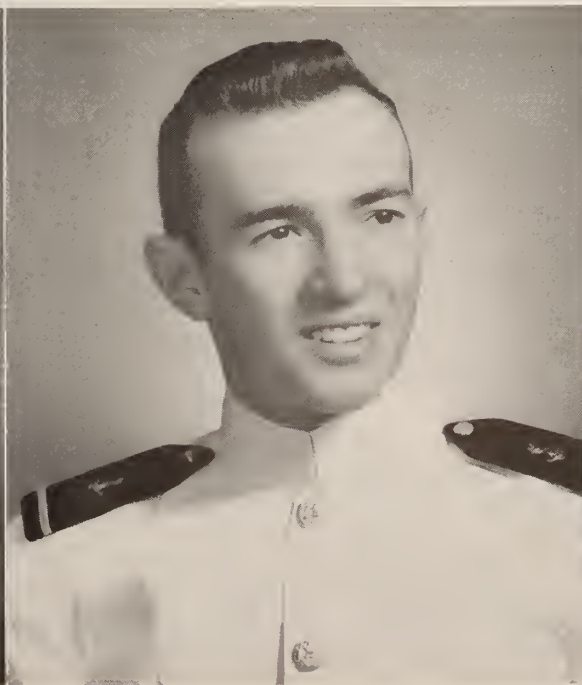
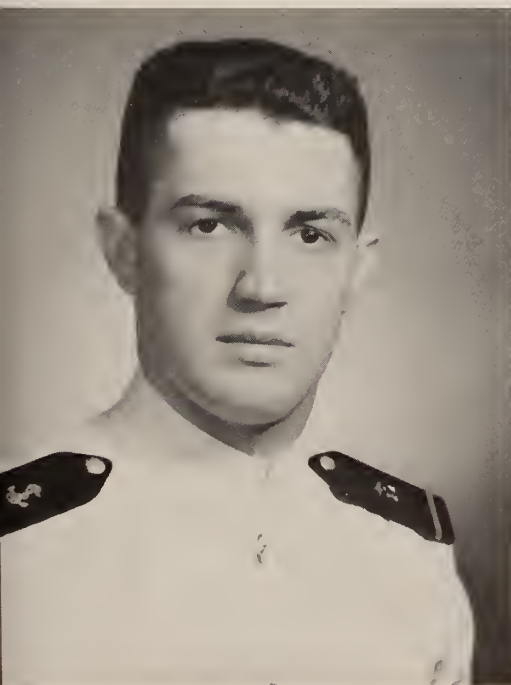
Denton, Maryland

Phil, a product of Maryland's Eastern Shore, will long be remembered for his poise and good nature. He worked hard at Navy in all respects and he was one of those popular men who could make the weekends count. Phil will always be true to the blue and gold; the Navy, without question, is the center of his life. He's one of those fellows who can make the best of any situation and his pleasing disposition will ease any future blows and jolts.

## RALPH WILLIAM LUCE, III

Falmouth Forside, Maine

With two years of engineering at the University of Maine and an equal number in the Fleet, Ralph came to the Academy with a rich background of varied experiences. Not new to the military life, he settled very easily into the midshipman's routine. Although indifferent to academics, studies troubled him little and he concentrated on lighter things, namely developing a deep love for the pad. With his personality and enthusiasm, Ralph will undoubtedly account for a creditable record in the Service.





# United States Naval Academy

## PHILIP FREEMAN McNALL

Rochester, New York

An extraordinary man of many talents, Phil came to us from Hamilton College. A minimum of trouble with the academic routine gave him plenty of time to devote to the art of good living. The fairer sex always seemed to find Phil especially companionable and he enjoyed the reputation of being the first man to drag twelve different girls for June Week during a four year period. Phil has the rare talent of being able to be "one of the boys" and still stay out in front as a leader. Navy line will find him one of whom to be proud.

## WILLIAM ANDREW MOONEY

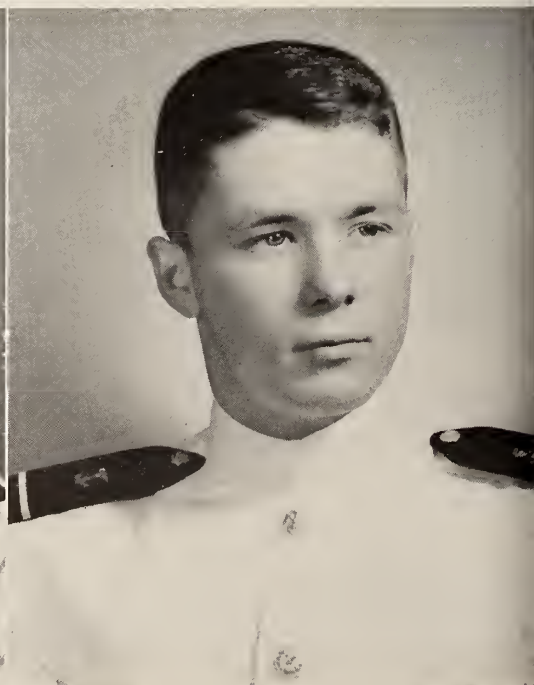
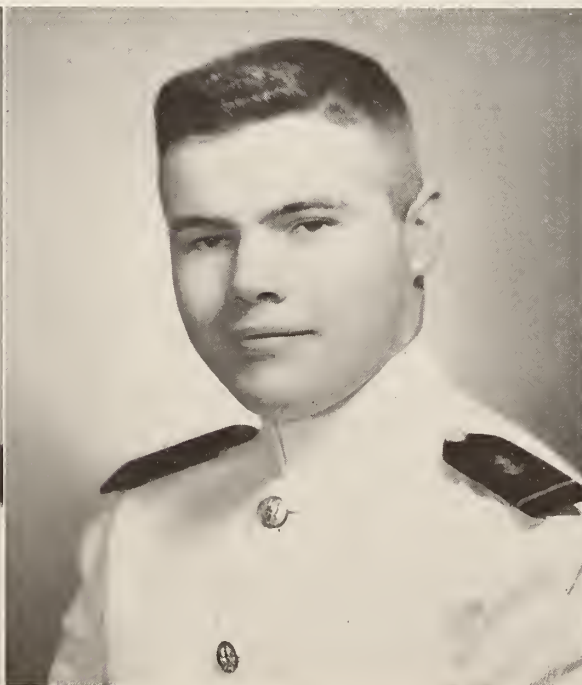
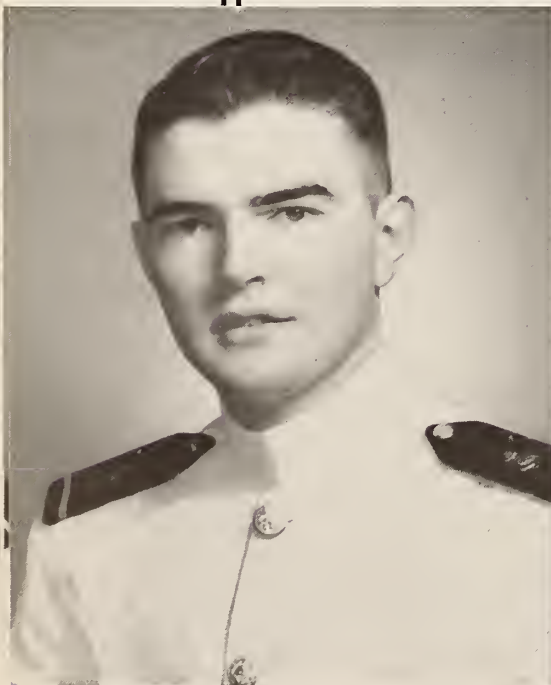
Jersey City, New Jersey

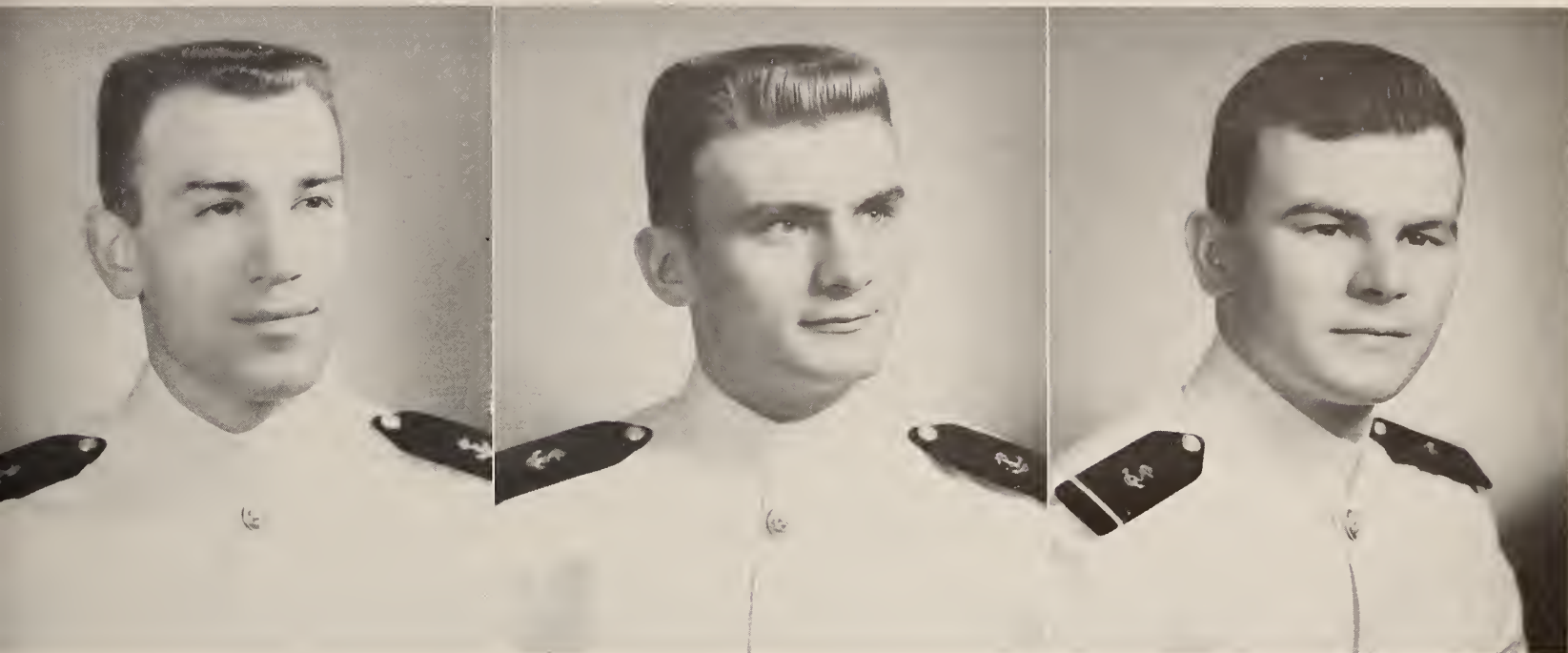
"Moon" came to the Academy from prep school at Bainbridge with a high capacity for humor and hard work. Academics were no obstacle for him and he managed to compile an enviable academic record. He participated in all phases of academic life including football and wrestling on the intra-brigade level. With his tireless Irish humor, Bill will find it difficult not to satisfy his plans to "wear the green."

## TERRENCE JON PARKS

Cedar Falls, Iowa

Terry joined us from the tall corn lands of Iowa and soon developed a great respect for the military life in general and the Marine Corps in particular. Academics were always easy for him and he had plenty of time to practice his amateur semantics which made him a popular man at any bull session. A great deal of patience and perseverance solved many problems and made him the most popular of companions. There is little doubt where Terry will go after graduation; we wish him a great deal of luck in the future years.





**FRANK PETINOS**

Brooklyn, New York

Among Brooklyn's many contributions to the Naval Academy, there were few who stood out as prominently as Frank. Having been an outstanding athlete in high school and at Wyoming Seminary, he passed up numerous athletic scholarships to take a crack at Navy life. Always one to take life easy, his carefree manner won him many friends. Never carefree on the basketball court, however, his scintillating play for the Varsity thrilled many a Dahlgren Hall congregation. Frank's mature judgment and ability to make friends marked him as a good leader and a welcome shipmate.

**MASSEY LEW PIERCE**

Fort Thomas, Kentucky

Matt came to a new life at Navy from the whiskey capital of the world. From the moment he first stenciled his gear, he was a keen competitor for the blue and gold, and always demonstrated a willingness and capacity to learn. Competing in all phases of intramurals and extracurricular activities, Matt gained a countless number of friends with his crisp and personable sense of humor. He aspires to travel down Pensacola way after graduation and to win those coveted wings of Navy air.

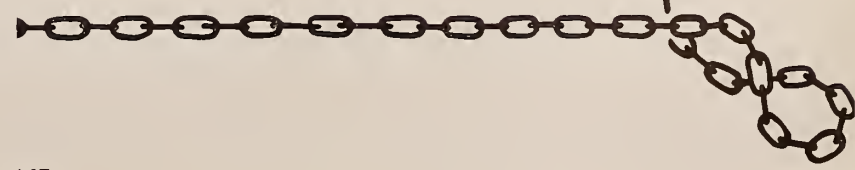
**ROBERT ELVIN RISINGER**

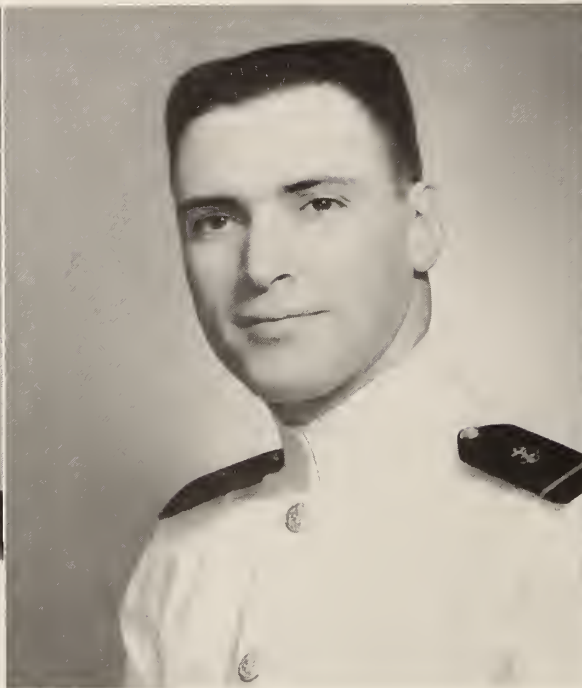
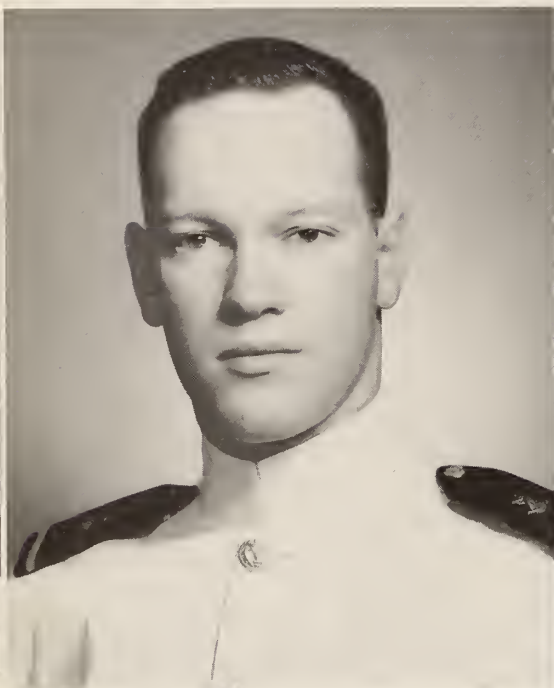
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Bob came to Navy via the University of Wisconsin and a four year hitch in the reserves. This "retread" turned regular Navy combined a full career as a sailor on the "Royono," an easy-going attitude toward academics, and a multitude of friends to make for an enjoyable stay at the Academy. Never one to miss a muster at Riverdale when the situation permitted, he managed to stay one jump ahead of the Executive Department. An eventual career in the Silent Service constitutes Bob's plans for the future.



*United States Naval Academy*





**WILLIAM THOMAS SPANE**

Hayden, Arizona

A true son of the wild and wooly West, Bill bade a sad farewell to the cactus of Arizona to come east to try his hand at new experiences. Surprised to find that his new life would cramp his usually hectic social life, he nevertheless made the most of any and all situations. Dragging a different girl every weekend was the wild Arizonan's favorite pastime and he always kept us guessing at what was coming next. The most rugged of individualists, Bill's part of the Navy will be a pleasant one with never a dull moment.

**JOSEPH LEO STECKLER**

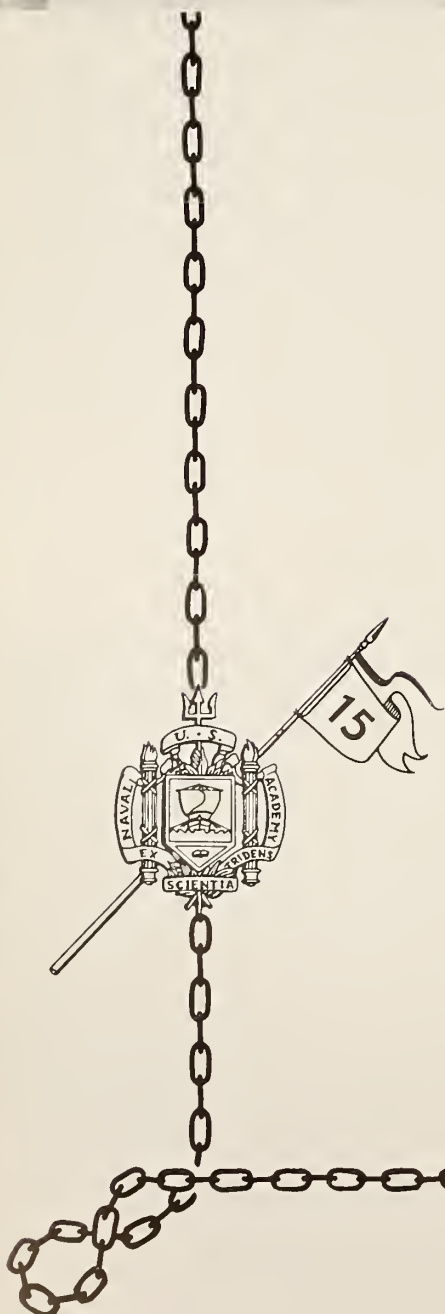
Madisonville, Kentucky

A year of college and two years in the Navy gave Joe an excellent background for entrance to Mother Bancroft. Taking virtually no time to make his presence known, Joe seemed to excel in whatever he chose to undertake. With a keen competitive spirit and a capacity for hard work, he demonstrated well his ability to be an outstanding officer. He should feel right at home at "P.G." school down at Quantico.

**GRAVES BARRETT STEPHENSON**

Sebring, Florida

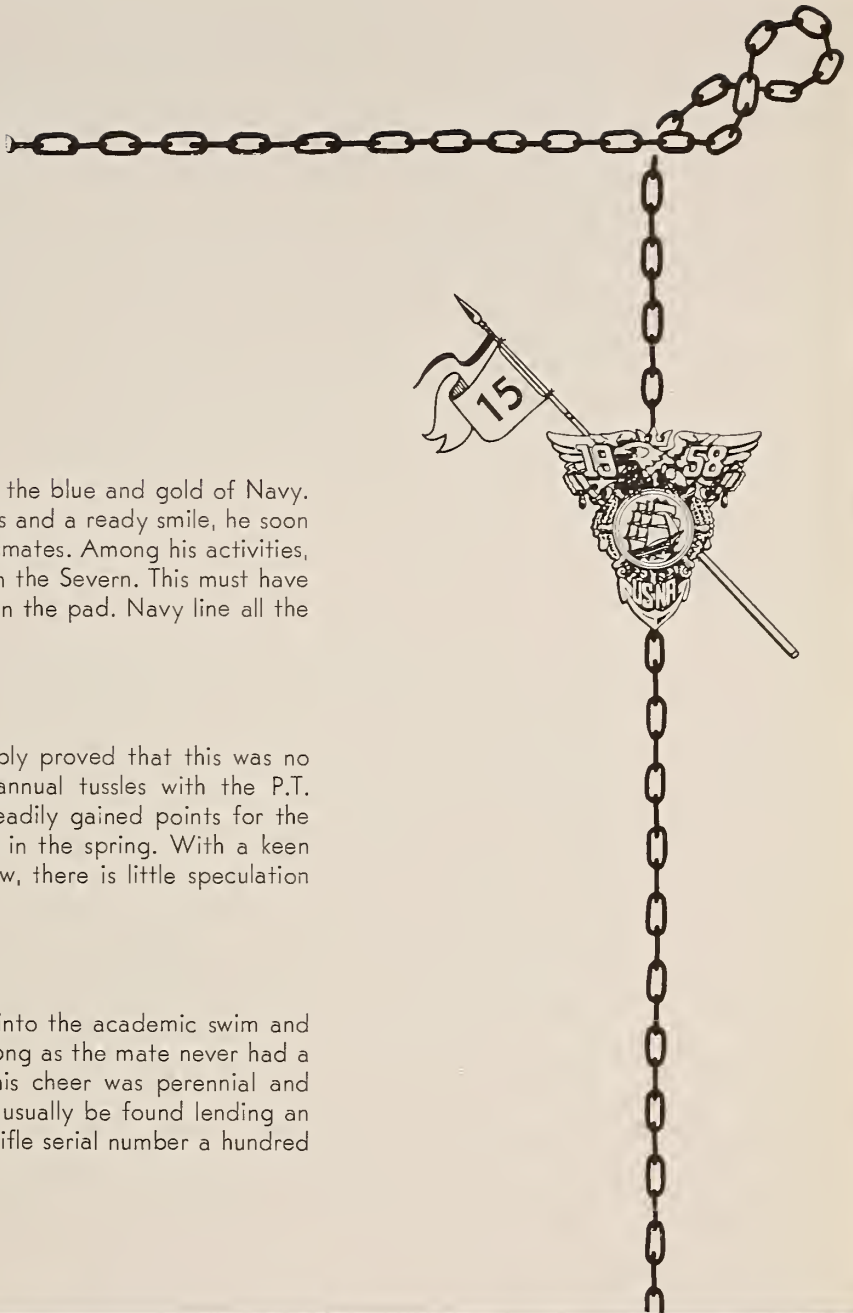
"Hap," coming to the Academy via a Congressional appointment, was an easy-going Rebel who was never at home except in his native Florida swamps. The Academy was his first taste of military life, having first partaken of the ways and means of "Joe College" at Florida State University, but he ably accustomed himself to its intricacies and took it all in his stride. Hops and leaves were his favorite pastime. His choice is the Marine green, and from all indications, he won't need any luck to succeed.



*United States Naval Academy*



# United States Naval Academy



## FREDRICK BRADLEY STUMCKE, JR.

Silver Spring, Maryland

After a year at Bullis Prep, Brad traded his civvies for the blue and gold of Navy. Academics offered little trouble and with his bright abilities and a ready smile, he soon began to win lasting friendships and the respect of his classmates. Among his activities, Brad spent many an afternoon with the lightweight crew on the Severn. This must have tired him considerably judging from all the time he spent in the pad. Navy line all the way, Brad looks forward to a life on the bounding main.

## MICHAEL GEORGE TULLEY JR.

Middlebury, Vermont

Mike came to Navy directly from high school and ably proved that this was no handicap. He crossed all hurdles easily except several annual tussles with the P.T. department and its hated sub squad. Sportswise, Mike steadily gained points for the company harriers in the fall and the battalion track team in the spring. With a keen eye toward the future and a perseverance equalled by few, there is little speculation about his future success.

## ROBERT ROY VAUGHAN

McKeesport, Pennsylvania

Coming directly from high school, Bob jumped right into the academic swim and had no trouble in holding his own. Happy and content as long as the mate never had a free ride in his room whenever mail call rolled around, his cheer was perennial and plentiful. Good music was also an obsession and he could usually be found lending an earlobe to his latest acquisition. After having to write his rifle serial number a hundred times at Tramid, Bob says it's Navy line with no doubt.





# United States Naval Academy

## THOMAS ALFRED WERNER

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Coming from the "Steel City," Tom brought to Navy one of our keenest minds and friendliest personalities. With the former he had no trouble in stacking up an enviable academic record and with the latter he found many close friendships. An athlete as well, Tom liked weight lifting and the rigors of various "intermurder" sports; he was one who could always handle the opposition with true dispatch. Hoping to raise a large family and rise to even greater heights in his career will be no idle wishes on the part of Tom.

## RICHARD PERLEY WHITNEY

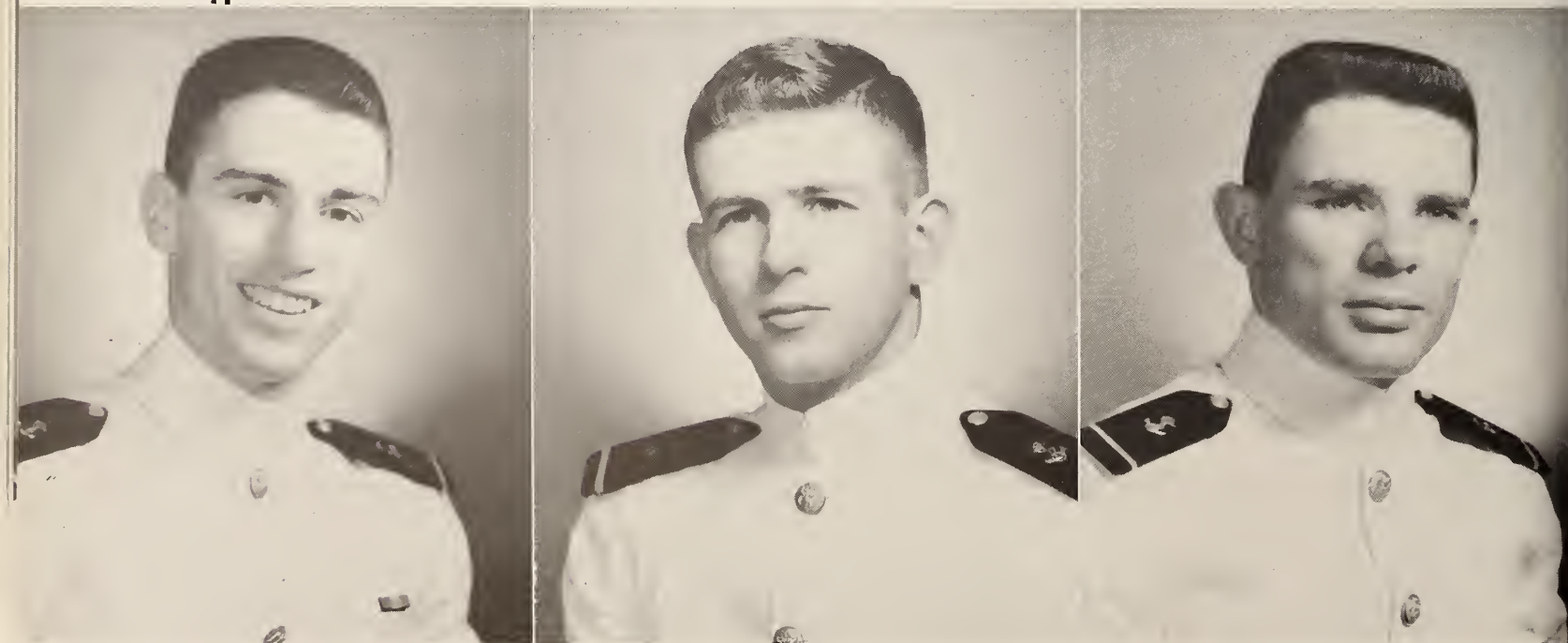
Cape Porpoise, Maine

Since he descended from a long line of sea farers, it was quite natural that Perley joined the Navy. Soon tiring of the whitehat life, he decided to make the big jump to our sacred shores and did so via NAPS. An immaculate personal appearance and a ready smile were his trademarks here at Navy and his inherent New England stubbornness and perseverance carried him easily over the academic hurdles. Navy wings of gold is his immediate goal following graduation.

## EDWARD FRANK WILLIAMS

Duluth, Minnesota

After spending a year in engineering at the University of Minnesota, Bud decided to try the "strenuous life" afforded at USNA. There is no question of his success in his adopted Spartan way of life. Taking the Academy in definite stride, he mastered his academics—finding time to bring in a few points for the steeplechasers and to build a hi-fi set for the room. Bud was active in the Chapel Choir, NACA and the Glee Club. His generosity and easy going personality will long be remembered.





*Left to right: First row—Ballard, Sturges, London, Saxton, Wainwright, Lovell, Wu, Austin, Brantuas, Lewis. Second row—Fitzgerald, Yaworsky, Rice, Kruzic, Tomajczyk, McGanka, Commons, Powell, Simmons. Third row—Preston, Garton, Smith, Hoey, Seykowski, McGee, Holmes, Hughes. Fourth row—Barry, Settle, Holds, Hansen, Assell, Everett, Hyatt, Gibbons.*



*Left to right: First row—Jones, Covington, Pavlick, Timmer, Elorede, Lewis, Besch, Howard, Kleis, Ford. Second row—Williams, Jones, Bringhurst, Lowry, Mucher, Kroyer, Mollicone, Glew, Gillespie. Third row—Morgan, Gilstrap, Lansdowne, Bates, Williams, Lusignan, Heuberger, Mayers. Fourth row—Stromberg, Williams, Sollberger, Callaway, Moulton, Terry.*



*Left to right: First row—Dessayer, Watterson, Laster, Fidler, DiFabbio, Dunn, Denny, Breece, Woodka, Horrell. Second row—Dean, Bickel, Johnson, Holbrook, Cook, DeRose, Henderson, Stebbins, Cooper. Third row—Naxario, Patterson, Butler, Moix, Campbell, Stashak, Bourn, O'Brien. Fourth row—Humphrey, Draper, Maxon, Buckley, Mitchell, Whiting, Umberger. Fifth row—Butterfield, Wilson, Moore, Williams, Foley, Burke. Sixth row—Cann, Barr, Lazzaretti, Lamporte.*



Lt. D.A. Kilmer, USN  
Company Officer

Having a wearer of the dolphins as a company officer for four straight years had a profound effect upon '58 in the Sixteenth. We were "submerged" for almost the whole period, except for a couple of "slips" Second Class year, when we won the Spring P-rade competition and when our firsties won a couple of professional competitions in '56. But we had what it took; First Class year saw us produce a five-striper, four four-strippers, and a three-striper on other-than-company staffs. Life in the Second Wing wasn't bad at all, even if we did have to walk a mile for everything.

Who can forget the continual plebe-firstie ruckuses before every big football game and leave, the first clambake in Academy history, the exam

## Sixteenth Company

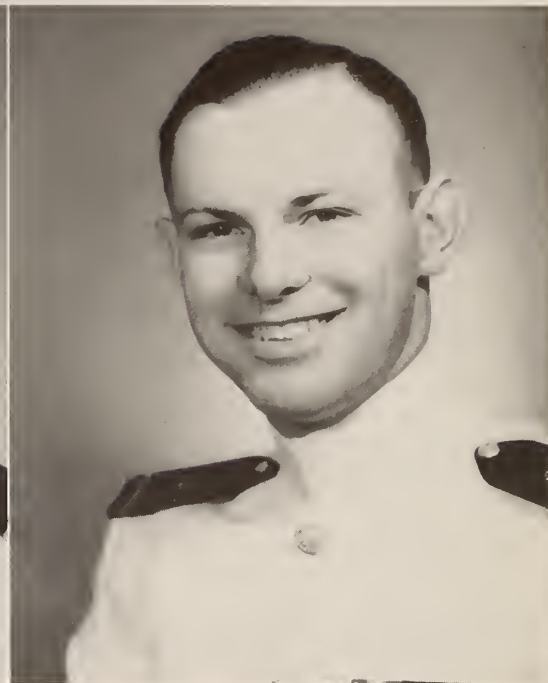


Fall Set. Left to right—Larsen, Harper, Nutting, Bradley, Skezas, Peele.



Winter Set. Left to right—Gates, Ryan, Shane, Lawrence, Stallkamp, Pivarnik.

seminars, and our thwarted expectations of spending First Class year on the zero deck? Then there were John and his immortal Uncle Louie, Chuck and his squirrels, Wayne and his preference number, Hugh and his classroom hour siestas, Charlie and his cigars, Bill and his bagpipes, Larry and his never-made deadlines, Acey, Vic and Tom being too smitten by Cupid to wait, Dan and his non-sweat factor which finally caught up with him, Gene and Ken and their laugh-a-minute philosophy, and Ted and his drags. This was quite a group with which the rest of us had cast our lot. Despite the "trials and tribulations," we all enjoyed ourselves; we only hope that those we leave behind can have as good a time.



**GEORGE ROBERTS ALLENDER**

Indian Head, Maryland

After two years at Duke University, the Navy strains in George finally won out and he came north to take a spot in the Brigade. He settled down to a steady, solid existence, getting everything done without too much trouble. Battalion football and company softball showed him to be a good man on the athletic field with the Property Gang filling his other non-academic hours. George was always one with a solid philosophy about life, and we know that any future endeavor of his will receive the maximum of sound judgment and ability. A trip to Pensacola and eventual marriage are two immediate steps to a successful naval career.

**JOHN ALBERT BESECKER**

Edmonds, Washington

Jack entered USNAY fresh from high school to start the job that will undoubtedly occupy him for at least the next thirty years. Always thinking of his future career with the Navy, he was continually doing all he could educationally and otherwise to insure his future success. Not quite attaining stars, he still maintained an average that was far above average. Athletically, he was a valuable asset to the continued triumphs of the Fourth Batt football warriors and various company squads. Upon graduation, he will at long last have his coveted ensign's stripes and be at the threshold of a long career at sea.

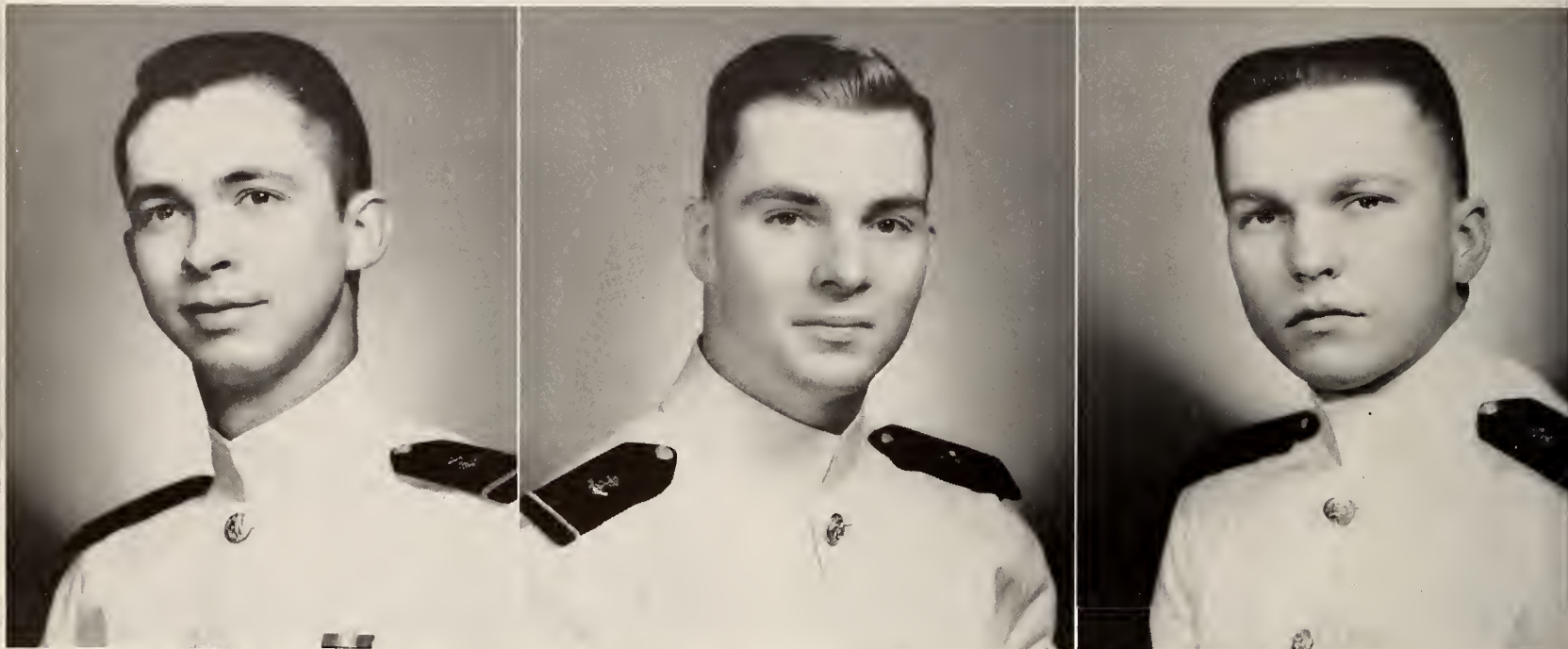
**JOHN BRUCE BRADLEY**

Fargo, North Dakota

J. B. came east, contrary to popular advice, to seek his fortune as a junior Naval. Despite his annual battles with Russian and Bull, he managed to stay on the right side of the Academic Board and the radiator squad. The "Fargo Flash" could usually be found playing "Ready Kilowatt" in the midst of a huge pile of electronic junk and saying "Skinny's fruit!" Battalion track, table tennis, and yawl sailing all managed to keep him well out of mischief's reach. Bruce fell in love with the Seamaster during Second Class summer, and hopes to climb into its cockpit and sit in the business seat someday.



*United States Naval Academy*



**RONALD GENE DARINGER**

Edgewood, Indiana

Graduating "cum laude" from high school, Ron shoved off for the Severn expecting an Ivy League paradise. Quickly getting over the initial shock, our good-natured friend from the Hoosier State settled down to see what he could do about graduating from here, too. Ron's filibustering techniques saved us from many a quiz and we know that any future endeavor will receive an equal amount of his spirit and fortitude. Intramurals and dragging rounded out a busy schedule. Ron's got his eyes on a personalized jet of his own and we look forward to the day when he'll be one of Uncle Sam's aces.

**EDWARD WILCOX FEATHERSTON**

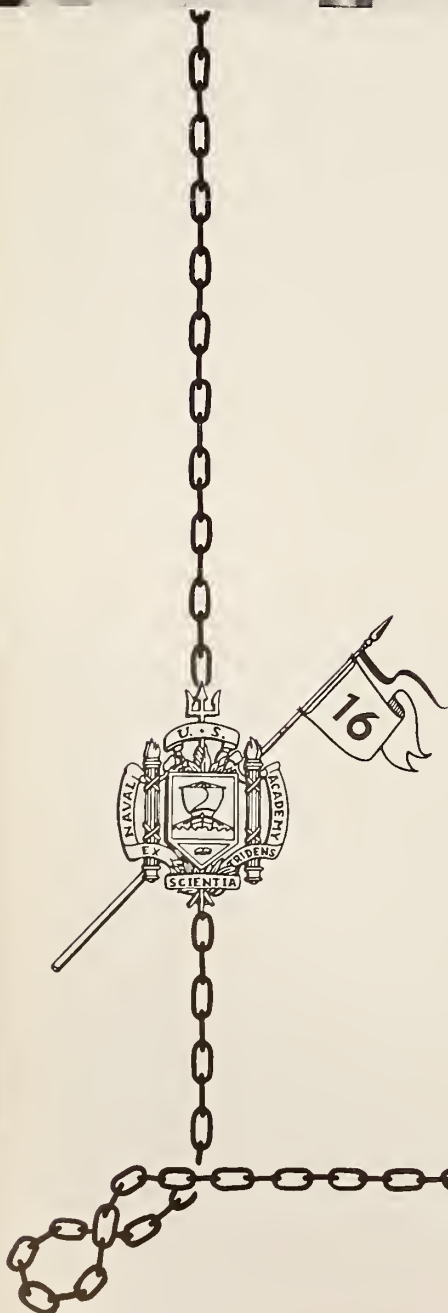
Charlottesville, Virginia

Believing that good things always came in pairs, Ed and his twin brother joined the Brigade to take their places in the service. A cool head and complete lack of worry always characterized big Ed and in his own words, "a slack ship can be a happy ship." A variety of sports helped him to exploit a considerable athletic prowess which greatly helped any team. The books were never overly friendly, but it took more than the Academic Board to get him down. Otherwise, his main activities seemed to be dragging and setting new extra duty records. The "low-clutch" attitude that has always been Ed's trademark will fit in well with his desired future in Navy air.

**MALCOLM RICHARD FOSSETT, JR.**

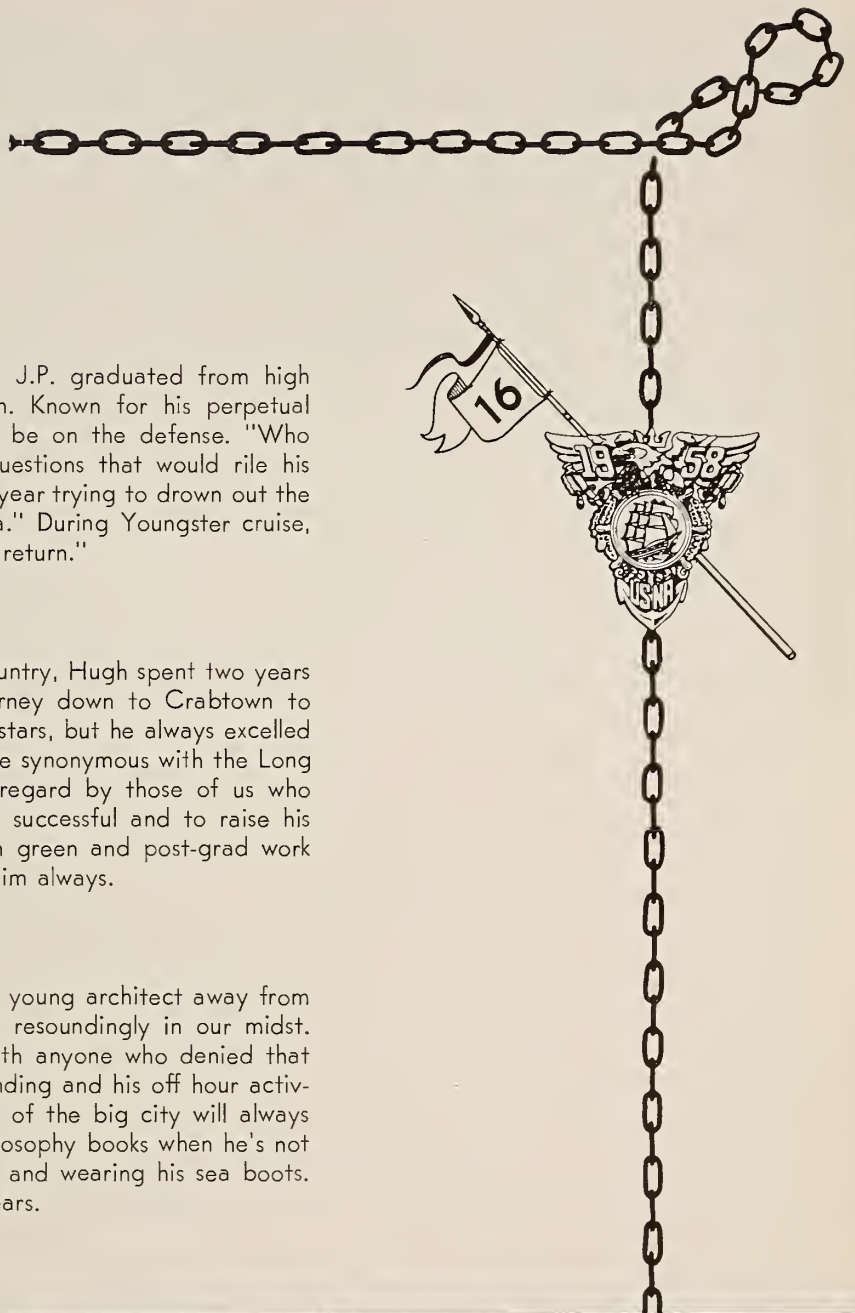
Union, New Jersey

"Black Mac" decided that the party life at Lafayette was dissipating, so he packed his sliderule after a year of engineering and enrolled at Navy Tech. Always a star man, he never worried about the books—that is, after Dago bit the dust. You always knew when Mac was at home from the bars of cool sounds which would boom from his room and his exhaustive collection of the best in jazz. Somewhat of a ladies' man, he had the old peepers peeled for that perfect blonde, managing to fight off all the rest. Wrestling in the MacDonough loft seemed to be his happiest pastime during the week. Mac is still another one of '58's potential aviators and we have a hunch that there will be few better ones.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## JOHN PHILIP FRUSTACE

Chester, New York

Hailing from the "celery patch of God's country," J.P. graduated from high school just in time to sign his John Henry to the oath. Known for his perpetual "sweater" and barber shears, "Acie" always seemed to be on the defense. "Who killa da chief" or "Who sunka da Doria" were stock questions that would rile his Mediterranean blood. He had a rough time Second Class year trying to drown out the hi-fi classical music down the hall with his "Be-Bop-A-Lula." During Youngster cruise, "Acie" fell in love with gay Paree, and one day "he shall return."

## HUGH HORNE GATES

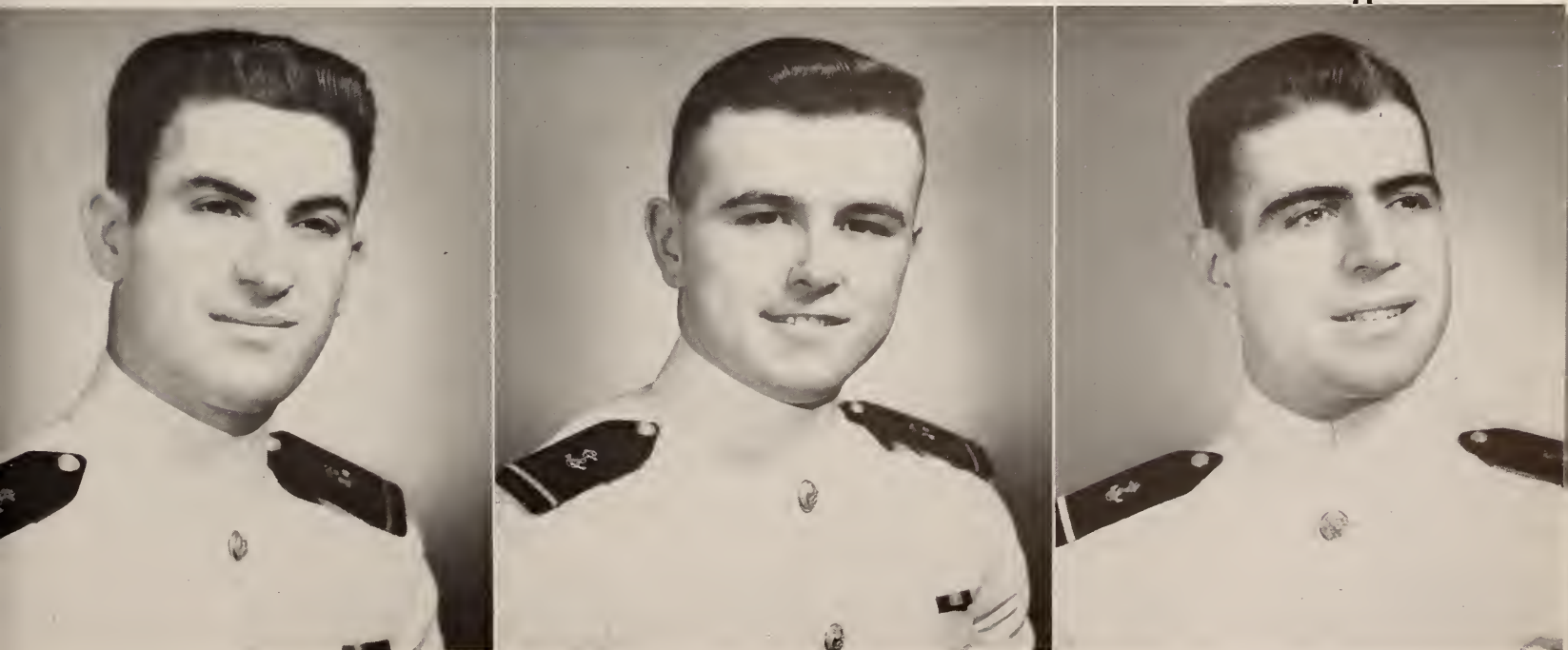
Franklin, Vermont

Coming in from the heart of the Green Mountain country, Hugh spent two years at the University of Maine before making the long journey down to Crabtown to follow his brother's footsteps. Not only did he quickly win stars, but he always excelled in lightweight crew, football, and soccer. His name became synonymous with the Long Weekend List and his appearance identical with warm regard by those of us who knew him. His main ambition in life is to be happy and successful and to raise his own Brigade. Hugh's immediate plans involve the men in green and post-grad work at Quantico. The best wishes of all of us will accompany him always.

## JOHN LOUIS GENTILE

Laurelton, New York

The charm of the mysterious sea lured this promising young architect away from the technical schools of New York City and placed him resoundingly in our midst. Always proud of his big city origin, John would fight with anyone who denied that milk came from trucks. His grades were constantly outstanding and his off hour activities both lengthy and usually scientific. The bright lights of the big city will always be a diversion for this old salt who just wants to read philosophy books when he's not on the bridge of his ship smoking his leather bound pipe and wearing his sea boots. He'll never need the luck we all wish him for the future years.





# United States Naval Academy

## WILLIAM MacARTHUR GRADY

Binghamton, New York

"Grades" came straight from Binghamton Central High to Navy Tech. Being an Ivy Leaguer at heart, he fell naturally into the little party life we had. Known for a winning personality, some great sea stories of days gone by, and a willingness to take a chance on any wild scheme, Bill was always a favorite with everyone who knew him. He had his own ambitions, but the witch doctors down in Sick Quarters had other ideas; the vitamin pills were to no avail and the Supply Corps will surely benefit by these happenings. A few gray hairs from plebe Skinny, a little chubby from too much Navy chow, a tremendous party man—there stands "Grades" in a nutshell.

## JOHN DANIEL HANEY, JR.

West Orange, New Jersey

Spending most of his early life in southern Louisiana, Dan returned to Jersey long enough to get his high school sheepskin and to bring a truly varied background to Canoe U. Definitely the outdoorsman, his tastes always ran to hunting and skin diving; he was happiest here when firing for the Varsity pistol team. Dan could never bear to see a Saturday night hop go unattended and usually brightened up the dance floor with his antics. He is looking forward to the day when he has enough box tops saved up for his new Jag and he can become the true playboy. Meanwhile he'll be learning how to fly a Navy jet.

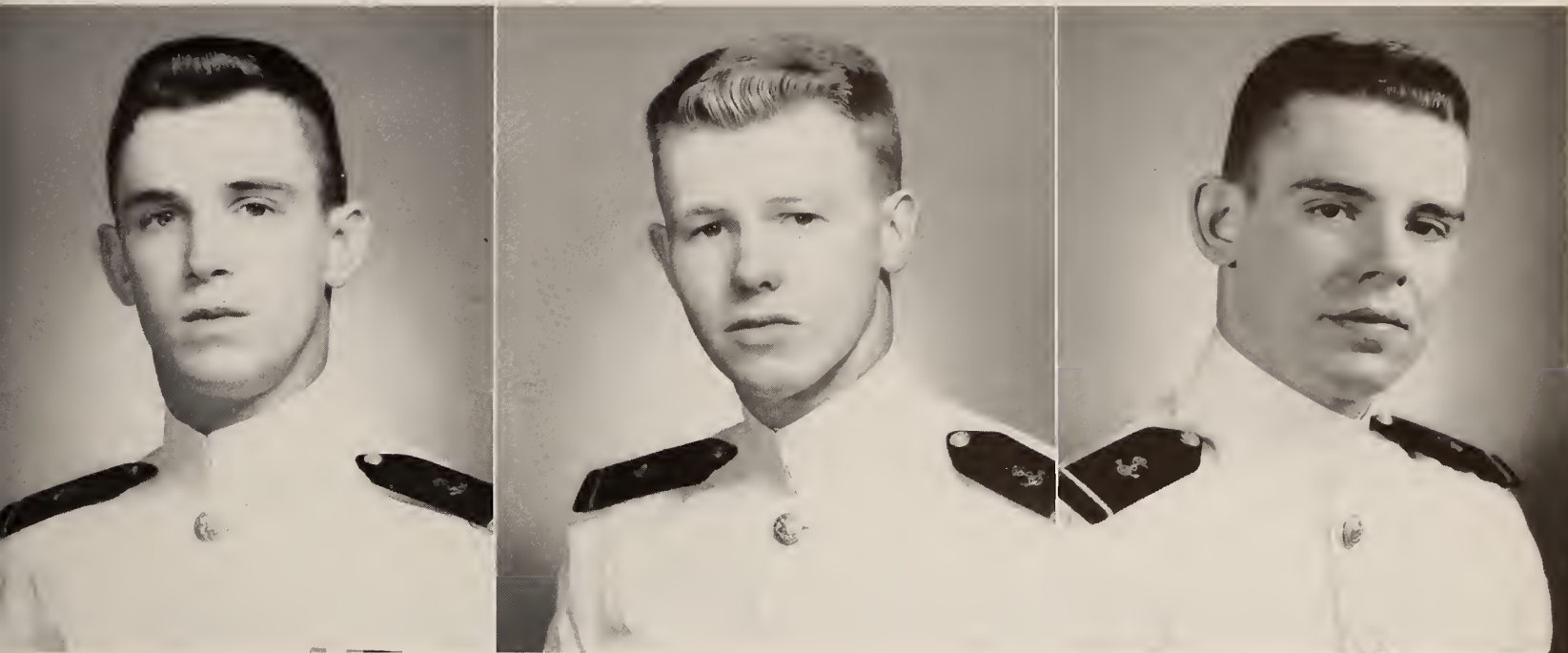
## GLYNN COMPTON HARPER

Pasadena, Texas

Glynn was one of those rare souls that Texans are always bragging about . . . tall, friendly, and constantly the true gentleman. His ambition to join the Brigade dated from high school days; maybe it was his famed sojourn to Mozambique that inculcated within him the desire to sail the bounding main. His pastimes here were many and varied, but all were marked by his fervent spirit and participation. They ranged from yawl maintenance to the Class Crest and Ring Committee. Glynn's had his eye on a set of golden dolphins and you can rest assured that any future duty station will be a far better one because of his presence.







**CHARLES HENRY HAUGHEY**

Otis, Massachusetts

Chuck's personality always smacked of small town life and he was ready at all times to boast of the charms of a certain little town in New England. An earlier life of hard work gave him the proper perspective on life; he never had any troubles here and he seemed to know just how much effort was needed for any undertaking. His prowess as an athlete was unquestionable; during the winter you could see his lanky frame splashing around in the Nat with the Varsity swimmers. He also did quite a bit of boxing, where he was one of the best. Chuck hopes to make a success of the service and then someday settle down on his own farm in New Hampshire.

**PETER DONALD HOFSTEDT**

Tarrytown, New York

Pete came to the Brigade from the village of Tarrytown in the Sleepy Hollow land of Washington Irving. No "headless horseman" himself, Pete quickly won his rightful niche in Academy life which revolved around his duties as one of Navy's best hurlers out on the Varsity baseball diamond. The Reception Committee and various jobs in the Brigade organization always kept Pete busier than most, but his grades were more than respectable. Nav gave him a rough time at first during Second Class year, but he soon mastered the art and plans to become one of the best when he joins the Fleet as one of USNAY's finest.

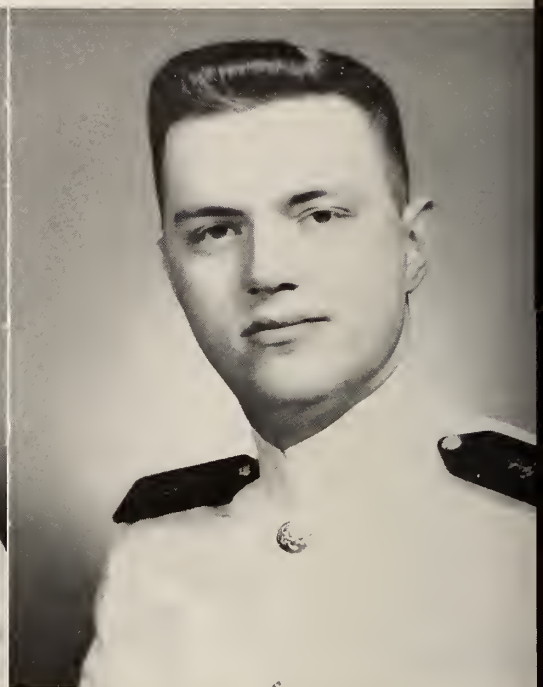
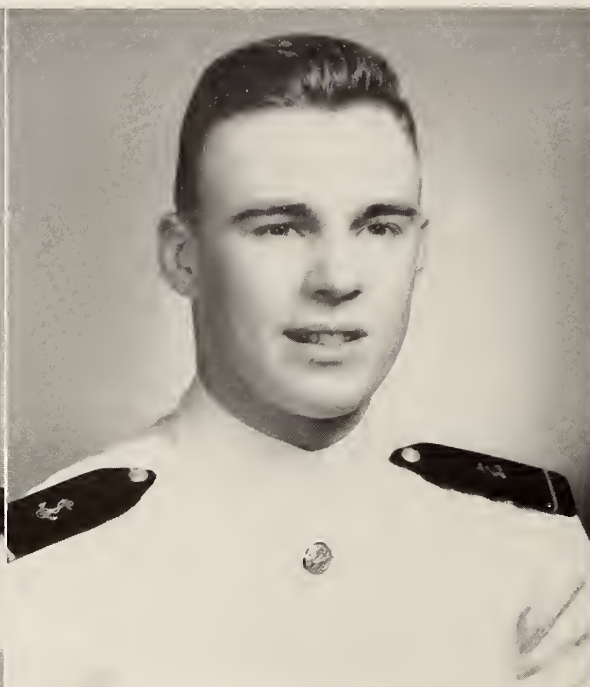
**JACOB EVERT ILES**

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa

One year at Iowa State convinced "Bud" that the Joe College ways were not for him and so he joined the ranks of "the pampered pets." The initial transition did not come easily to our Mt. Pleasant gentleman, as many early morning hours with the Severn Sunrise Club will attest. Plebe year passed uneventfully, exceptions being the earning of his stars and several harrowing run-ins with the law. Youngster year saw "Bud" making good use of his Iowa farm talk to explain the wonders of Navy life to many young femmes. Ask any plebe and he would tell you that the only logical place for Ensign Iles is Navy air.



*United States Naval Academy*



**ROBERT SHIELDS LACKEY**

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Bound for the Ivy League life of Princeton upon graduation from Pittsburgh's Shadyside Academy, Bob upset the apple cart by accepting a Navy appointment and hastening south to keep a date with destiny. His decision seemed to have been a wise one, judging from successes here in most phases of life. Well-rounded in every respect, Bob participated in activities ranging from the Drum & Bugle Corps to battalion wrestling. He was in every sense of the word Congress' conception of an officer and gentleman. His J.O. days will probably be spent in Marine aviation.

**CARL BURT LARSEN**

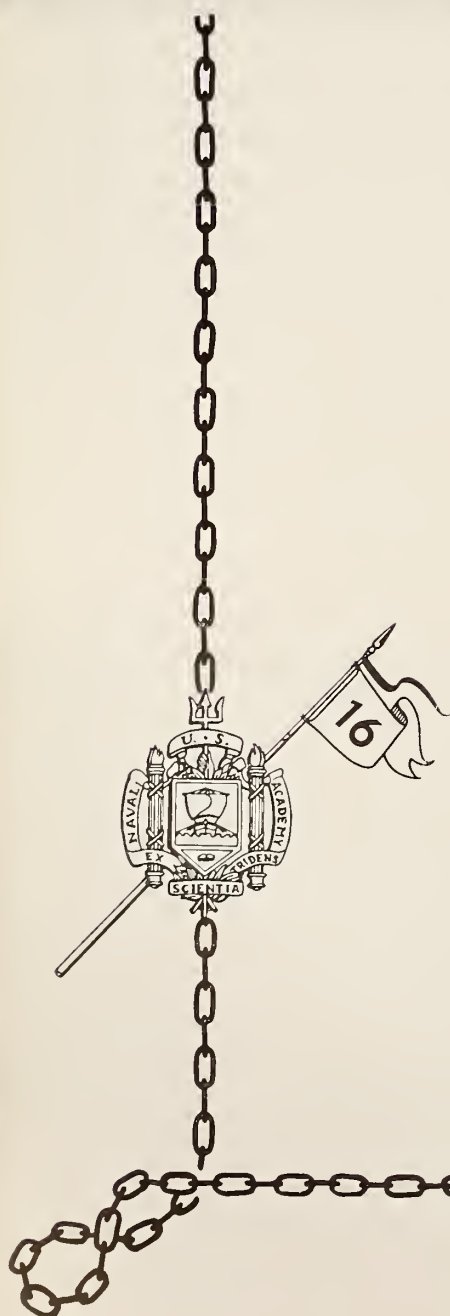
Cassville, New York

Carl managed to tour most of the East before winding up at Canoe U. Finally coming from Cassville, formerly called Frog Hollow, he quickly settled down to make a big impression. An athlete of the first magnitude, he was always just one step away from being the number one man in the lightweight division for the Varsity grapplers. Never failing anything from lack of trying, his spirit was inspirational to many. Who can forget his daily ritual of doing pull-ups on the shower curtain rod over in the second wing? Always striving for a 4.0 in P.T., he managed to also do well with the books. The wings of gold, test pilot, and eventually an admiral's shoulder boards are all goals which should easily be reached.

**LAWRENCE PHILIP LARSON**

Washington, D.C.

Larry came straight from high school fresh and unspoiled, ready to leave the molding of his character to the whims of the Executive Department. Here was a boy with a great and singular talent in literary fields; his sportswriting in the **Log** (remember Larson's Larceny?) will long be remembered as well as his work on the **Trident** and **Lucky Bag** staffs. He loved to drag a different one every week; but Second Class year found him narrowing the field somewhat. Larry's future plans will probably involve a journey to New London, where he will take his place as one of '58's future sub aces.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## KENT BECKWITH LAWRENCE

Milford, New Hampshire

Kent, another of our Navy Juniors, came to us from New Hampshire. His success here can be said to have started with the moment that he first entered Gate Two four long years ago. He quickly got into the swing of things, easily bested the academics, and soon became known as one of Rusty Callow's finest oar-benders. No man could possibly have held a higher place in the esteem of his classmates; his kind word and helping hand endeared him to all who knew him. Upon graduation, he plans to spend the next thirty years in submarines, where undoubtedly the golden dolphins will grow as proud of Kent as we are.

## KENNETH ALEXANDER McNUTT

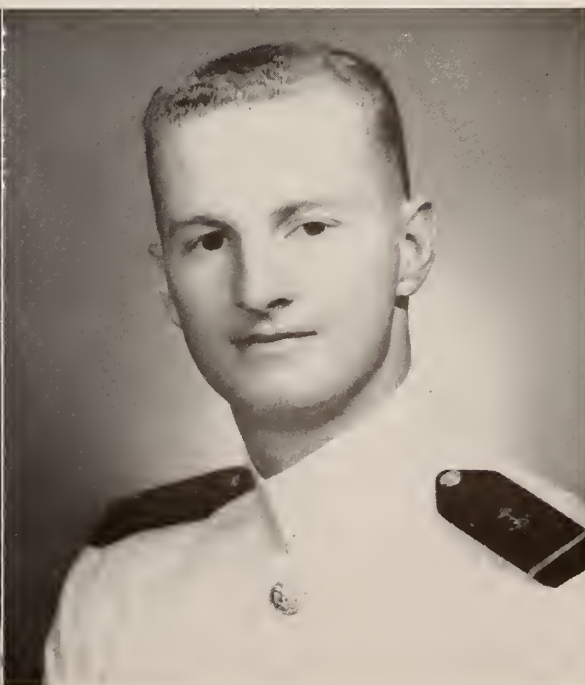
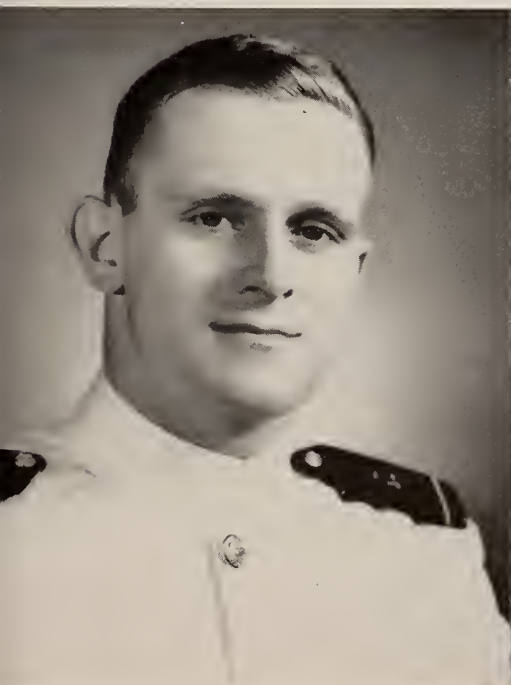
Los Angeles, California

Kent came East from the land of the "Golden Bear" where he attended Occidental College in Los Angeles in between dishwashing jobs in his father's restaurant on famous Colorado Boulevard. True to California traditions, Ken was one of our best athletes and his stellar work on the parallel bars for the Varsity gymnasts thrilled many a packed house and made him one of the country's best. The Reception Committee made good use of his friendly personality and it was a rare weekend when we did not see a young lovely on his arm. Ken's aims have always been high; his next goals are a pair of wings and eventual flag rank in Uncle Sam's Navy.

## GEORGE DALTON MYERS, II

Cincinnati, Ohio

A natural party-goer, George seldom made any select lists back home in Cincinnati; he surprised all of Rhineland by packing his bags and fleeing East to our fair shores. Since then, George managed to do well in both the classrooms and on the athletic field. The pad and dragging claimed most of his off hours, but once in a while you might find our boy sitting in on a meeting of the Foreign Relations Club; however, it was always a rare occasion. George's love for life identified him with the best of liberties; his cheery presence was always a requisite to any company party or bull session. George's ambition is to sit at the CNO's desk someday and we're looking forward to that day with him.





# United States Naval Academy

## ROGER MARVIN NUTTING

Brainerd, Minnesota

From the land of 104 lakes came Rog to do his part in wrecking the academic system. A career of the highest in scholastic honors was nothing new to him, and his continued successes here at Navy were a foregone conclusion. Not one to let other talents go unwasted, Rog could be induced to display a rare prowess on the tennis courts which ultimately sparked the battalion team. Blondes seemed to be his only weakness, but he always enjoyed his frequent encounters with the fairer sex. We'll find Rog shoving off to sea with the best of them and someday as one of the Navy's top engineering brains.

## CHARLES RUSSELL PEELE, JR.

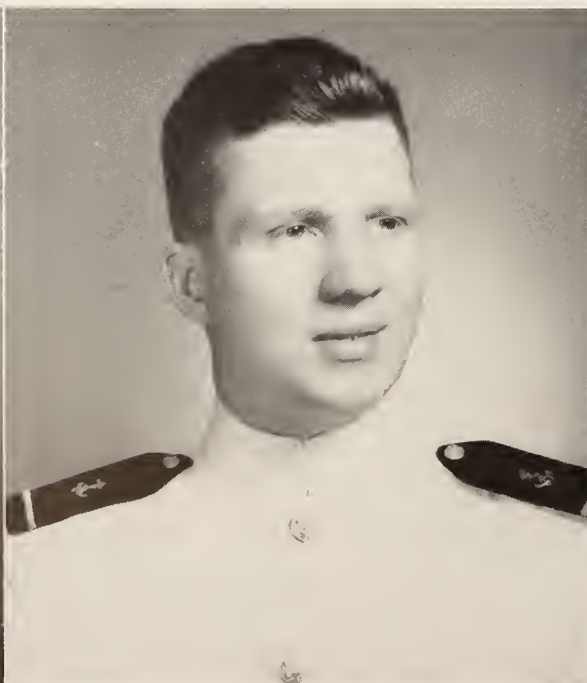
East Hampton, New York

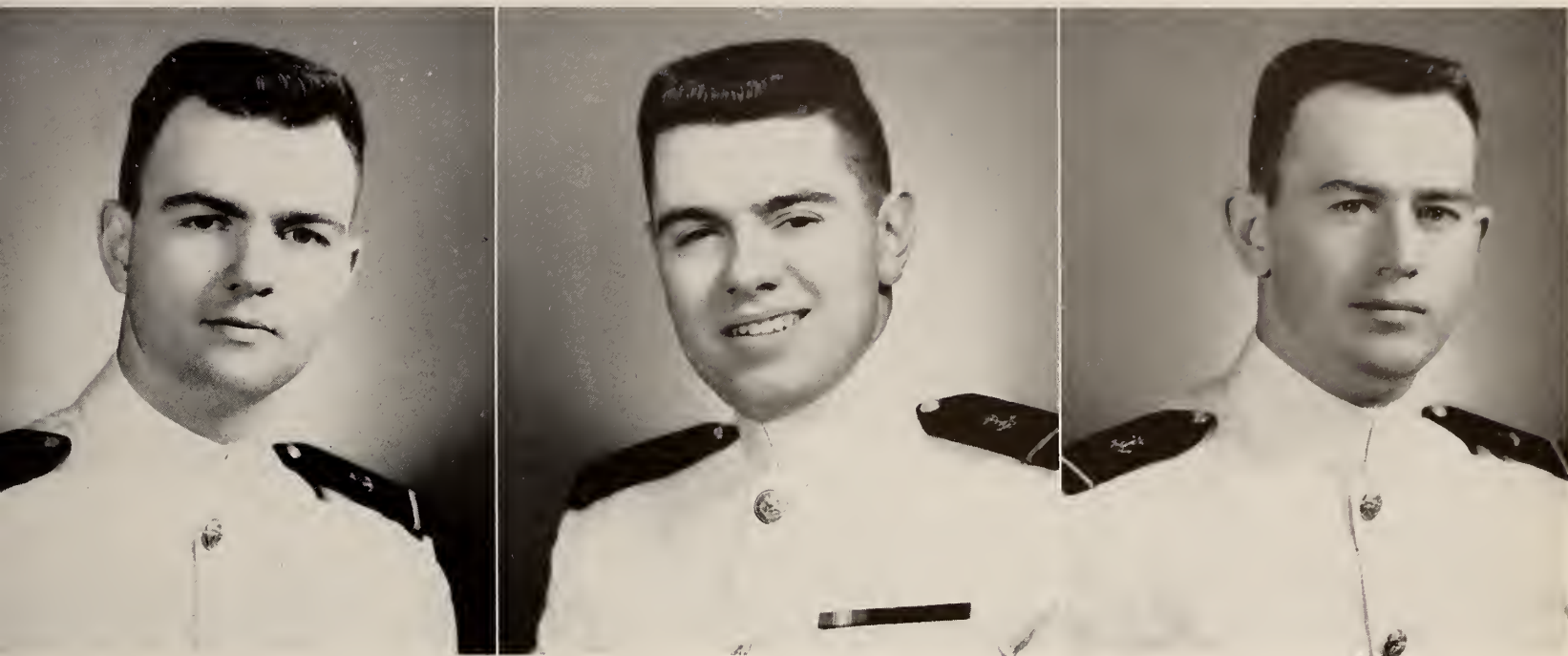
Russ, an old fashioned chap with a typical broad smile, hailed from small town environs and was always proud of it. Not one inclined toward too much needless activity, he was at his best and happiest when tinkering with a radio or giving some sound advice to the Plebes. He had the usual ups and downs but always came out on the top with a genuine sincerity and a bag of antics calculated to make even the saddest sack forget his troubles. A competitive spirit shown on the intramural field and a huge heart will long be remembered.

## EUGENE JOSEPH PELTIER, JR.

Concordia, Kansas

Gene came to the Naval Academy from Hawaii via nearby Arlington but still called the Sunflower State as home. He brought with him a pair of built-in water wings and after "scraping through" the Plebe swimming test, he went on to star with the Varsity swimmers, captaining the team when First Class year finally came. His many talents also helped greatly the **Log** fiction staff and the publicity corps of "Radio Navy." Gene's consistently high grades in both academics and aptitude made him a big man around the Yard. The Silent Service or C.E.C. will probably benefit by his presence.





**CHARLES BEAUCLAIRE PETERSON**

New Rochelle, New York

From two years of chasing women and majoring in biology at Iona College to four years of chasing women and majoring in Navy—that was the perfect description of Charlie. Here was a crew man from way back; his experience with the New York Athletic Club during his high school days always stood him in good stead in any Navy shell. Studies treated him less well, but big sweat and Charlie never walked hand in hand. His worldly experience and gay manner spelled many a good time for him and his buddies, and will bring back many memories of some fabulous liberties. He can close the books on a profitable and enjoyable four years.

**WILLIAM DYER PIVARNIK**

Darien, Connecticut

Bill was sorry that his favorite sport of walking races was absent from the Mac-Donough Hall curriculum, but he adapted his abilities to moving a bit faster and became a rabid Varsity harrier. A unique talent made him a member of one of the Brigade's most select groups, and you could often see him helping the troops march to chow with his melodic set of bagpipes. He also managed the Varsity crew. Bill had a great regard for the service and always strove for professional excellence; this should always stand him in good stead in any future career. His ambitions for years to come include a ton of happiness and twelve Navy Juniors.

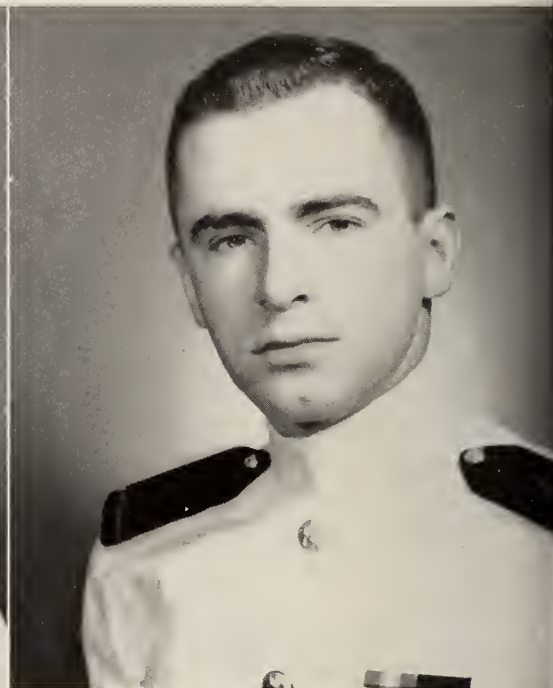
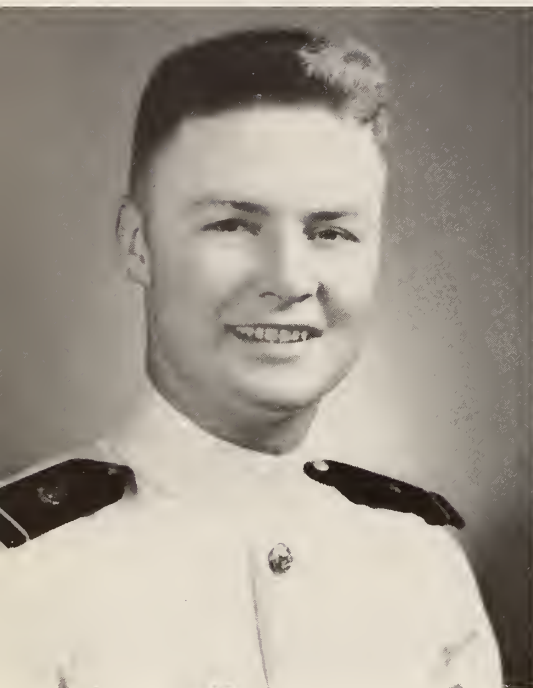
**VICTOR MERRICK RILEY**

Portland, Oregon

Vic believed in taking good advice and at an early age migrated West from his native Illinois to the City of Roses and Rain. He came to USNAY with a knack with the golf sticks, playing Varsity for a year; he would have completely enjoyed the game had it not been for those occasional three-putt greens. During the spring and fall, Vic could be found following his beloved Red Sox and he was one of our most ardent hot-stovers during the winter months. Vic's good humor and cheery spirit became a valuable asset to his many friends, who will miss him as we go our separate ways. We feel sure that we'll be serving with him again someday.



*United States Naval Academy*



**JAMES HYLAND RYAN**

Plattsburg, New York

Jim could never forget that cold northern country that he came from; his wives will testify that he always lived like a polar bear. Coming to us from Notre Dame where he was a philosophy major, he was always at odds with the sliderule. Extracurricular activities were his forte and a long and distinguished career was climaxed when he became Com **Splinter** during First Class year. Musically inclined as well, he played a host of instruments besides lending his golden throat to the Catholic Choir. He always was a sound judge of people and made many friends. Jim plans to follow the crowd of '58ers down to Pensacola after we throw away our caps.

**KENNEL IDDINGS SCHENCK, JR.**

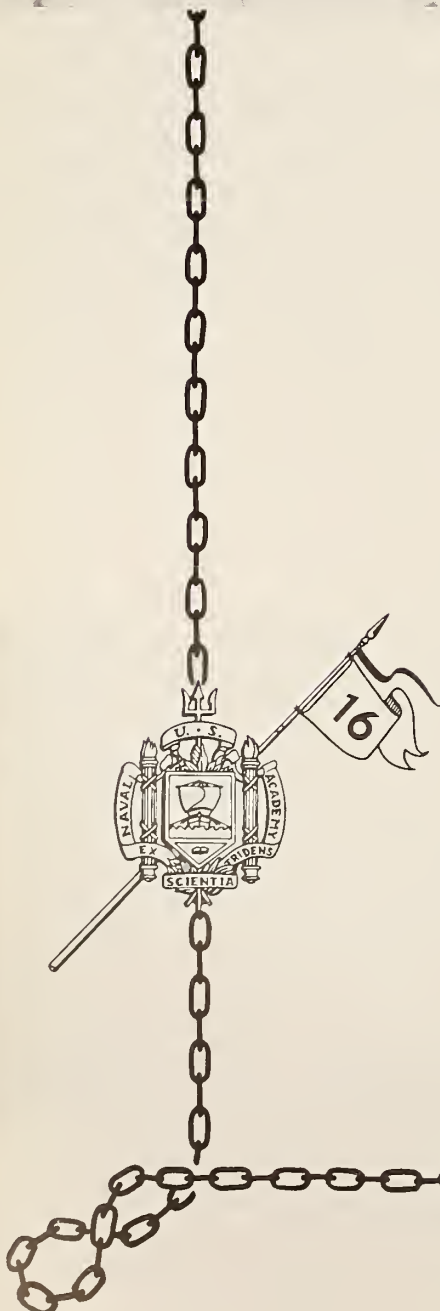
East Hampton, New York

"Fritz" bade farewell to the tearful coeds at the University of Virginia and made his way up to a new home. Bringing with him a knack in both athletics and making his influence felt, he soon found himself right in the center of things. Varsity football and lacrosse were his main activities until First Class year when he took his place high in the Brigade organization. The femmes never gave him too hard a time; he preferred to play the field and wait for that right one to come along. The men in green stand to gain "Fritz" when we graduate and in him they will claim one of USNAY's finest.

**WAYNE EMERY SCOTT, JR.**

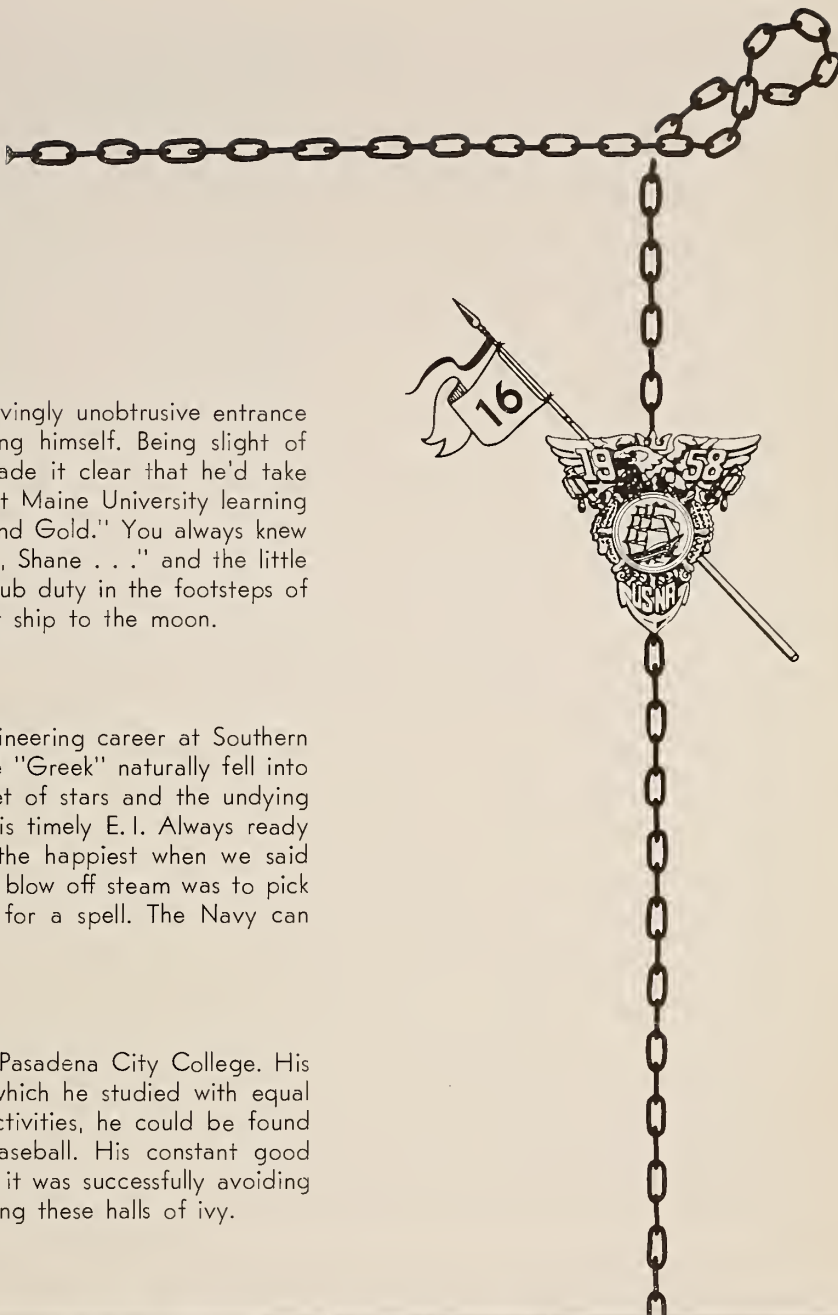
Pontiac, Michigan

Wayne brought to Navy a strong desire to be the best in everything and every task that he undertook usually reflected this attitude. This seemed to be true of anything whether it was intramurals or company blinker competition. Respect and admiration from all who knew him were his just rewards. A year at Eastern Michigan College prepared him for any academic trap. Wayne's indomitable spirit was the kind ideally suited to be the perfect wingman or skipper. Navy air is his idea of happiness and we all expect to see him as one of the greatest in record time.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## LOUIS PARKMAN SHANE

Winthrop, Maine

Coming out of those frozen wastes to make a deceptively unobtrusive entrance to the Naval Factory, Lou took little time in establishing himself. Being slight of build never fazed our elder statesman and he always made it clear that he'd take "nothin' offa nobody." He previously had spent a year at Maine University learning the "Stein Song" before trying his hand at "Navy Blue and Gold." You always knew Lou was around when someone would shout "Come back, Shane . . ." and the little New Englander would set sail for the culprit. Bound for sub duty in the footsteps of his father, Lou someday hopes to be on that first rocket ship to the moon.

## GEORGE CHRIST SKEZAS

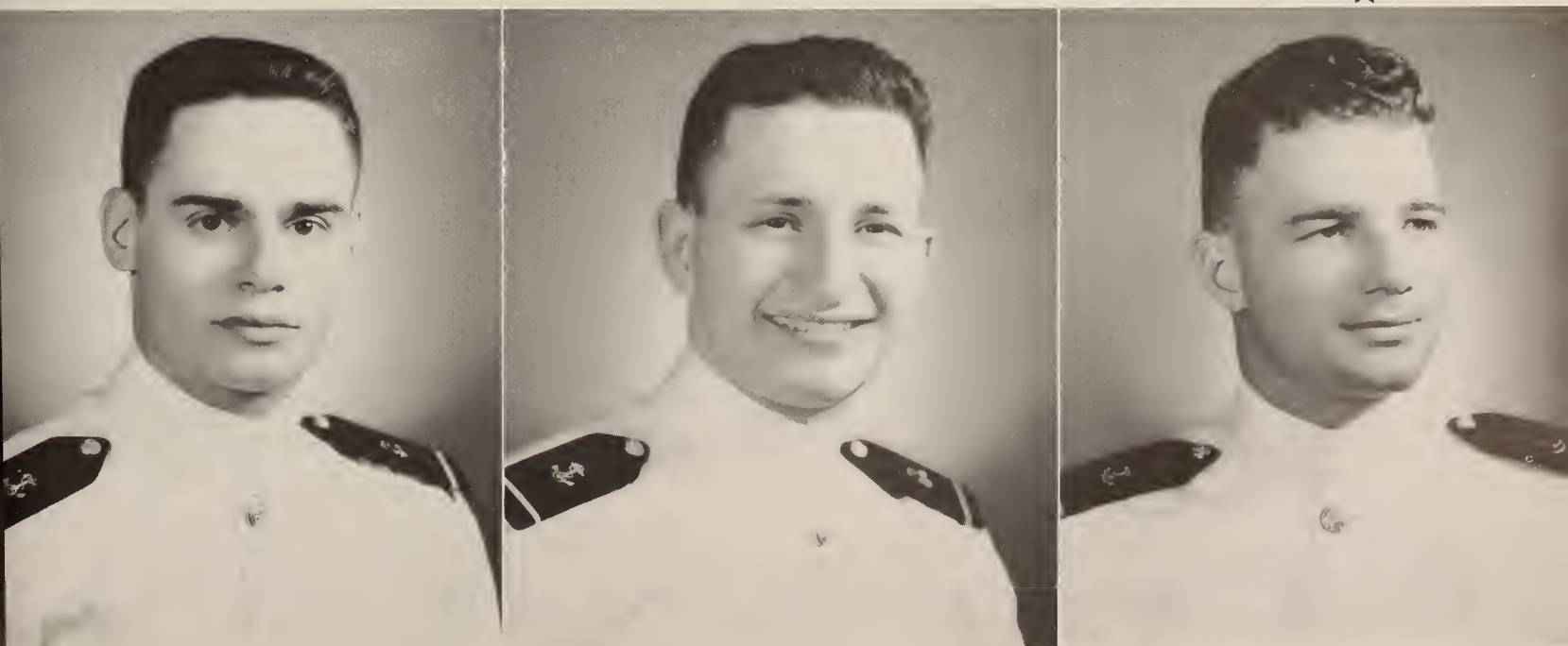
Huron, South Dakota

George gave up the test tubes of his chemical engineering career at Southern Cal to accept his spot as one of the pampered pets. The "Greek" naturally fell into the swing of things and quickly attached himself to a set of stars and the undying devotion of many a classmate who was helped out by his timely E.I. Always ready to burn down the Dago building, George was one of the happiest when we said goodbye to its musty section rooms. All he had to do to blow off steam was to pick up his potent squash racquet and bomb the bulkheads for a spell. The Navy can truly feel lucky in acquiring such an officer.

## ROGER WALTER STALLKAMP

South Pasadena, California

Roger arrived at Navy after a year's incubation at Pasadena City College. His academic pursuits involved books and women, both of which he studied with equal facility and care. When not engaged with the above activities, he could be found playing a good brand of touch football, soccer, or baseball. His constant good humor was not so much due to living with the system as it was successfully avoiding it. His worthy ambition is to fly for the Navy after leaving these halls of ivy.





# United States Naval Academy

## HERBERT LESLIE STIFF

Burlington, New Jersey

Herb wended his way down to the Severn after finishing up things at Admiral Farragut Academy. His time seemed divided between dragging the O.A.O., scaling the steep obstacles of the Bull Department, and frequent yawl sailing. Plebe rifle and intramural athletics rounded out an active schedule. To get ahead in his every endeavor is Herb's main aim in life, and he hopes to use a Navy plane for his vehicle. We all will long remember him and wish him the best in everything he undertakes.

## ERIC FORSTA THACHER

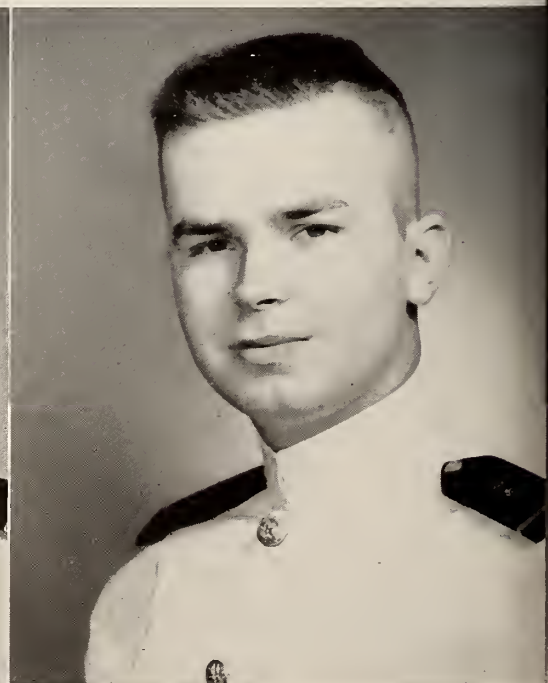
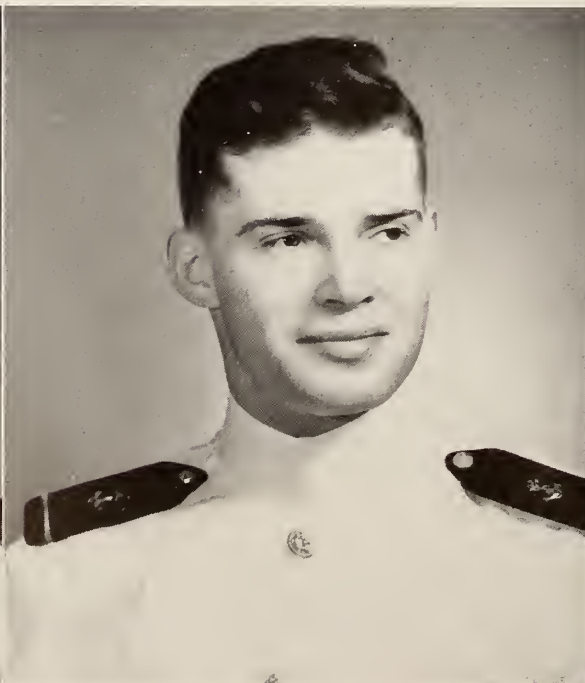
Eugene, Oregon

Ric came in from the great Northwest to quickly establish himself as quite the man about town. Whether it was fooling around with amateur radio or writing his unique fiction for the *Splinter* he always displayed a rare excellence and good taste. The Varsity fencing loft also saw quite a bit of this tall Western gentleman. Versatile and unassuming, Ric managed to do well in everything he tried. Many were the times when you could find him at his favorite pastime of thinking in his Bancroft apartment. He plans to grace Pensacola with his easy-going ways and nail down a pair of golden wings in the process.

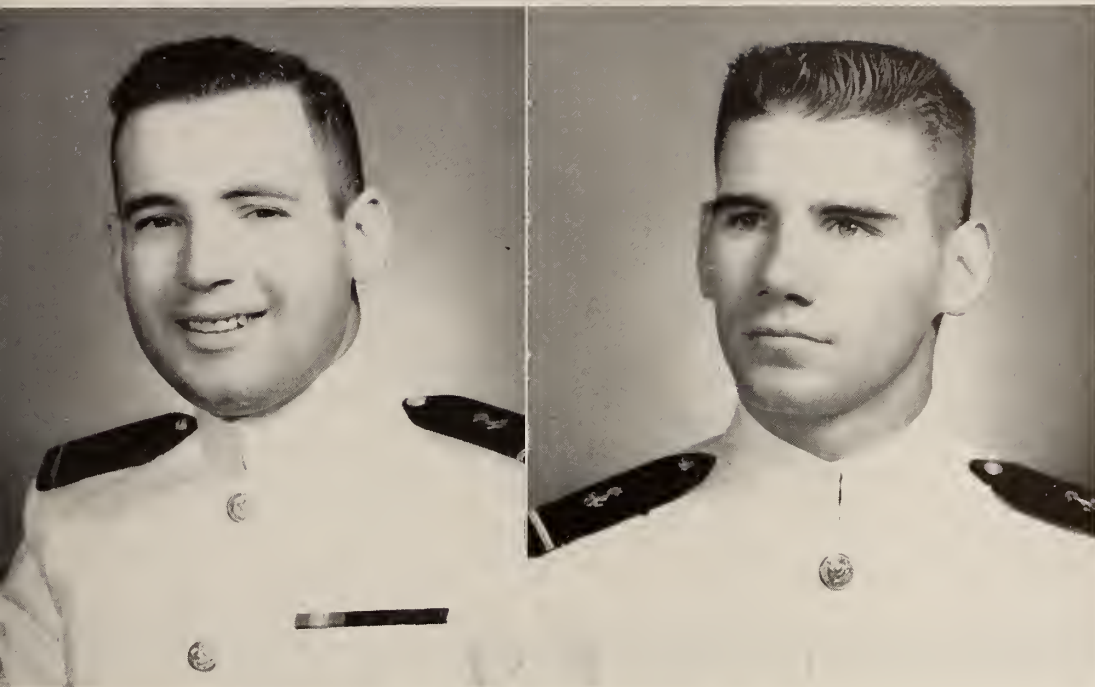
## JOHN ALLAN WEDELL

Gladstone, Michigan

From the deep north woods of Michigan came this stalwart Swede to try his hand at the midshipman trade. Always ready for a good time or a pretty girl, John quickly became known as one of our party boys. He knew how to buckle down in the clutch, though, and was all business and efficiency when it counted. Plebe and battalion wrestling with company soccer thrown in managed to vent his athletic steam. A year at Michigan Tech in the Air Force ROTC started him along the flying trail and he'll undoubtedly continue to follow it when he receives the long-awaited sheepskin.







**KENNETH ALLEN WESTPHAL**

New Rochelle, New York

Born in nearby D.C., Ken saw places from Lakehurst to Moffett Field as a "white-hat junior," finally coming to Mom Bancroft via the Empire State. More troubled by his beard than anything else, many an O.D. was shocked to see him at his bloody work over the washbasin saying "Just one more whisker, sir!" Sports ranging from company soccer to battalion bowling saw his presence with the Reception Committee helping to pass the time. Humorous incidents with Ken around were always common and the cheer he brought to USNAY life will long be remembered. A love for the service and a great ability will make Ken a natural for any military career.

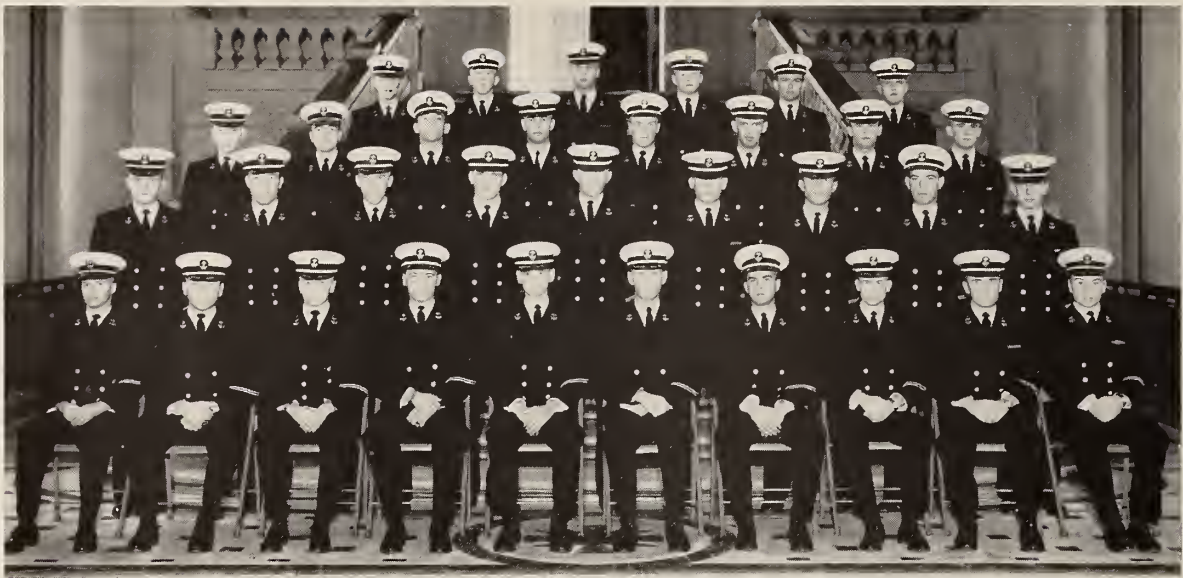
**THEODORE CALLAN WHITE**

Washington, D.C.

After two years of preparation at Severn School, Ted finally walked through the portals of Mother Bancroft to begin his quest for a commission. His main ambition was always to graduate; academics did not treat him as well as they did others. You could usually find him dreaming in the blue trampoline of the next femme that would be graced by his companionship. During the spring, his fancies turned to chasing butterflies with a lacrosse stick and he was one of Dinty's ruggedest head-knockers. He plans on great things for the future, chief among which are the golden wings of Navy air.



*United States Naval Academy*



*Left to right: First row—Riddell, Converse, Marvin, Wainwright, Cooper, Skelton, Kelly, Bottorff, Martin, Mulkern. Second row—Lee, Armour, Mintun, Smith, Baker, Jackson, Derickson, Ricci, Kambeitz. Third row—Anderson, Oliveri, Green, Hogan, Menning, Howell, Boissenin, Gregory. Fourth row—Bostick, Williams, Klein, Warson, King, James.*



*Left to right: First row—Mitchell, Puaa, Schnegelberger, Fitzgerald, Baker, Hancock, Zaccognino, Aldrich, Wangeman, MacLeod. Second row—Lee, Angel, Ablowich, Donahue, Ausley, Hoppin, Anderson, Whitaker, Teal. Third row—Topp, Bevans, Newman, Lynch, Krulisch, Tucker, Graf, O'Brien. Fourth row—Latimer, Gardner, Kovacevich, Rickelman, Lew, Correll, O'Farrell.*



*Left to right: First row—Andress, Straight, Mendez, Chase, Petrucci, Kirtland, Logan, Barrett, Scheerer, Olzinski. Second row—Andrew, Prescott, Richardson, Smith P.N., Randazzo, Perry, Dalkin, Goins, Garvey. Third row—Baily, Patz, Tulloch, Smith F.J., Long, Fishher, Ullman Hoppie. Fourth row—Peterson, Meaker, Butrovich, Dalton, Hooker, Hamilton, Grinnell. Fifth row—Ulmer, Shelton, Hanson, McMahon, Ackerman, Thompson.*



Cdr. F.C. Perry, USN  
*Battalion Officer*

The Fifth Battalion . . . had the Fifth Wing . . . three fall Brigade championships . . . led by Commander Perry . . . the Seventeenth and Eighteenth fighting it out for the colors . . . happy hours . . . usually had a big E.D. squad . . . happy Plebes . . . great company sports . . . had a six striper . . . some football players . . . their best year in a long time.

## *Fall Set*



*Fall Set. Left to right—Higgins, Sendek, McAleer, Willingham, Potter, Denny.*

## *Winter Set*



*Winter Set. Left to right—Deegan, Demand, Hodkins, Hemingway, Timmer, Radziej.*

# *Fifth Battalion*



Capt. R.G. Hunt, USMC  
Company Officer

Now that we are graduating, thirty-six strong, we will admit that it has been a good four years—they sure have been long! From the outset of Plebe year, there was an almost immediate cohesiveness which never left until the "Glorious Fourth of June" spread us to the winds. It made for good friends, a good company, and more than a few laughs.

It seemed that there was always someone ready with the joke or remark that would make everything else fade away. Our rooms were frequently visited by classmates from all over the Brigade, resulting in the now famous "smokers." Of course, on several occasions, we also played host to the Executive Department, but we like to think that Seventeen always won out in the end. The formation of the CAL, coupled with the several "Class of '58" dinners, al-

## Seventeenth Company



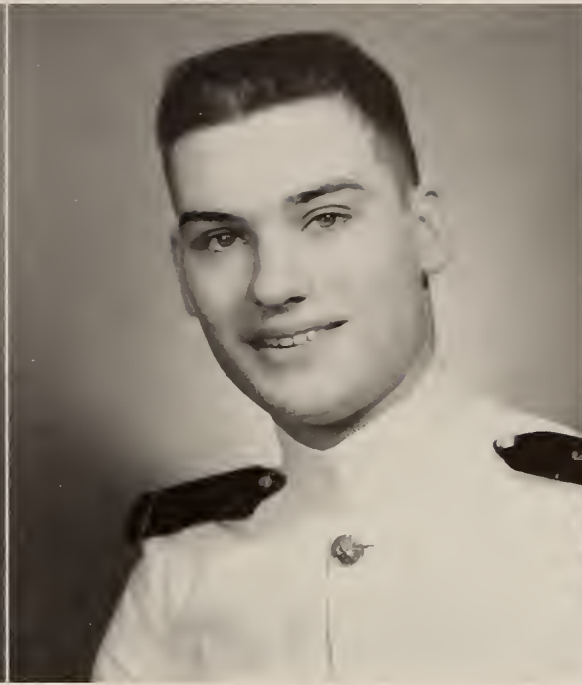
Fall Set. Left to right—Stubbs, Fisher, Tinker, Gamboa, Schramm, Hasegawa.



Winter Set. Left to right—Cordova, Hamrick, Rowton, Bunting, Abel, Pittenger.

ways kept spirits high. We'll remember a few near drownings, but it seemed that the "Bad Bunch" always managed to keep their heads above water. We'll remember the march-ons when we were usually last to man the stands, and then the liberty hours afterwards, when we were never the last to man anything.

The personalities and characters were many and varied—no matter where the future may find us, we'll never forget such as Pinocchio, the Great White Whale, Hase, Baby Ruth, and the Tall Thin Texan. The feats and escapades of the "Bad Bunch" will be a part of the lore of Mother Bancroft for many moons to come. Now we depart, happy to leave, but sad to part.



**RICHARD CHARLES ABEL**

Detroit, Michigan

Four years ago the greatest hockey player in Navy's history entered our gates kicking his soccer ball. Although the Severn never froze, Dick went on to win "N Star" honors on the soccer field, spin many a disc jockey show on WRNV, and drag a different girl every week. As the favorite barber of the fourth wing, Dick should find many customers in the service; and when he isn't hot-rodding in his jet, he will still be looking for that certain girl.

**AUGUST WILLIAM BREWER**

Piermont, New Hampshire

Bill came to USNAY from the uncharted parts of New Hampshire. After playing his way through a year at Severn Prep, he decided to try his hand at becoming an officer. His experiences here are well known to his classmates, from knocking over guard rails with his jeep to climbing yon ivy-covered walls. One could always find him trudging wearily across the bricks on Saturday afternoons. As for academics, he usually walked out of the classroom with a quiet smile on his face. Bill was a goner the first time that salt spray touched his face.

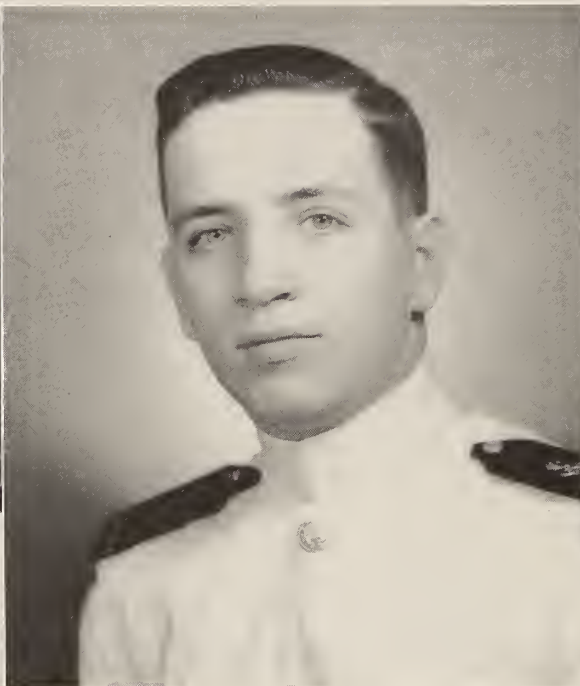
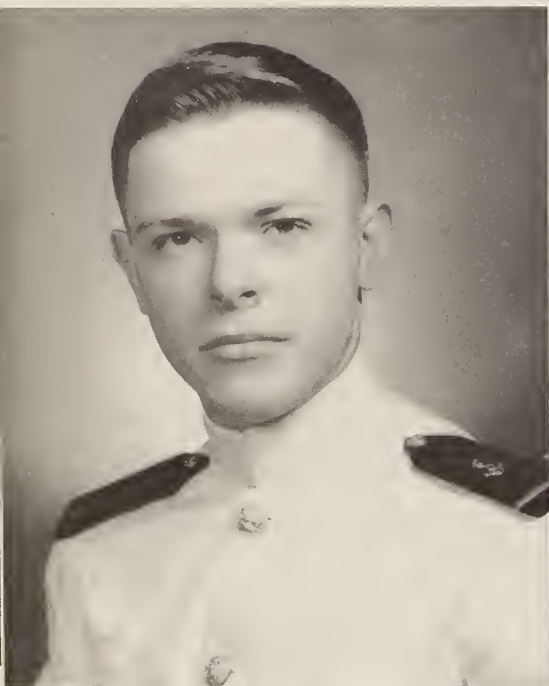
**CHARLES HOWARD BROOKS, JR.**

New Orleans, Louisiana

The "Metairie Flash" joined us from the Mardi Gras City. Here was a devoted follower of handball and generally any afternoon could find him banging the ball against the bulkhead. The rest of the time, he could usually be seen back in his room figuring out next year's income tax. When the weekends rolled around, all you had to do was find a Southern belle for Charlie and he was in seventh heaven. Brooksie will go far in any chosen career; at the present, it looks like Navy line.



*United States Naval Academy*



**JOHN ROBERT BRUCE**

Crawfordsville, Indiana

John skipped his senior year in high school, and after a year at Earlham College in Indiana, set his sights on Navy Tech. Plebe year came as a shock to John's heretofore casual way of life, but his determined nature soon settled him into the ways of the military. A stalwart on the company cross country and steeplechase teams, John also kept a good distance ahead of the Academic Departments, excelling in Dago and Bull. Straightforwardness and fair play made him respected by all who knew him. Here is another good man for the Fleet to be proud of.

**KEITH McALISTER BUNTING**

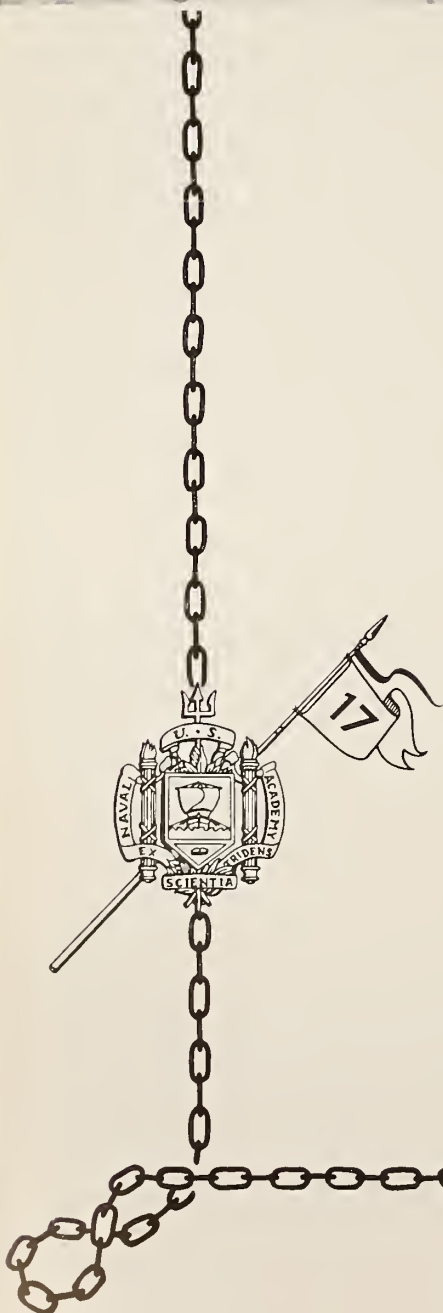
Lynbrook, New York

"Bunny" came to Navy Tech complete with a golf bag packed with slide rules, a star-studded little black book, and "Rules of Contract Bridge." Here was a fellow who never sweated the books; when the going got rough, he would just derive his own formula and chalk up another 4.0. His success with the academics gave him ample time for distinguishing himself as a rugged intramural competitor as well as charming the femmes. A loyal friend in any situation, Keith parlayed a sense of humor and a great ability and understanding into many lasting friends.

**RICHARD NATHANIEL CORDOVA**

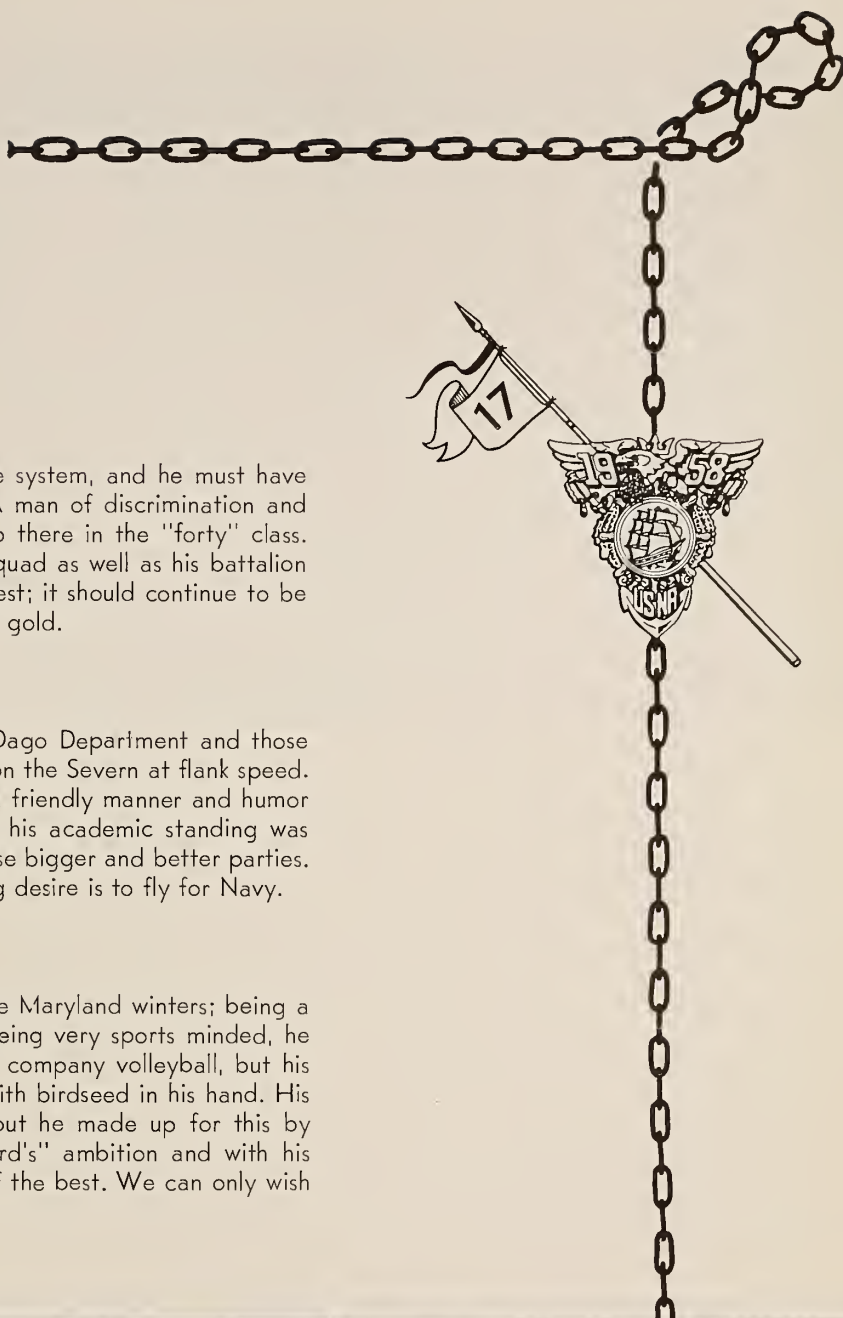
North Hollywood, California

Although a native Texan, Dick came to the Academy via North Hollywood out on the golden coast. Picking up where his high school days left off, he found the academics at Navy no problem and compiled a fine record. A mainstay on any athletic squad, his main activities were battalion boxing and track; he was game to try anything and his efforts were never wasted. His main worries were the the perennial girl back home, stretching the monthly insult, and tomorrow's bull assignment. Always wearing a big grin, Dick has many close friends and will no doubt be a valuable asset to the service.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## DANIEL HARRY DEMAND

Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin

Dewey was always devising some scheme to beat the system, and he must have succeeded for his conduct record was virtually spotless. A man of discrimination and mental prowess, his work with the Forensic Society was up there in the "forty" class. Soccer was his athletic love and he played for the Plebe squad as well as his battalion and company units. Dewey's record here was one of the best; it should continue to be so in the future years after he has won his coveted wings of gold.

## JOHN JAMES DITTRICK, JR.

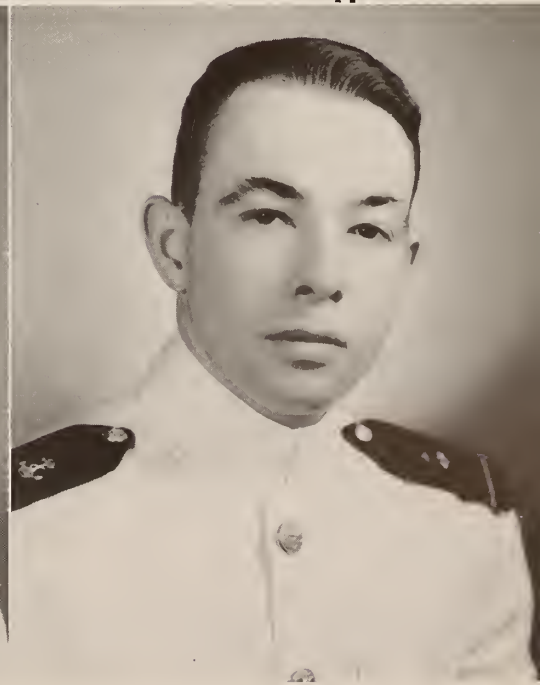
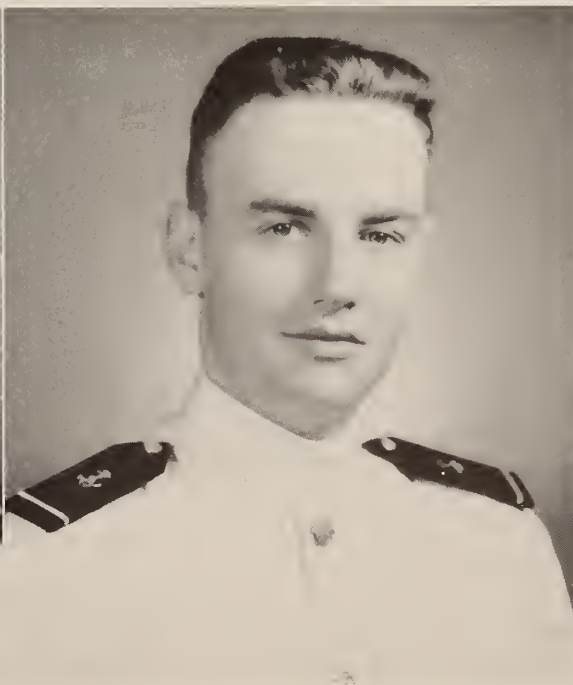
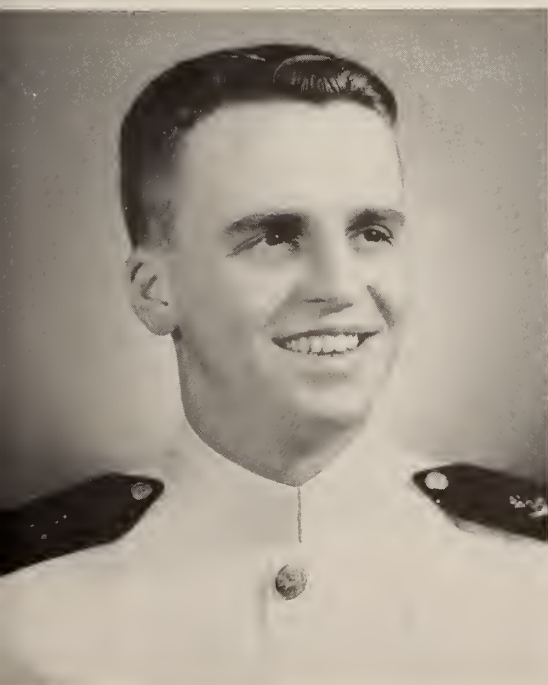
Elizabeth, New Jersey

With the exception of a few brushes with both the Dago Department and those Penn coeds, "The Deacon" crashed through his four years on the Severn at flank speed. Believing that everyone should have a good time, he had a friendly manner and humor that could brighten any occasion. While not a star man, his academic standing was well above reproach and gave him much more time to devise bigger and better parties. Jack has great potential to do what he wants to do; his big desire is to fly for Navy.

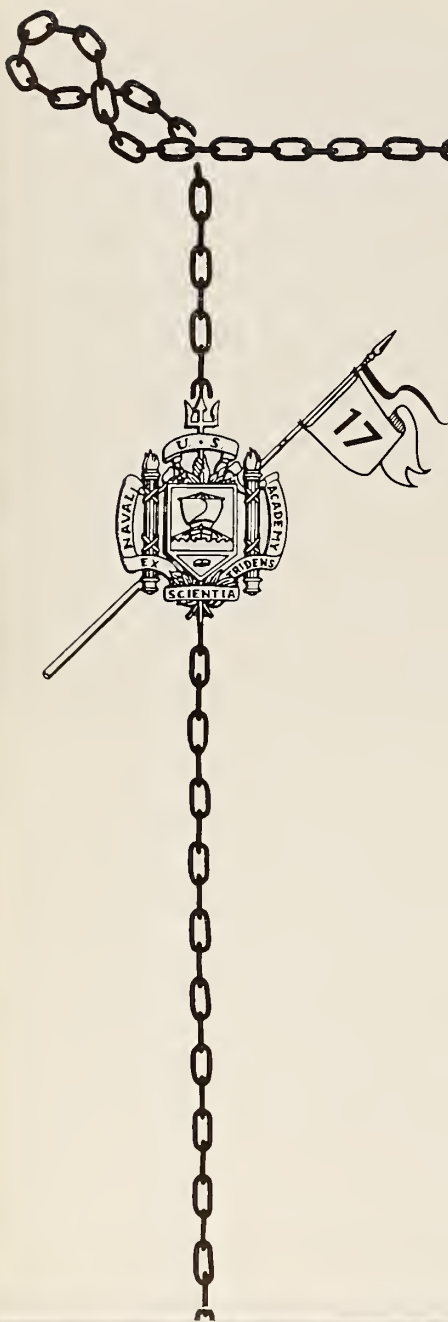
## WILLIAM CORNELIUS EDEWAARD

New Orleans, Louisiana

Bill, better known as the "Bird," never got used to the Maryland winters; being a New Orleans boy, he wanted to fly South every winter. Being very sports minded, he was one of Navy's biggest rooters. He was very active in company volleyball, but his favorite sport was hanging out the window in the winter with birdseed in his hand. His successes with the distaff side were far from numerous but he made up for this by being the life of every football trip. Navy air is the "Bird's" ambition and with his desire, natural love for air, and ability, he will make one of the best. We can only wish him the happiest of landings always.



# United States Naval Academy



## STEVEN HAMILTON EDWARDS

Hingham, Massachusetts

Straight off his boat on Massachusetts Bay, and with the intention of someday breaking 100 in golf, Whitey was blown by a New England breeze into the waiting arms of Mother Bancroft. Cross country, Plebe and battalion tennis kept him busy when he wasn't rehearsing his popular quartet, "The Severns," for a forthcoming hop or nearby college engagement. The Musical Club, Chapel Choir, and Glee Club further utilized the talent he brought to Navy. Living by the axiom "All life is humorous if you look at it hard enough," Whitey will be tops in Navy air.

## JAMES RONALD FISHER

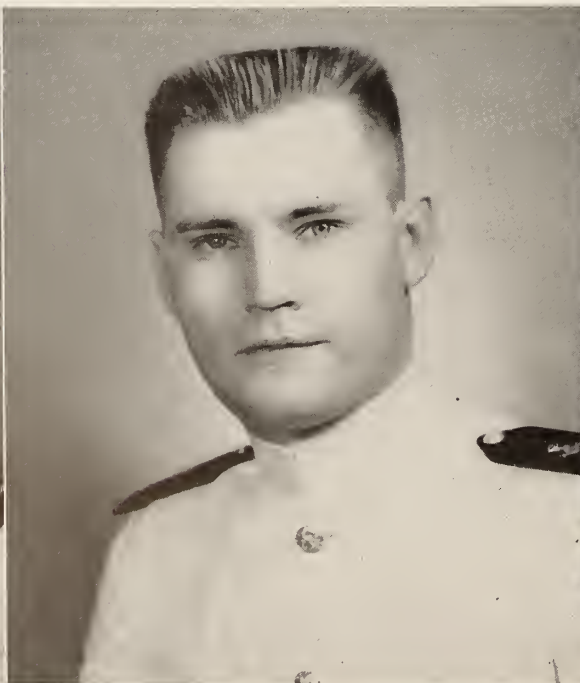
Bemis, Tennessee

Coming up from Tennessee on the T.M.&W. (Two Mules and a Wagon), big Ron arrived at Navy. Since then, he has spent his time mixing athletics, church parties, and drags with his official position as one of Mom Bancroft's best E.I. instructors. An athlete from the big little town of Bemis, Ron moved from football to basketball to crew to the radiator squad. Well known as a humorist, he could top anything with his southern accent—the girls loved the way he talked—and his native jokes. Ron will make a successful officer and those around him will be proud to serve with such a top-caliber individual.

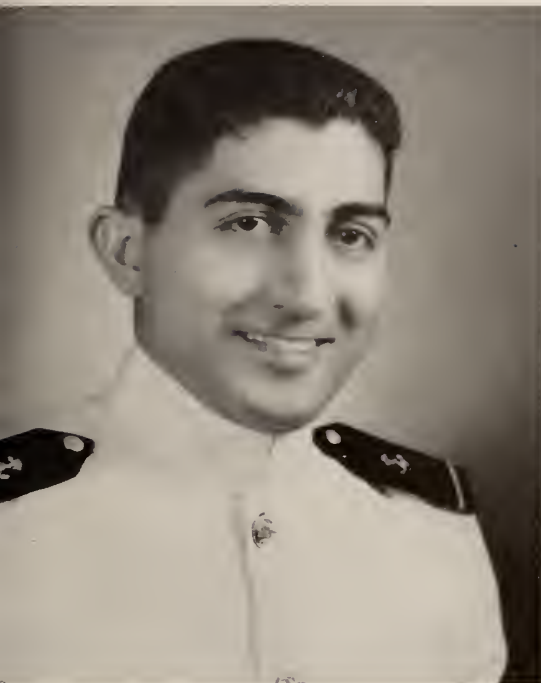
## MICHAEL PATRICK FRAWLEY

Detroit, Michigan

One of '58's future admirals to come from the Motor City, Mike left behind the life at the plow handle and decided to substitute a slide-rule. Amid skinny formulas and math P-works, he soon was in contention for anchor man but always seemed to nose out the Academic Departments. The outdoor type, a hunting trip or a drive-in movie date were his favorite pastimes. A great man with the ladies, he always kept a soft spot in his heart for the girls back home. Destined for the nation's air arm, Mike will be as fine an officer as he has been a friend to those who knew him at Navy.







**JOHN FRANK GAMBOA**

Lone Pine, California

After a sneaky, moonlit swim across the Rio Grande and a period of Army boot training in California, Frank found a home in Mother Bancroft's open arms. Certainly not to be outdone in the more pleasurable aspects of Academy life, "Rootie" repeatedly internationalized the hops in Dahlgren Hall with his many attractive drags. A lover of hard work, he was always in the middle of things, which ranged from the Class Hop Committee to the battalion football team. Perhaps he gained this worldly manner in traversing the torturous path to his home in Lone Pine. His ambition, personality, and drive will be an invaluable asset in his later career in the service.

**FREDERICK KENNETH GLASER**

Portland, Oregon

Ken, a soft spoken "tyrant" from the great Northwest, came to Annapolis to learn the ways of a sailor with his red hair flying as flambuoyantly as a Douglas fir. This was no indication of his abilities. He had a keen sense of humor and wit that was accompanied by a love for classical music. Ken will definitely be an asset to the Naval Service. If Lady Luck plays favorites according to capabilities, he will have no trouble in achieving his goal of flag rank.

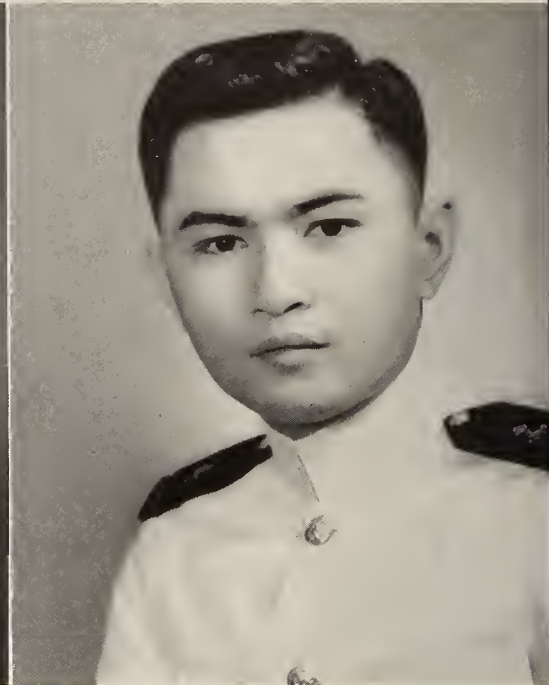
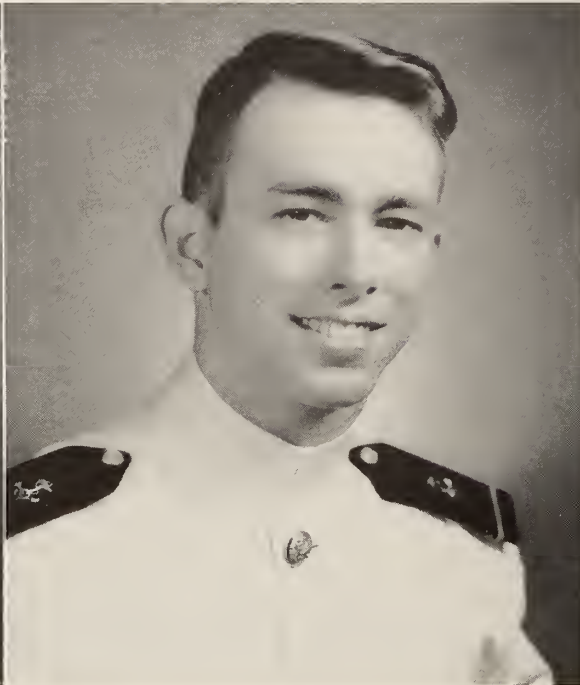
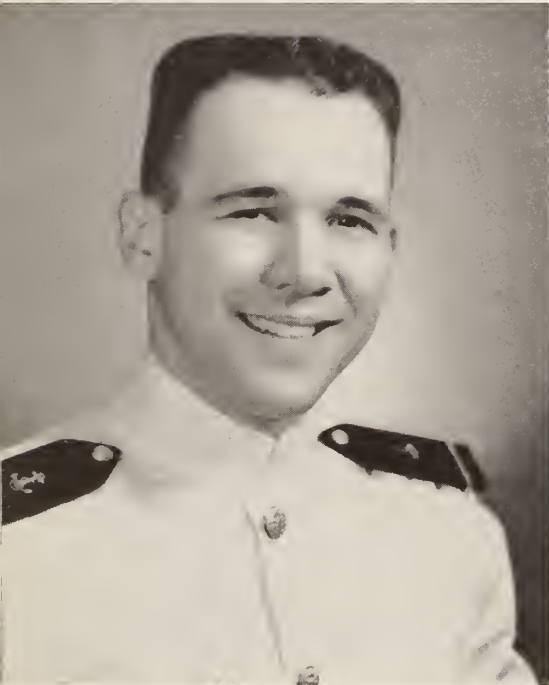
**GEORGE BURGESS GREER, JR.**

Brooklyn, New York

Curly wanted to follow his father's footsteps up through the ranks but decided to take the short cut; he left his carefree life in Flatbush for the "three squares and a rack" here at Navy, and most important, that "Ring of Gold." His four years here were not without clashes with the academic whipping post, especially in his contacts with the Maury Hall crowd. When he wasn't flashing about the squash court, he was scouring the pages of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. George has a love for the Navy that is usually gained after graduation. He will provide capable and loyal service to the Navy throughout a long career.



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**JAMES MURCHISON HAMRICK**

San Antonio, Texas

Jim came from many places but preferred to call the land of the Lone Star his home. Never at odds with the academic wizards, this likeable gent settled back to live the life of leisure and enjoy the course. Classical music and dragging combined to give Jim many pleasant hours as well as his play on the company softball team; he was always known to get that crucial extra-base hit. With his easy-going style and understanding of any problem, Jim is a certainty to make his weight felt in any future situation.

**THOMAS JACKSON HARDY**

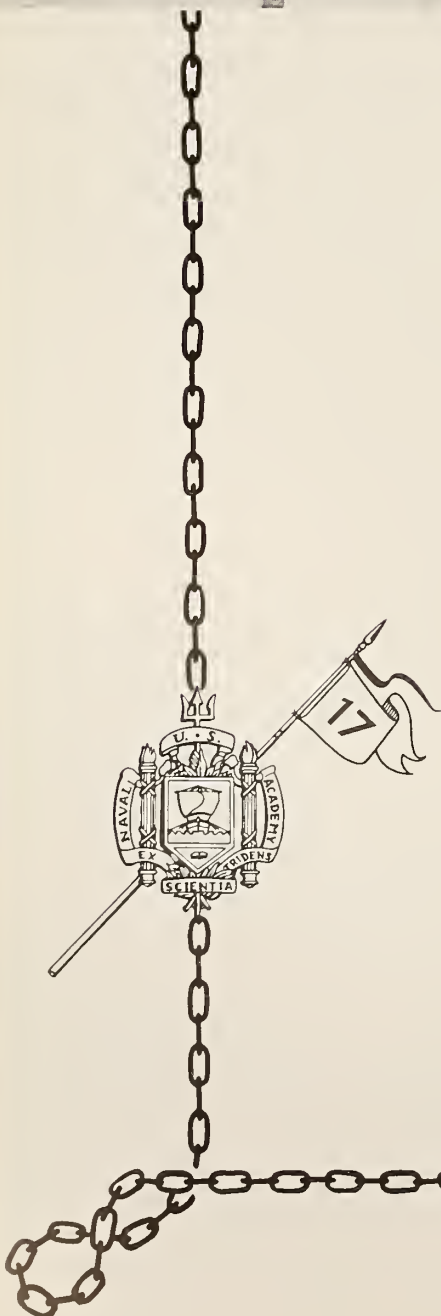
Silsbee, Texas

Entering Navy from Texas A&M, this lanky rebel managed to keep up with the books even though he always had the saddest sob stories to relate. The frequent sunrise jaunts during Plebe summer taught him to stay well clear of the Executive Department. Tex had a flair for track and was known to be a pole vaulter of no mean ability, although most of his time was spent with his company harriers. His was always a restless routine between mail calls which were hard times for the mates who delivered the staggering load. Tex has the urge to fly and should be a veritable tiger in the cockpit.

**FRANCIS HISAICHI KELIINOHOPONOPONI HASEGAWA**

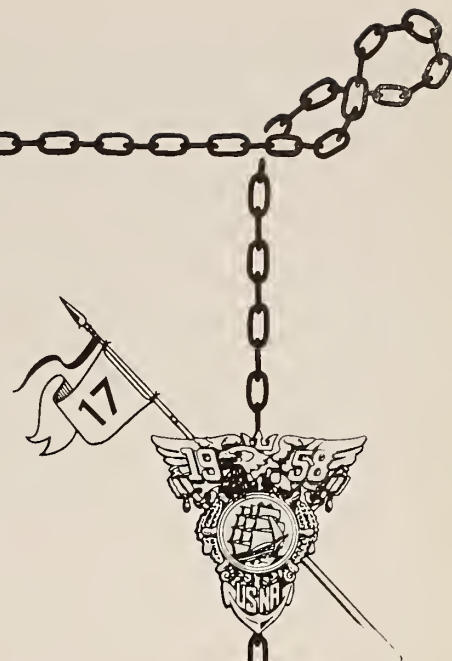
Hoolehua, Molokai, Hawaii

This smiling little guy with the mile-long name bade farewell to his sun-splashed islands to make the long trek to the Trade School. Both an athlete and a scholar, "Hase" developed into a math cut and a star in most of the intramural battles. He soon discovered the best way to while away the hours and could rarely be found away from the beloved blue trampoline. Then, of course, you could always drop in on him for a little dried squid or cracked seed candy from the old country. "Hase" is one that Mother Bancroft will really miss; he was hard to beat in any respect.



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## **JAMES DUNKIN HIGGINS, JR.**

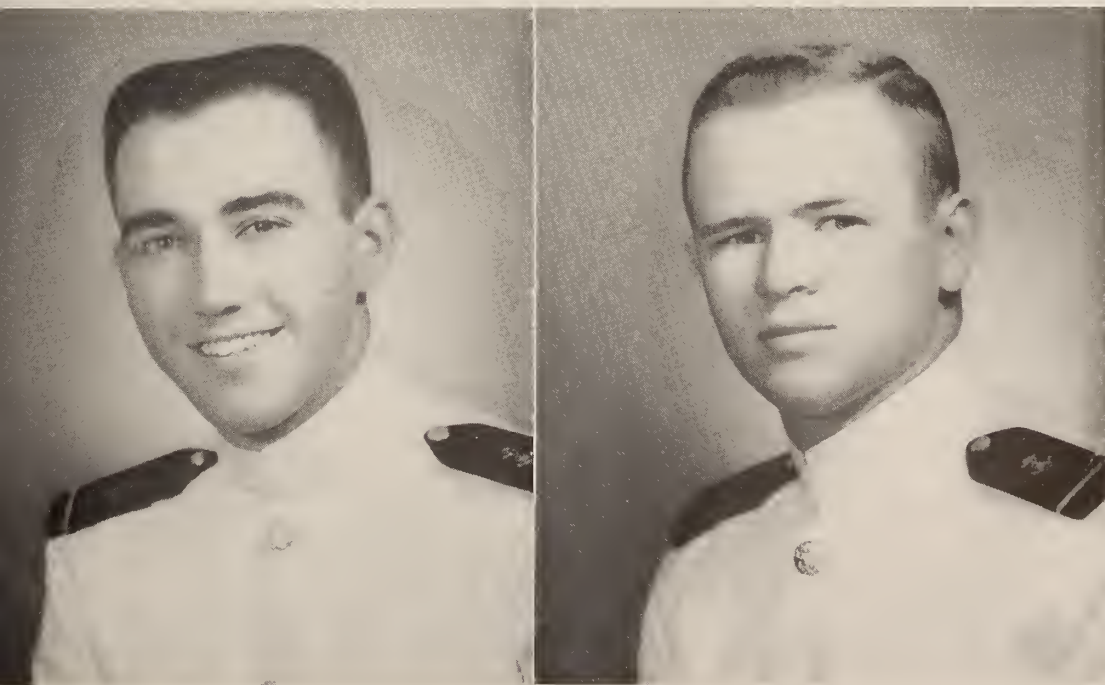
Memphis, Tennessee

After building up a useful background at Baylor University and then in the whitehat Navy, Jim came to the city of Bancroft at the ripe old age of 21 to see how the other half lived. While here, he excelled in golf and bowling, and during his spare moments he could usually be found enjoying a lively game of handball or a good workout in the gym. He swam quite frequently, winning 3 letters on the sub squad. When he had nothing else to do, his studies always came first. Jim's standard trade mark was a friendly greeting and a warm Irish smile, at least when the Dodgers won.

## **THOMAS WILLIAM KEIFER**

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Tom came to Navy Tech from Philadelphia after a short stop at Brown University, where he was one of the civilian sailors. The man with the curly flat top stood 7 in Youngster bull and never opened a book afterward. Sporting the best record collection in the Brigade, Tom spent his study hours with his beloved music ranging from Goodman to Miller. Renowned for his successes with the fairer sex and his parties after football games, Tom hopes to continue this tradition when not on one of Uncle Sam's fighting ships.





# United States Naval Academy

## DONALD WILLIAM MacNEILL

San Bernadino, California

Leaving his weights on Muscle Beach in California, Don came to the Naval Academy to exercise his mind for a spell. His drive and exceptional abilities took him to the top in everything he tried. "Mac" defeated the Math Department after a rough siege, just as he defeated the rope and became the number one man in the event in both Plebe and Battalion gymnastics. His outstanding voice could be heard frequently in solos for both the Chapel Choir and the Glee Club. What spare time he had was devoted to the OAO. Don's multiplicity of talents should put him in good stead when he reports to New London.

## ERIC GEORGE MANSFIELD, JR.

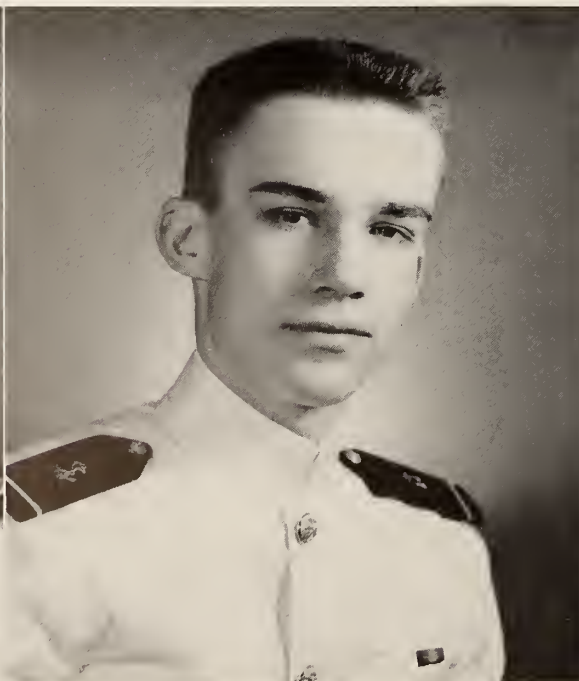
Grosse Point Park, Michigan

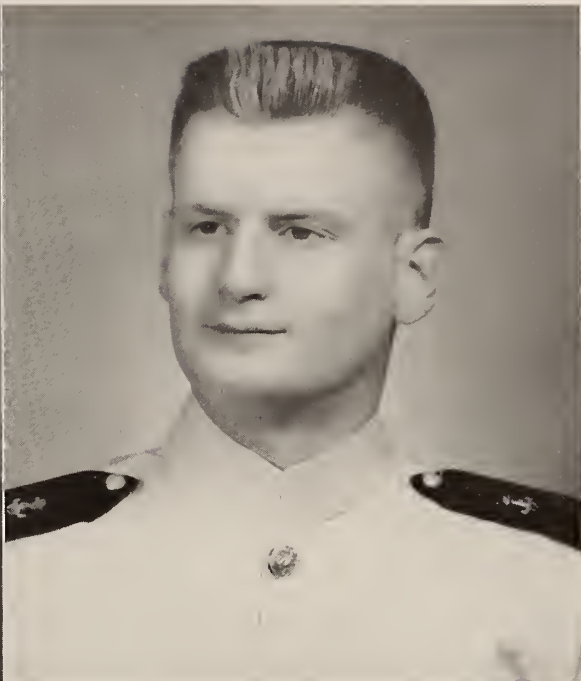
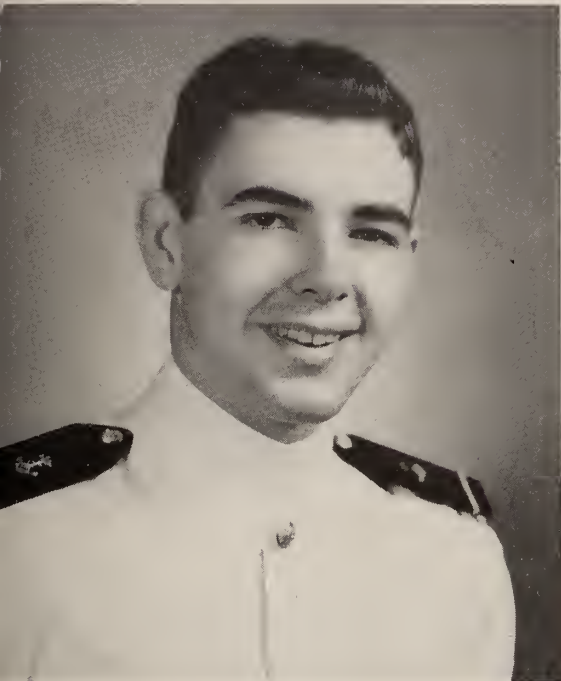
Eric brought a serious nature and solid sincerity with him when he entered the portals of Gate Three for the first time. Never willing to quit an unfinished job, he did his best at everything. Quite a track man, he starred on the Plebe team and then dropped to the less time-consuming rigors of intramurals. His wives knew him as a shrewd bargainer, as was illustrated by 50% interest rates on all loans to stretch the monthly insult. Still a fresh water sailor, Eric took great pride in the Wolverine state and never failed to keep us informed on all its virtues.

## JOHN SIDNEY McCAIN, III

Washington, D. C.

John, better known as Navy's John Wayne, was always reputed to be one of our most colorful characters. Following his family forbears to our sacred shores, he thought the Navy way was the only way. A sturdy conversationalist and party man, John's quick wit and clever sarcasm made him a welcome man at any gathering. His bouts with the Academic and Executive Departments contributed much to the stockpile of legends within the hall. His prowess as an athlete was almost above reproach; that is, if he could resist the temptations offered by the blue dragon. John looks forward to a long and successful career in the Navy; he is a natural and will not need the luck we wish him.





**LINCOLN HENRY MUELLER**

Ft. Collins, Colorado

An easy going guy with a marked calmness in all situations, Linc was the true Westerner. Quietness and those home-cooked chocolate cakes were his best assets. Dragging was Linc's favorite pastime, and he was rarely seen on successive weekends with the same girl. He was a year-round soccer player, a hater of German, a slash in skinny, and a walking gouge for Plebes on guided missiles. His life in the Navy should be a long and rewarding one.

**WILLIAM HERVERUS OLIVER**

Tucson, Arizona

The change from life at Valley Forge Military Academy to that of the Severn Country Club was a smooth one for savvy Ollie. He will be remembered most for his bugle playing and his neat, well-stocked locker; where else could you find artificial flowers, a dozen sheets, and railroad flares all on the same shelf? His musical abilities were always on display with the "Hellcats" and the Concert Band. A solid variety of intramurals, the Photo Club, and working on the **Log** staff kept him busy the rest of the time. Bill caters to the sound of roaring jets. His life with Navy air should continue the success he leaves behind in Annapolis.

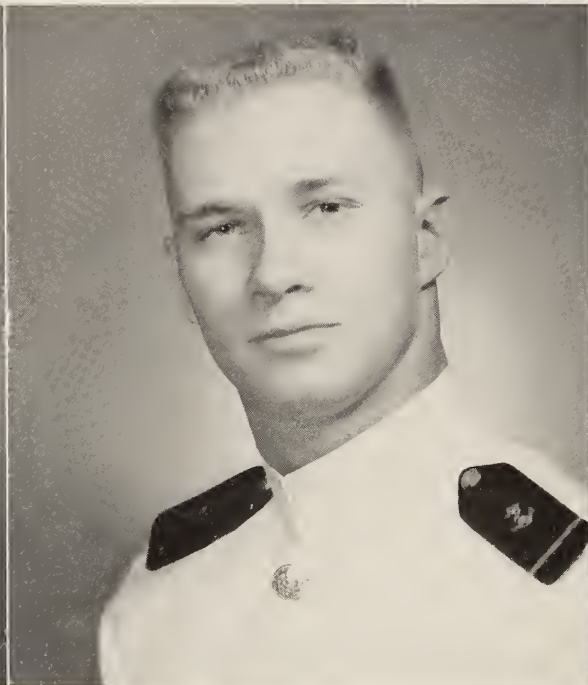
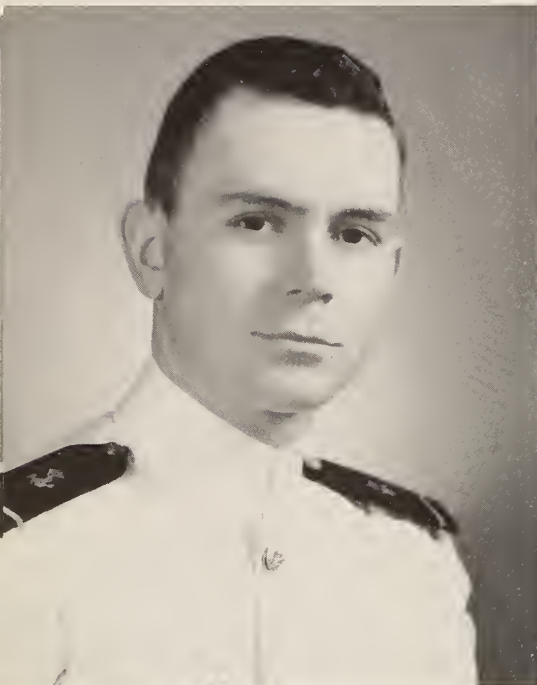
**RICHARD FAY PITTENGER**

Tacoma, Washington

Dick came to the Academy from the far Northwest after graduating from high school and receiving his appointment through the Tacoma Naval Reserve. During Youngster year, he became famous as a designer and builder of elaborate and intricate mouse traps. The only hitch was that he never caught any mice. While punching the clock here at Navy, Dick participated in Varsity fencing for three years and played with various company and battalion sports teams during the off-season. As for the future, his first love is the Silent Service and no doubt he will soon be cruising about in one of our new atomic submarines.



*United States Naval Academy*



#### SHANNON PIERCE ROWTON

Garland, Kansas

Coming to Navy from the Sunflower State via a tour of duty with the Marines, Shannon has seen a lot of territory since he enlisted in the summer of '53. A great admirer of the finer things in life, he was one who always went after a well-rounded education. The books were far from close friends, but he managed to pay the rent and then some. His daring feats on the steeplechase team brought home many a point for the company. Once a Marine, always a Marine; Shannon wants to return to the men in green and to become a general someday.

#### JOHN RUTH

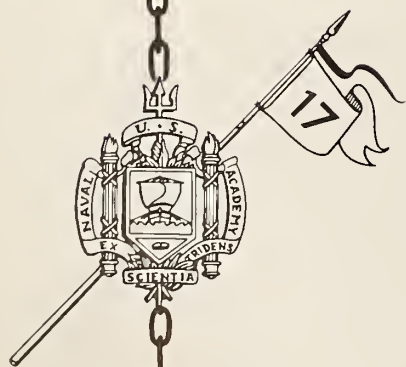
Lebanon, Pennsylvania

"The Baby" was a rare combination of athlete and lover; when he wasn't busy snaring passes on the gridiron, he was usually dragging. His rugged play for the Varsity pigskinners was familiar to us all as was the sight of a fair damsel on his arm in Dahlgren Hall. He held the books at bay handily and never worried about stars, although he presented a fine appearance in classroom work. John leaves us with many pleasant memories. His perennial good nature won many lifelong friends. He would like to go Navy line, but may have to settle for the Supply Corps.

#### WILLIAM GEORGE SCHRAMM

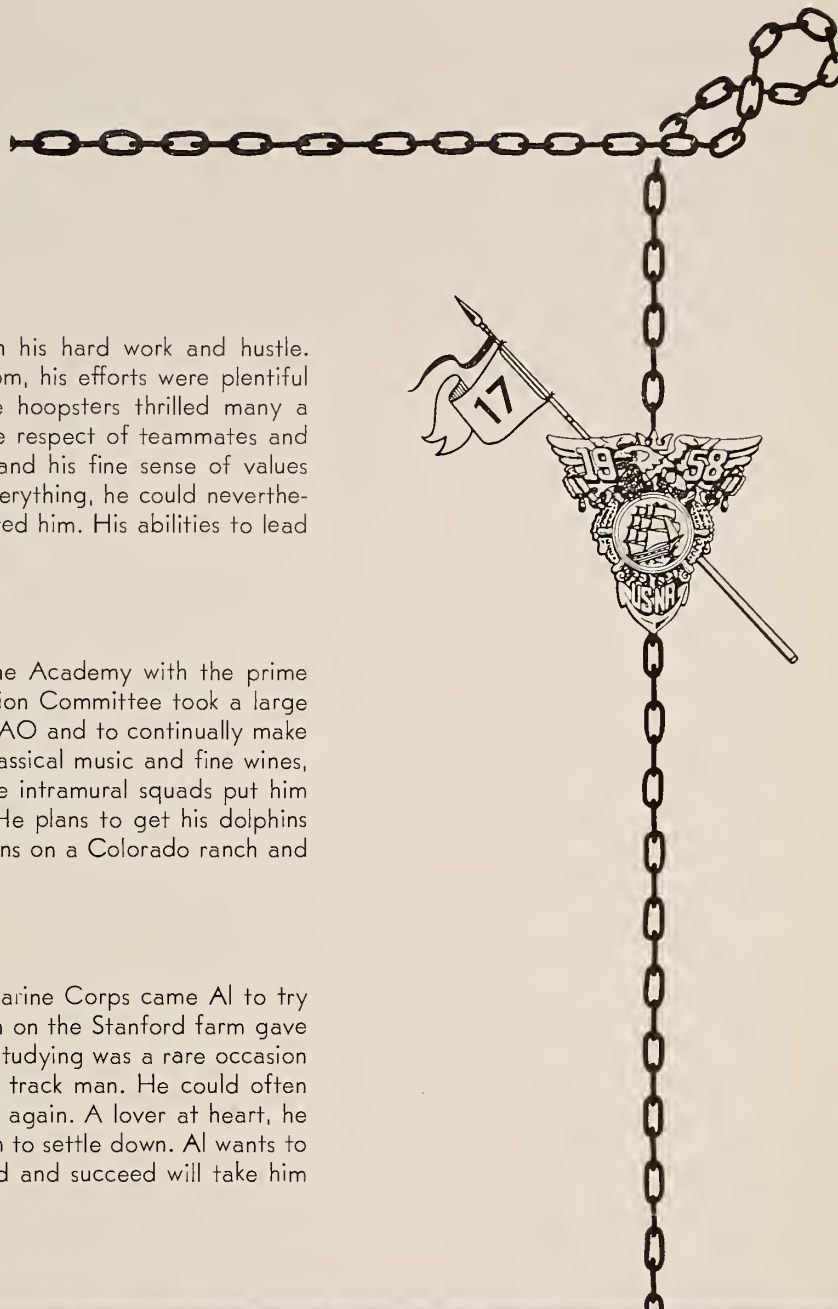
Huntington Park, California

When Southern Cal lost this Sigma Chi, Navy probably gained the easiest going Plebe ever to grace the Halls of Bancroft. Never one to be ruffled by those daily trials, he continued on his easy-going ways and always managed to spend ten men's share of time in the pad. His sterling work and gallant efforts with the sub squad earned him the title of the "Great White Whale." Writing letters to the OAO and going to Gun Club meetings kept Bill out of mischief the rest of the time. Here is a fellow who will be happy and successful in any future endeavor.



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**JOSEPH MICHAEL SENDEK**  
Windber, Pennsylvania

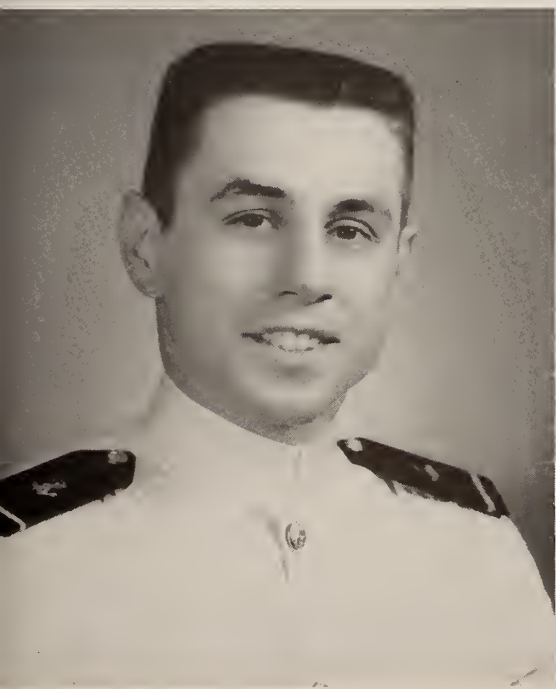
Joe was a fellow who always amazed everyone with his hard work and hustle. Whether on the Varsity basketball court or in the classroom, his efforts were plentiful and generally never wasted. His sparkplug play with the hoopsters thrilled many a Dahlgren Court and Fieldhouse crowd and earned him the respect of teammates and opponents alike. His consideration for others about him and his fine sense of values marked Joe as one in a million. Always in the middle of everything, he could nevertheless be counted upon to accomplish whatever task confronted him. His abilities to lead should be an aid to him in the Naval Service in the future.

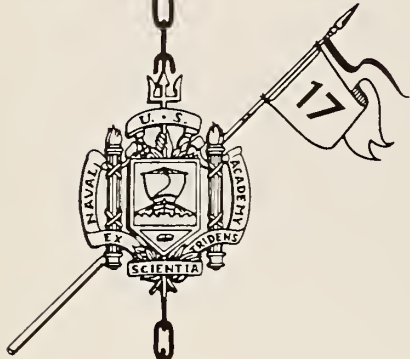
**GEORGE RICHARD STUBBS**  
Colorado Springs, Colorado

From the foot of old Pike's Peak, George came to the Academy with the prime intention of becoming a submariner. Although the Reception Committee took a large number of his free hours, he still found time to drag the OAO and to continually make the Supe's list. This Western gentleman, with his love of classical music and fine wines, added a refined touch to any gathering. His feats with the intramural squads put him in good stead and scored many points for the company. He plans to get his dolphins and put in thirty busy years with the Fleet. His heart remains on a Colorado ranch and we'll probably find him there after retirement.

**ALAN TINKER**  
San Mateo, California

From out of the Golden West and a year with the Marine Corps came Al to try his hand at the nautical life. Two previous years spent down on the Stanford farm gave him that relaxed attitude in the classroom and to find him studying was a rare occasion indeed. A true Californian, Al was both a fine golfer and track man. He could often be seen limbering up his clubs to try the local course once again. A lover at heart, he always kept his eyes open but no one has yet persuaded him to settle down. Al wants to once again wear the Marine green and his abilities to lead and succeed will take him to the top.





**HENRY GEORGE VARGO**

Greensburg, Pennsylvania

Hank brought considerable athletic prowess with him when he came down the pike from Greensburg. He elected to devote his talents to intramurals and his opponents became well aware of his bruising play on the battalion gridiron. A good man in the classroom as well, he tried hard and always seemed to squeeze out those few extra points. Music and dragging were his other interests and he spent a great deal of time with both of them. A frustrated flyer, Hank will go into Navy line upon graduation and should easily be one of '58's admirals.

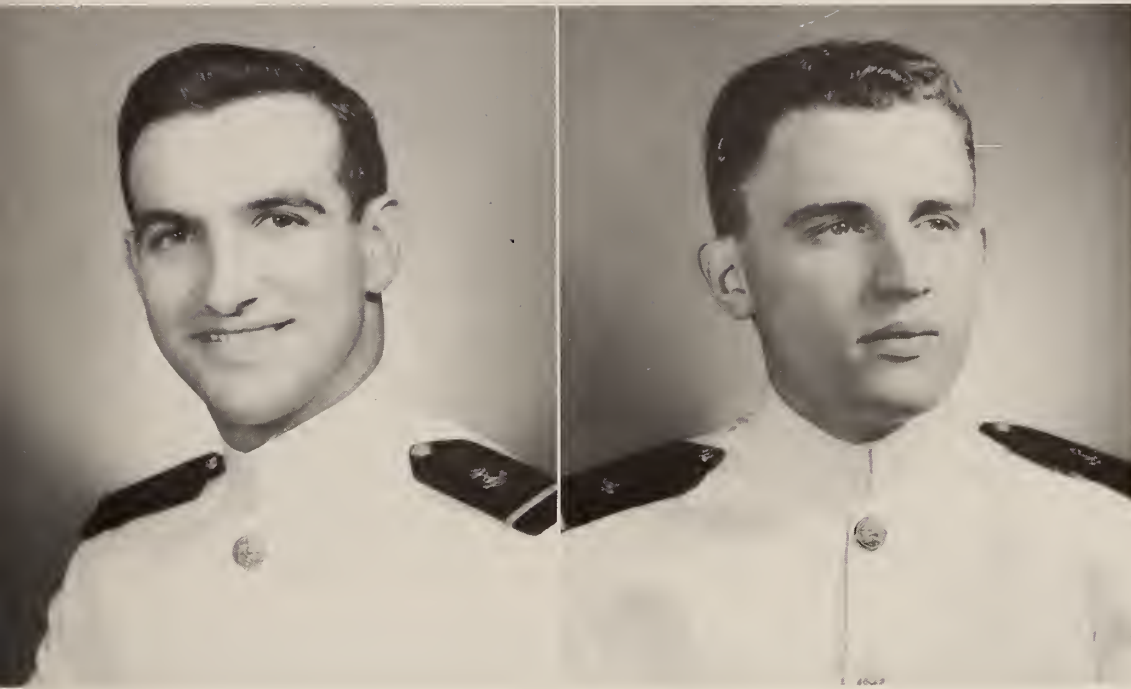
**GEORGE LEROY WATTS**

Rosewell, New Mexico

By leaving the land of dusty roads and horned toads, George also left behind an Army career to come to the Academy. His high grades and outstanding abilities point to years of post graduate work during his service career. George devoted much of his time to Academy affairs. He was a member of the Plebe and battalion gym teams, and managed the Varsity tennis team for two years. All of Sonny's spare minutes were devoted to a "Rebel" OAO. With nothing but a continuance of his fine Academy record, George will make an outstanding officer and leader.







**WAYNE ANTHONY WILLIAMS**

San Diego, California

Wayne blew into Annapolis on a soft California breeze after defeating LaJolla High School and Boydens Prep School in preparation for the long road ahead to becoming a Naval officer. The Reception Committee, battalion gym, and OAO letters took care of any spare moments. Wayne always thought like an individual, but company co-operation was foremost as it should be with a true leader. The Skinny Department tried hard to stop him, but it will take rougher seas than electronics to stop a man like "Willie" from reaching the top rung on any worthy ladder.

**SCOTT ALFORD WOODS**

Hutchinson, Kansas

A playboy at heart, "Woody" wanted his fun while still young, so after three years he gave up high school as a lost cause and joined the Severn Country Club. Here he was known as a man who spent many hours in study—of bridge, hair styling, dragging, and baseball statistics. Not one to rush into things, the last ten minutes of every study hour were sufficient to keep his academic ship from sinking. So, while the Fifth Battalion loses a tennis star, the Service gains a capable officer who will always keep the spirits of those around him high.



*United States Naval Academy*



*Left to right: First row—Kensinger, Flikeid, Green, Naquin, Etcho, Tarpgaard, Seeley, Crumpacker, Johnson, Heiges. Second row—Groom, Horacek, Rike, McCarthy, Kiely, Gill, Harmuth, Tinsley, Battaglioni. Third row—Dettbarn, Seeburger, Clements, Ralston, Tomlinson, Dawdy, O'Connor, Drischker. Fourth row—Ryan, Kopp, Milwee, Arnold, Bozzo, Gabrielsen.*



*Left to right: First row—Agustin, Whilely, Lomotan, Stoakley, Booth, Ross, Bowers, Reynolds, Swanson, Trulli. Second row—Wagner, Phillips, Laudig, Osmon, Payne, Altergott, Bessenger, Burroughs, Cecil. Third row—Wade, Stone, Rogers, Barta, Kinney, Holbrook, King, Peek. Fourth row—Bagnard, Smith, Macke, Bonifay, Dodson, Makovic.*



*Left to right: First row—Shapiro, Furman, Werlock, Sylvester, Rueckert, Kay, Chastain, Ehle, Coates, Kiggins. Second row—Grosh, Guthrie, Shaw, McMahon, French, Bradley, Morrow, Holifield, Martin. Third row—Pollak, Yurlick, Crawford, Morgan, Sloan, Fenno, Bratton, Lubbs. Fourth row—Peterson, Savage, Davis, Whiting, North, Butler, Thomas. Fifth row—Case, Norfleet, Waer, Manning.*



Lt. W.T. Chipman, USN  
Company Officer

Whatever you had to say about the Eighteenth, you had to say that we were diversified. Enjoying both extremes of Navy life, we saw a little of everything. Plebe year, we won the colors, and First Class year saw the company three-striper continually trying to explain our low-sweat factor. But we were standing first then, too. You never could notice it on the drill field, perhaps, but this gang had quite a spirit; our standings in the various competitions could attest to that. Our sports squads were always at or near the top.

Looking back on our eternities at Navy, we had a lot of fun while we were learning; yes, we did learn something.  $F = MA$ ,  $F \neq MA$ , it all managed to sink in one way or the other. One thing that will always remain a mystery is how Greg made it through. On

## *Eighteenth Company*

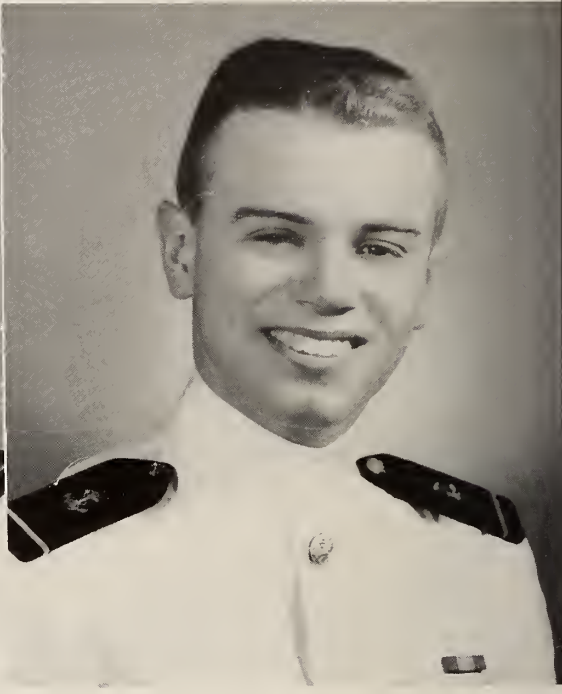
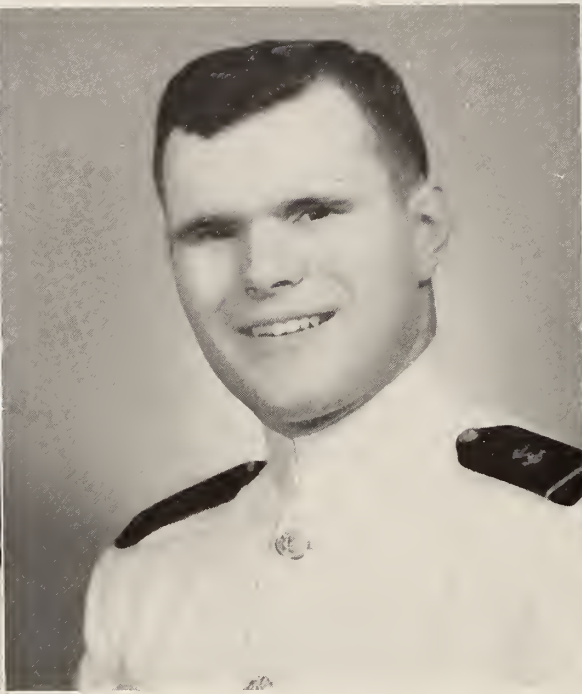
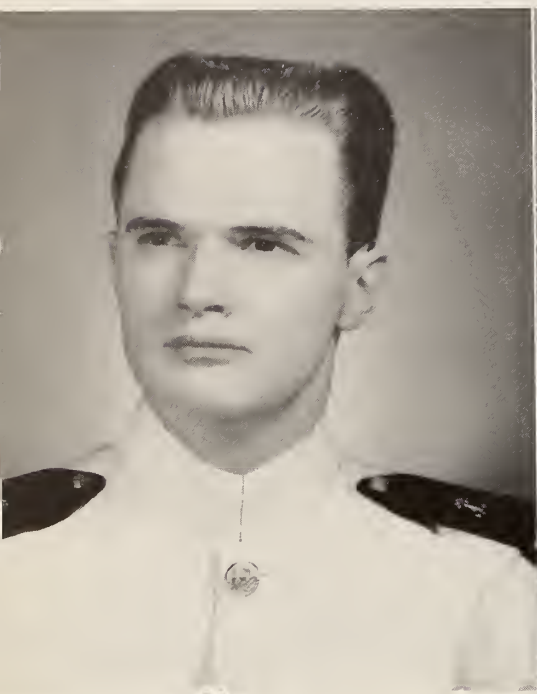


*Fall Set. Left to right—Stibler, Clune, Banta, McConnell, Gottsche, Budney.*



*Winter Set. Left to right—Dougherty, Robbins, Driggers, Caldwell, Haltermann, Bellows.*

the other hand, we always wondered how "Poins" could ever have a 3.96 going into the skinny final. Nothing was unusual for our second-set six striper. Then there was the "Caveman" . . . he made quite a name for himself on the football team. How about the way that John Harvey could use his head out there on the soccer field? The memories of Eighteen will always be pleasant, no matter how tough the going gets. Did you ever stop to wonder what would have happened if "Chippie" hadn't been behind us all the way? Or if the right guide had ever been in step? . . . no reflection, George. Here we are, thirty-seven strong . . . Navy Line, Navy Air, Marines, and Air Force. Don't forget that Sam still says, "Beat Army."



**KEITH EUGENE AIKEN**

Evansville, Indiana

Keith came in fresh from high school in Indiana to take a stab at the USNAVY life. For a while during Plebe year, it looked like a stab was all he was going to make, but he pulled through and since then, he successfully evaded even the stoutest academic hurdle. Intramurals and the Gun Club kept him busy when he wasn't occupied with another stormy session with the slipstick. His attitude toward everything was a good one; he had no troubles in meeting and making new friends constantly. Keith hopes to fly upon graduation; we know he'll be happy when he gets those wings at long last and stakes his claim up there in the sky.

**EDWIN McLEAN BALDWIN**

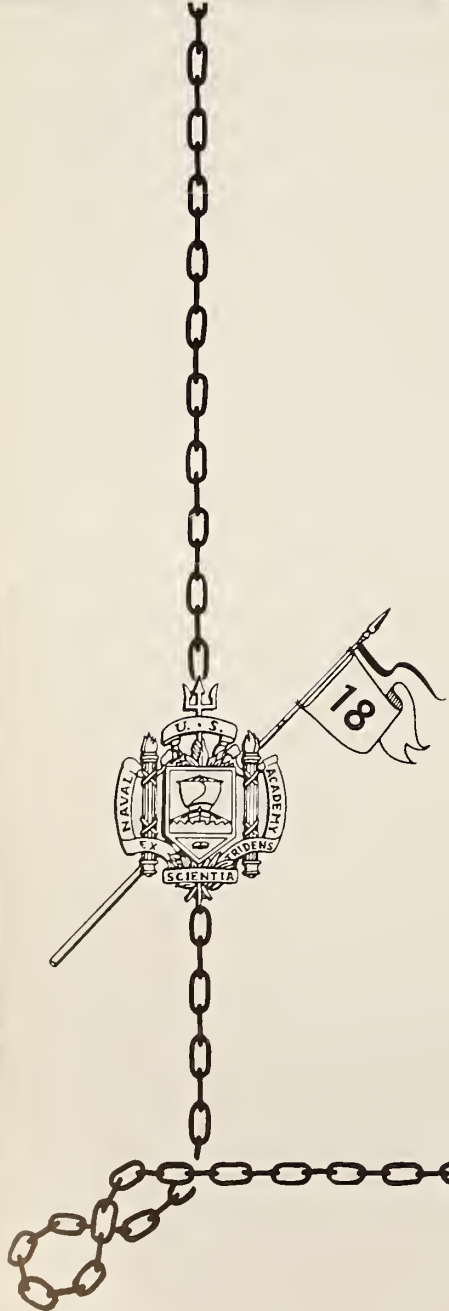
Marshfield, Wisconsin

Mac left the family podunk after high school days were over to come east in search of new fields to conquer. He was one of us who always seemed to be in his element here; he had much to keep him busy and every activity in which he engaged always received the best of enthusiasm and ability. His lusty voice suited the Chapel Choir, although his wives might argue the point a bit. Otherwise you could usually find his friendly face over in the wrestling loft, where he was managing the Varsity grapplers. Mac had an interest and spirit that was hard to beat; with men like him joining their ranks, the Navy can't help but remain a top-notch outfit.

**CLIFTON EDWARD BANTA, III**

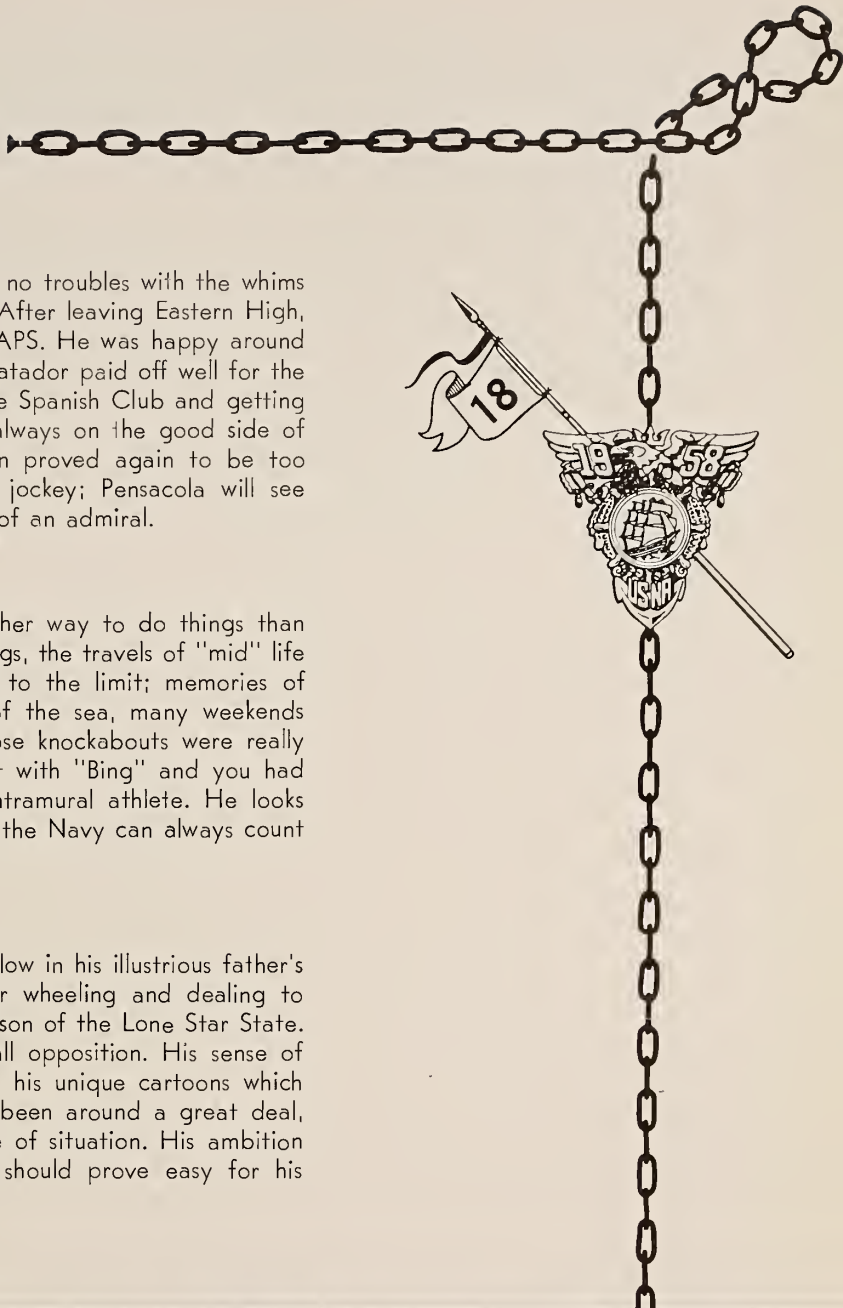
Pittsburg, Kansas

"Kip" answered the beckoning call of higher education after his junior year in high school and became one of '58's younger members. Although kidded unmercifully about his tender age, he was never one to let small things stand in his way to any goal. He used to hate those Dago classes, but he was on good terms with the rest of the academic departments. Thompson Stadium and its cinderpaths were a favored place and his work with the Plebe thinclads and his company harriers was always first-rate. Easy going and friendly, "Kip" became well known for his perennial smile and good word for everyone. Pensacola holds many attractions for our boy wonder, and we know that he won't need the luck that we all wish him.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## BRUCE BERNARD BARTOS

Bethesda, Maryland

No stranger to Maryland and its weather, Bruce had no troubles with the whims of the local Mother Nature that plagued so many of us. After leaving Eastern High, he had enlisted in the Navy and came to USNAY via NAPS. He was happy around the water, especially the swimming variety; his skill as a natador paid off well for the battalion swimming and water polo squads. Otherwise, the Spanish Club and getting that daily letter kept him busy and content. He wasn't always on the good side of the academic departments, but sweat and determination proved again to be too much for them to handle. He's another potential Navy jockey; Pensacola will see him start toward that great day when he dons the braid of an admiral.

## FRANK EUGENE BASSETT

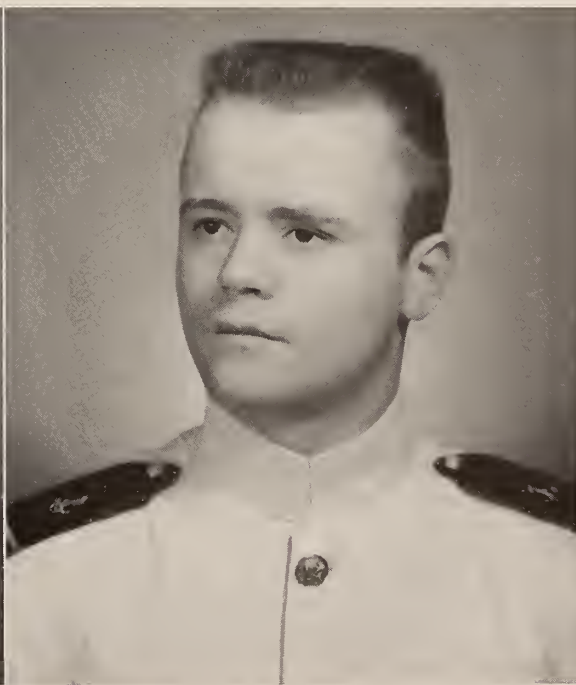
Newport, Rhode Island

Like all good Navy Juniors, "Bing" could see no other way to do things than the Navy way. After a life of going places and seeing things, the travels of "mid" life seemed only natural, but he nevertheless enjoyed them to the limit; memories of liberties and leaves will always be bright. A true son of the sea, many weekends found him on the bay showing the local lubbers how those knockabouts were really supposed to be handled. The company always came first with "Bing" and you had to go a long way before you found a more devoted intramural athlete. He looks forward to a long career in the service he loves so much; the Navy can always count on the very best from "Bing."

## WILLIAM DALE BAUER

Waco, Texas

Bill came East from deep in the heart of Texas to follow in his illustrious father's footsteps. With a typical Texas line and a penchant for wheeling and dealing to match, no one at Navy was ever able to stymie this long son of the Lone Star State. He always had a quip or a plot to devastate any and all opposition. His sense of humor was known throughout the Brigade, due largely to his unique cartoons which frequently appeared in the **Log**. Bill is a fellow who has been around a great deal, and he derived from it an ability to prosper in any type of situation. His ambition to become the Marine Corps' first millionaire playboy should prove easy for his many talents.





# United States Naval Academy

## GERALD EDWARD BELLOWS

Eau Claire, Wisconsin

To be from Wisconsin must have a blessing of sorts judging from the ever present smile on Jerry's face. He came to conquer easily any and all obstacles. Fresh from duty as valedictorian of his high school class, Jerry had plenty of chances to occupy himself with the more enjoyable aspects of Academy life. Between the various sports squads and the many letters that had to be written to a long list of femmes, he was usually very busy. Then, of course, there was always the perennial bull session sadly in need of his sage remarks. Jerry was always one who had good times and enjoyed sharing them with others. A long and happy service career awaits him.

## ROBERT PETER BERG

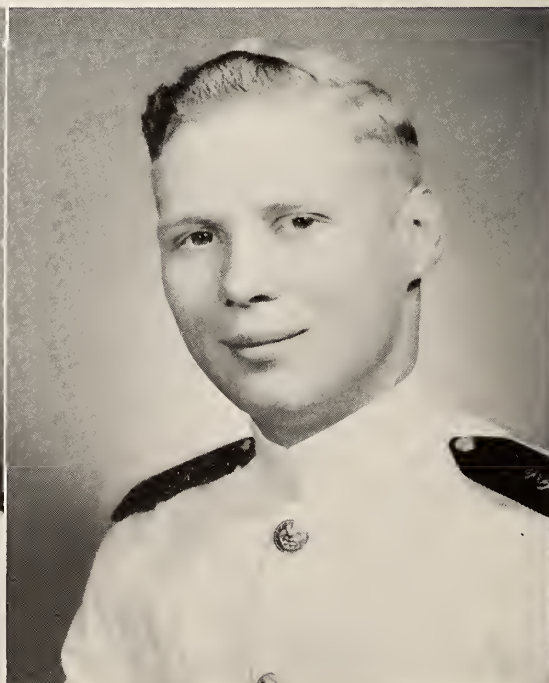
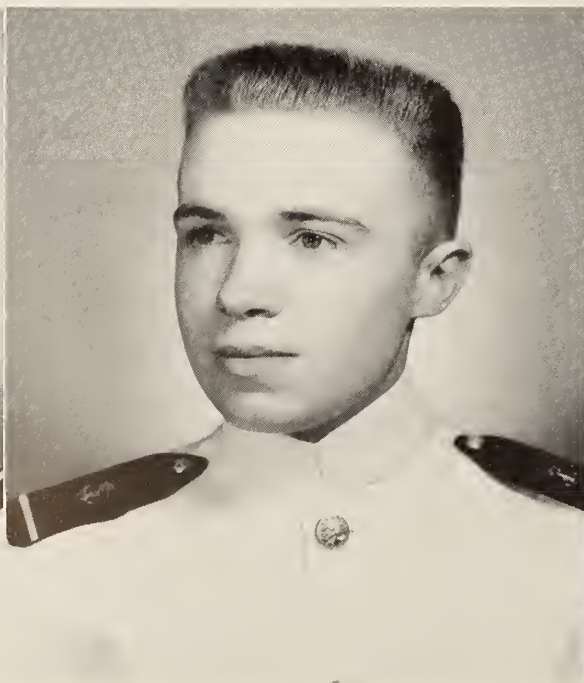
Barre, Vermont

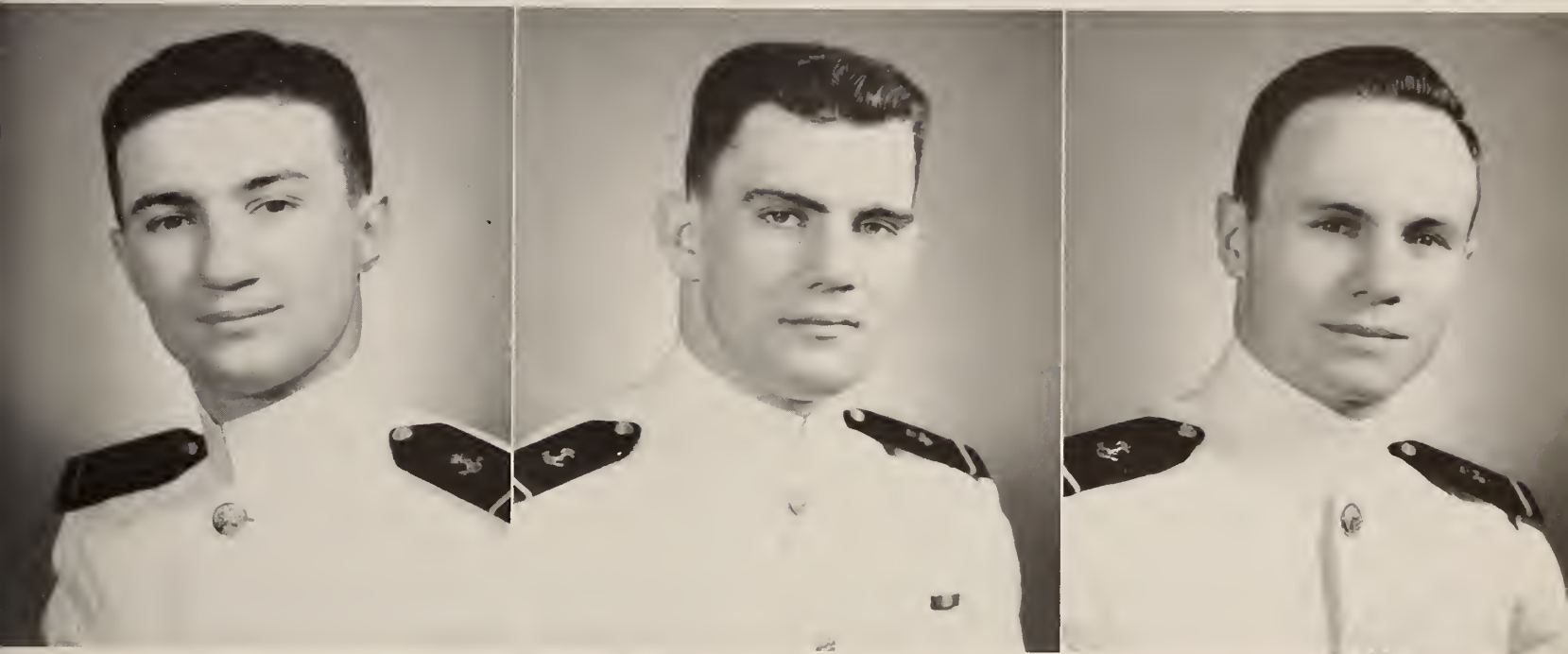
After four years of revelry and fun making in the green hills of Vermont, Pete turned things over to his younger brother and came down the coast to try something new. Plebe year has its usual pitfalls, but he always managed to make it over the hump. Pete was truly remarkable in his conquest of the E.D. system; we never knew how he did it and could just marvel at the results. Liberty was always something to enjoy for this New Englander, and we will long remember those pleasurable hours spent in B-more around the old mahogany. Managing the Varsity swimmers and putting out bigger and better Christmas cards took the rest of his time. Flying looks like his future career.

## GREGORY DOMINIC BERNATZ

Gaithersburg, Maryland

A Navy Junior, Greg was a well traveled person when he entered the Academy to follow in his father's footsteps. While here, he participated in many intramural sports, but his favorite pastime was trying to prove that suspended animation is possible. Not exactly a cut, Greg was always a strong contender for the "there but for the grace of God goes a civilian" award for 1958. He never seemed to have any other troubles though, and his friendliness always made him a welcome companion. His future plans were never in doubt, as his favorite expression was "The Navy is my career."





**STANLEY MICHAEL BUDNEY**

Woodbridge, New Jersey

Although the Amboy Dukes didn't come from his birthplace in Jersey, Stan used to say that they would have felt right at home there. To hear his tall tales about the "old days," one could almost believe it. Stan did twenty months on active Naval Reserve duty before coming to USNAY and never had trouble adapting himself to the military way. The success of the Eighteenth's volleyball teams depended a great deal upon his strong brand of play. He always showed an interest in electronics and hopes to someday work in this field. Until then, Navy line looks mighty fine.

**ROBERT KINNARD CALDWELL**

Richwood, Kentucky

From out of the deep Kentucky hills came Navy's version of the football player whom the coaches kept in a cage all week only to be freed on Saturday afternoons to wreak havoc on the opposition. His "rock 'em—sock 'em" attitude on the grid-iron from his guard position paved the way to many a long gainer. Off the football field, Bob was as good-natured a fellow as you'd care to meet. He kept himself busy with the books, making friends, or writing letters. He applied himself to everything with conscientiousness and purpose. Always to be a farm boy at heart, big Bob will take thirty years off from his agricultural pursuits, make admiral, and then return to those beckoning hills.

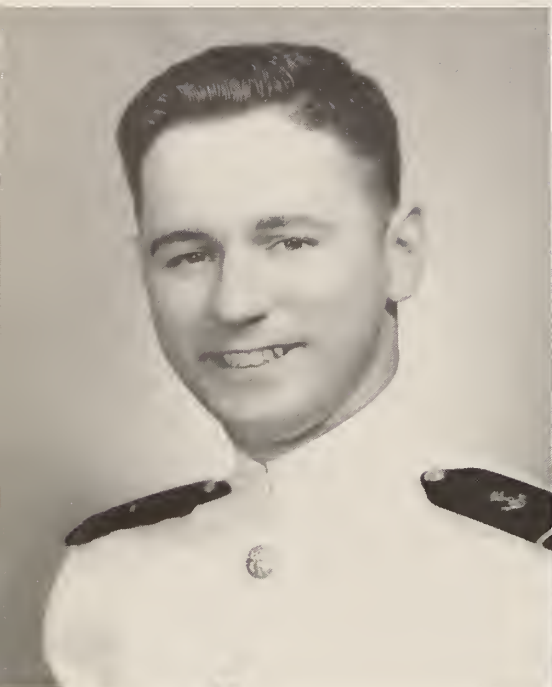
**JOHN HARVEY CAMERON**

Signal Mountain, Tennessee

John Harvey had plenty of military background before he donned the blue and gold; a son of the service, this likeable Rebel had spent six years at a military school and then a year of R.O.T.C. duty at the University of Tennessee. He brought quite an educated toe with him and spent four years on Upper Lawrence booting the ball around for the Plebe and Varsity soccer squads. Otherwise, he used most of his time in keeping in touch with his many friends scattered about Mother Bancroft. Harvey came here with an ambition to fly, but has fought his only losing battle with the eye department down in Murder, Inc. Nevertheless, he hopes to go into a career where he can eventually grow a pair of wings.



*United States Naval Academy*



**JOHN RICHARD CHEVALIER**

South Williamsport, Pennsylvania

Chevy came from a town of rolling hills where he must have loved to run; this was the only way to explain his considerable prowess on the company cross country and steeplechase squads plus running the half mile for the battalion thinclads. Youngster year introduced him to the **Lucky Bag** and his work as Coordinating Editor of this book was instrumental in getting it out. Between staging bigger and better pie races and thinking about flying his own plane someday, most of John's spare time was taken. His future plans involve a happy home life and securing scrambled eggs for that visor.

**EDWARD MICHAEL CLUNE**

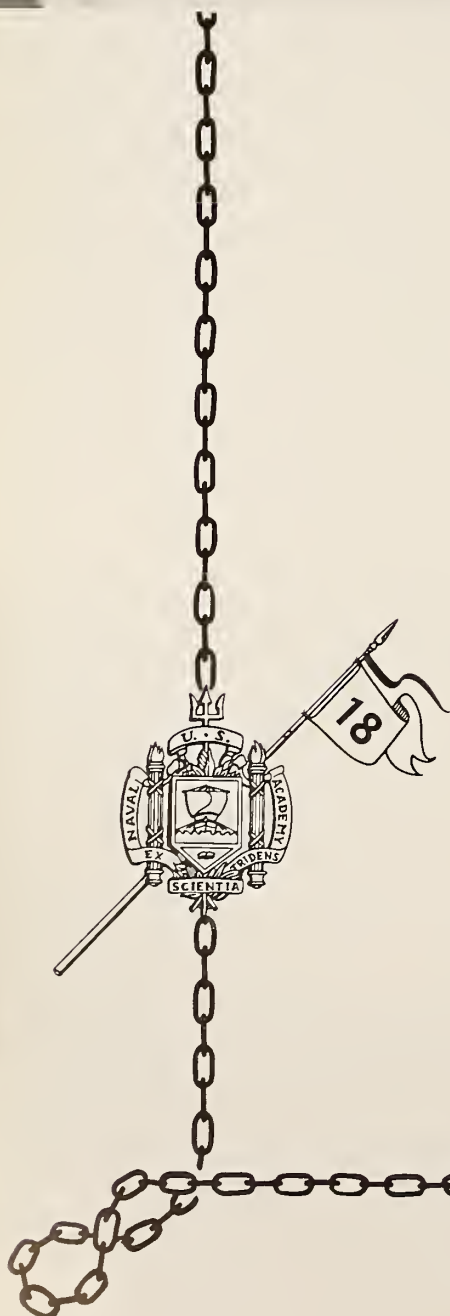
Jersey City, New Jersey

Ed migrated south from Jersey City equipped with a smile and considerable prowess with a basketball. Preceded by a famous brother here, this friendly fellow wasted no time in establishing his own reputation. Stardom with the Plebe hoopsters naturally led to three years of yeoman duty with the Varsity and his bobbing blonde hair was a familiar sight to any Navy basketball follower. Hard working and versatile, Ed had a knack of turning any problem into an easy solution. A life in the Navy is his goal; the two will fit each other perfectly.

**DENNIS MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM**

Lafayette, Indiana

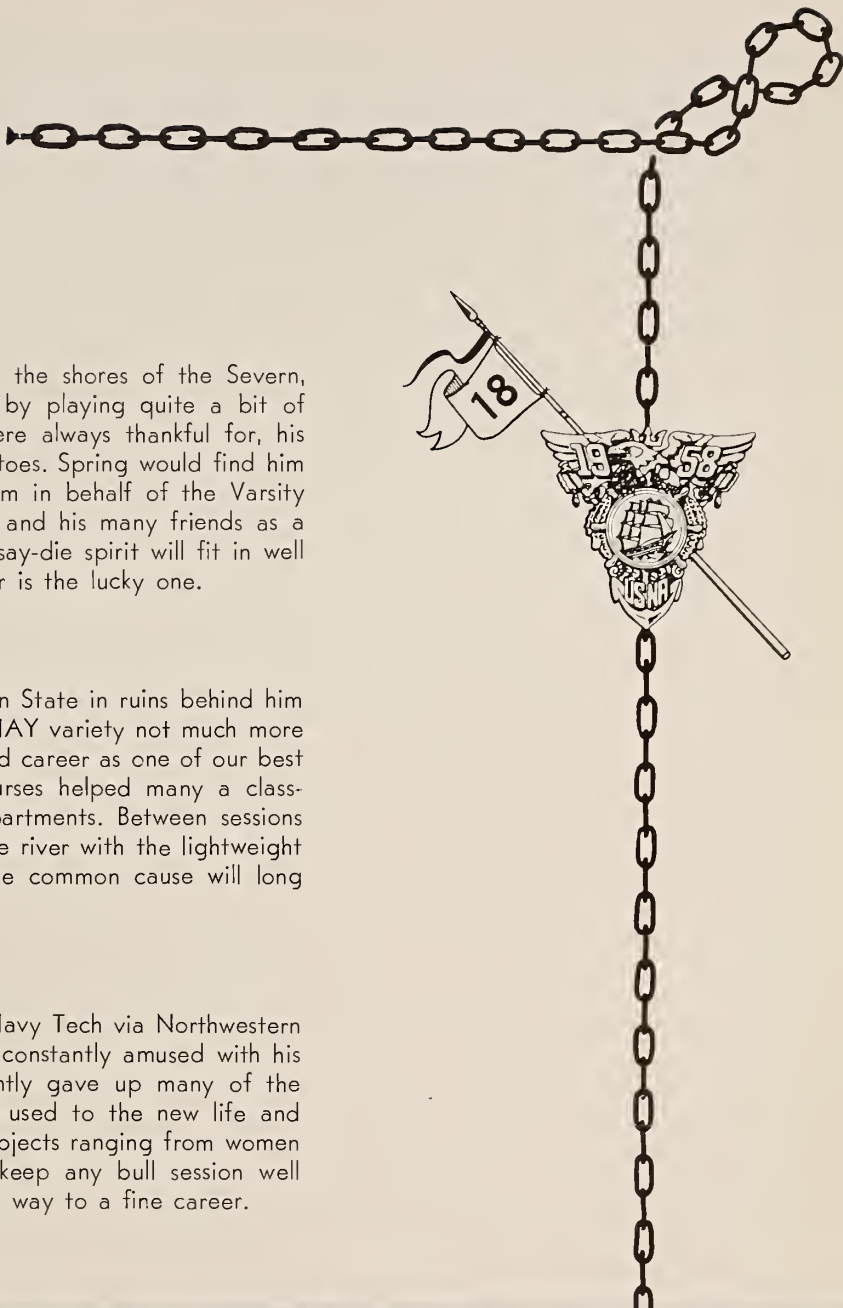
Denn survived two years at Culver Military Academy and decided that he wanted more; so he packed his bags and came east to begin his thirty years. He claimed to be a woman hater; it was just as well, for the books gave him little time to dream of the fairer sex. The rent was always paid, though, even with considerable service with the intramural squads. He seemed to have the usual affection for those hours spent in the pad, but believed in always staying in shape. It could be that he had his mind on that long "semper fi" career with the men in green.



*United States Naval Academy*



# United States Naval Academy



## WILLIAM ADAM DOUGHERTY, JR.

Pottsville, Pennsylvania

"Doc," another of Pottsville's many contributions to the shores of the Severn, lived up to the reputation of the coal mining districts by playing quite a bit of football here. One of the fellows whom the coaches were always thankful for, his work with the poolies kept many a Varsity regular on his toes. Spring would find him soaring over the high jump bar out in Thompson Stadium in behalf of the Varsity track team. Doc always had plenty of time for athletics and his many friends as a quick mind kept him well ahead of the books. His never-say-die spirit will fit in well with any future organization's plans; it looks like Navy air is the lucky one.

## THEODORE FRANCIS DRIGGERS

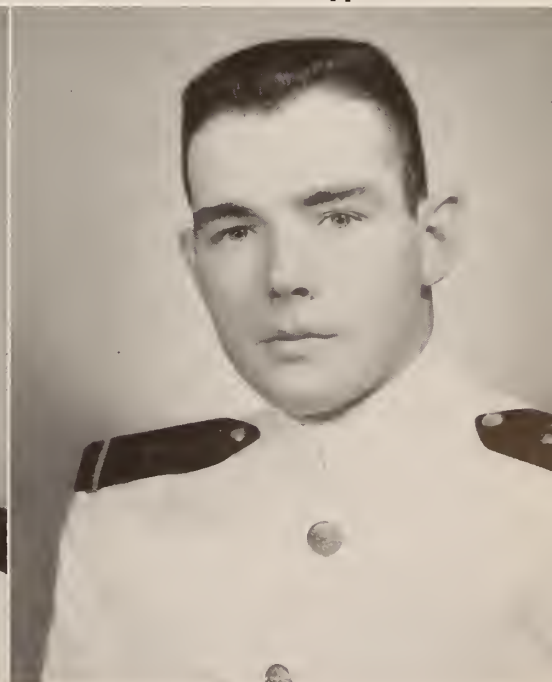
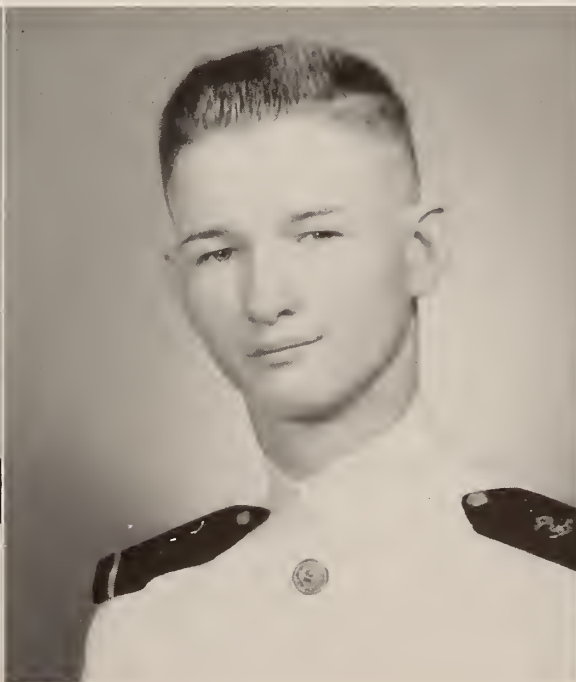
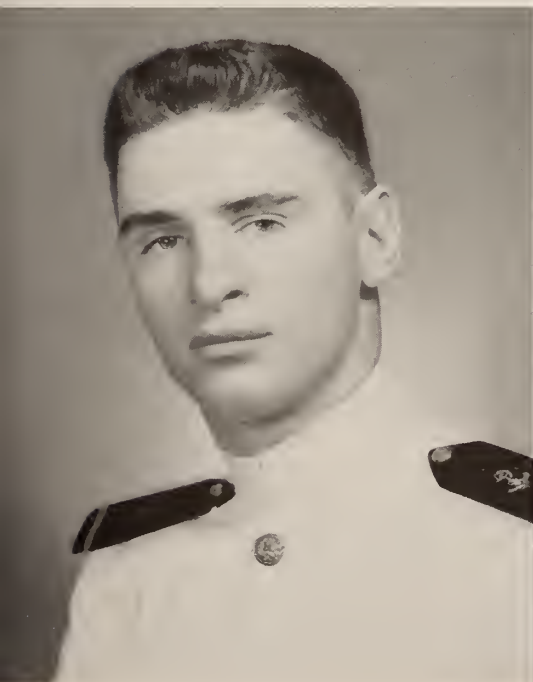
Berkeley, California

Ted left the academics of Drew School in the Golden State in ruins behind him as he made the long journey east. He soon found the USNAY variety not much more of a challenge and settled down to a long and distinguished career as one of our best E.I. instructors. His uncanny knack with the slipstick courses helped many a classmate over the frequent snares set by the academic departments. Between sessions he could usually be found over at Hubbard Hall or on the river with the lightweight crew. Ted's friendliness and willingness to help out in the common cause will long be remembered.

## PETER JAMES FOLEY

Armonk Village, New York

Born and reared in the Empire State, Pete came to Navy Tech via Northwestern Prep in Minneapolis. He was a fellow who could keep us constantly amused with his antics and ideas for a good time. Although he reluctantly gave up many of the finer things which he had held so dear, Pete soon grew used to the new life and always managed to see the funny side of any situation. Subjects ranging from women to Dean Martin provided him with enough material to keep any bull session well occupied. New London appears to be his next stop on his way to a fine career.





# United States Naval Academy

## ALBERT LYND GOTTSCHÉ, JR.

Ocean Springs, Mississippi

Here was a fellow who made a fine art out of being lazy. He could think of more reasons to rack out than any other ten men combined. The only times that Red could be really stirred into ardent activity was when you cast a caustic remark upon his beloved Dixie, or when you stuck a tennis racquet in his hand and pointed the way to the courts. A mean man on the nets, Red starred with the Plebe squad and them mainstayed his intramural teams. A year at Georgia Tech apparently gave him all he needed to get by academically for he never worried about the books. We'll look forward to the day when we see his red head on the bridge of a submarine shouting, "Take her down!" in his Mississippi drawl.

## ALVIN CHRIS GROSS, JR.

Warrendale, Pennsylvania

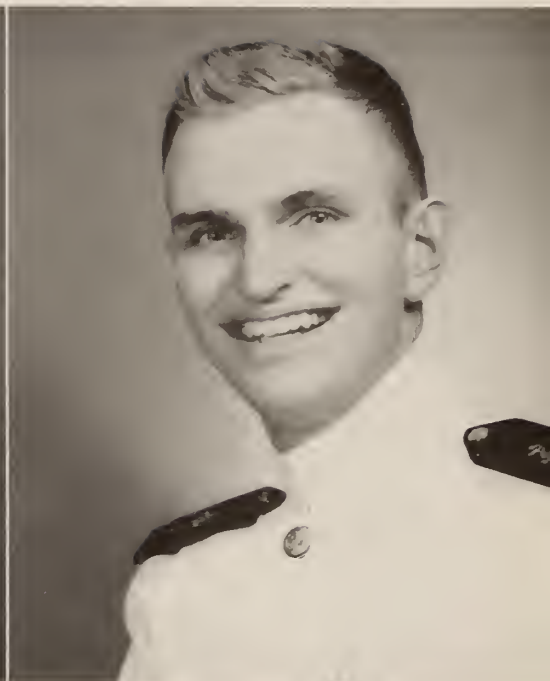
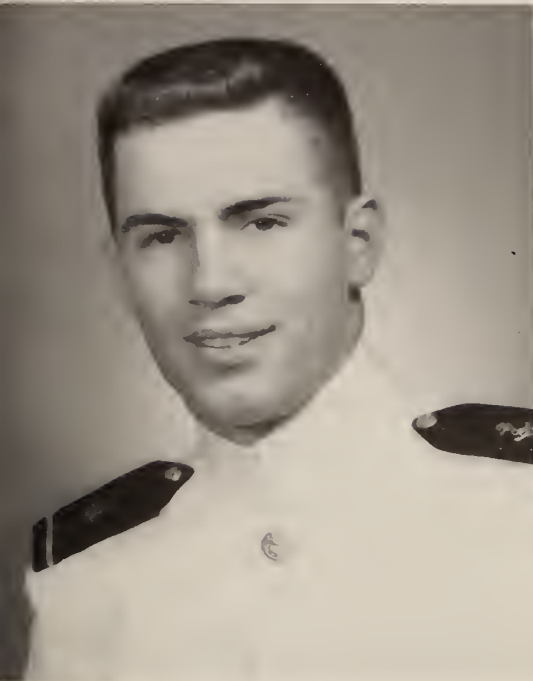
After a year as a Yankee in Dixie down at Rice Institute, "Skip" decided that the Navy life was for him. Not a complete stranger to our ways, he spent his year in exile with the NROTC while at Rice. He found no friends across the Yard in the academic group and turned to athletics; there he did quite well, both with various intramural teams and the Varsity lightweight gridgers. His main pastime, though, was always circulating among his many friends enjoying life and adding his spot of cheer to many a dismal gathering. "Skip" will follow the annual pilgrimage to Pensacola where his golden wings and Navy air eagerly await his coming.

## ROBERT LANGDON HALTERMANN

Camden, Maine

Claiming the far northern climes as his home, Bob joined '58 after a hitch at Admiral Farragut Academy. His origin made it a bit hard to digest the Maryland version of Mother Nature, but he soon settled down to do battle with the books; he always did well enough, as long as the consoling comfort of the pad was nearby to help him through. Plebe swimming, battalion golf, and weekly sessions in the fine art of dragging kept our boy from complete idleness. Another firm believer that the Navy way is the best way, he looks forward to a long and successful line career.





**JOHN WILLIAM HEMINGWAY**

Twenty-Nine Palms, California

Hailing from nearly everyplace that the Marine Corps had a base, Bill currently calls sunny California his home port. A life spent near the service gave him quite an appreciation for Navy life and many an insight into leadership as will be evidenced by his record here. An injury during Plebe year nipped a promising football career in the bud, but the company intramural squads fared much better by his presence. His drags were many and usually beautiful and he usually had a different one every time. Bill's Marine Corps background makes his choice of the men in green both logical and wise.

**BRUCE ALDEN HOLMBERG**

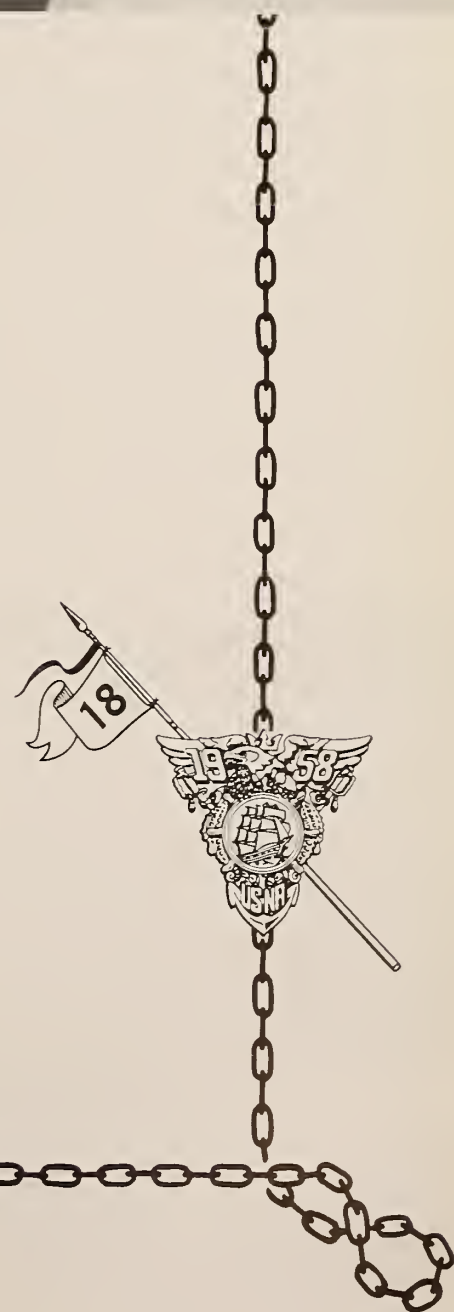
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Bruce decided upon Navy Tech upon graduating from Roosevelt High in Minneapolis and arrived here after a year at Northwestern Prep. He must have been exposed to the right things for his class standing always showed him to be a frequent conqueror of the academic departments. He turned his talents into other fields as well, chief among which were the Antiphonal Choir and battalion representative for the NACA. Otherwise, it was that frequent letter that always brightened up the day. Bruce prefers the brown shoes and plans to become the best fighter pilot in this man's Navy.

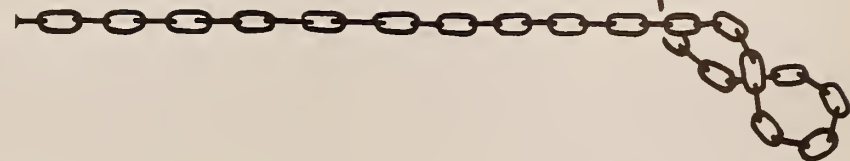
**MARK RICHARD JENSEN**

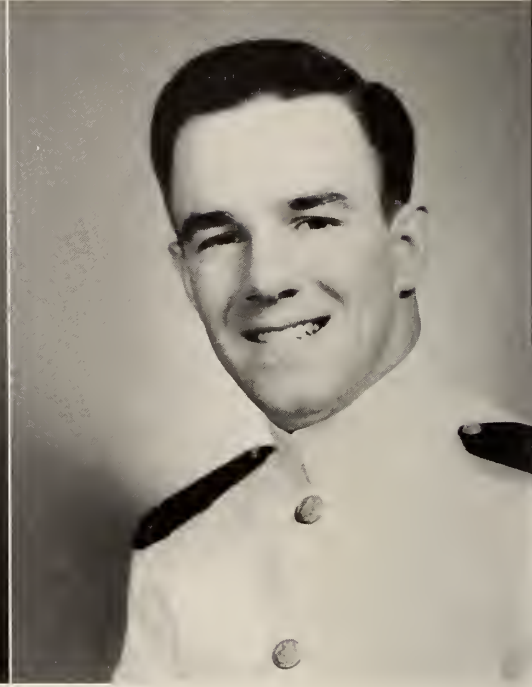
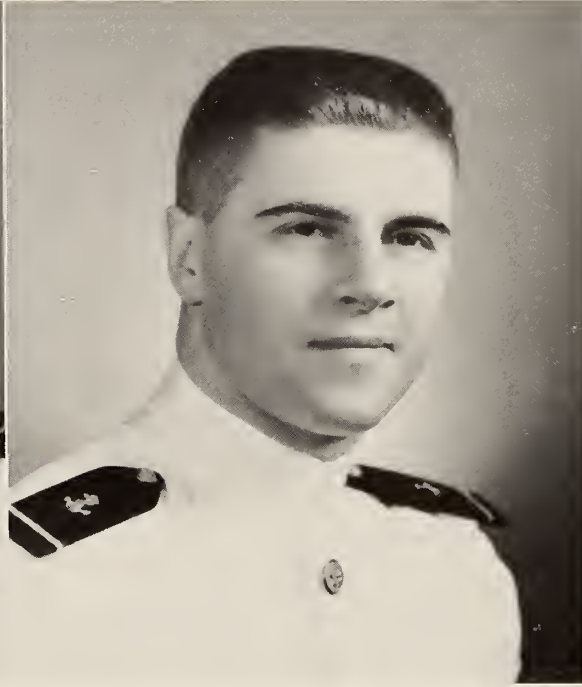
Bethesda, Maryland

Mark came to Navy to combine his love for the service gained as a junior with his natural penchant for engineering. He found a formidable opponent awaiting him on Farragut Field, and was more relieved than most when we saw the last of the hated obstacle course. The Ordnance Department gave him quite a few unpleasant moments but to hand him a sliderule was to put him completely in the driver's seat. He spent many happy hours over in the Nat tending goal for the battalion water polo team. He has many bright plans for the future, chief among which are P.G. work and eventual E.D.O. status.



*United States Naval Academy*





**LARRY EDWARD KAUFMAN**

Tamaqua, Pennsylvania

True to the traditions of his home state, Larry brought considerable athletic prowess with him when he came to Navy from Wyoming Seminary. An injury frustrated a promising football career but his versatility was soon amply demonstrated when he broke the Plebe high jump record and when he went on to be a mainstay for the Varsity thinclads in the jump, discus, and shot-put. He always had a good word and a smile which made him a special favorite in the halls of Bancroft. Larry would be a credit to any branch of the service; it looks like Navy air has the inside track on his future allegiance.

**JEROLD JOSEPH LARSON**

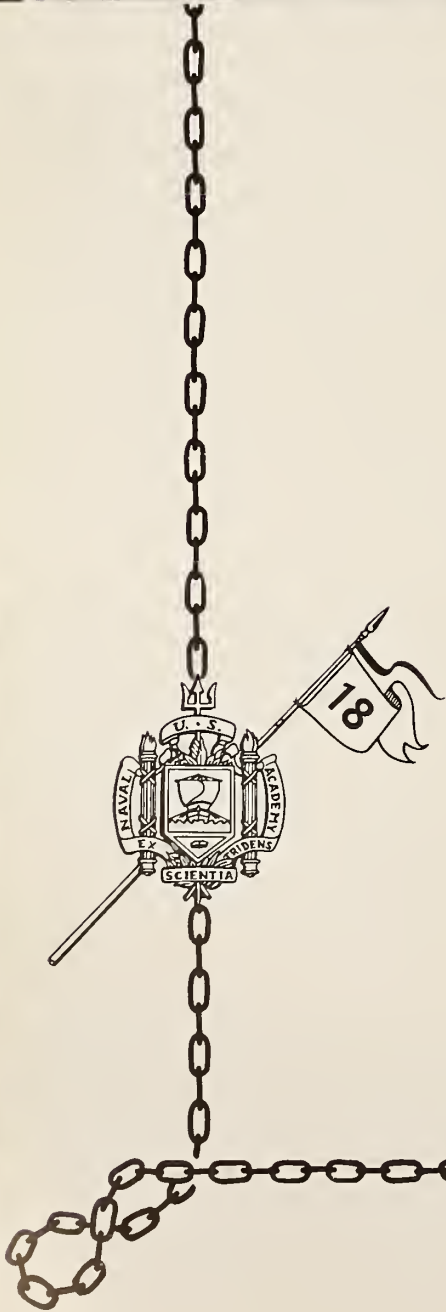
Marshfield, Wisconsin

Jerry arrived to cast his lot with the Brigade via a Naval Reserve appointment after finishing high school. He became one of our busiest classmates, engaging in activities ranging from the Foreign Relations Club to Varsity wrestling. A gregarious personality and a tremendous memory for names and faces were always parlayed into many friends throughout the Brigade. He was always a credit to both the Academy and his closest friends, whether it was showing the neatest military precision or helping out in whatever he could. Navy air is his choice for the future; we look forward to seeing him in the cockpit of a "Seamaster."

**GEORGE FRENGER LISLE**

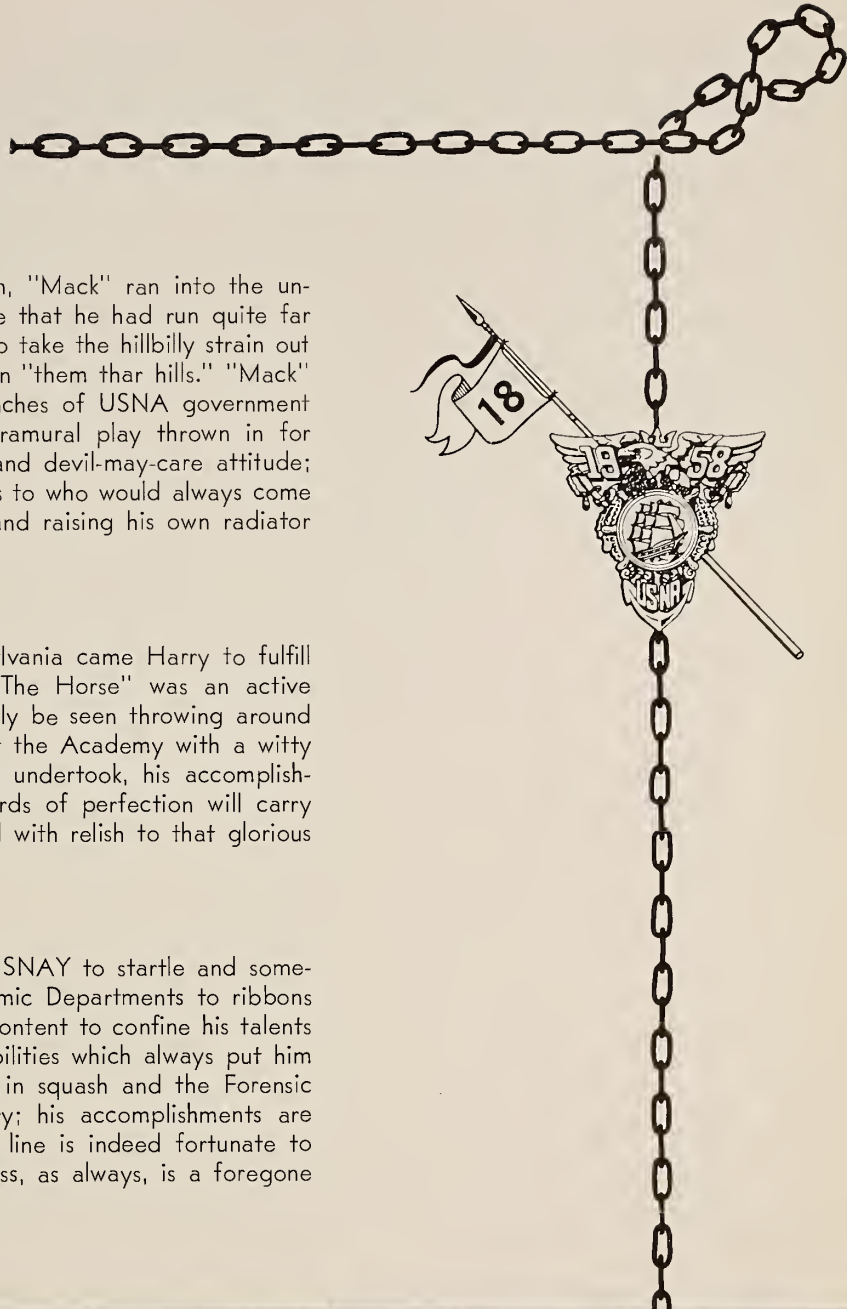
Las Cruces, New Mexico

An Air Force Junior, George spent a life of seeing the world before putting in two years at the University of New Mexico. He then accepted his appointment here and has felt completely at home ever since. His main activities seemed to be divided into three phases—studying, athletics, and sleeping, in ascending order. His personal rule-of-thumb was that the rack was the safest place in which to evade trouble's reach. George became well known for his low clutch factor and love for anything out of the ordinary. He has switched his allegiance completely to Navy blue and plans to join the Silent Service when graduation rolls around at long last.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## THOMAS HOLT McCORMICK

Hinton, West Virginia

Coming down out of the hills to find an education, "Mack" ran into the unyielding arms of Mom Bancroft; he was never quite sure that he had run quite far enough, but he did his best. The system always did try to take the hillbilly strain out of him, but he never lost the love for the rustic life up in "them thar hills." "Mack" managed to foil both the academic and executive branches of USNA government without too much undue strain, with quite a bit of intramural play thrown in for seasoning. Everything was greeted with a typical smile and devil-may-care attitude; after you knew "Mack" for a while, you had no doubts as to who would always come out on top. His ambitions run toward a pair of wings and raising his own radiator squad.

## HARRY EMERSON McCONNELL

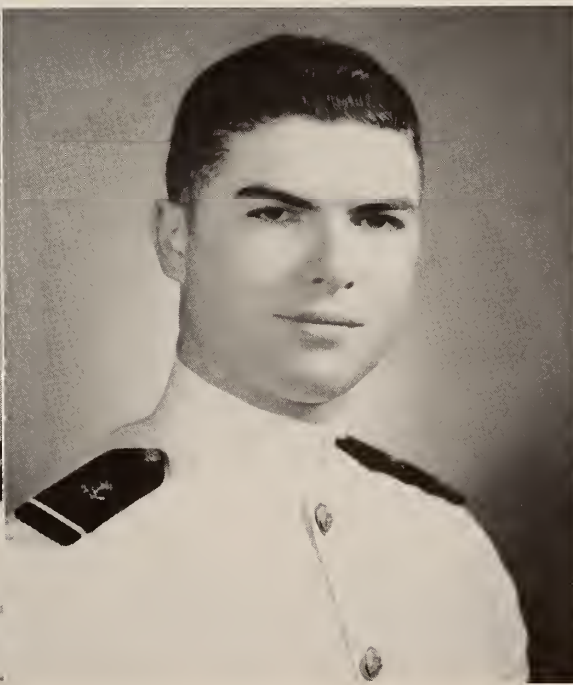
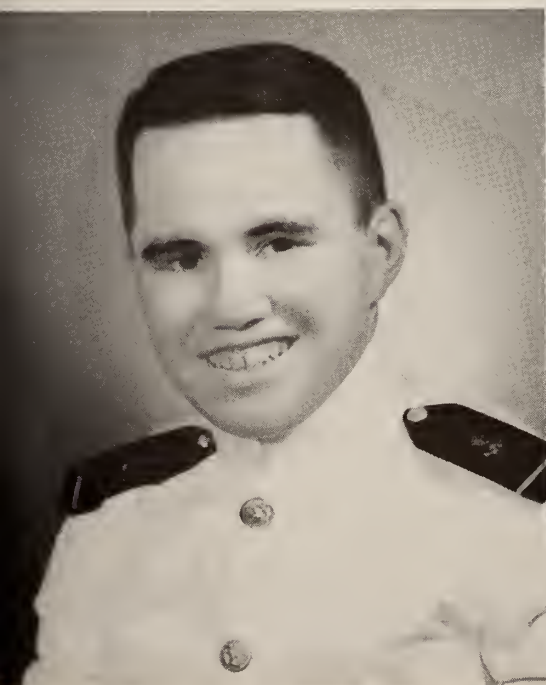
Aliquippa, Pennsylvania

From out of the farming region of Western Pennsylvania came Harry to fulfill his life time ambition of becoming a Naval officer. "The Horse" was an active member of the Varsity track team, where he could usually be seen throwing around the big iron ball. This likeable lad made many friends at the Academy with a witty humor and pleasing smile. Trying hard in everything he undertook, his accomplishments were many and his failures few. His high standards of perfection will carry him through a successful Naval career. He looks forward with relish to that glorious day when he gets his own command.

## JOHN MARLAN POINDEXTER

Odon, Indiana

J.P. brought his baby face and amazing brain to USNAY to startle and sometimes perplex us all. He soon began to tear the Academic Departments to ribbons and stood consistently in the top five of the class. Not content to confine his talents to academics, he soon showed outstanding leadership abilities which always put him in the front of a staff. He even found time to indulge in squash and the Forensic Activity. John's record here bordered on the legendary; his accomplishments are something of which even Tecumseh has to boast. Navy line is indeed fortunate to get him; he hopes to work in guided missiles. His success, as always, is a foregone conclusion.





# United States Naval Academy

## JOHN EDWIN ROBBINS

Seattle, Washington

"Rob" showed a love for the Navy when he chose to take youngster year twice after a bout with the Monsters of Maury; he soon settled down with his new classmates and proceeded to take everything else in stride. He came to USNAY after spending his life moving about as a Navy Junior. "Rob" could always be found pulling a strong oar for the Varsity crew; that is, when he wasn't in his room listening to a couple of cool platters. Dragging a different girl every time rounded out an enjoyable stay. "Rob" will set his sights on Navy air and Pensacola.

## DAVID KRIEDER SHROYER, JR.

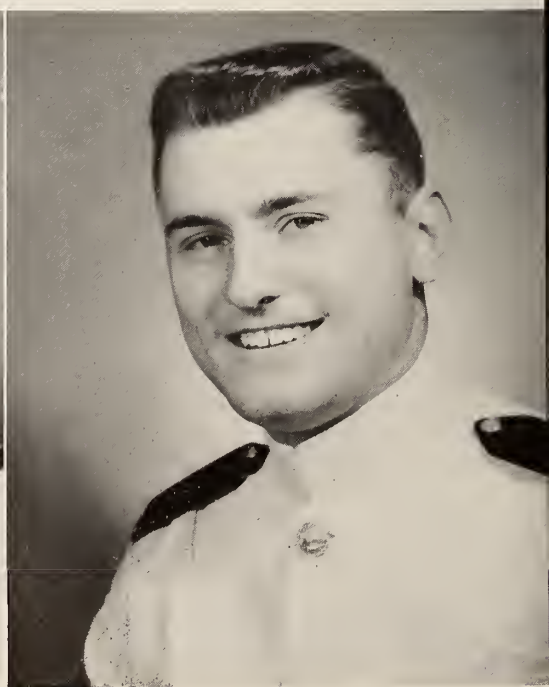
Anncville, Pennsylvania

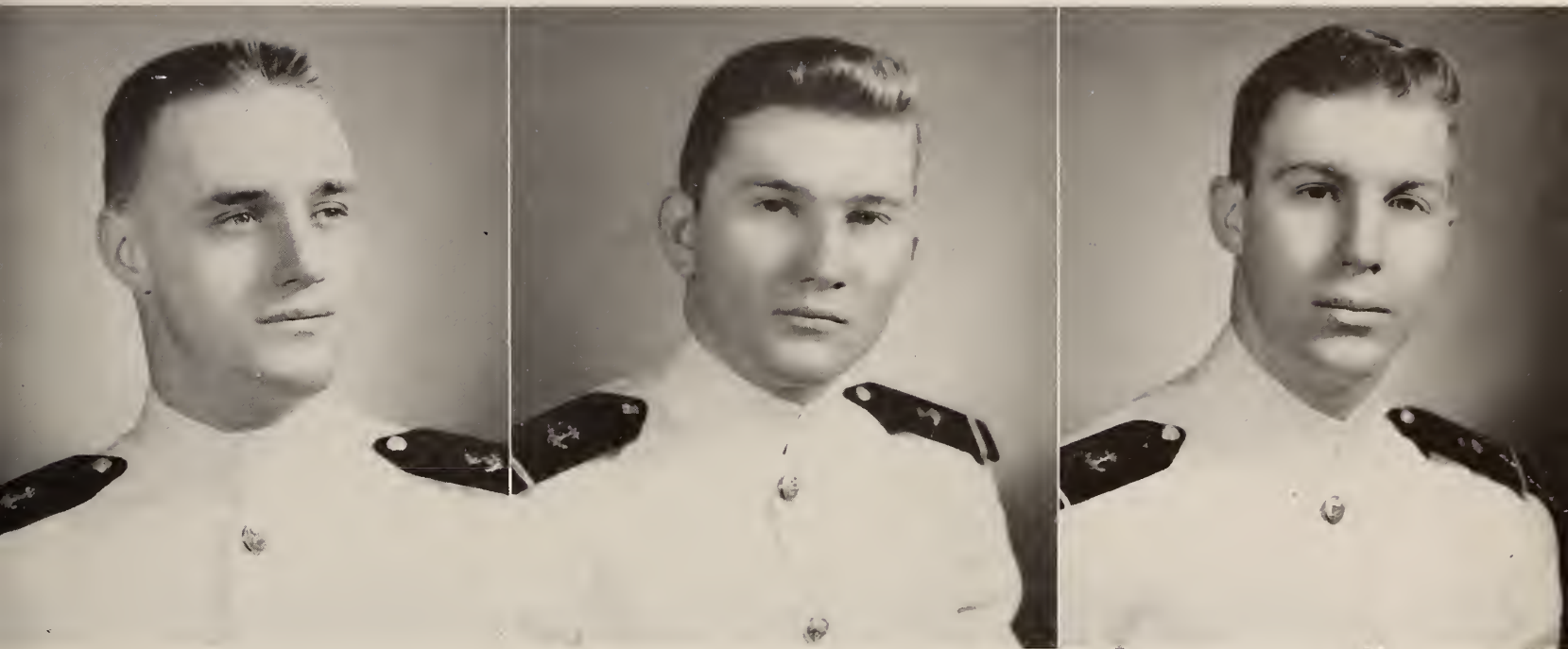
The little town of Anncville was never quite the same after Dave came along. After graduating from high school there, he proceeded to Penn State where he spent two years before he decided to cast his ballot with Navy. He often longed for those "Halls of Ivy" that he had left behind, but judging from the big grin which always adorned his face, he never really regretted the decision. Various activities combined to keep him busy, among which were the Chapel Choir, the "Hellcats," and a year as company representative. Although he had trouble with his eyesight, he still has Marine air as a goal.

## ROBERT WILLIAM STIBLER

Jersey City, New Jersey

This loose-jointed fellow with the mile-wide grin and Jersey accent came to devote his time to Academy sports. Probably one of our best intramural athletes, he sparked many of the Eighteenth's outstanding teams to many a victory after a year of stardom on the basketball court with our Plebe squad. He never worried about the books and tried hard with the femmes; the latter gave him many perplexing hours. Bob will do well in the future when he transfers the spirit he always showed on the athletic field to any endeavor in his desired career.





**WHITMEL BLOUNT SWAIN**

Wilton, Connecticut

Claiming the community of Wilton as his home, Whit could give you a first-hand account of many a future duty station; he had spent his life putting in time at most of them. He became obsessed with a lacrosse stick and spent most of his time chasing butterflies with the Varsity, plebe, and battalion squads. He often longed for those warm Florida beaches and any leave would find him ogling the fish off the shores of Key West. After graduation, Whit hopes to enter the Silent Service and someday command "the best submarine there is."

**RUSSELL ALBERT THOM, JR.**

Charleston, West Virginia

Russ gave up the good old days of being a big wheel back home in West Virginia to take his spot as a little wheel during Plebe year. With many a sea story to entertain the troops, "Rat" never failed to supply that missing spark to any bull session. His literary tastes and writing ambitions stood him in good stead with the Bull Department and he managed to keep the rest of the academic vultures at arm's distance. Many of the intramural squads were graced by Russ' steady presence. The sight of soaring wings always fascinated him, and it will be a happy day indeed when he takes his place up there in the wild blue yonder.

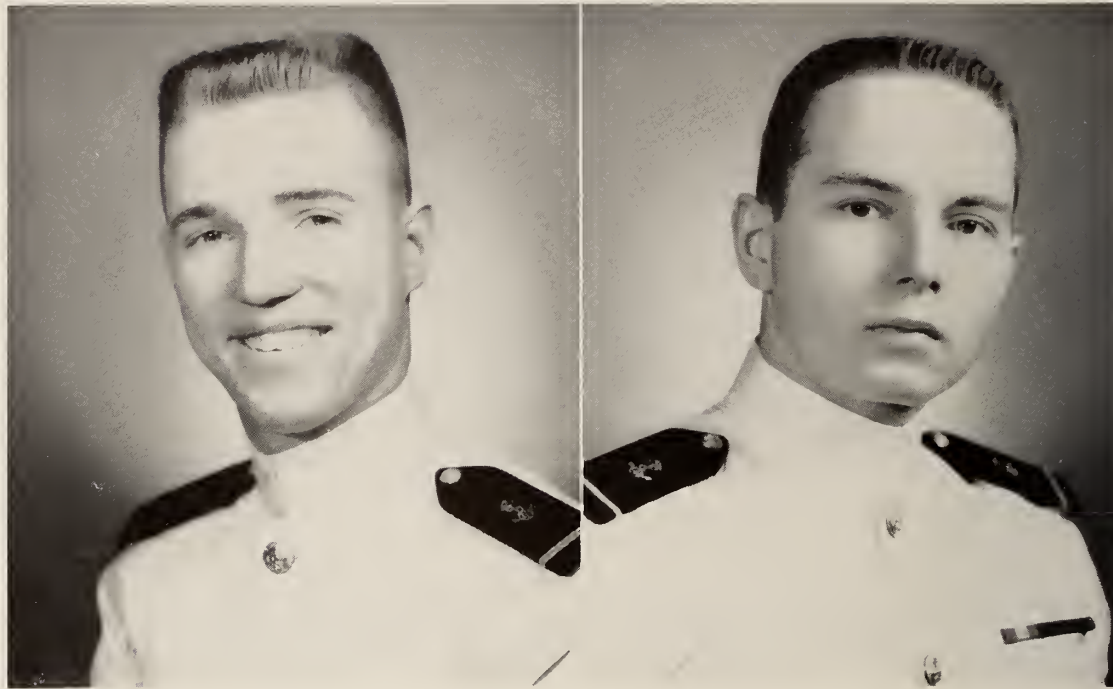
**WILBUR DORRIS WRIGHT**

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Liking what he saw in the Naval Reserve, Will packed his bags and came down the Severn after prepping at Wyoming Seminary. He soon found the sports program to his liking and spent most of his spare time out on the athletic fields starring on a host of intramural squads. He was never too discriminating with the women; he preferred to like them all. The books never treated him too gently but nothing could keep him down for long. Planning to go Navy line, Will hopes to see Spain again and his favorite cruise port of Malaga.



*United States Naval Academy*



**WILLIAM KEITH YOUNG, JR.**

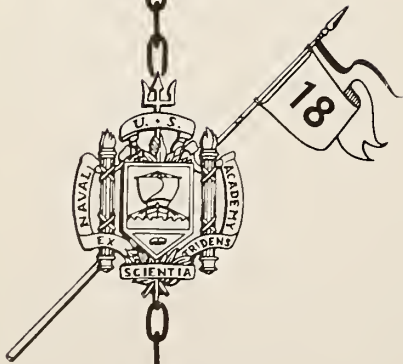
Auburn, New York

Hailing from the heart of the Empire State, Bill gave up the college life at Colgate to become an officer and a gentleman. He came with an AFROTC background, but soon switched his allegiance completely to Navy blue. Aside from continually sweating his fate in skinny, Bill had little trouble academically and was one of the few who hated to say goodbye to dago. Collecting drags and old coins filled the rest of his time. Bill wants his own submarine someday; we can't see anything but success for him.

**FRANK KENNETH ZEMLIKA**

Bayport, New York

The cool customer with the pool cue, whom you always saw racking them up down in Smoke Hall, was bound to be Frank. He was destined to be a master at the art after learning the ropes on New York's East Side. A year at C.C.N.Y. gave him the needed background in most phases of life, but he ran into a formidable foe in the Ordnance Department. Quite a ladies' man, Frank always had an assortment of them at his beck and call whether here or in any cruise port. A strong voice greatly helped the Antiphonal Choir to keep its pre-eminence. He likes the look of Marine green and will set off toward Quantico.



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*Left to right: First row—Thornton, Schultz, Cunningham, Curtis, Hoynes, Burns, Szczypinski, Trippe, Moore, LaSala. Second row—Manly, McLeod, Brock, Silvay, Bovey, Berkowitz, Schnauffer, Henderson, Forbes. Third row—Carwin, Holt, Cromer, Boyle, Corcoran, Ibarra, Kilday, Hildebrand. Fourth row—O'Neill, Griggs, Cronin, Collins, Alexander, Granger, Mott.*



*Left to right: First row—Allen, Fee, Brockman, O'Halloran, Gauthier, Harris, Smith, Eberlein. Second row—Parker, Collins, Gazlay, Bowman, Richardson, Hudson, Wickens. Third row—Harrison, Wax, Holden, Peterson, Stone, Murray, Bivens, Custer. Fourth row—Dudley, Lavelly, Crabbe, Duggun, Moore, Mares, Shafer.*



*Left to right: First row—Hannum, Mamon, Tippet, Moynahan, Steele, Shoemaker, Duich, Russell, Graham, Hoffman. Second row—Black, Totten, Wehrung, Moore, Webber, Pirrmann, Curran, Gurnee, Strobach. Third row—Converse, Snyder, Sullivan, McLaughlin, McDonald, Hall, Ciesla, Fleming. Fourth row—Livingston, Black, Newman, Driver, Morris, Pectorius, White. Fifth row—Balish, Edgar, Murphy, Wilson, Baldwin, Waller, Shilling, Kroner.*



Lt. B.G. Stone, USN  
Company Officer

Long ago, it seems, in June of 1954, forty-two men "retired" from civilian life and bared themselves to the destiny which formed the Nineteenth Company, Class of 1958. Bancroft Hall can never quite be the same again.

Plebe year did much to broaden our field of knowledge. We suddenly found that we were to become famous for many strange things. We learned to determine the temperature conditions in Maryland and that there really is a place called Palatka. Soon we knew beyond doubt that first class don't like to swim before reveille, that McCandless had two brains, that George threw a mean happy hour, and that not even Yuss could keep us from those third class boards. The next two years, we took a rest from

# Nineteenth Company

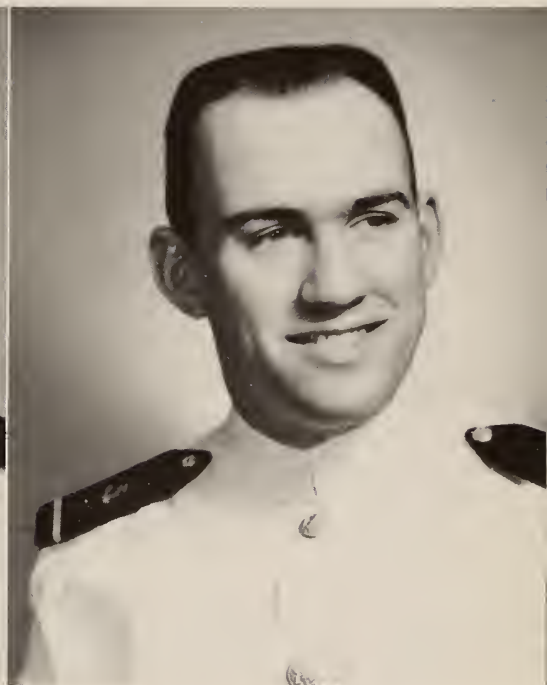
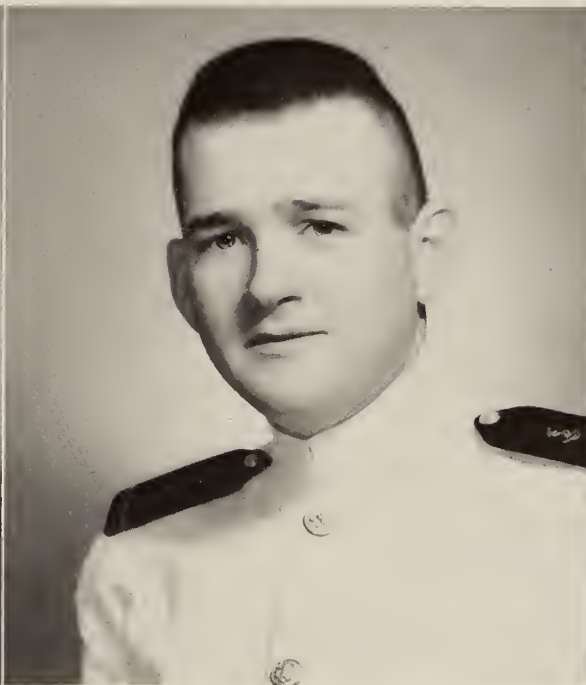
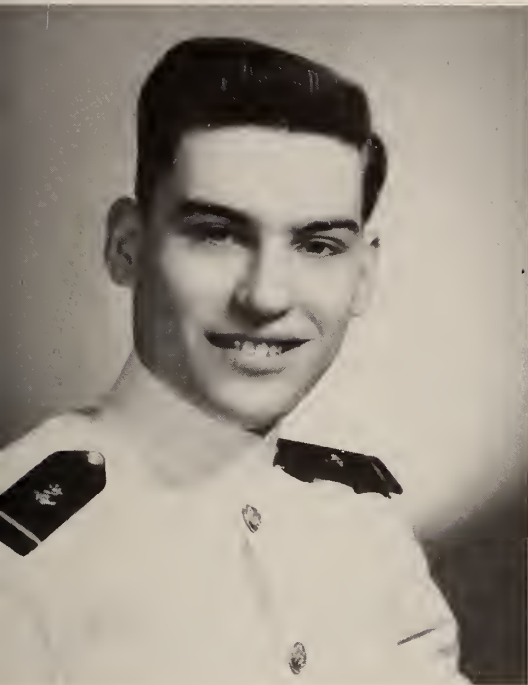


Fall Set. Left to right—Smedberg, Brown, Gough, Merritt, Goodman, Gibbons.



Winter Set. Left to right—Schnepper, Keith, Wilson, Reister, Simpson, McCandless.

Plebe rates, but life was never without its memorable moments. Never before was the Herndon Monument so magnificently greased; never before did a mid miss his ship on cruise; never before did a company take second in the P-rade competitions on the strength of a single safety pin, and never before was there a party like the one after the Penn game when Mike became our 3-B man. First Class year meant many things to us: careers, cars, graduation, and to Mel, the approach of that Big Day. Now our four years are through. At times they were long in passing, but how short they seem in retrospect.



**JAMES GORDON BREWER**

Piermont, New Hampshire

Jim, one of those lucky people who grew up in the Navy, came to USNAY with many miles of world travel behind him. He was the rare possessor of a humor which was dry without being cynical, accompanied by a good disposition. Jim modestly classified himself as a lover, more specifically of the brunette type. This hobby should give him many interesting stories to tell his grandchildren when he is old, battle-scarred, and retired. "If it wasn't for Second Class year," said Jim, "I'd have been a cut."

**EDWARD LEE BORDEN**

Arvin, California

Ed traveled the three thousand miles from Arvin, California, not only to learn "Navy," but also to uphold a grand old family tradition of the service. He rapidly earned a name for himself as being the ultimate gouge in studies and other bits and pieces which haunted the daily routine. "Dragging," says Ed, "is my favorite pastime, as I feel that girls are here to stay." It seemed that he spent most of his spare time writing to a long list of femmes. A true Navy man, Ed was eager to help, but was quick to criticize and correct anything that was not up to par with Navy standards and traditions.

**ROBERT STUART BROWN**

Beverly Hills, California

Coming east from Beverly Hills with a long trail of California sunshine, Bob entered USNAY after prepping for Plebe year with two years at New Mexico Military Institute. Bob, or "Charlie," as he was affectionately called by the more avid funny paper fans, plans on a career in Navy Line as a "fin can" sailor. Aside from hours spent with the fairer sex, Bob's time was divided between sailing and the beach, but when he came to Navy, he reluctantly gave up the latter for that mythical habit called studying.



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**DAVID GREER BURDEN**

Birmingham, Alabama

No one at Navy was ever able to determine exactly where Dave's athletic talents lay, as he was so hampered by injuries that he spent most of his time as a regular on the battalion rack team. Undaunted by these incapacities, "Tweetie" managed to muster the energy to be active in the dragging field where his well-filled address book drew green-eyed glances from many of his classmates. After that wondrous day when he throws his cap in the air, Dave plans on a long and successful career of service.

**JAMES MARKLAND CLEMENT, JR.**

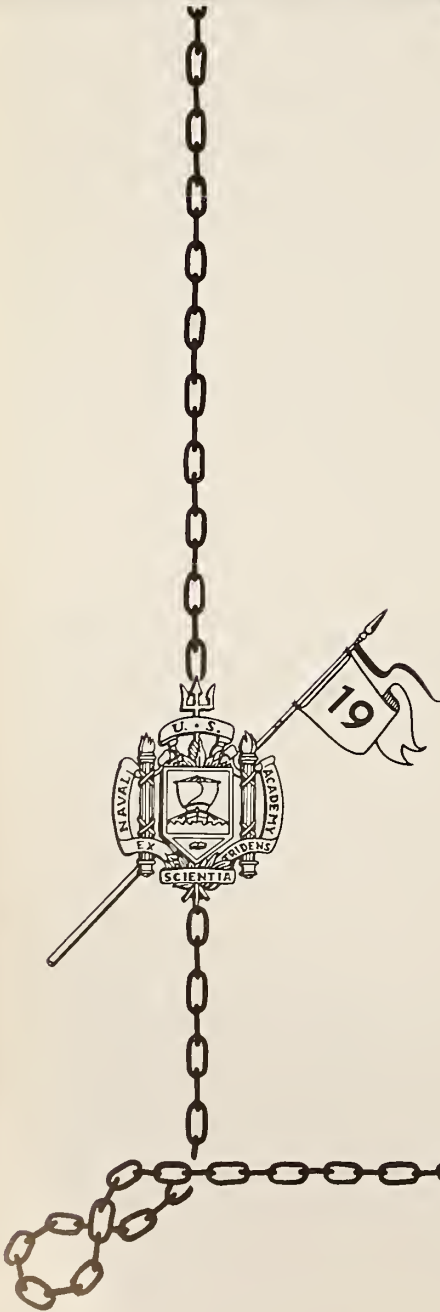
Alexandria, Virginia

Although he saw many parts of the world as a Navy junior, Jim's roots seem to have been firmly planted in the rich earth of the Old Dominion State. Studies proved to be smooth sailing for this fun-loving fellow, even though most of them were done on the big blue trampoline. As Jim always said, "I can always think better in a horizontal position." Looking forward to the fighting "tin cans" as his career, Jim is a sure bet to be a valuable member of any fighting team.

**BRUCE LLEWELLYN CRAIG**

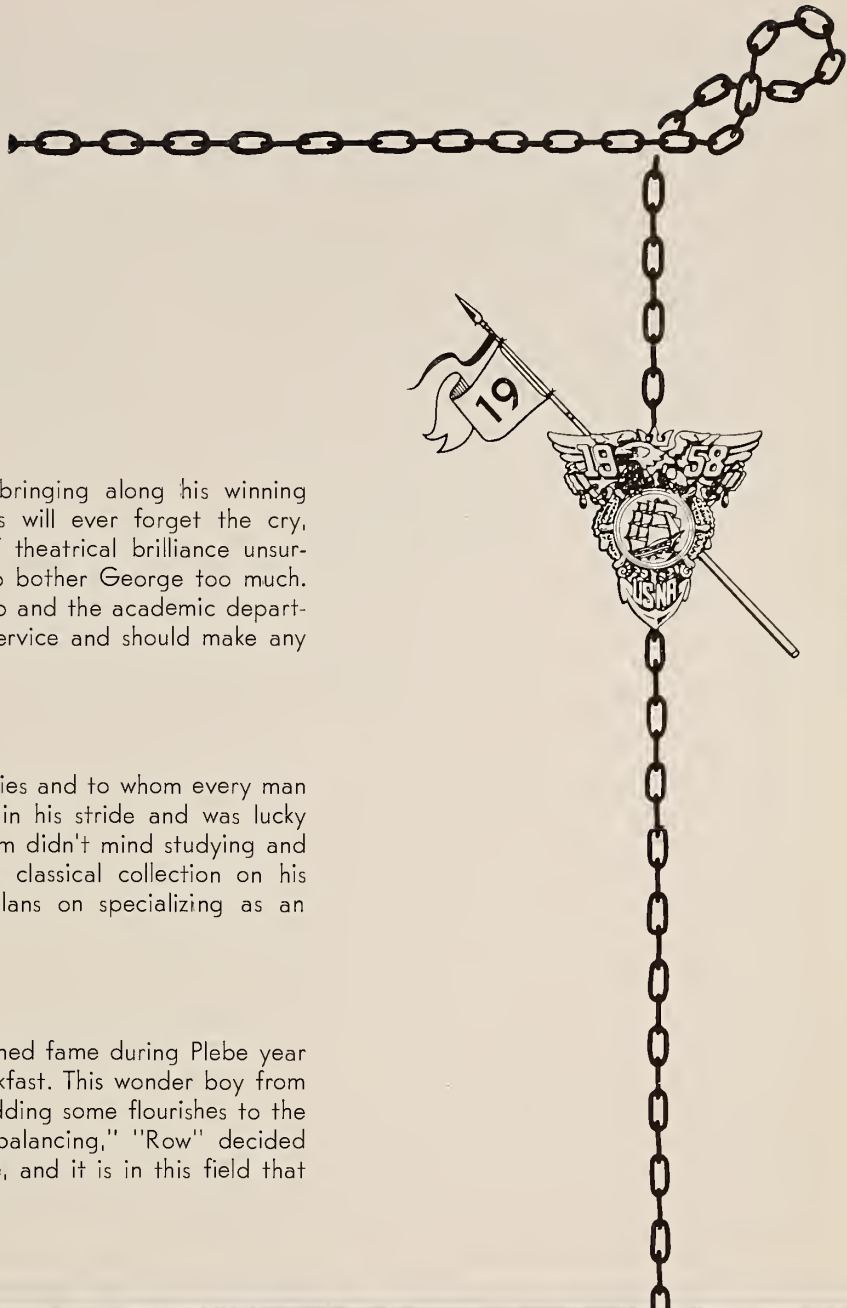
Lemon Grove, California

Bruce did a little more prepping for the Academy than the average arrival. He served twenty-three months in the Navy Reserve at San Diego, and he won an Associate of Arts degree at San Diego Jr. College. One of those lucky individuals of broad interests, Bruce divided his efforts among sports, food, girls, and music. His ready wit and guitar helped to while away many an otherwise dull study hour and should bring him much popularity when his career takes him to the wardroom.



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## GEORGE LITRELL DENNY, II

Pasadena, California

George came to Navy from the Rose Bowl city, bringing along his winning smile and easy-going, happy-go-lucky nature. Few of us will ever forget the cry, "Happy hour, sir!" George's happy hours were gems of theatrical brilliance unsurpassed in Plebe competition. Academics never seemed to bother George too much. When the score was counted, it was always George on top and the academic departments down. George has excellent attitudes toward the service and should make any ship he serves with a happy ship.

## THOMAS JAMES DOYLE

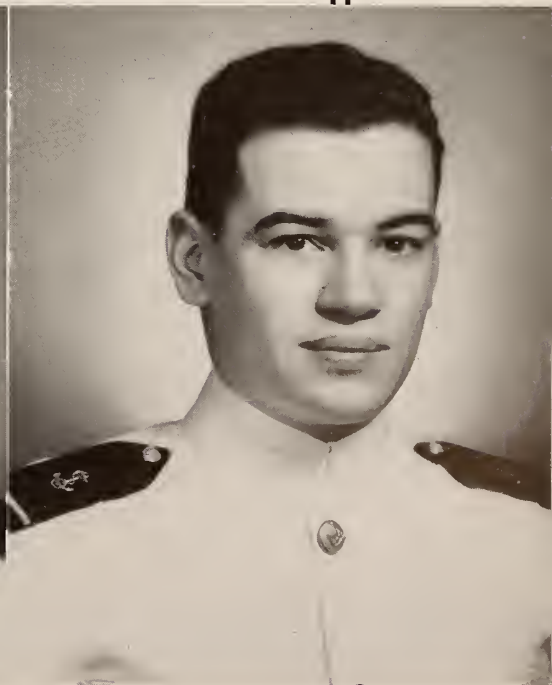
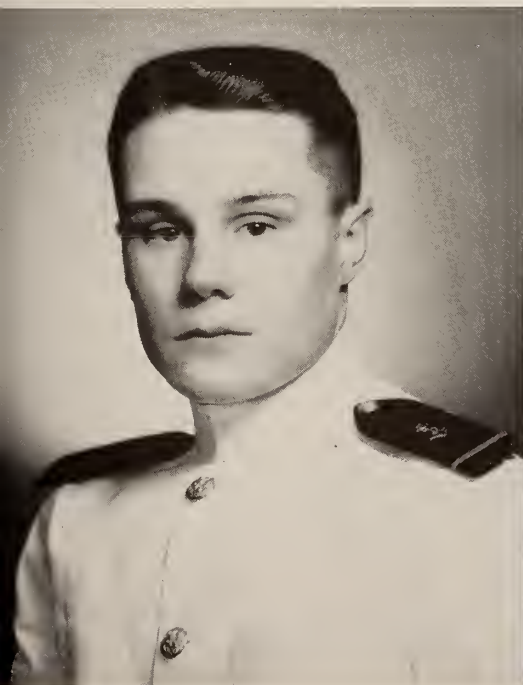
Phoenix, Arizona

Tom was one of those quiet people who had no enemies and to whom every man was a friend. He had little trouble taking Academy life in his stride and was lucky enough to feel free from worry in the academic fields. Tom didn't mind studying and spent many hours in his room listening to an extensive classical collection on his hi-fi. Tom looks to the Air Force for his career and plans on specializing as an engineer and an architect.

## ROWLAND GRAYSON EVANS

New Orleans, Louisiana

The cause of many a shattered ear drum, "Tiger" gained fame during Plebe year as the only man who could wake the first class up at breakfast. This wonder boy from New Orleans was never tamed, and he showed signs of adding some flourishes to the Philo McGiffen legend. After three seasons of "dinghy balancing," "Row" decided that the Navy could use a little help in naval architecture, and it is in this field that he plans to apply his scientific mind after graduation.





# United States Naval Academy

## HENRY KENDALL FELIX

Wilmington, Delaware

While his classmates and seniors will remember Ken for his leadership and athletic ability, those who were close to him will always admire him for his honesty and frankness. Life at Navy gave Ken plenty of room to work in, and he became active in many of the Brigade's activities, most notably the Foreign Relations Club. Men who worked with Ken learned that his profound appreciation for his education and training will make him a significant asset to the Navy after graduation.

## RALEIGH RALPH FORD

Carthage, Texas

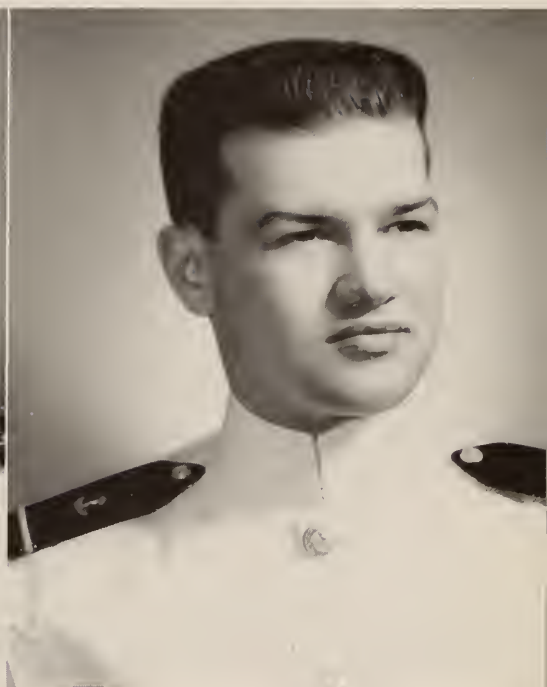
"Henry," a native of the Lone Star State, brought with him an inherent handiness with the slipstick which made academics a breeze. This left him plenty of time to devote to the cultivation of his sense of humor. In his four years at Navy, Ralph was never once at a loss for a comeback and his casual, off-the-cuff remarks left many a classmate in stitches. His mind set on making Texas proud of its boy, Ralph plans to join the destroyer fleet for a long career of duty.

## RICHARD ALLEN FOX

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dick is one of those medical marvels born without pores. Possessed with the lowest sweat factor in the Brigade, he managed to make life in Mother Bancroft look almost easy. While at his home in Minneapolis, Dick was drawn to the great out-of-doors and spent much of his time in the wild lake regions north of the city. Every summer Dick practiced his basic seamanship and navigation behind the paddle of his canoe, and when this has been mastered, he plans to apply his knowledge to the submarines of the fleet.





**THOMAS JOSEPH GIBBONS**

West Islip, New York

The little Scot with the big smile and low affinity for worry came to Navy from the fleet with that Navy "know-how" well established and a better understanding of electricity than most of our "juice" profs. "Scotty" was known throughout the Brigade as the man who rattled our teeth at formation playing that "Thing". Nobody ever quite decided if the redness on his face was natural or an occupational hazard of bagpipers. As the company comedian, he had the perfect voice and accent to fit every joke, and the proper joke for every occasion.

**MICHAEL GOODMAN**

Cloverdale, California

A year of pre-med gave Mike a background of education different from the usual mid's, but a strong desire to be a jet pilot urged him to transfer to "Crabtown" from Napa College. A fearsome opponent in the ring, Mike won wide recognition as a master of the manly art of self defense, but, according to him, the toughest bouts he ever had were with the academic departments. Few of us ever enjoyed liberty as much as he did. After every leave, the halls rang for days with stories of his adventures in and out of trouble.

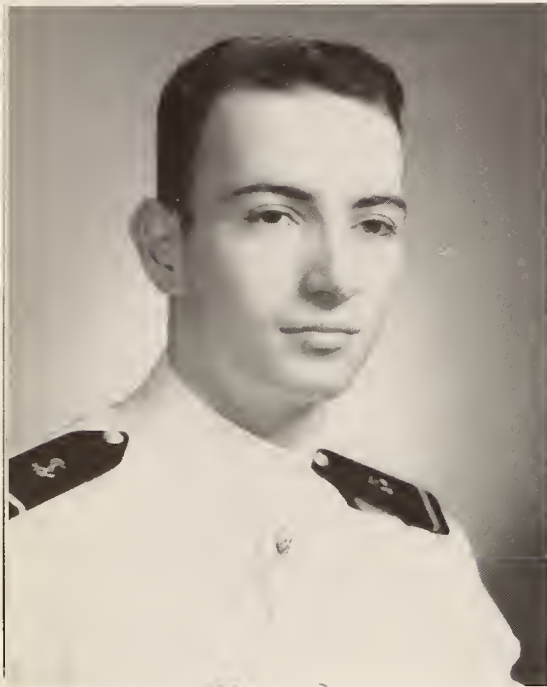
**MELVIN NEILSON GOUGH, JR.**

Hampton, Virginia

After one sparkling year at V.P.I., "Butch" got that coveted letter from his Congressman which made him one of us. The son of a first-rate test pilot, Mel also has a strong desire for aviation, and spent his years at Navy in anticipation of the day when he would wear the wings of a Navy pilot. Feminine companionship was a rarity to Mel until Second Class year, when he suddenly discovered that we had liberty on weekends. Mel always prided himself on his appearance and always presented an excellent picture to those who admire a man who wears the uniform with pride.



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**MARSHALL RAYMOND GREER, JR.**

Washington, D. C.

Coming to our class with a strong background of excellence in both academics and sports, Marshall truly made his presence felt in our hallowed halls. His complete comprehension of class work was to be admired, as was the record board in the Natatorium, which reflected the results of that extra effort he rendered to the school. His intrinsic understanding of human character greatly contributed to his favorable acceptance among both contemporaries and seniors, as well as to his many feminine admirers.

**MARSHALL BRUCE HALL**

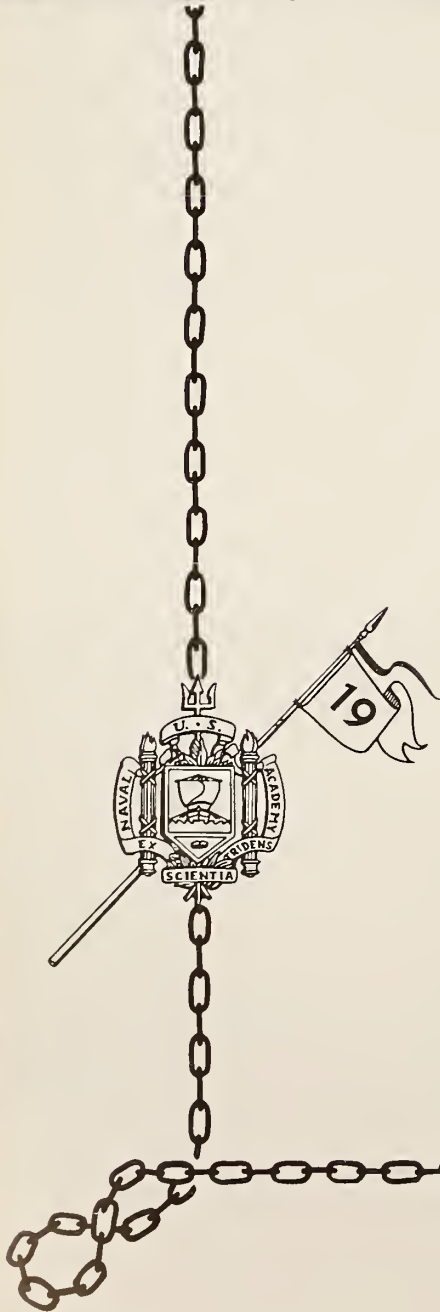
Palatka, Florida

It has been conservatively estimated that during his four years at Navy, Bruce forgot more forms "W" than any other three men. The northern representative from the Florida Chamber of Commerce, Bruce never lost an opportunity to tell of the oranges, alligators, snakes, and swamps which are so much a part of Florida life. When he dragged, he liked to dance, and when he danced, it was cheek to cheek no matter how short the partner was. Bruce plans to go into submarines, provided he can avoid all possibilities of duty in California.

**GEORGE RAYMOND HENNIG**

Hempstead, New York

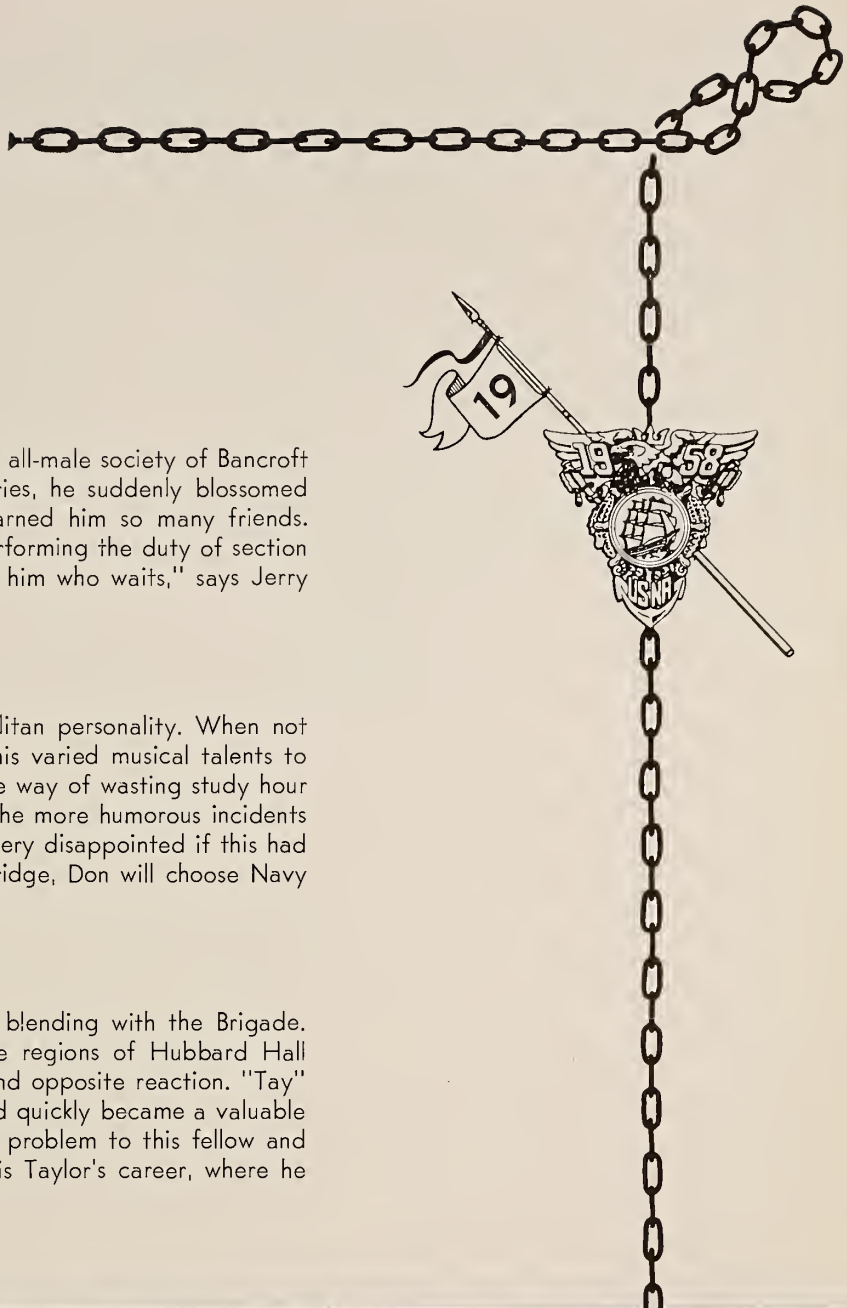
It took George one year of NROTC at the University of Michigan to decide that Navy Tech was where he belonged. Possessed with a strong back and non-blister pads on his palms, he took the long walk to the boathouse one day, and the next thing he knew, "Rusty" had him seven miles up the Severn at thirty per. Those who knew George agree that his greatest attribute was a willingness to devote some time and effort to help someone who needed a little backing. He plans on a future in those racing shells of the sky, where the crew wear Air Force Blue.



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# United States Naval Academy



## DONALD JEROME HYNES

Oil City, Penna.

Classified as a staunch woman hater, Jerry fled to the all-male society of Bancroft after a year at co-ed Villanova. Free from feminine worries, he suddenly blossomed out with that happy smile and sense of humor which earned him so many friends. Taking life at Navy seriously, Jerry devoted his time to performing the duty of section leader as it was seldom performed before. "All comes to him who waits," says Jerry and he plans to do his waiting for a set of silver wings.

## DONALD WAYNE JONES

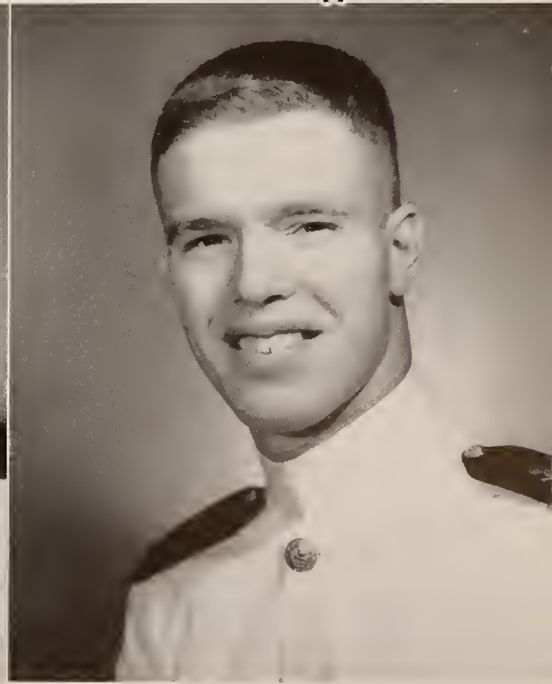
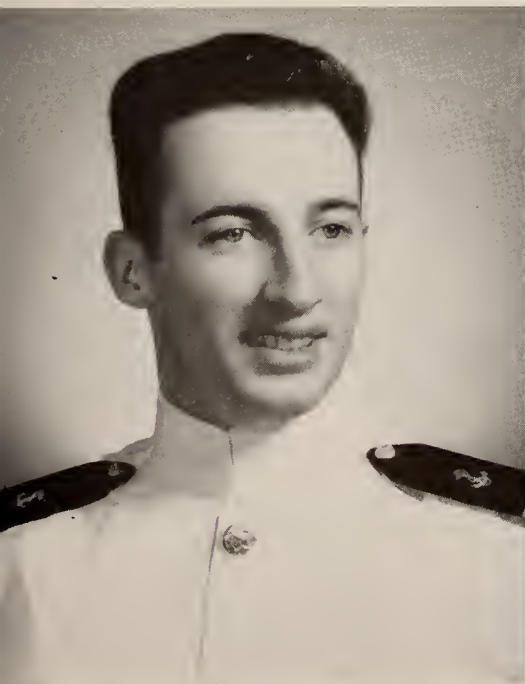
Auburn, Nebraska

Don's small town background belied a true cosmopolitan personality. When not hiding from those dreaded company sports or donating his varied musical talents to the Drum and Bugle Corps, he was sure to be finding some way of wasting study hour time. A little bit of the cynic, Don listed his birth among the more humorous incidents of his life, but he also admitted that he would have been very disappointed if this had not happened. Looking forward to long watches on the bridge, Don will choose Navy line as his future career.

## ROBERT TAYLOR SCOTT KEITH, JR.

Norfolk, Virginia

Taylor, coming from a Navy family, had no trouble blending with the Brigade. Shortly after he was sworn in, "Tay" disappeared to the regions of Hubbard Hall where he learned that to every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction. "Tay" began his training for the galley slaves at Kent School, and quickly became a valuable oarsman to Callow and company. Studies were never any problem to this fellow and weekends always meant liberty and not study. Navy line is Taylor's career, where he will follow in the footsteps of his father.





# United States Naval Academy

## GEORGE JOSEPH KING

Baltimore, Maryland

Known through and through for his salt, George's hopes are high for joining those of the Silent Service. Most of his salt was inherent, but a little time in the Navy prior to the life of luxury at Navy Tech helped to distinguish an old salt from a swab. Always on the go, he hit the studies quite well and gave his all to every sport he tried. Lacrosse followed him through high school and on to the Academy along with a strong interest in swimming. Like the majority of us, he enjoyed dragging, and tall girls were number one on his preference list.

## THOMAS JOSEPH LAMB

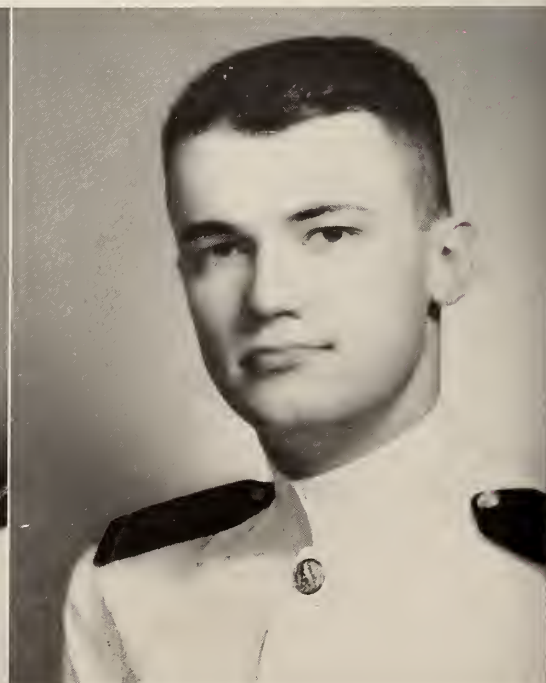
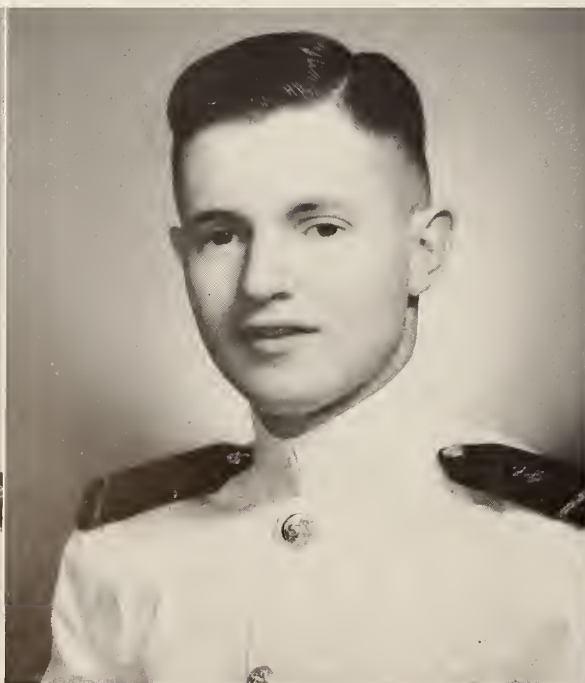
Bellerose, New York

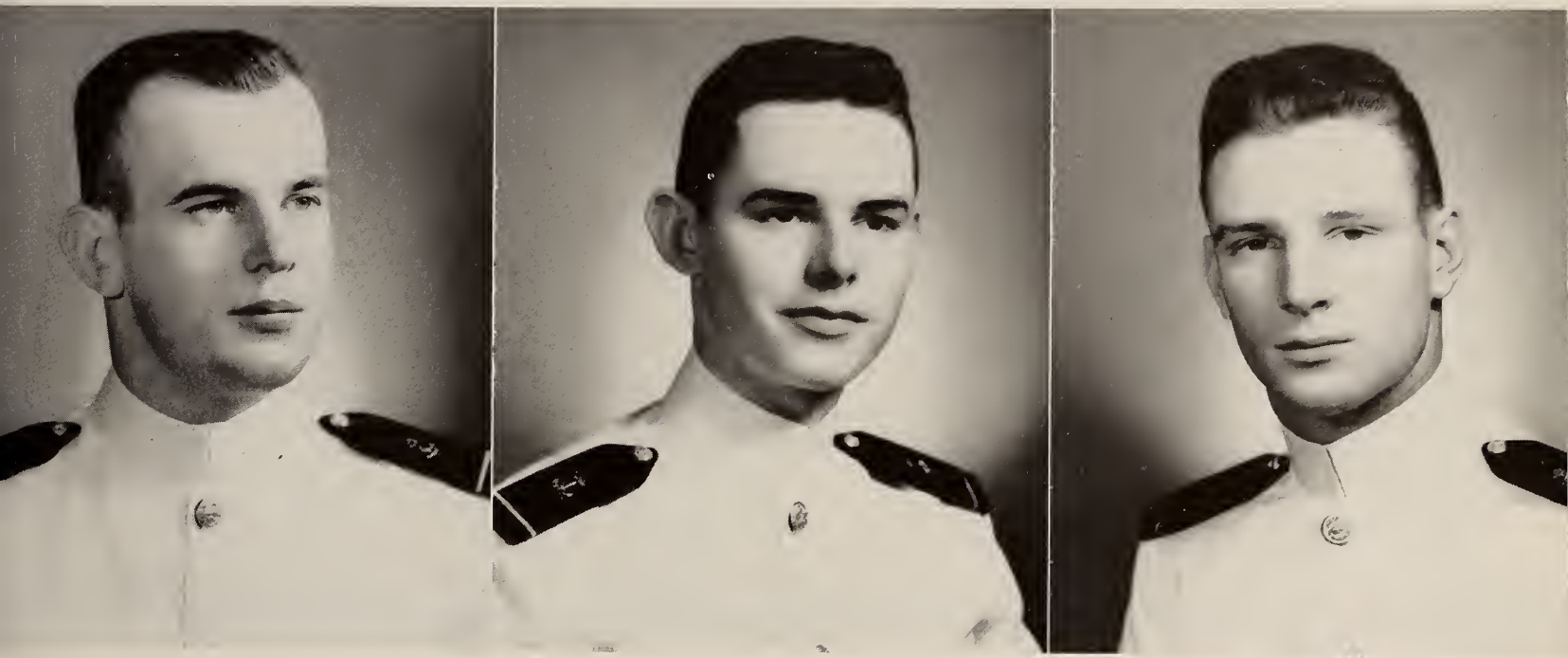
Tom, one of those fanatics who frequented the haunts of the Brooklyn Dodgers, let some of his affinity for bat and ball games spill over into company softball. Coming from that thriving metropolis of Bellerose, he has been a big city man all of his life. Tom spent much of his free time with a record collection which was rivaled only by that of WRNV, and gained quite a reputation as a jockey of the proverbial disk. Tom was rarely seen without his bifocals. "I can see the girls better," he said.

## BRUCE McCANDLESS, II

Long Beach, California

Meet "Mac," electronics wizard extraordinary. Using a scientific approach in all fields, Bruce stood first in the class academically Plebe year and has stayed at the top ever since. Outside of the classroom, his activities were legion. He captured many a dramatic scene with his camera, and as a veteran of the Newport-Bermuda race, Bruce became an indispensable member of the "Royono" crew. With a cool and calculating approach towards the opposite sex, Bruce managed to combine world travel with dragging. Following graduation, he has his eyes on subs after he wins his OOD qualifications in the fleet.





**GENE THOMAS McKENZIE**

Baltimore, Maryland

Gene came to Navy from an unheard-of suburb of Baltimore to play lacrosse and to hit the books. Although he "slashed" every course thrown at him, to hear him talk, he had every negative prof that ever graduated from Yale. His love for rationalizing was apparent in his many pet theories concerning losing weight, dating rich girls, and the best method for giving an unsuspecting opponent "the flipper." His methodical manner should get him as far in the service as it did with the women. Not looking forward to married life, Gene prefers to remain a carefree bachelor in the service.

**ERNEST ALVIN MERRITT**

South Gate, California

Ernie's worst shock when he came to Navy was the discovery that he couldn't keep his hot-rod or his long wavy hair. He ran into many a squall on the sea of academics, but this sun-loving fellow always seemed to "snow" the finals. A modern William Tell of the powder and shot, Ernie had little trouble earning a spot on the Varsity pistol team. He looks forward to a long career with golden dolphins and long tours of West Coast duty.

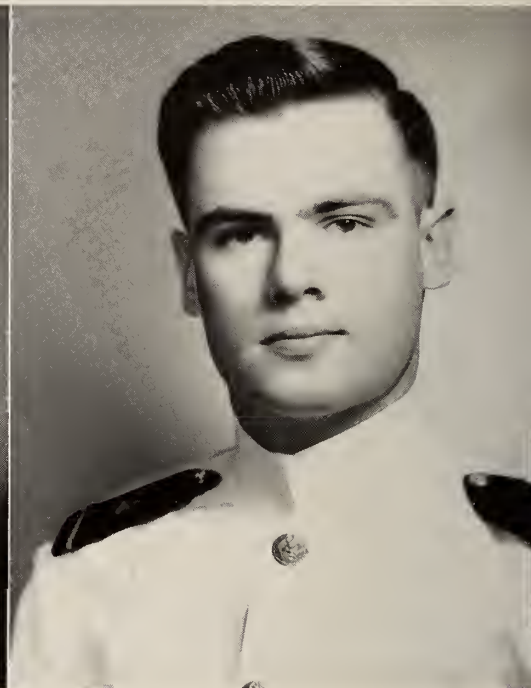
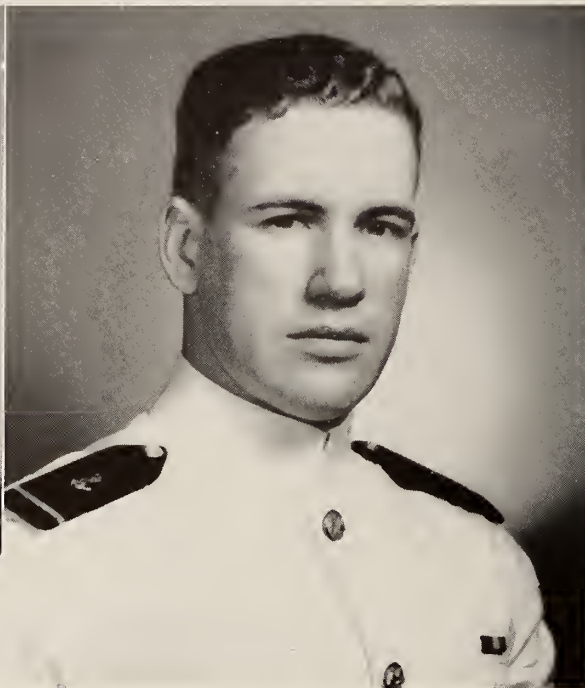
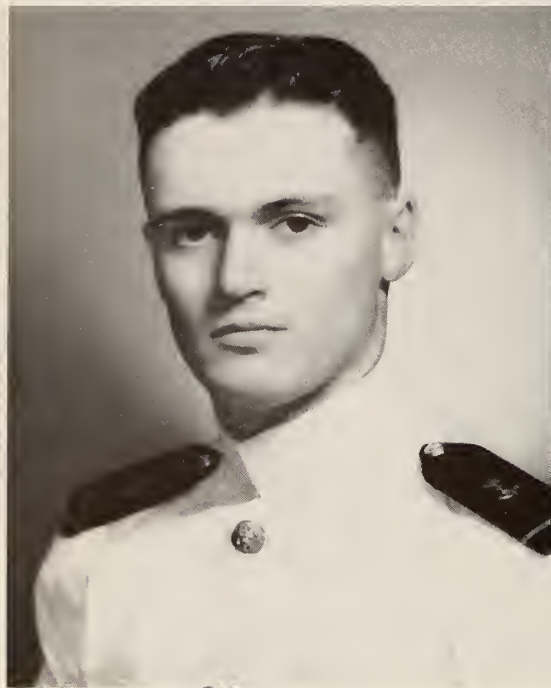
**MICHAEL MALCOLM MITCHELL**

Honolulu, Hawaii

"Who's got the gouge?"; "M cubed of course." Mike, a graduate of Choate, arrived from the Ivy League environment wrapped in Brooks Brothers' labels and a warm, friendly smile. His good tastes carried over into other fields, especially in that concerning women. At every liberty call he sailed forth into a whirlpool of feminine affections. His friends knew "Mitch" as a live wire, but his skinny prof regarded this as a moot point. His outlook on academics was that they were an interlude between bridge hands and liberty. Always with a smile and a good word, Mike will fit well into carrier ready room society.



*United States Naval Academy*



**JOHN PAUL NICKERSON**

Needham, Massachusetts

Even though, much to his dismay, "Nick" discovered that the Naval Academy wasn't Ivy League, he managed to preserve his New England conservatism during these hectic years. Whenever the opportunity to bedeck ourselves in "civvies" arose, "Nick" proved to be one of the most discriminating dressers in the Brigade. Studies and a myriad of extracurricular activities never fazed him, and he will be well remembered by those who had their whiskers shaved by his sharp sense of humor.

**RICHARD FRAZIER PATTERSON**

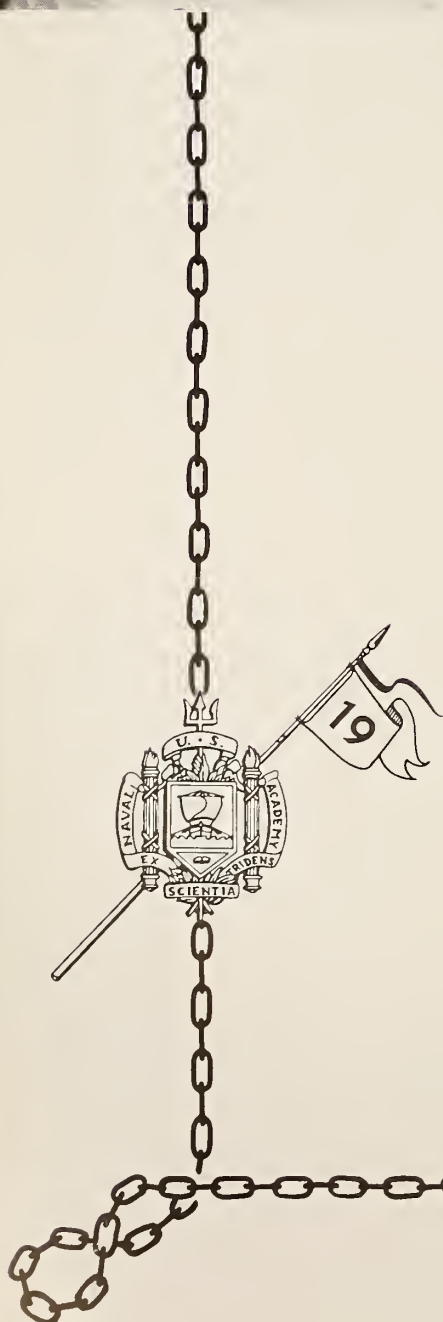
Jacksonville, Florida

Frazier's home town is Jacksonville, Florida, which explains in part the determination to go Navy air which he brought to the Academy with him. His determination in all fields was one of the keynotes of Frazier's personality, and let him who would stand in his path beware. "Pat" spent two years at Marion Military Institute prior to his entrance to Navy, where he distinguished himself in football. In his free time, Frazier was usually dragging, sailing, or lending a helping hand to his friends.

**JOHN LESLIE POTTER**

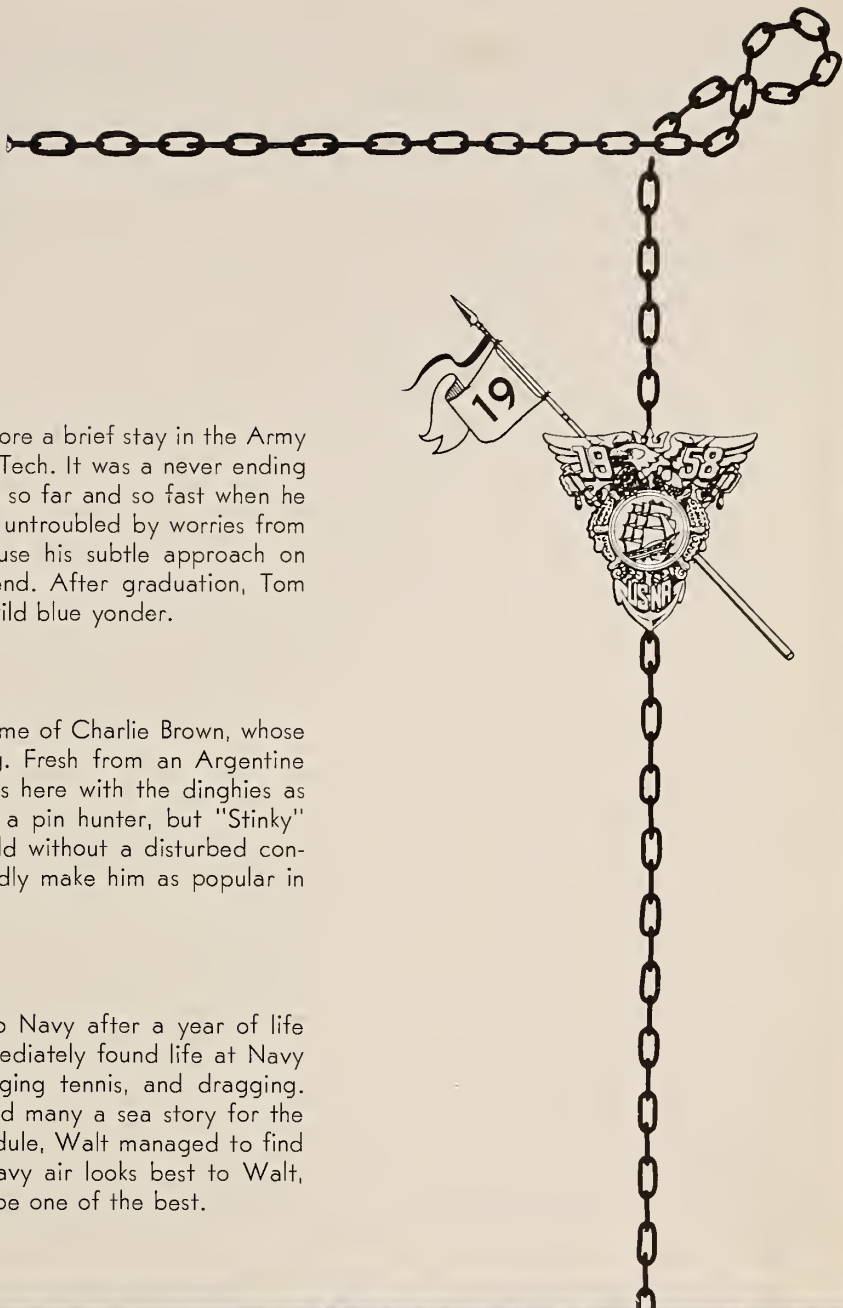
El Paso, Texas

"Texas is my favorite subject," said John. "Painless" deserted the ranks of the Lone Star State only after he discovered that the Texas Navy didn't have any submarines. The academic departments always seemed to keep John hopping, but he had room to spare when the final marks were posted, which led us to believe that maybe he was part rabbit. John will be well remembered for his "carrot juice" or prudence. "Look before you leap," he always said, but if he can run a submarine as well as he can run a party, picnic, or weekend of dragging, John should go places.



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# United States Naval Academy



## THOMAS JOHN RADZIEJ

Royalton, Minnesota

Tom, "The Swede," was just a Minnesota farm boy before a brief stay in the Army convinced him that the thing to do was to come to Navy Tech. It was a never ending source of amazement to his classmates how Tom could run so far and so fast when he trained so little. Whenever he managed to find free time, untroubled by worries from the Math Department, "Loverboyenski" never failed to use his subtle approach on some unwary drag, but such things always come to an end. After graduation, Tom looks forward to wedding bells and a few years up in the wild blue yonder.

## CALVIN HAMILTON REED

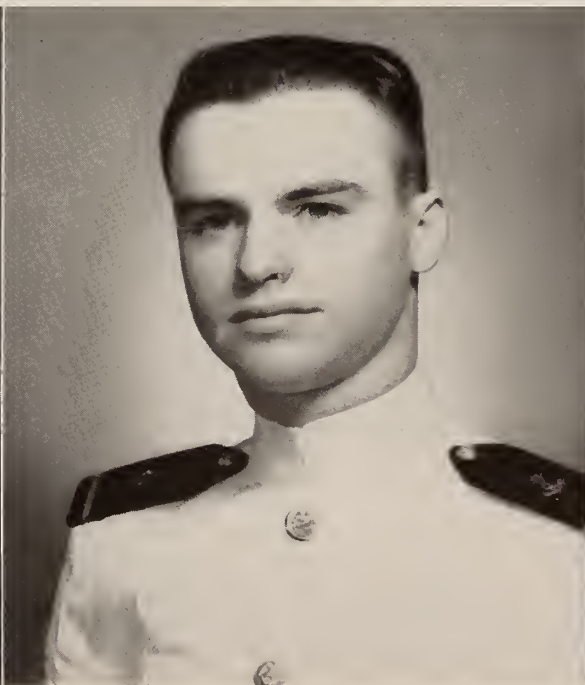
Buenos Aires, Argentina

"Cal" counted among his great literary heroes the name of Charlie Brown, whose daily episodes became his ultimate goal in good reading. Fresh from an Argentine snipe championship, he continued his silver collecting ways here with the dinghies as well as the big boats. His fickle heart discouraged many a pin hunter, but "Stinky" used the little gold piece to advantage in playing the field without a disturbed conscience. "Cal's" quick wit and cool thinking will undoubtedly make him as popular in the "tin can" fleet as he was here.

## WALTER ALVIN REISTER

Sparta, Michigan

Walt, a mite from the "Land of the Lakes," came to Navy after a year of life with the other half at the University of Michigan. He immediately found life at Navy to his liking and applied his talents to academics, managing tennis, and dragging. Summer cruises, with their attendant liberty ports, provided many a sea story for the spice needed during the "dark ages." Despite a busy schedule, Walt managed to find plenty of time for his two favorites, chess and bridge. Navy air looks best to Walt, and his conscientious devotion to duty should help him to be one of the best.





# United States Naval Academy

## LAWRENCE HAROLD SCHLANG

St. Albans, New York

After writing to the President, Vice President, both his Senators, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, Larry was finally appointed as a mid. Almost before he knew what had happened, he was a youngster on cruise, and he resigned himself to settle down to life at "Heaven on the Severn." After he bid the Dago Department a fond "adios," Larry swore never to sweat academics again. Since his ultimate ambition is to reach the moon, he will be found prepping for it in Navy air as long as the government can keep him supplied with airplanes.

## RONALD ALLAN SCHNEPPER

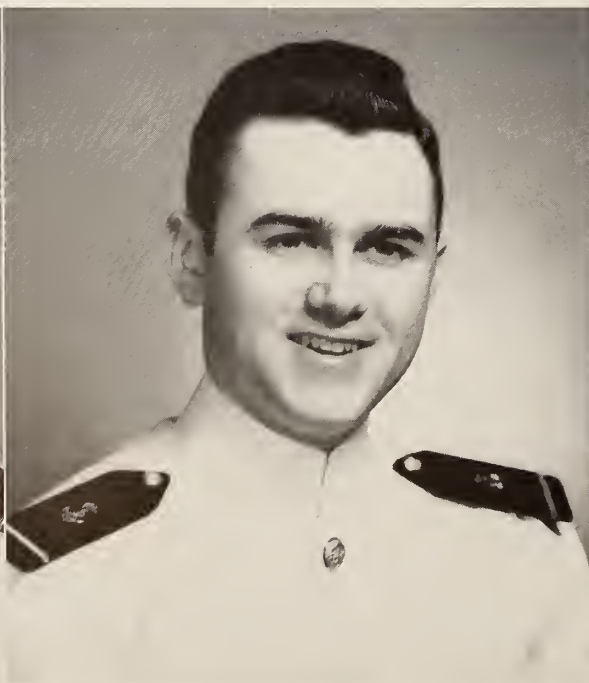
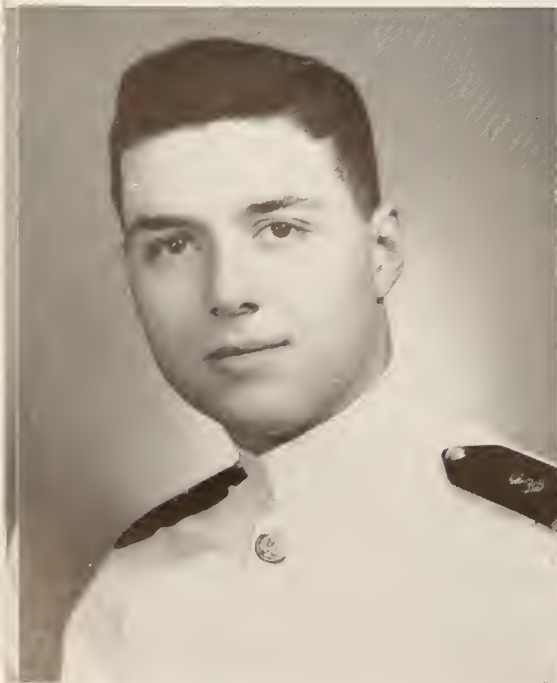
Evergreen Park, Illinois

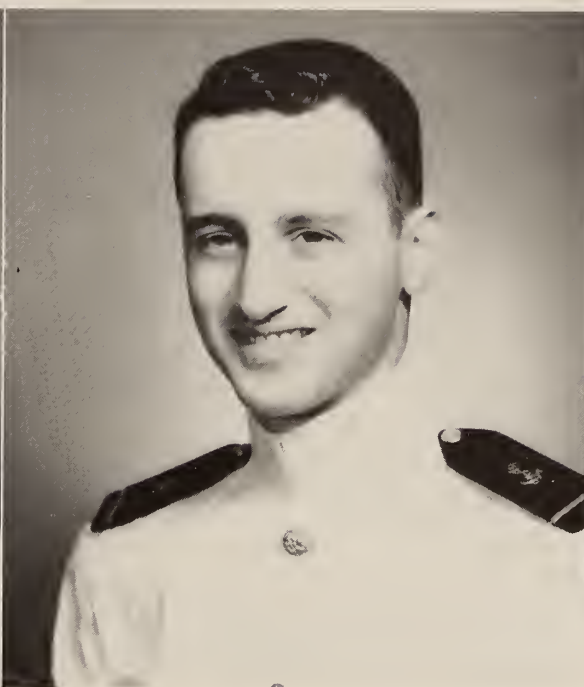
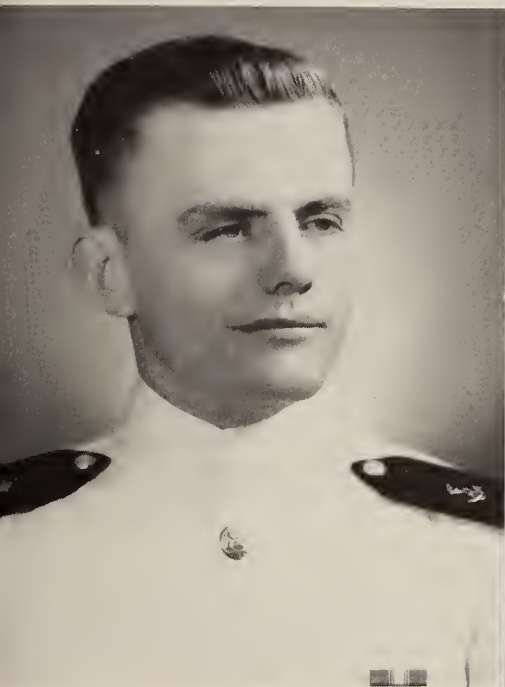
With two years of extensive ROTC training at Illinois behind him, "Salty Snep," in one big bounce, came to Navy Tech. During Plebe year, he immediately began to use a five-place "slip-stick" to determine whether he stood first, or just second, in skinny, math, and steam. But when it came to bull and dago, Ron sometimes wondered why he ever left Illinois. No one was ever able to figure out just what Ron's laugh sounded like, but we all agreed that it was hearty. Nothing but the best can be for Ron when he joins the "tin can" or the submarine fleet and begins to raise that big family that he has always wanted.

## ALBERT PHILLIPS SIMPSON

Thomasville, Georgia

Phil came to the Naval Academy not a total stranger to college academics as he had previously suffered through a year of civilian studies at Georgia Tech. Evidenced by the stars always worn on his lapel, he did exceedingly well here. With special interests leaning toward the sciences, Phil was vital in the role of keeping WRNV on the air by his electrical wizardry. He lists flying as his career preference, but with all due respect to the Navy, Phil lists his ambition to be the first Air Force officer to command a battleship.





**EDWIN BARDEN SMEDBERG**

Arlington, Virginia

Ted possessed, for the past two years, an uncanny knack for getting the inside dope long before anyone else, a fact which never failed to amaze his many friends throughout the Brigade, unless, of course, they happen to remember who lived in that big house next to the Chapel. The Navy Department finally solved Ted's problem of finding a drag house on those big weekends. His proficiency in academics won him Brigade-wide fame as an "E.I." man. The Navy line will indeed be mighty fine when Ted joins its elite ranks on graduation day.

**FREDERICK LAURISTON WALES**

Springfield, Massachusetts

"Fritz" was well schooled in the finer points of fraternity life at the University of Massachusetts for one year before he put all that behind him for the Spartan simplicity of Bancroft existence. Even within these stern walls, however, he always retained his ready, though somewhat sarcastic, wit and winning smile. Bearing no great love for bull, "Fritz" logically asserted that his life's ambition will include penning a comprehensive four year course into two thousand well chosen words. When graduation brings him out of hibernation, "Fritz" plans to add his talents to Navy line.

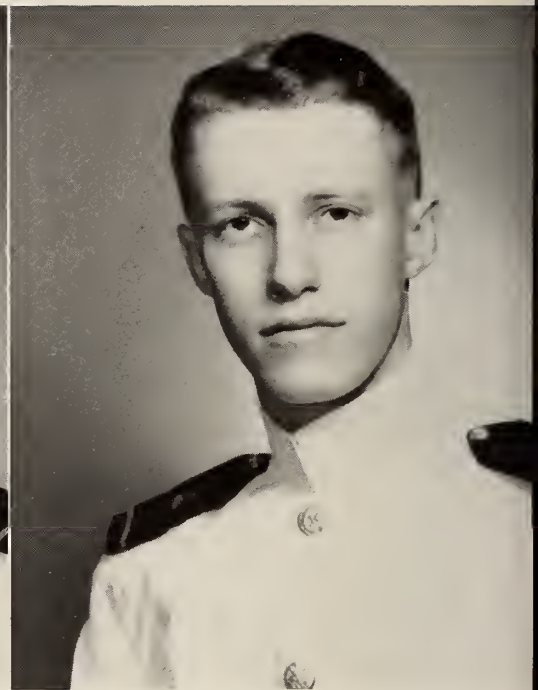
**JOHN THOMAS WELLS, JR.**

Burgan, North Carolina

Johnny came to the Academy from a small, quiet town in North Carolina, using a year at the University as a stepping stone. Soon after he arrived at Navy, he discovered the airplane, and he has been wearing an oxygen mask ever since. John was never one to let a good opportunity pass him by, and unlike most of us who threw away our addresses in Europe after cruise, he went back during leave to follow through. A man with a live imagination, yet a cool thinker, John should do well as a jet pilot.



*United States Naval Academy*



**DAVID GEARY WILLINGHAM**

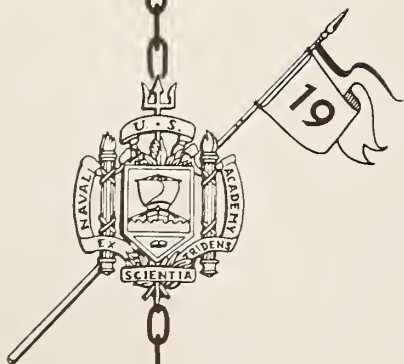
Arlington, Virginia

Like many other Navy juniors, Dave came to us from a variety of remote places. With his father's retirement, he established his hangout for wayward mids just over the line in Arlington, Virginia. This boy had a way with the femmes and could usually be found out dragging on any given weekend. A man of variety, Dave was also a good singer and added to the quality of both the Catholic Choir and the Glee Club. When it came to bull he really starred, standing first in the course. Always well informed, Dave proved his outstanding comprehension of world affairs by placing first in the annual current events contest.

**RICHARD JAMES WILSON**

Bronxville, New York

Fresh from prepping at Kent School, this blond and tanned native of Bronxville left his wardrobe of ultra-conservative New England tweeds and foulards to simulate Ivy life at Navy Tech. Not flustered by the deprivation of that environment, "Jigger" adjusted quickly to the rigors of plebe year and Navy social life. A spindle stacked with Dixieland, a pert little brunette, and a stein of Wehrsburger provided Dick the cherished atmosphere in which he thrived. His sincerity of purpose and willingness to help anyone acquired for Dick many friends, and his potential in the executive field will certainly be an asset to Navy line.



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# United States Naval Academy



## WILLIAM ZALESKY WITHERS

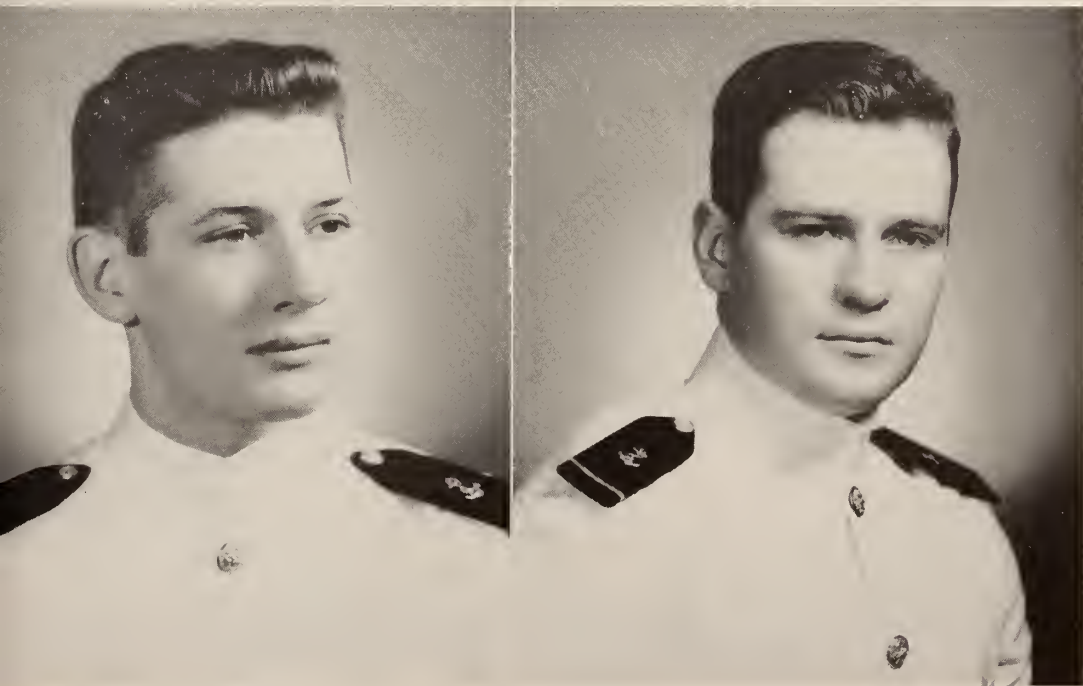
Atlanta, Georgia

"Hell-on-the-Hudson" almost got this Army brat, but he settled on another river. A graduate of Georgia Military Academy, "Wiz" kept the academic departments at bay with his osmosis theory of study (place book on desk; place feet on book; pick up bridge hand; lean back and grow wise). Bill's spare time was adequately consumed by endeavors to re-establish boxing as a collegiate sport at USNA, and through his "drag-a-week" plan, he successfully catered to his varied beauties. Endowed with an abundance of ideas and an inherent mechanical ability, Bill should have a fine career in the flying Navy.

## CHARLES ROBERT YARBROUGH

Falls Church, Virginia

After a life of extensive travel and adventure in the Central American wilds, Charlie finally settled in Falls Church and then came to Navy. This close-to-nature type of life provided him his favorite hobbies of fishing and fly-tying, in which he runs a close second to Sir Isaac Walton, the famed New England bait tosser. In the hours away from the trout stream, Charlie devoted his time to that old Iroquois game of lacrosse and to navigation. After graduation, he plans on the Navy life, marriage, and a house full of little anglers.





*Left to right: First row—Keeley, Katz, March, Ehle, Peters, Morgan, Rees, Jarvis, Miller, Winter. Second row—Batchelor, Sullivan, Todd, Shields, Hunt, Honadle, Radecki, Deniston, Denney. Third row—Small, Lavender, Wooldridge, Anderson, Hassler, LaFond, Ramsey, Mays. Fourth row—Walker, Zacharias, Zuntag, Geeting, Vance, Turner, Smith. Fifth row—Kelly, Wheeler, Wommack.*



*Left to right: First row—Ciccione, Beam, Cumella, Worthington, Jones, Wehrstein, Reid, Hutt, Tenney, Chavez. Second row—Meck, Crigler, Evans, Balash, Weatherson, Dowell, Kennedy, Olsen, Thompson. Third row—Davidson, Ruckersfeldt, Darrow, Kalb, Combemale, Hazucha, Orzechowski, Polk. Fourth row—Osmers, Tague, Knight, Blackwood, Burgess, Bengston.*



*Left to right: First row—Kolakowski, Cannata, Rakow, Burnett, Smith, Snay, Hartman, Didier, Bence, Wolfe. Second row—Coggins, Vogel, Holt, Lewis, Komarek, Barnett, Gustafson, Eaton. Third row—Burchett, Greer, Adler, Gallamore, Copes, Denis, McDaniel, Shields. Fourth row—Esau, Huffman, Triggs.*



LCdr. W.A. Faucett, USN  
Company Officer

Looking back on four years here at Navy, the men of Twenty can't help but thank '55 for instilling in us that wonderful easy-going spirit, although we have to admit that we never had another M.R. Duval. We can look back on a lot of company firsts and records—who can forget that glorious day during Second Class year when Twenty won its first cross-country meet in five years? We can look back on our amazingly low casualty rate—we graduate with the largest group of any in the Brigade. Even so, we managed to pull down the "bucket" spot in academics a time or two, but even Ace the "Silo" made it!

Loaded with athletes, Twenty took quite a few of the intramural championships as well as having varsity members participating nationwide. The pride

# Twentieth Company



Fall Set. Left to right—Rosenberg, Farman, Wilhelmly, D'Armand, Warley, Buss.



Winter Set. Left to right—Stremic, Schmidt, Harriss, Maloney, Hoerle, Rogers.

of the company was never higher than it was after that fabulous Cotton Bowl game, when Tony did us all so proud. No one will ever forget some of the characters and incidents that kept us laughing through the years. There were the small feuds between the Dynamite Twins, who tried to level the Rotunda until stopped by Bonzo, and the "friendly four" from 4401. No one ever enjoyed liberty more than a group of Twentyites—Deegan and Willmarth could always attest to that. And who will ever forget some of Sutman's escapades? Yes, Twenty has had its share of triumphs, blasts, and even a few bad times—although they were rare. Now the thoughts of forty-four stout fellows turn toward graduation and the future, as we'll march on for a long time to the tune of the "Frog Corps."



**RICHARD HENRY BUSS**

Macungie, Pennsylvania

Dick came to our hallowed halls from the ivy-covered ones of Penn State. His previous college experiences must have done some good as he was one of our staunchest bi-annual star men. His only trouble came when history was encountered, but he was one who would rather make it than study of others' successes and failures. His hard work and sincerity made everything he tried look good. The mere continuation of his fine Academy record would assure him of nothing but success in his future Navy career.

**RALPH JOHN CARESTIA**

Pottsville, Pennsylvania

Arriving from Schuylkill County and the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania, Ralph took over a room at Navy Tech with a football, javelin, and a sizzling squeezebox to keep him occupied for four years. This coal miner was always ready for anything with a smile on his face or a laugh in his throat. When such could be accomplished humorously for all, the practical joke became his specialty. Otherwise, you could always drop in on Ralph and the boys for a friendly game of pinochle. He's got his eye on at least twenty-five years in Marine green.

**DONALD LEE CARTY**

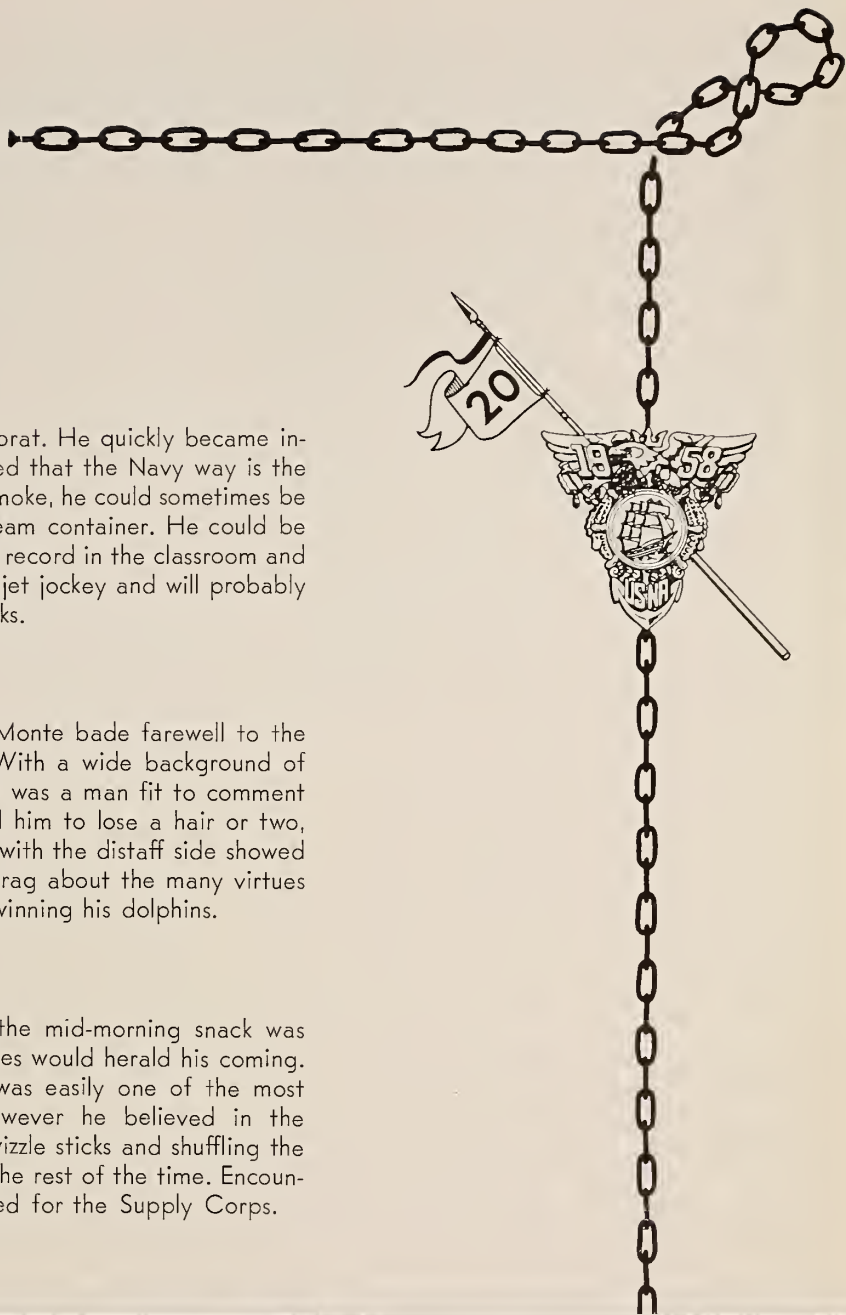
Clintwood, Virginia

Don joined us fresh from high school in the mining districts of western Virginia, ready to show us that small towns breed big men. Showing an unusually broad knowledge, his confidence and ability were enough to win the heart of even the staunchest old salt. His good classroom record enabled him to spend most of his time pursuing various hobbies, chief of which were renewing acquaintances with many old flames and becoming a walking consumer's report on all makes of cars. His love for a good time was amply shown at any time while on liberty or leave. Don's natural aggressiveness and drive will take him a long way toward any goal.



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## DAVID BARKER COX

Lee Hall, Virginia

Dave came to the Academy after a life as an Army brat. He quickly became indoctrinated in our life, however, and is now firmly convinced that the Navy way is the only way. When he wasn't disinfecting the room with pipe smoke, he could sometimes be found displaying his awesome accuracy with a shaving cream container. He could be serious when the occasion warranted it, as was shown by his record in the classroom and as a Varsity basketball manager. Dave is another potential jet jockey and will probably spend his career getting acquainted with various flight decks.

## MONTE D'ARMAND

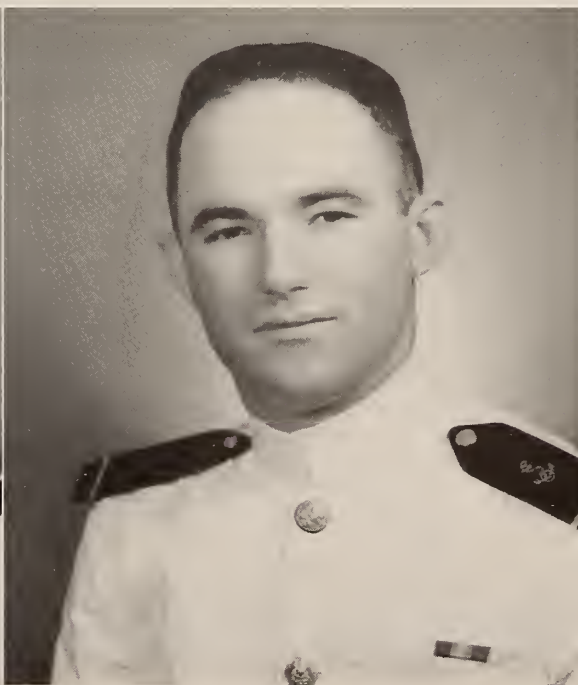
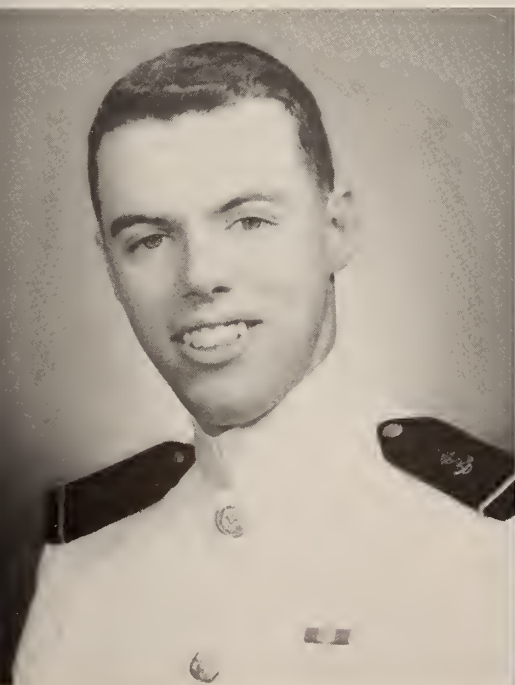
Clearwater, Florida

After a year and a half of college in sunny Florida, Monte bade farewell to the luxuries of life and came north to begin in a new area. With a wide background of knowledge picked up from his pre-USNAY experiences, he was a man fit to comment sagely on any and all matters. Although the books caused him to lose a hair or two, he always came through with plenty to spare. His dealings with the distaff side showed that here indeed was a true Frenchman. Monte loved to brag about the many virtues of the Sunshine State and hopes to get duty there after winning his dolphins.

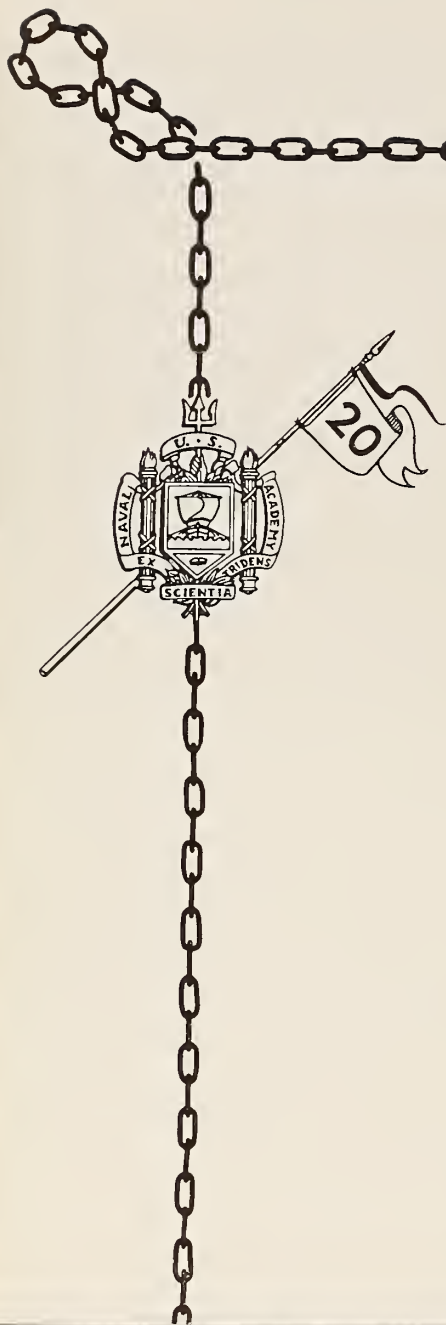
## BERNARD CHARLES DAY

Claysville, Pennsylvania

"Chick" was a perpetual chow hound; his love for the mid-morning snack was known far and wide and any receipt of home-cooked goodies would herald his coming. With his perennial smile and easy going ways, "Chick" was easily one of the most popular fellows around, especially with the women; however he believed in the bachelor life and managed to elude all traps. Collecting swizzle sticks and shuffling the pasteboards for a quick hand of hearts kept our boy busy the rest of the time. Encountering troubles with the eye doctors, "Chick" looks headed for the Supply Corps.



# United States Naval Academy



## GENE AUSTIN DEEGAN

St. James, Minnesota

Gene left the family plowhandle and caught the Pony Express east to try his luck with the Brigade. Fresh from long and continued successes in his high school career, he took up right where he left off and soon established himself as a good man in all phases of Bancroftia. Wrestling was his favorite sport and he and the MacDonough loft became the best of friends. Naturally quick and alert, Gene kept up with all the latest developments and usually battered the books into submission. His ambitions point toward a life in the Marine Corps and eventual retirement back on the farm.

## JAMES LEE DENNY

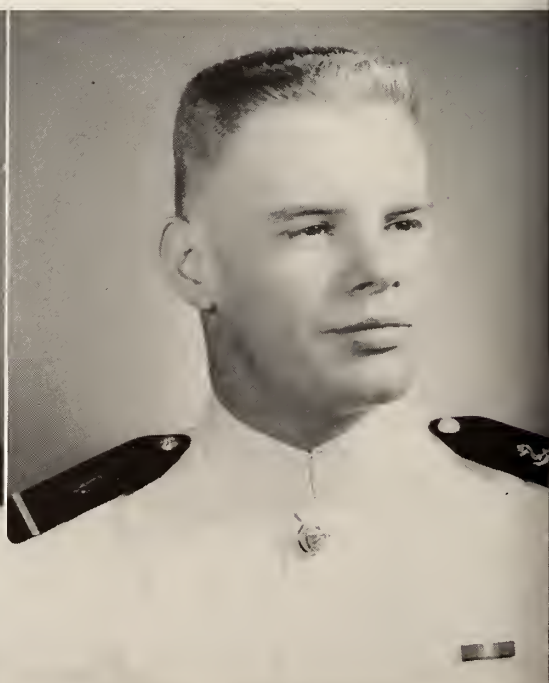
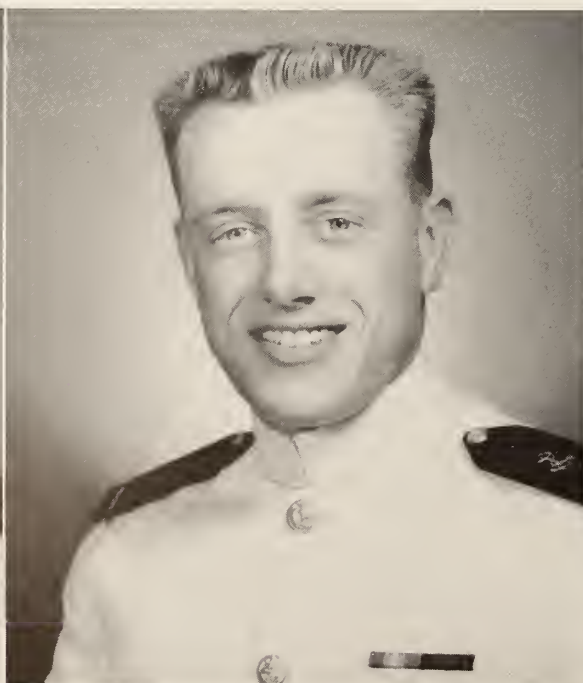
Wilson, North Carolina

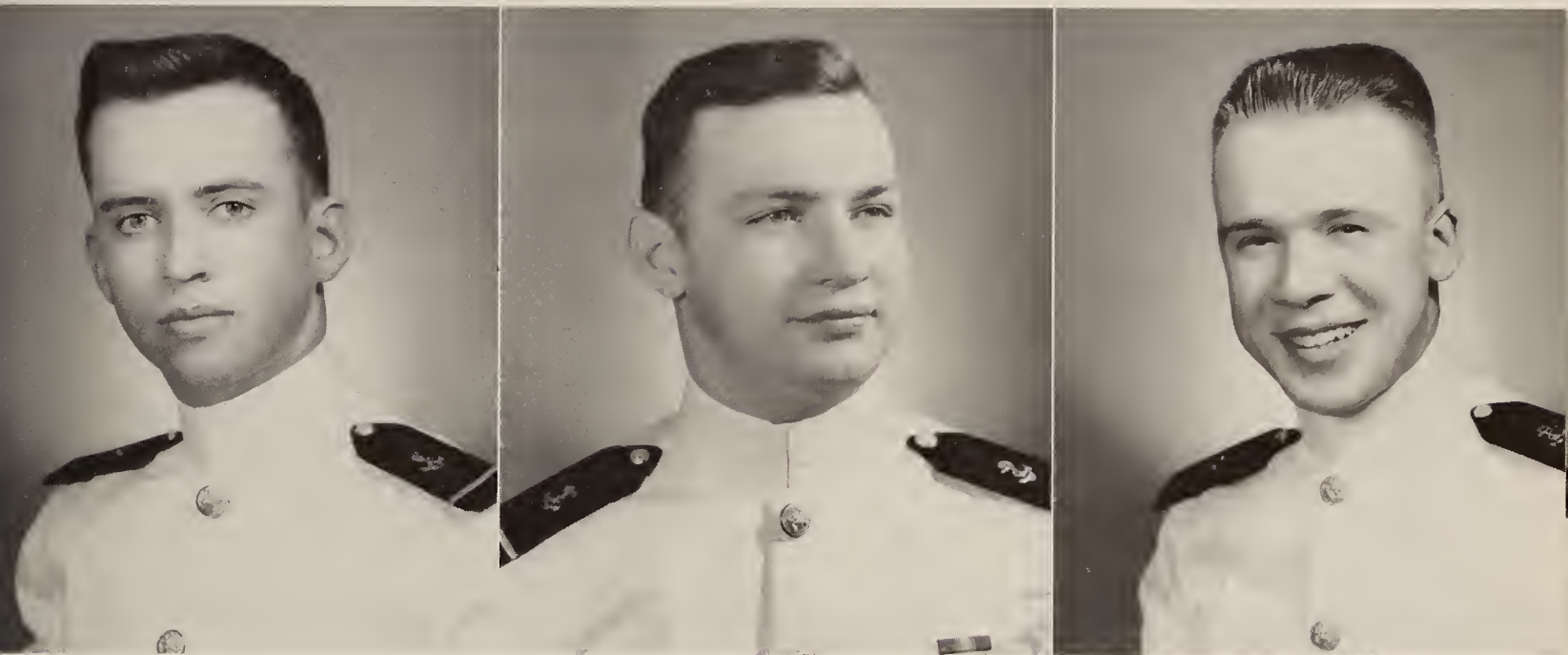
Lee joined the "pampered pets of Uncle Sam" after a year with the Air Force ROTC at North Carolina State. He could usually be found either splashing around over in the Nat or out on one of the tennis courts engaged in a furious volley with some unfortunate opponent. His musical talents also were manifest with the Drum and Bugle Corps. Lee's dragging tastes ran with the blondes, but when the weekend came he showed an ability to get along with all of them. He's headed for the bounding main and a life with Navy line.

## RICHARD LEO FARNAN

Rochester, New York

With a smile to greet every crisis and a torrid slide rule to greet every quiz, Dick breezed through Navy life with a minimum of effort. He started out his four years as a high jumper and baseball player of note, but then retired his talents to the more rewarding task of keeping the blue trampoline occupied. He seemed to be a woman hater; either that or he knew every secluded spot in scenic Annapolis. Dick's record at Navy Tech has been outstanding and his future service career should be no exception.





**NICKOLAS JOHN FRANK, III**

Arlington, Virginia

Nick was quite a traveler; he called many places home but seemed to prefer sunny California over all. A life as a Navy Junior made our fair institution a natural choice and he came to further the family traditions. Studies always came first with Nick but occasionally he could be seen dragging some fair damsel about prehistoric Annapolis. With one eye on the ladies and the other on Navy, he showed considerable prowess as a potential sailor and he looks forward to a long and rewarding career with the Fleet.

**GORDON RICHARD GOLDENSTEIN**

Papillion, Nebraska

Riding in from the rolling plains one June day not so long ago, this Nebraska cowboy took the Brigade by storm. Claiming friends from coast to coast and as many various drags, here was a fellow who never lived a dull moment. In between those enjoyable leaves and liberties, "Goldie" took time to pay the rent handily and established himself as an intramural athlete of note. He enjoyed sailing on the **Highland Light**, if only for his exemptions from P-rades. Here is a fellow who should be in his element when he joins the Fleet. We'll always wish him the smoothest of sailing.

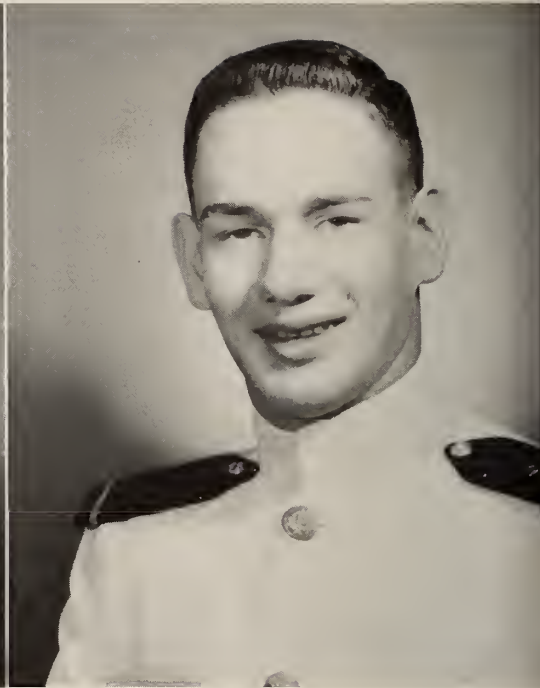
**LeROY REVEL HAENZE**

Traer, Iowa

Here is a fellow who must have been born on a sunny day; his smile and cheerful word for everyone made one think that it never rained in Iowa. LeRoy easily made the transition from the farm to Navy life; he did have some trouble with the books but nothing the academic departments could muster was able to hold him down. Playing a mean bass horn with the Concert Band was his main claim to fame. LeRoy will seek the coveted dolphins after graduation; we wish him a lot of luck though he will need very little.



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**DAVID JACKSON HARRISS**

Upper Montclair, New Jersey

Coming to Navy from the Empire State, Dave now calls New Jersey home. Beckoned by the life of travel and adventure, he had his mind on the Silent Service and those far away places. His most frequent hangout on the Severn was the boathouse where he bent a mean oar for the lightweight crew. His spare time was spent dragging or devoting his talents to the Public Relations Committee. With his eye on the Navy blue adorned with a pair of dolphins, Dave has the ability to make good anywhere; undoubtedly we'll see him soon aboard one of Uncle Sam's submarines.

**JAMES ELWOOD HARVEY, III**

Red Bank, New Jersey

Always the model midshipman, Jim was extremely faithful to Navy Tech and all its affairs. His hard work and numerous abilities were ever on display in everything he undertook. He always had time for making friends and never met a man who didn't like him. Jim was always one who could mix business with pleasure and he was never far from any informal gathering or party in the company. His love for the service and its ways make him a good bet for the Navy and eventual retirement as one of '58's admirals.

**JAMES FRANK HEALY**

Jacksonville, Florida

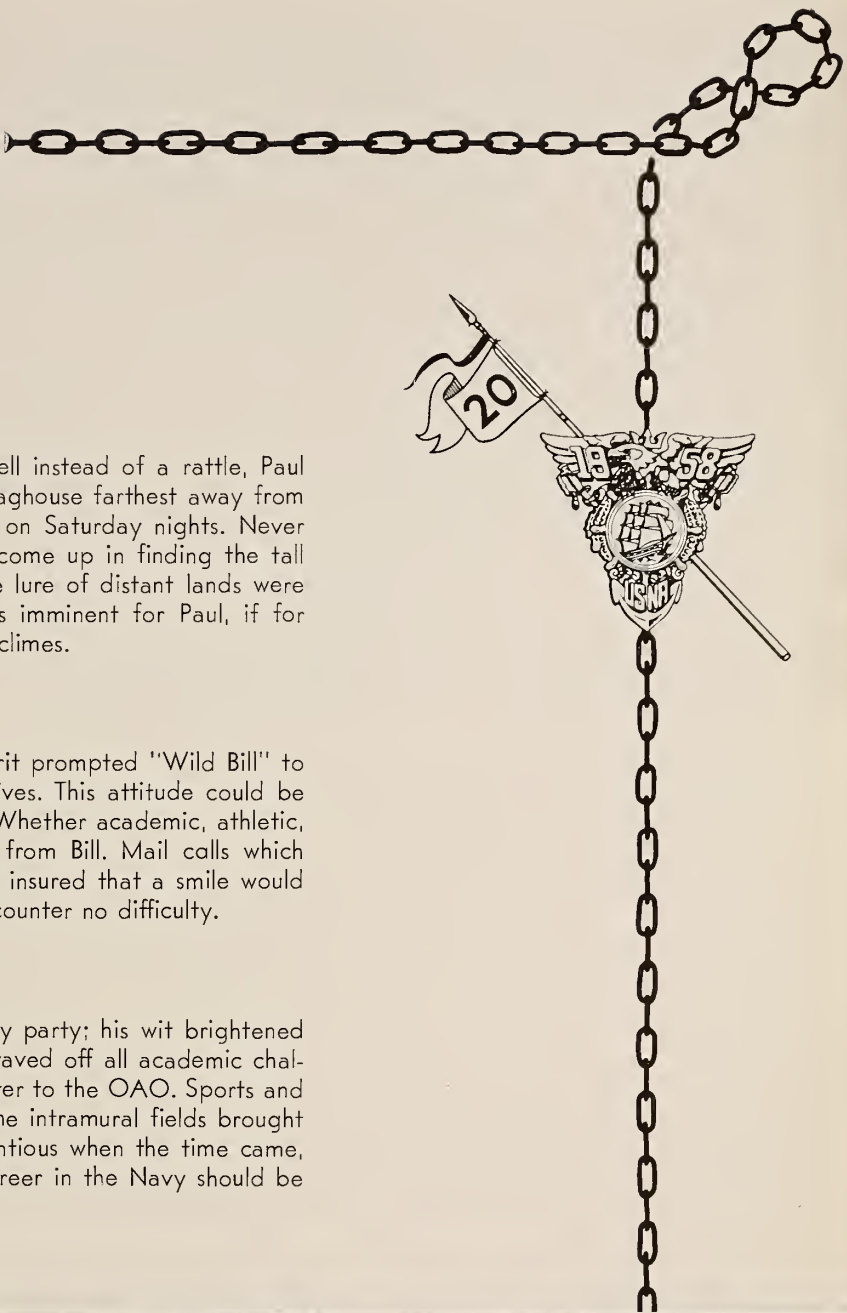
A Rebel through and through, Jim came north to tell long tales about his beloved Southland. Although Maryland was pretty far north, he never seemed to mind too much and settled down to make the most of it. Whether kicking a soccer ball, singing in the Antiphonal Choir, or playing his licorice stick in the Concert Band, Jim always did his best, which was very good indeed. He looked forward to the weekends, but could never understand how these Yankees stood all the rain. We wish Jim the best of everything in the years ahead.



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## ERNEST PAUL HERNER, JR.

Covina, California

Since the day, in the crib, when he received a barbell instead of a rattle, Paul was a demon for physical exercise. He even rented the draghouse farthest away from Mom Bancroft so he could get in that last minute sprint on Saturday nights. Never one to worry about the books, a bigger trial seemed to come up in finding the tall drags he liked so much. A large record collection and the lure of distant lands were the main interests in his life. A long Naval career seems imminent for Paul, if for nothing but the chow, exercise, and adventures in foreign climes.

## WILLIAM FLOYD HODKINS

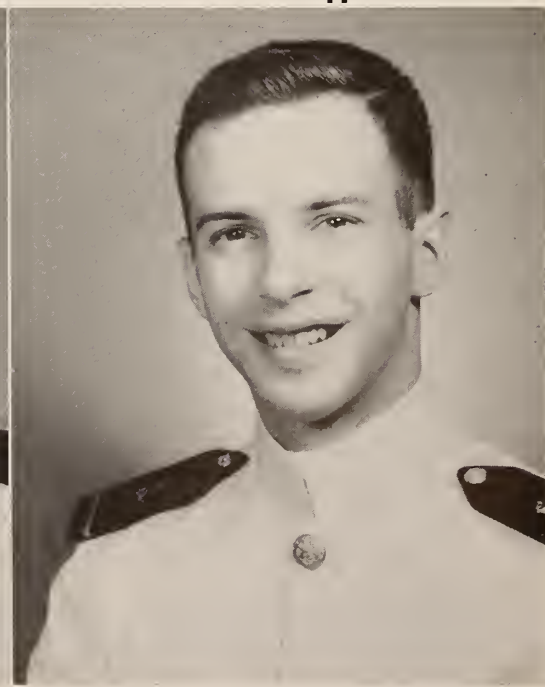
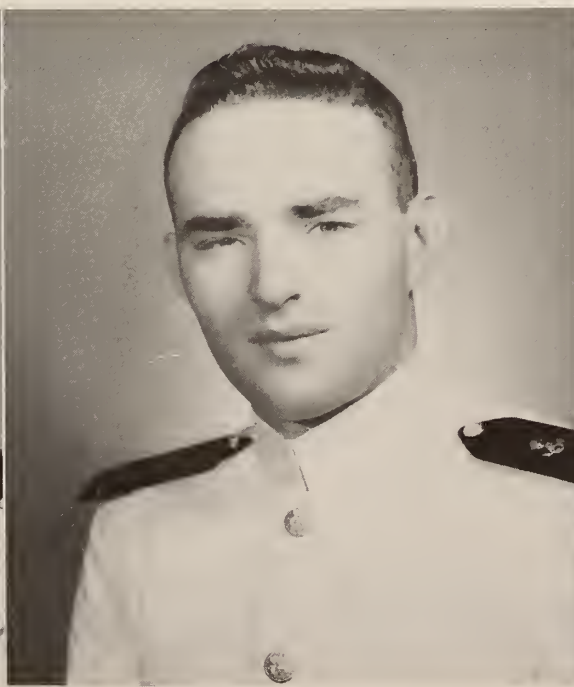
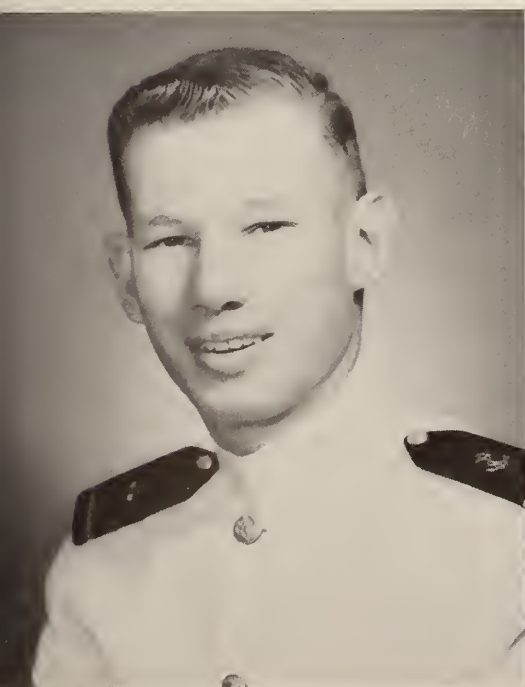
Kansas City, Missouri

Although he couldn't sing a note, a never-say-die spirit prompted "Wild Bill" to keep trying, much to the consternation of his harassed wives. This attitude could be seen in all of his activities as his record will amply testify. Whether academic, athletic, or extracurricular, any activity would get the full course from Bill. Mail calls which staggered the mate carried him over the rough spots and insured that a smile would be ever present. He'll strive for Navy wings and should encounter no difficulty.

## JAMES RUPLEY HOERLE

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Never one to lack for friends, Jim was the life of any party; his wit brightened many a somber gathering. A tour of duty at Penn State staved off all academic challenges, and our boy had plenty of time to write many a letter to the OAO. Sports and photography kept his perennial interest, and his play on the intramural fields brought home many points for the company. Studious and conscientious when the time came, Jim was always the best lawyer in the fourth wing. His career in the Navy should be tops.





# United States Naval Academy

## CHARLES WILSON LARZELERE, III

Ocean City, New Jersey

Leaving the good old days at Iona College was a chore for Chuck but he soon adjusted himself to the Navy routine. He excelled in many different sports as his battalion and company squads could well verify. He always gave his best no matter what the score was; one could always count on an encouraging comment from Chuck. Even the worst that Math could offer was unable to dampen our boy's spirit. With a winning smile and dynamic personality, he made many friends and should continue to do so in the Fleet.

## THOMAS CLOEHIER MALONEY

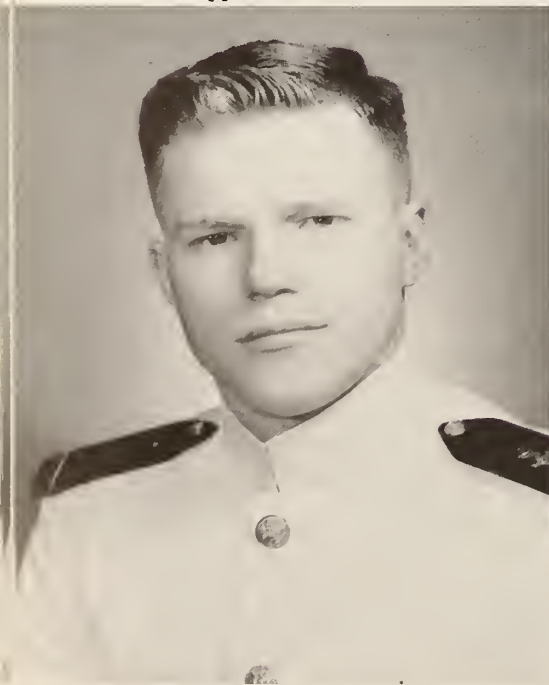
State College, Pennsylvania

"T.C." was born on Nantucket Island where he gained an early appreciation of the sea and its traditions. A life of travel gave him quite a broad education in the ways of the world and he always used this knowledge to advantage, whether it was staying on the Superintendent's list or charming some fair damsel. Believing that to stay busy was to stay happy, he participated in a variety of sports and extracurricular activities. Navy line will greet this son of the sea with open arms.

## GEORGE CARLISLE MANN, JR.

Van Nuys, California

Another Golden Coast product in our midst, George kept us laughing with his many escapades both here and away. Always believing that life was made for living, he constantly tried to prove it. An interest in Latin America kept him happy with dago but certainly didn't aid him much in math. Intramurals made up his athletic endeavors and his ability on the bowling alleys spearheaded the list. George wants to fly after graduation.





**GEORGE RODEN McALEER, JR.**  
Hillsdale, New Jersey

This continental sophisticate from Holy Cross brought his many accents and dialects to amaze the Annapolis countryside. One of our crack pistol shots, George distinguished himself and the Academy by making the All-American team. Enthusiastic and with the ability to match, this staunch Jerseyite was always at the top of things, whether it was playing a fast game of pool or running the midshipman organization. George's hopes for the future lie in Navy air.

**GARY HAROLD MINAR**  
El Segundo, California

When Gary saw Navy's famous Olympic rowing champions stroke to victory in a National regatta, he decided to don the blue and gold and try his hand at bending a Callow oar. Having reached the first goal, he quickly pursued the second by becoming a staunch member of the lightweight shell. The rest of his time was spent chasing the elusive "forty" and it might be said that he came a lot closer to it than most of us. Gary's heart remained in the Golden West and nothing would make him happier than West Pacific duty after joining the Fleet.

**REID BRUNDAGE PAIGE**  
Alexandria, Virginia

Reid was the big fellow who always had his athletic gear on at 1600 each day, rain or shine, ready to go out and help make the company sports squads click just a little bit better. He always seemed to have the dragging problem well in hand. The books were less co-operative but with true spirit and determination he held his own with room to spare; he maintained that it was a five year course that some make in four. Marine air looks like Reid's future career and we know that he won't need the good luck we all wish him.



*United States Naval Academy*



**RICHARD DOUGLAS ROGERS**

Norwalk, Ohio

Leaving the gay Delta Upsilon life at Miami of Ohio behind him, "Buck" came to Navy to add our songs to his repertoire of other college ditties. Here was a fellow who really lived for the mail calls each day; his constant smile indicated plenty of both quantity and quality. Devoting his talents to heavyweight football and Annapolis' many slot machines, "Buck" never seemed to lose at either. In fact he was known as "sticky fingers" for his sparkling end play. He was in his element when predicting the outcome of various football games. "Buck" looks forward to his new life in the Navy and we feel that it will be a long and fruitful association.

**JOSEPH FREDRICK ROSENBERG**

Troy, Alabama

This Southern gentleman was at home with either a pistol or a golf club in his hand. His abilities at both sports were put to good use by the Varsity squads; he made the All-American team in pistol. With a slow smile and a quiet ability, Rosie never took long in getting the job done and rising quickly to the top. A stout son of the Confederacy, he was forever true to the Stars and Bars. He plans on "P.G." work at Quantico and then a long career with Commandant as the eventual goal. We'll bet he makes it.

**SCOTT McMILLEN RUBY**

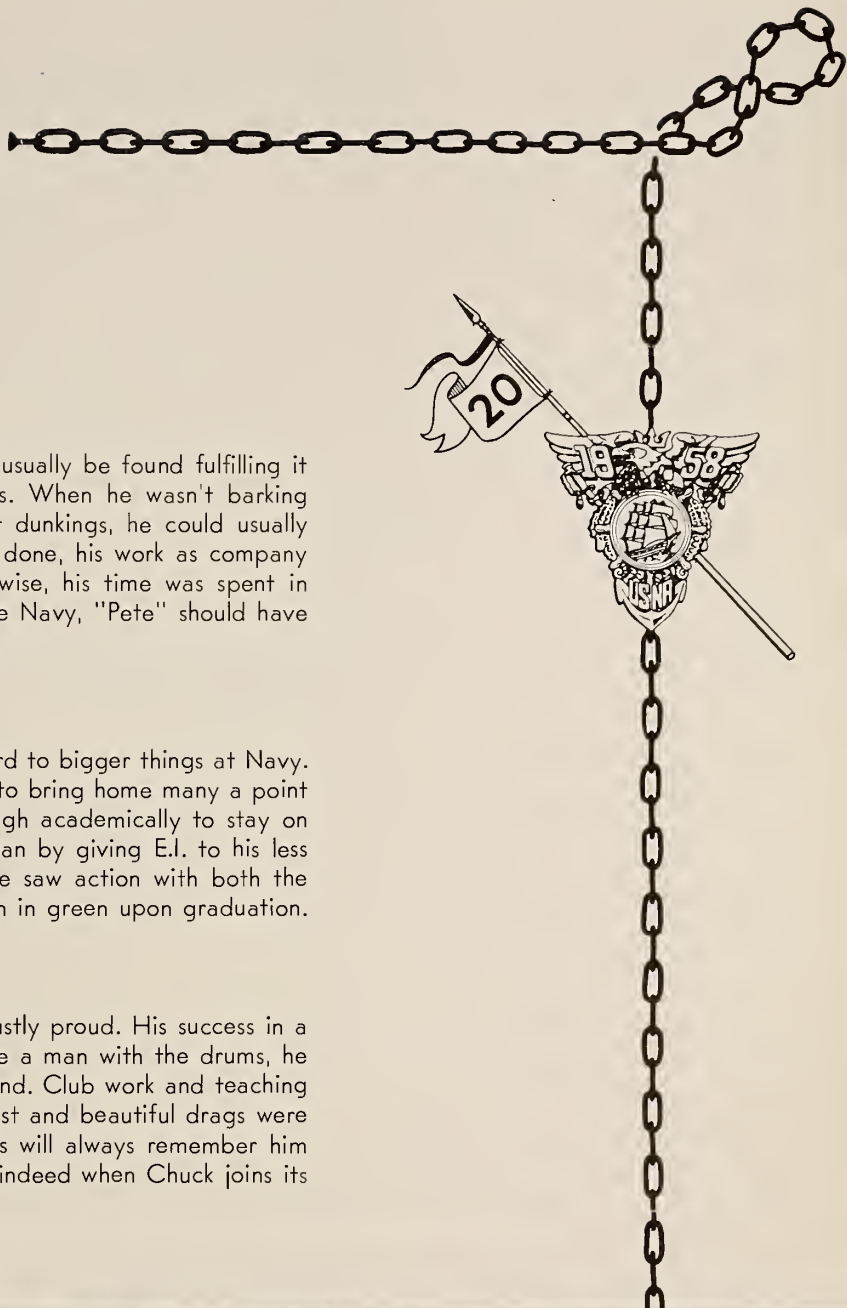
Stockton, California

Even though some of his business was conducted from the rack, Scott was one of the busiest men around as a Varsity track manager, an average "slash," and a cymbal clanger with the "Hellcats." Like any sailor, he lived for leaves, but the long, tortuous route to Stockton gave more than the average share of headaches; he probably had more planes break down than MATS would like to admit. "Rube" chased the femmes as far as the monthly insult would stretch but never seemed to come out on the short end. He never sweated the books, although steam did its best to stop his wheels of progress. Scott wants to put in his career with the Navy and then operate his own airline.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## HAROLD BERTON RUSSELL, JR.

Santa Cruz, California

"Pete" was a little man with a big mission; he could usually be found fulfilling it from the coxswain's seat in one of Navy's stalwart shells. When he wasn't barking orders for the "musclemen" and then taking his frequent dunkings, he could usually be found playing a mean fiddle. Always getting any job done, his work as company representative proved him to be a valuable man. Otherwise, his time was spent in writing long letters to the OAO. With a dedication to the Navy, "Pete" should have much success in his desired career with the tin can fleet.

## JOHN EDWARD SCHMIDT

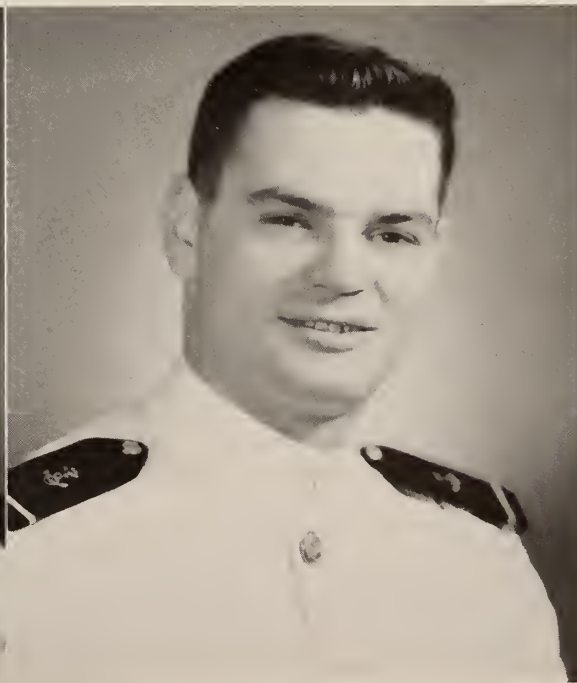
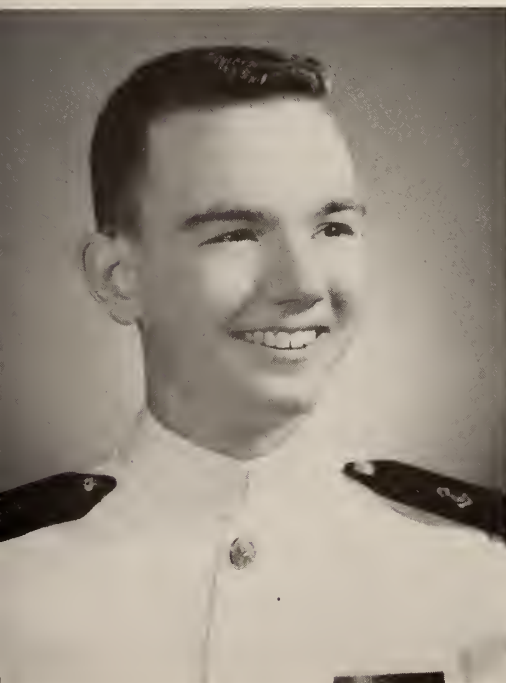
Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania

A brief tour at Columbian Prep was John's springboard to bigger things at Navy. Although frequently seen dragging, he always found time to bring home many a point for the battalion and company sports squads. Good enough academically to stay on the Superintendent's List, he proved himself a valuable man by giving E.I. to his less fortunate mates. Football was one of John's loves and he saw action with both the Plebe team and the Poolies. He would like to join the men in green upon graduation.

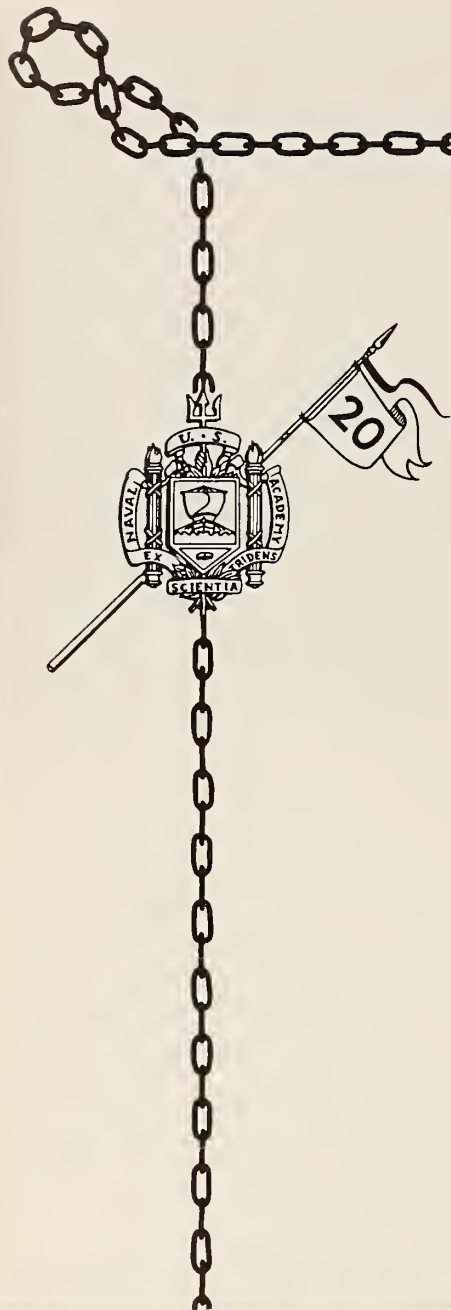
## CHARLES JACOB SMITH

Frankfort, Indiana

Here was a lad of whom the Hoosier State can be justly proud. His success in a multiplicity of fields marked him as a man to watch. Quite a man with the drums, he played for the Drum and Bugle Corps and the Concert Band. Club work and teaching Sunday School rounded out a busy schedule. The Supe's List and beautiful drags were no strangers to this stolid Midwesterner. His many friends will always remember him for his quiet, friendly manner. The Navy will do very well indeed when Chuck joins its ranks.



# United States Naval Academy



## PAUL FRANKLIN STILLER

Cincinnati, Ohio

Paul always had his sights set on building the Navy's first flying saucer; his interest in such things as an anti-gravity propulsion system convinced us that here was the boy to do it. His other main interest was along the fencing line and his work with the Varsity was distinguished indeed. Unlucky in love, his crest was undoubtedly one of the most traveled hunks of metal in existence. Slide rule courses were goners before his relentless charge, but German managed to tie a few knots. The Navy will be getting quite a man in Paul.

## ANTHONY WILLIAM STREMIC

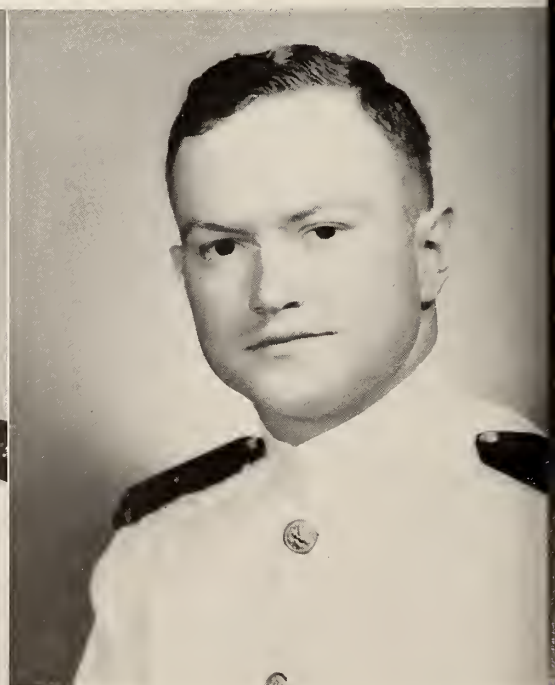
Glenside, Pennsylvania

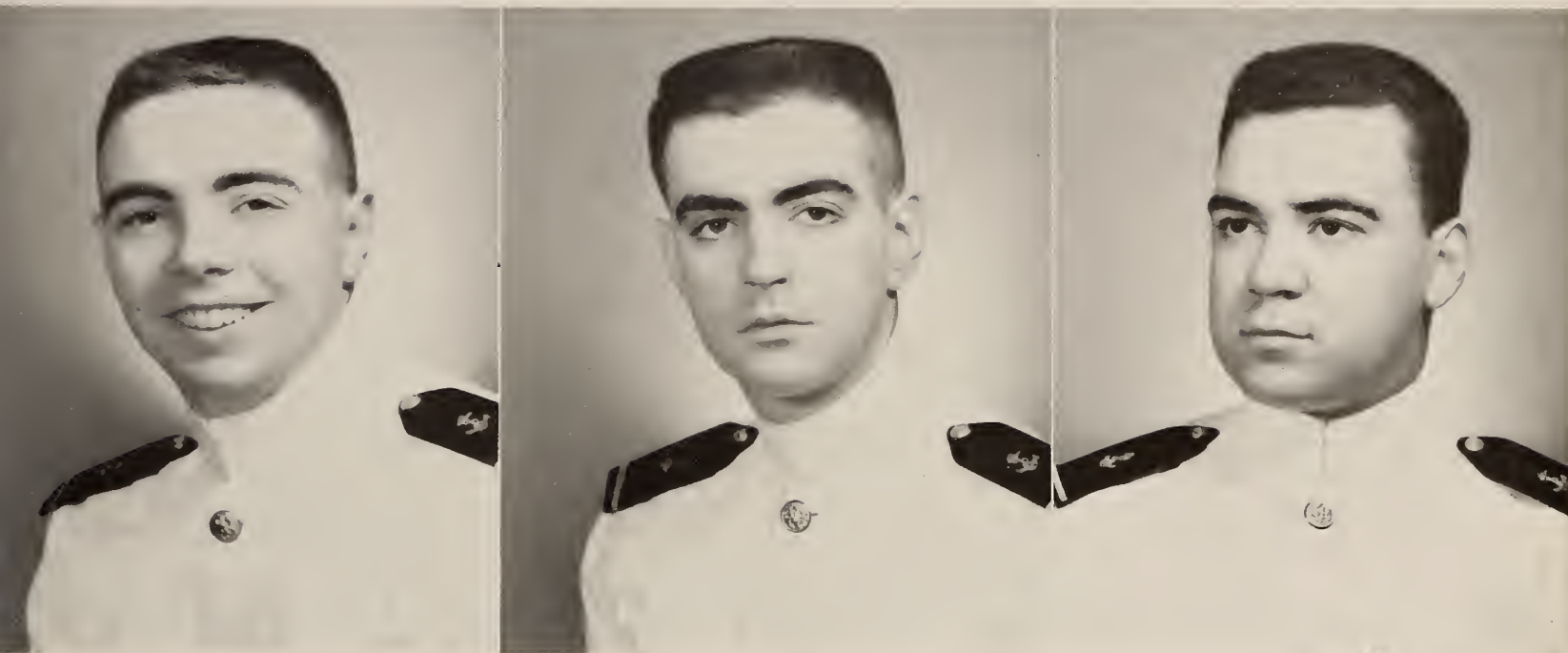
Mowing down rival ball carriers or heavyweight wrestlers were Tony's specialties but he always found time to slash the academic departments to ribbons. His prowess on the gridiron and the wrestling mat thrilled many a Navy crowd. Always happy with life, Tony had a quip for every occasion and a smile for every problem; he was one who had few of them, however. Another famous trademark was the daily sounds of those "0615 polkas" echoing from his room. Tony seems destined for great things and prefers the Marine Corps as his springboard to them.

## EDWARD ARMITAGE STUDER

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Ed exchanged his motorcycle cap and gloves for a slipstick and the Navy blue and gold. His heart was always back in Minnesota with his .357 Blackhawk but this didn't stop him from enjoying life here. He seemed to have plenty of drags and always could be counted on to fix up a buddy. His major peeves were skinny and his middle name, but neither had the gear to hold him down for long. Ed wants to go into the Marine Corps and will probably make good in his ambition to become the "fastest gun alive."





**HENRY DIXON STURR, JR.**

Long Beach, California

Dick was a man of many travels, as he came to us after a life as a Navy Junior. He called many places home but seems to have settled on Long Beach as his podunk. A good man in any situation, he was a social delight with his many quips and a capacity to liven up any party. Serious when the occasion arose, he had a penchant for achieving any goal with an amazing lack of effort. His feats with the distaff side were also on the lee side of legendary. Dick will naturally answer the call of the sea, preferably in the Silent Service.

**JOSEPH LAWRENCE SUTMAN, JR.**

Glen Ridge, New Jersey

Coming from a service family, Joe naturally felt at home in Mother Bancroft; his escapades and many brushes with the powers that be were destined to add much to the lore of Navy Tech. Always one to get the most out of any situation, he had the ability to enjoy himself in the darkest of climes. A stout man on the steeplechase course, he showed that persistence paid off in rich dividends. Joe had a Marine Corps future in mind but now plans on bolstering the Supply Corps upon graduation.

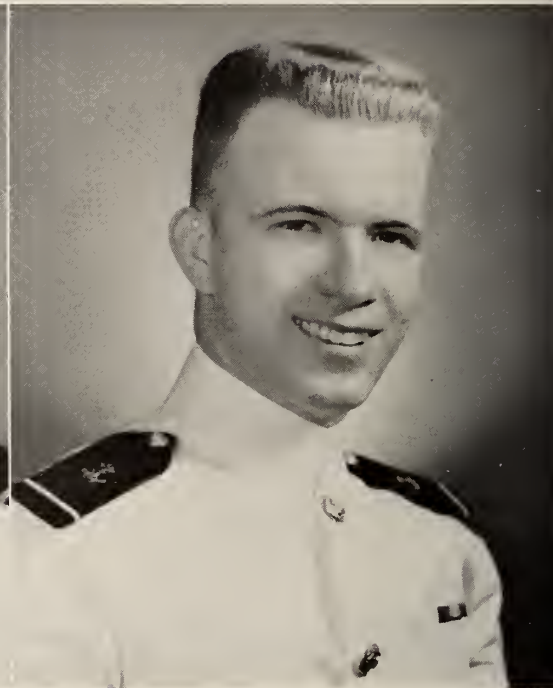
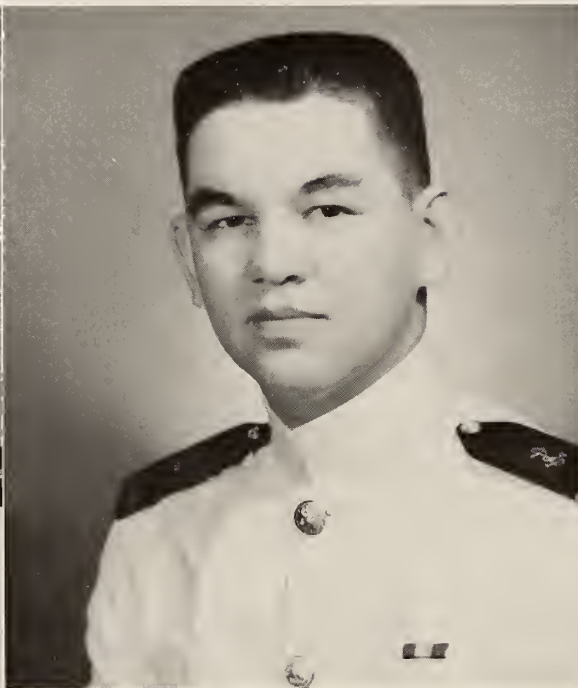
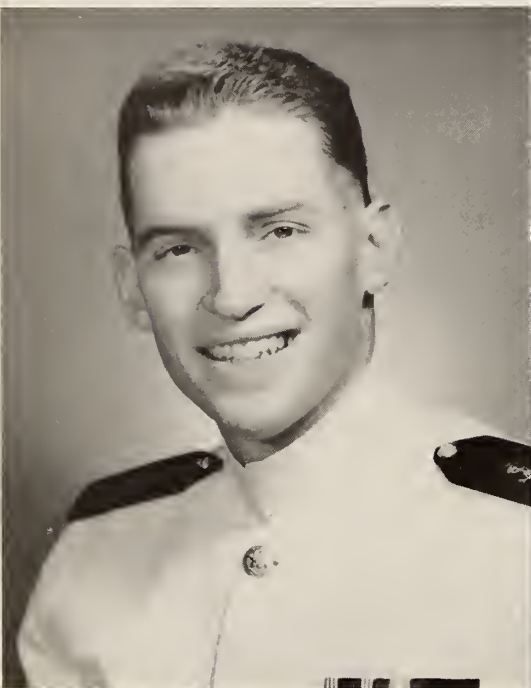
**SAMUEL ANTHONY TAYLOR**

Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada

From a life of skipping school in Ontario, "Ace" graduated to our fair shores where he found to his consternation that "cuts" were unheard of. He soon adjusted himself to the grind, however, and began taking everything in stride. His choice of USNAY was a natural one since he came from a family of seafarers. A tough man on any athletic field, "Ace" was always a good man to have on your side. A career of riding the airwaves seems made to order for him.



*United States Naval Academy*



**ROBERT ALLEN THORNTON**

Arlington, Virginia

Bob came to Navy from NAPS after serving a short hitch in the Army. Joining us after a semester's tour with the class of '56, he soon left his mark as a friendly fellow who really liked a good time. Having seen quite a bit of the world, Navy Junior style, he brought quite a general knowledge to our hallowed halls. An industrious worker and an excellent athlete, Bob could be counted upon to do any job right. Working out near the boxing rings or trying to pass French took up a lot of his time. He's another who is destined to wear Navy wings.

**DON ROBERT TIMMER**

Tipp City, Ohio

Tipp City was a new one on us, but after living with Don for a while, we began to wonder where we had been all our lives. When he wasn't singing the praises of the Buckeye State, he could usually be seen dashing about the softball diamond or Mom Bancroft's mile-long passageways on an errand for the **Lucky Bag**. Shuffling the pasteboards for a quick game whiled away many a long hour. Don hopes to pin on a pair of silver wings in the very near future and then put in his thirty.

**LESLIE PAUL TROOLIN**

Clearwater, Florida

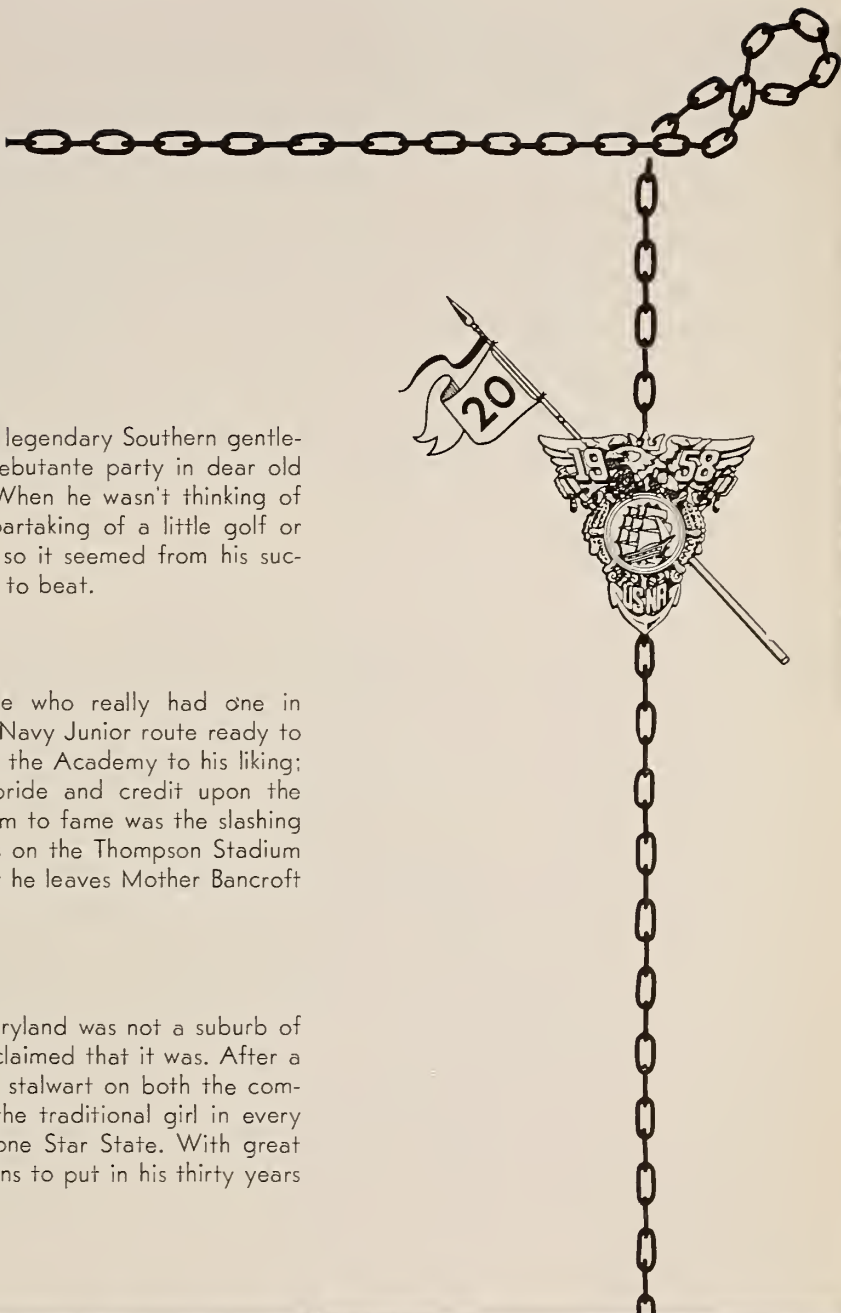
Les was unique in that he was a Southerner who could take the cold Maryland winters in stride. He had lots of practice as an Army brat running around much more northern climes. Another unusual trait was that he hated to go on leave and loved to come back; but then not everyone had an OAO who worked with the Executive Department. Gym and soccer filled his athletic hours. Les will set his sights on the dolphins of the Silent Service.



*United States Naval Academy*



# United States Naval Academy



## SINKLER WARLEY, JR.

Orangeburg, South Carolina

Here was a fellow who was the perfect epitome of the legendary Southern gentleman. As much at home at a dove hunt as he was at a debutante party in dear old Charleston, Sink was one who had discriminating tastes. When he wasn't thinking of the by-gone mint julep days, he could usually be found partaking of a little golf or tennis. The Academy life was always to "Sink's" liking, or so it seemed from his success. He showed a perseverance and ability that were hard to beat.

## JAMES GORDON WEATHERSON

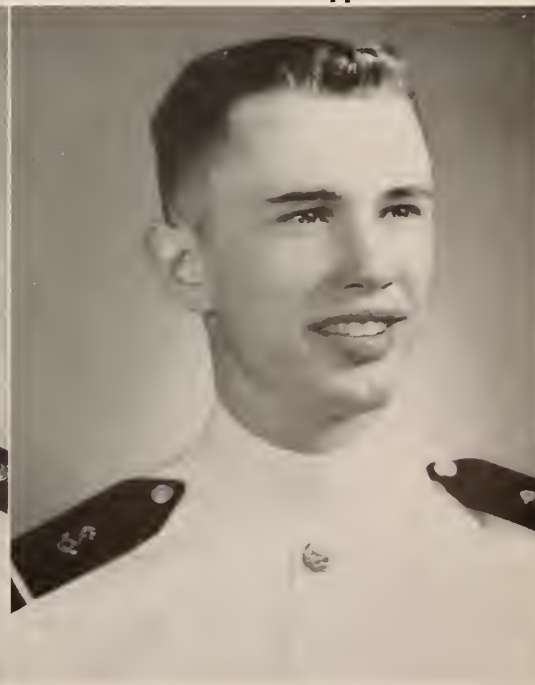
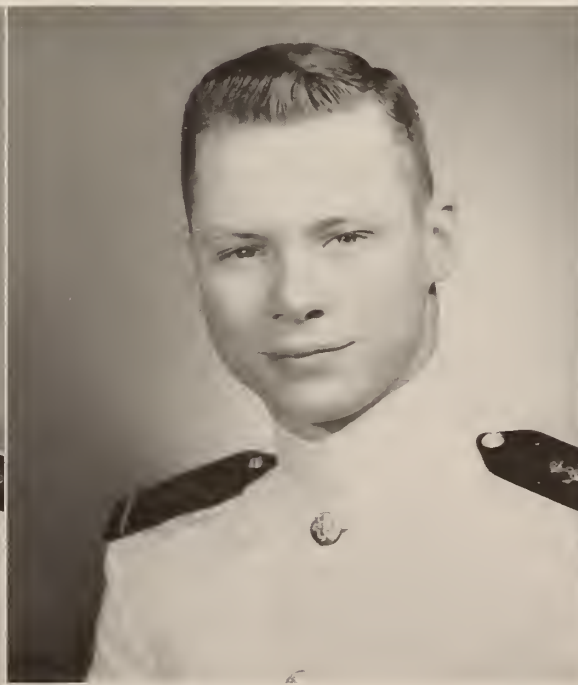
Jacksonville, Florida

Calling Jacksonville his home port, Gordy was one who really had one in every part of the country; he came to the Brigade via the Navy Junior route ready to carry on the tradition. Here was a fellow who found life at the Academy to his liking; his bearing and attitude always reflected the deepest pride and credit upon the Naval Service. Known as a tough competitor, his chief claim to fame was the slashing style shown as a Brigade boxer, as well as his achievements on the Thompson Stadium cinderpaths. "Hank" has great prospects for future success; he leaves Mother Bancroft as one of our finest.

## CHRISTOPHER BRUCE WILHEMY

San Antonio, Texas

Although he hated to admit it, Bruce learned that Maryland was not a suburb of San Antonio; he kept up appearances though, and always claimed that it was. After a brief sojourn with plebe sports, this lanky Texan became a stalwart on both the company basketball and football teams. He seemed to have the traditional girl in every port but always preferred the Southern belles from the Lone Star State. With great ambitions to someday command the Texas Navy, Bruce plans to put in his thirty years in preparation for that glorious day.





**JOHN MORRISON WILLMARTH**

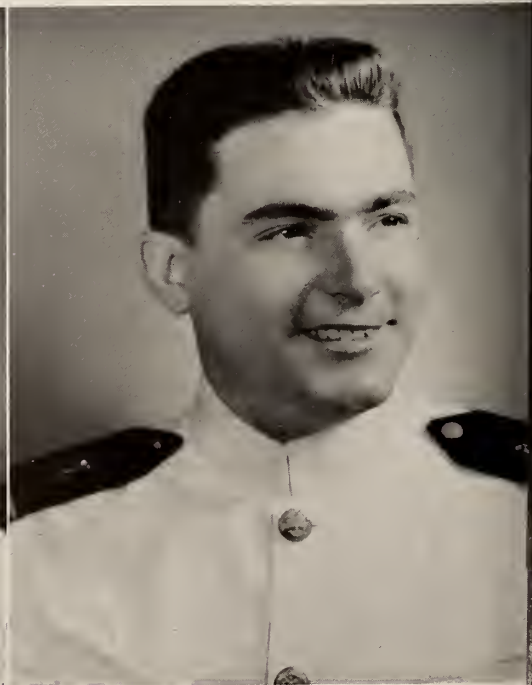
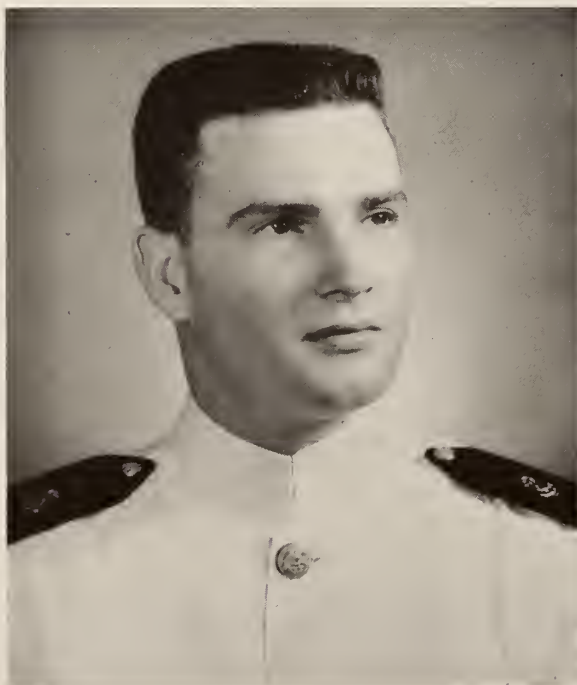
Omaha, Nebraska

One of our staunchest sea-going socialites, Johnny and a party were made for each other. If you were looking for him after any football game, all you had to do was hit the biggest and the best in town, and there you would find him, usually the center of attraction. Here at Navy, he always seemed to pass comfortably in addition to firing a few rounds for the Varsity riflers. A variety of intramurals and thinking of the old days filled up the remainder of his schedule. Johnny and Navy air should fit hand in glove.

**RICHARD ALLEN YODER**

Manatawny, Pennsylvania

"Rich" came to us from a life of leisure in the Quaker State and immediately had to give up his prized sideburns. This was a great loss to him and he showed his disappointment by logging a few hours with the E.D. squad due to improper haircuts. He and Navy saw eye to eye on all other counts and he settled down to lead a life of dragging and playing soccer. Sidelines included the "Hellcats" and the Chapel Choir. Being an avid flying fan since the days when he owned his own plane, it is only natural to see "Rich" embarking for Pensacola and the big leagues.





*Left to right: First row—Sisson, Roberts, Smith, Prendergast, Sheppard, Mulrooney, Oneto, Harris, Morgan, Egan. Second row—Nash, Moellmer, Williams, Sellers, Orr, Darby, Morgan, Denman, Powell. Third row—Poxon, Powers, Christy, Hartman, Robinson, Springer, Darby P.H., Castro. Fourth row—Overman, Davis, Edgerton, Dickinson, Leon, Witt, Shenton, Snodgrass.*



*Left to right: First row—Myers, Walters, Merrill, Gould, Riley, Kretz, Davis, Wylie, Jordan, Roberts. Second row—Hughes, Raymond D.A., Wright, Foley, Raymond R.W., Hoffman, Babiash, Zierden, Hamilton. Third row—Truesdell, Helms, Dropp, Mangan, Kowall, Spolyar, Broach, Sammis. Fourth row—Marshall Schmidt, Treacy, Taft, Marburger, Purinton, Hamm. Fifth row—Rapasky, Smith.*



*Left to right: First row—Wilson, Guenter, Hartness, Connell, Flvnn, Bellino, Tomchak, Johnson, Hinton, Rimback. Second row—Goffin, Yelicka, Shupe, Hyde, Burns, Gibbs, Price, Fitzpatrick, Cawein. Third row—Slezak, O'Connor, Spooner, Fenick, Dixner, Berkley, Ochel, McAteer. Fourth row—Ettinger, Carlberg, Curry, Gibby, Timm, Chapman, Metcalf. Fifth row—Goldsworthy, Blesch, Partlow, Brown, McQuade.*

# Sixth Battalion



Lt. Col. H.J. Woessner, USMC  
*Battalion Officer*

The Sixth Battalion . . . over in the Sixth Wing . . . led by Lt. Col. Woessner . . . lived a mile away from everything . . . usually high in the color competition . . . a lot of Russian . . . varsity athletes . . . the rest of the Brigade didn't see them too much . . . remember the snowball fight with the Third Battalion? . . . tough Plebe year . . . high standards, with the resulting good showing.



*Fall  
Set*

*Fall Set. Left to right—Reynolds, Cooper, Blatt, Kunz, Oleson, Taylor.*



*Winter  
Set*

*Winter Set. Left to right—Gibson, Rennie, Pierce, Pate, Peters, Gatje.*



Capt. W.G. Leftwich, USMC  
Company Officer

The "Fighting Twenty-first," though not always far ahead, was never far behind! It wasn't always easy, as we took over the company, but we went merrily along through P-rades, sports on Hospital Point, blinker drills, and of course exams. A great football season came along—Army and Rice were bowed low—and who could claim a better representation than us? Who can forget the exploits of Tommy, fat Nick, Swanny, and McNamara? Then there was McNulty, who captained the Mighty Mites—all of which finished off the fall season, leaving the men of Twenty-one extremely proud.

## *Twenty-first Company*

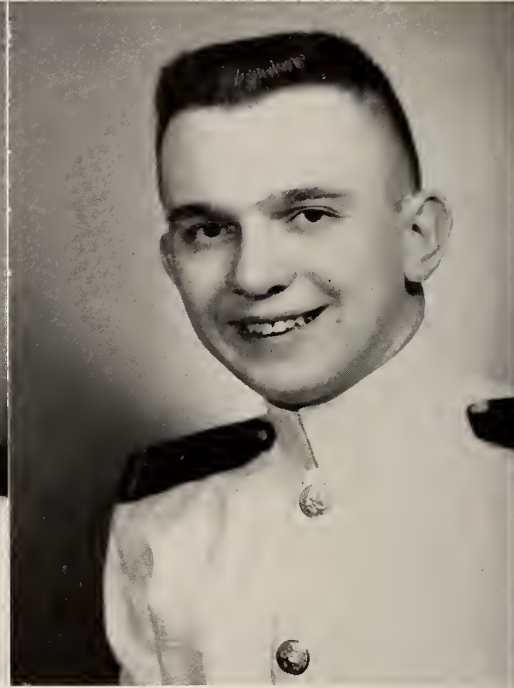
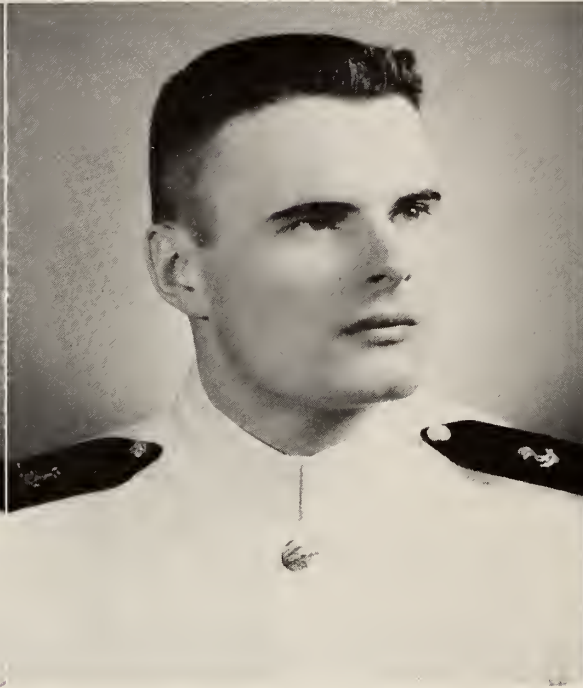
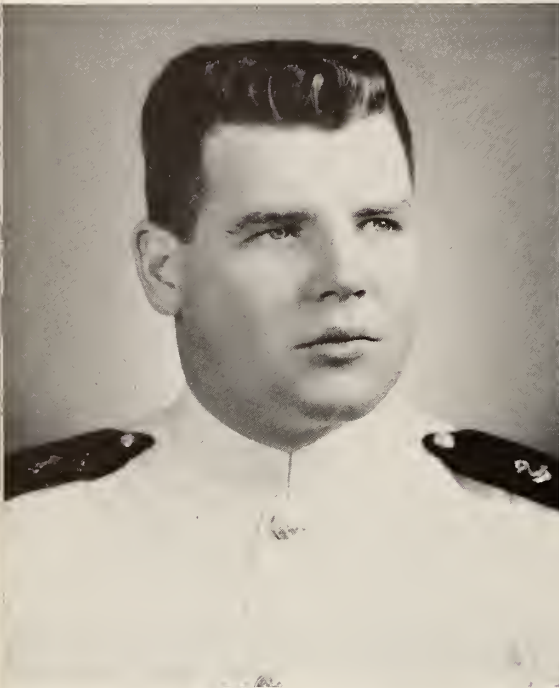


*Fall Set. Left to right—Williams, MacLean, Porter, Lyons, Epling, Gallagher.*



*Winter Set. Left to right—Nazak, Sinnott, Nagle, Flynn, Boyle, Mowery.*

Then came the "Dark Ages"—dark figures scurrying to and from the library with dozens of books were commonplace. Between after-dinner speaking and bouts with the term paper, we heard the wild rumor that there was going to be a graduation this year! Sure enough, along came service choices, the cars, civvies, and the BIG DAY. The "Rabble Rousers" were scattered far and wide but left behind memories that defy the thought of slipping from one's mind—George and his shamrocks, the Bermuda Race sailors, Jim and his railroad, Marty and his ghoulish laughter, and of course, the footballers. Ex tridens kumquat!



**CHARLES PATRICK BOYLE, III**

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Nick came to the Academy after a year in the Navy, during which time he studied at Columbian Prep. He calls Philadelphia his home town; there he won three letters in football and was elected captain of the St. Joseph's College High School team. Naturally, then, he was to be found out on the field here at Navy. The company softball and fieldball teams found him no stranger as well. Like many a mid, Nick found Paris his favorite cruise port; and like many another mid, he always said that one of the best things about the Academy was LEAVE!

**STUART EDWARD WARMINGTON CRAIG**

Chicago, Illinois

Chicago lost when Stu decided to come to Navy. Already an "Old Salt" of the Great Lakes, his lifelong ambition was the U. S. Navy via the Naval Academy. After an earlier session at Sullivan High School in Chicago, Stu jumped into Nav and Skinny at Navy, with a little company fieldball and battalion lacrosse on the side. The place to always find him, however, was in the pad engrossed in some literary treasure. But when the wanderlust struck him, the port that called him with its myriad fascinations was the inland city of Madrid, España. One can be sure that Stu will find the fastest way to become an admiral!

**JOHN ANDREW CRESKO, JR.**

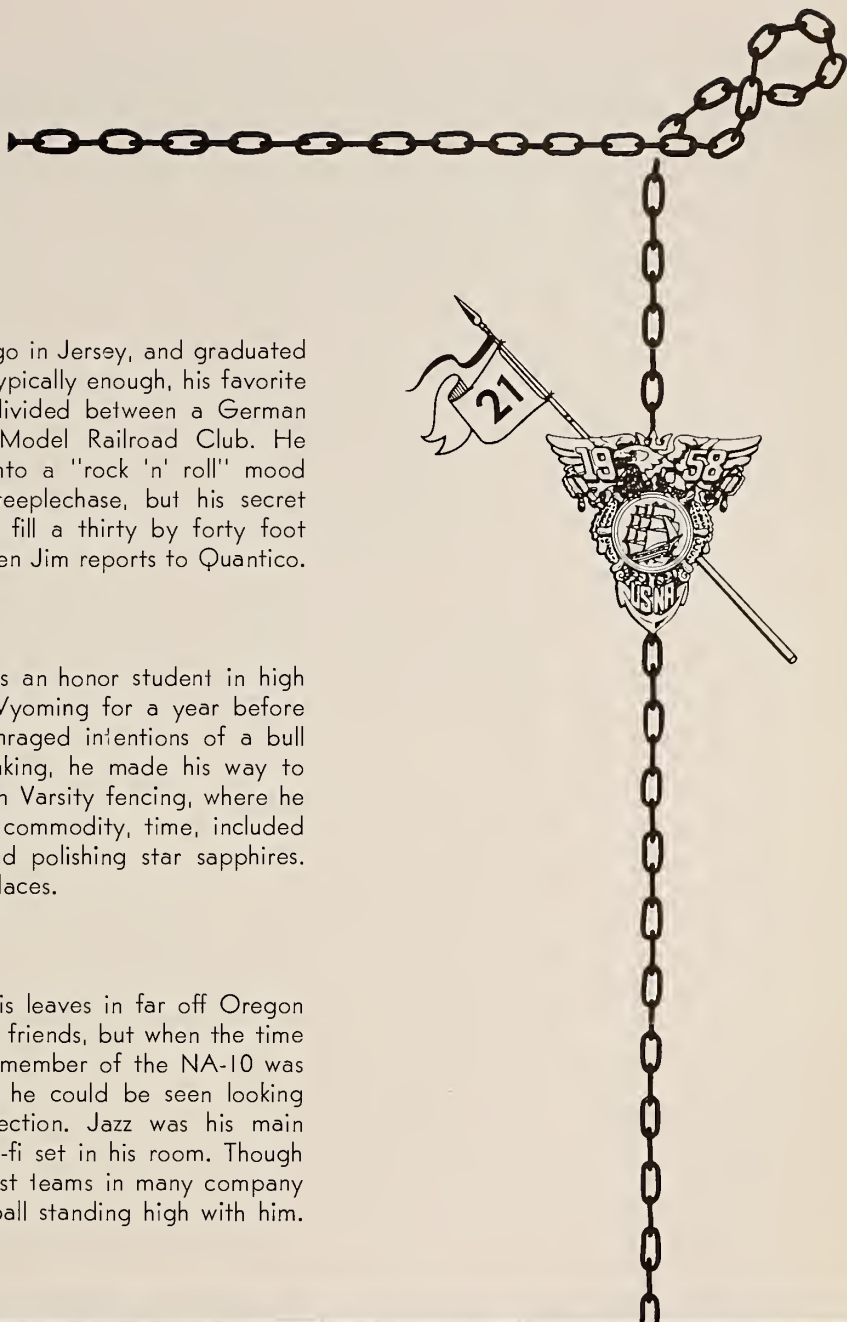
Kingston, Pennsylvania

Honest John Jr. came to the Academy from the U. S. Army, where he spent many a happy hour at Fort Knox, Kentucky. After coming from Kingston High School, Jack didn't find too much difficulty in keeping ahead of the academics; instead he spent his time shuffling the pasteboards and dragging. When at sea, he found a lot to like in Madrid; back here he applied himself to battalion gymnastics and tennis as well as company basketball and steeplechase. The sea was meant for fish, but he doesn't mind competing with the birds in the air; it appears that Navy air has found another fine pilot in Jack.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## JAMES ERIC DALBERG

Stanhope, New Jersey

Jim appeared on the scene some twenty-two years ago in Jersey, and graduated from high school there, where he was an honor student. Typically enough, his favorite day at Navy was Sunday—no reveille! Jim's time was divided between a German grammar book, although he studied French, and the Model Railroad Club. He listened to classical music most of the time, but got into a "rock 'n' roll" mood occasionally. He ran for company cross country and steeplechase, but his secret ambition was to build a tremendous model railroad—to fill a thirty by forty foot room! The Marine Corps will find a good military mind when Jim reports to Quantico.

## RICHARD EVERETT DAVIES

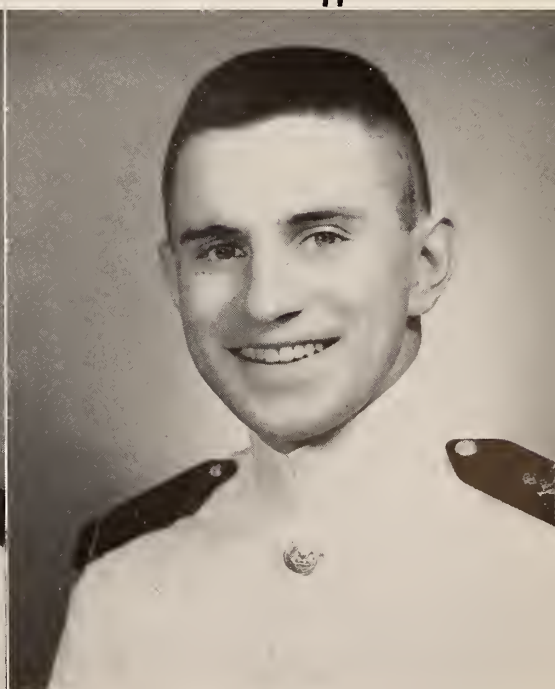
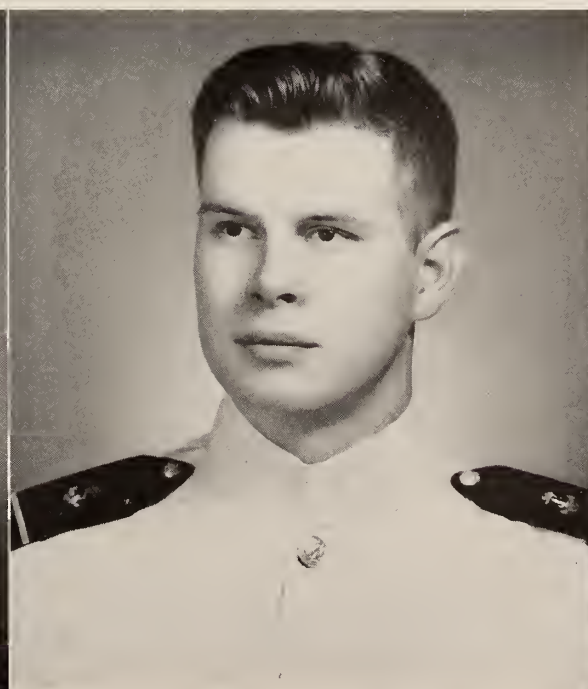
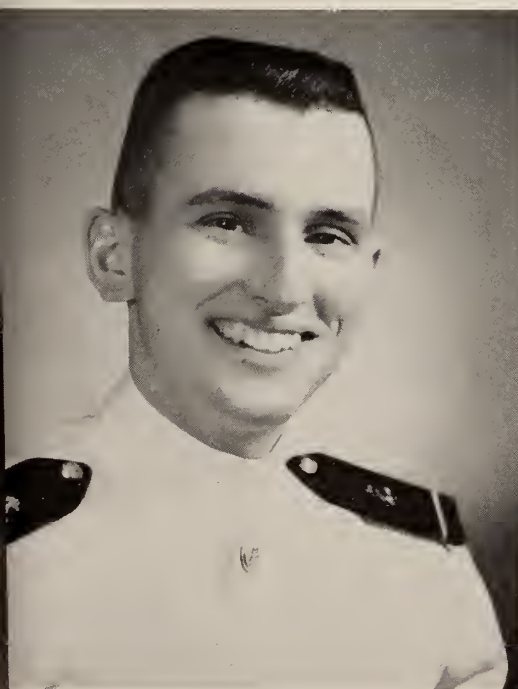
Corte Madera, California

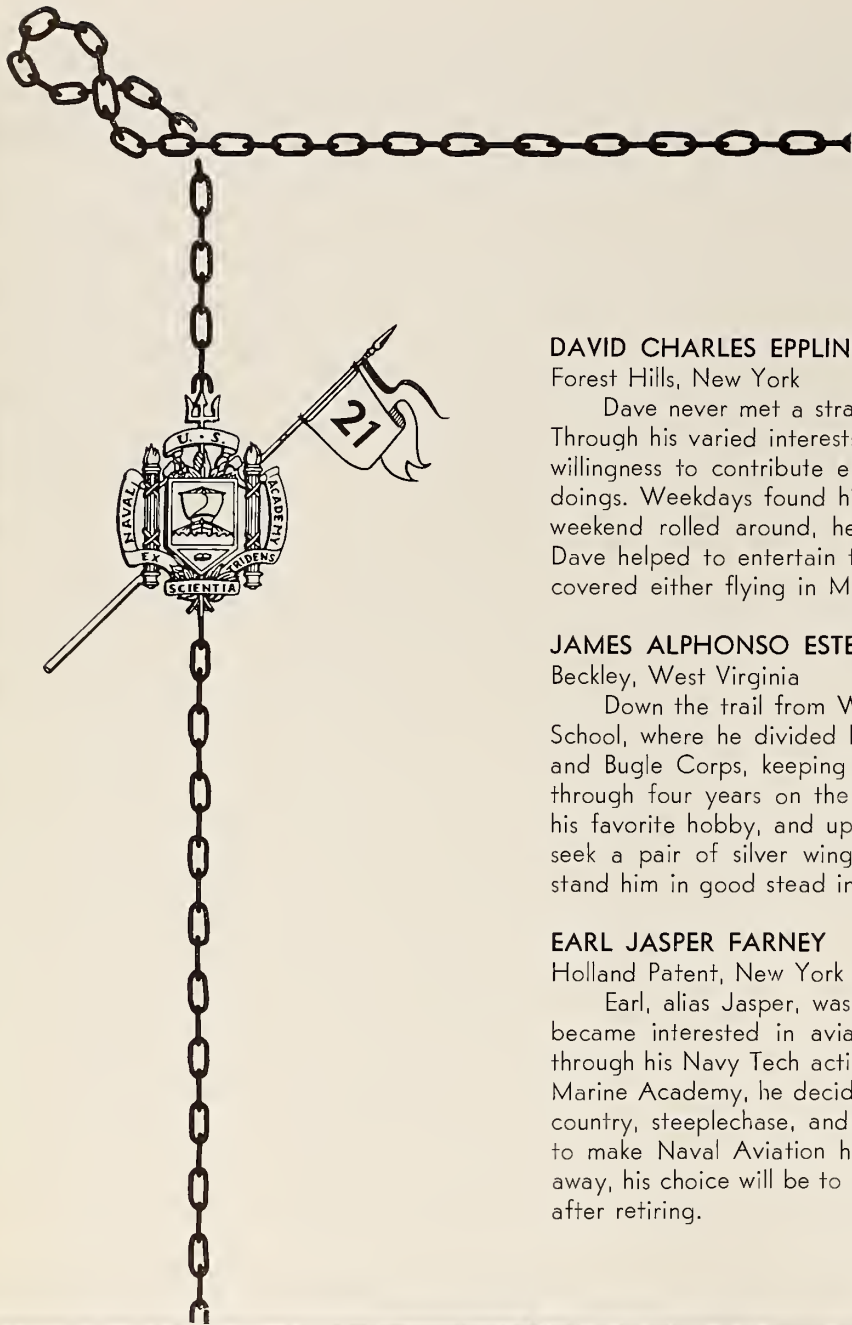
Dick came from the hills of Wyoming, where he was an honor student in high school and one of the "cowboys" at the University of Wyoming for a year before casting his lot with the Navy. Somehow escaping the enraged intentions of a bull moose and the somewhat more subtle hazards of spelunking, he made his way to USNAY. As a star man, Dick had time for Plebe and then Varsity fencing, where he won his "N." Assorted methods of using up that scarce commodity, time, included the Engineering clubs, the **Lucky Bag**, the "N" Club, and polishing star sapphires. Whatever he did, he was held by the lure of faraway places.

## HAROLD MARTIN DONAHOE, JR.

Lowville, New York

Marty hailed from northern New York, but spends his leaves in far off Oregon for some reason. His fun-loving attitude earned him many friends, but when the time called for seriousness, he could fill that bill, too. Being a member of the NA-10 was but a small part of his musical interests. Each week-end he could be seen looking through records for new discs to complement his collection. Jazz was his main interest; it could constantly be heard coming from the hi-fi set in his room. Though he has never been on a Varsity team, Marty filled out first teams in many company and battalion sports, with swimming, fieldball and basketball standing high with him.





# United States Naval Academy

## DAVID CHARLES EPPLING

Forest Hills, New York

Dave never met a stranger; the reason was simple enough—he liked everybody. Through his varied interests in class and Brigade activities, his warm personality and willingness to contribute enabled him to be one of the sparking elements in Navy doings. Weekdays found him stroking a Navy shell out on the Severn, but when the weekend rolled around, he pursued dragging with a will. Betwixt these pleasures, Dave helped to entertain the troops on WRNV. One of these days, he will be discovered either flying in Marine green or bucking the seas in the tin can Navy.

## JAMES ALPHONSO ESTEP, JR.

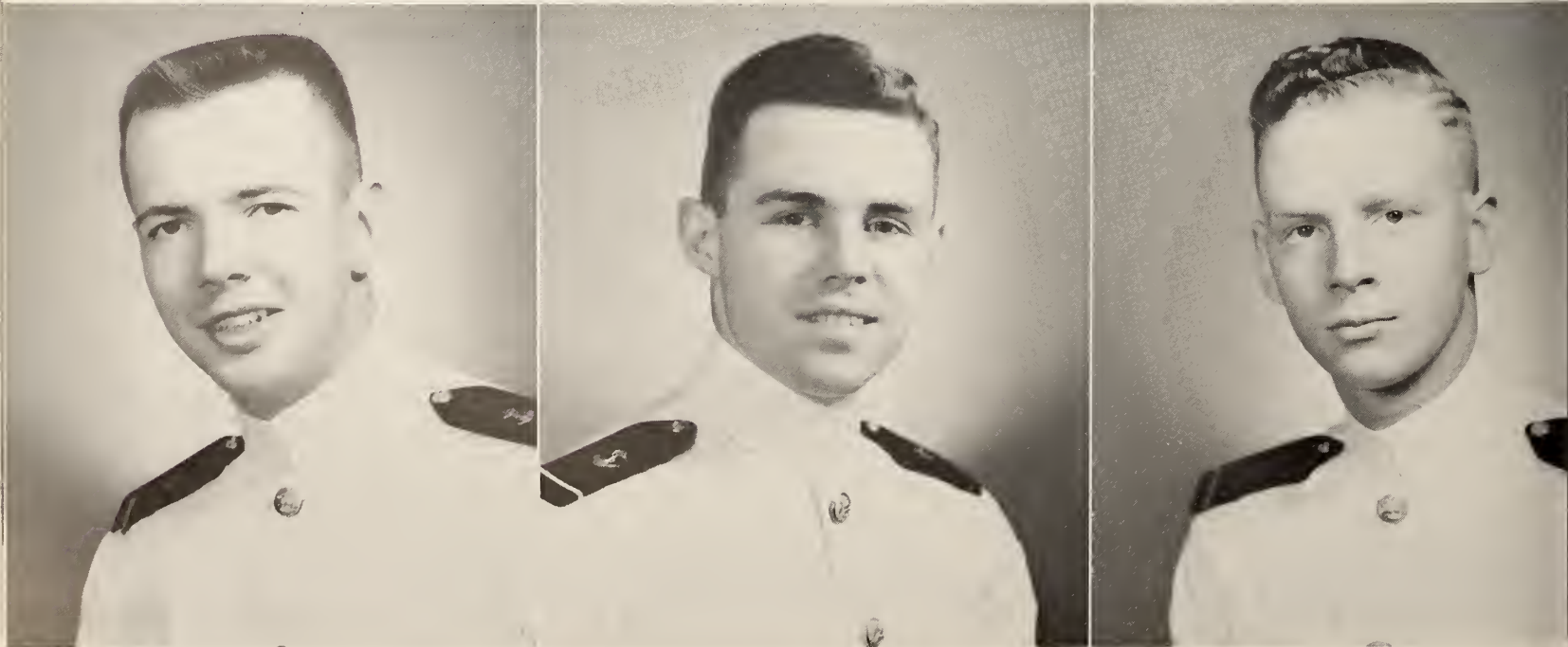
Beckley, West Virginia

Down the trail from West Virginia came our little Alphy for a stay at the Boat School, where he divided his time between flashing a pair of cymbals in the Drum and Bugle Corps, keeping the academic departments at bay, and slashing his way through four years on the fencing team. What time remained was spent painting, his favorite hobby, and upon occasion he even found time to drag. Alphy plans to seek a pair of silver wings, where his cherubic smile and glowing personality will stand him in good stead in the wild blue yonder.

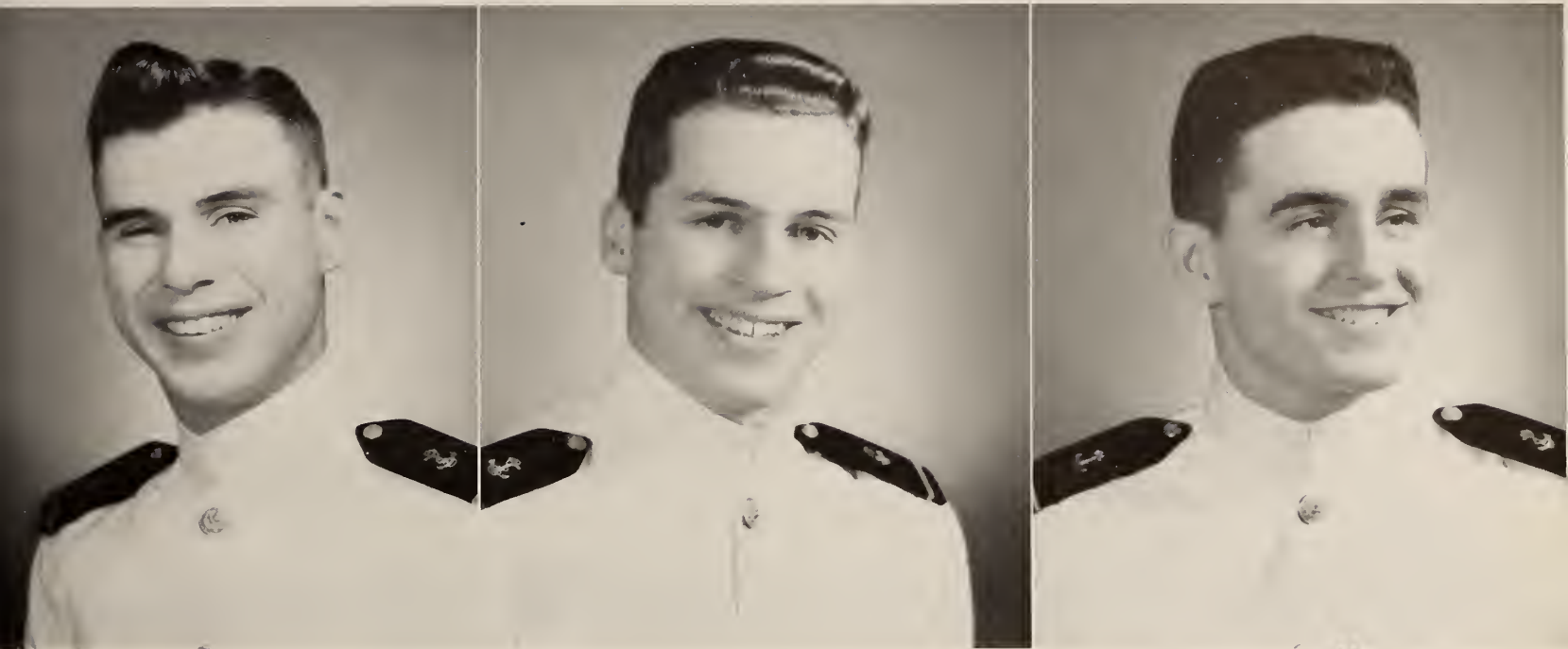
## EARL JASPER FARNEY

Holland Patent, New York

Earl, alias Jasper, was brought up on a farm in Holland Patent, New York. He became interested in aviation while in high school and still carried that interest through his Navy Tech activities. Turning down an opportunity to enter the Merchant Marine Academy, he decided to become a midshipman. Here he ran intramural cross country, steeplechase, and battalion track. It is no surprise to learn that Earl plans to make Naval Aviation his career. Someday, though, when he must put his wings away, his choice will be to earn a degree in tree husbandry and have his own business after retiring.







**LOUIS HENRY FISLER**

Schenectady, New York

Although a native New Yorker, Lou spent a year and a half at Georgia Tech. Coming here to the Academy, he jumped right in to make his mark in academics. Lou wore stars all his years at Navy; in addition to that, he was often to be found in the squash courts or running steeplechase. A natural scientific trend led him to the Physics and Electrical Engineering clubs and to photography as a hobby. Perhaps his own command is not so far off. For Lou, Navy line is fine.

**WILLIAM THOMAS FLYNN**

Orange, New Jersey

Bill, an aggressive second baseman on Max Bishop's "Little Leaguers," was a competitor in all he undertook. He was a stalwart on the company squash and unlimited football teams as well as a member of the Superintendent's List of academic stars. His friends knew him for his quick smile and ready witticisms—his funniest task being the making of a green and gold "rasputnik" with a detailed map of Ireland on the bottom. He will surprise no one by his success in whatever service he joins after that long-awaited day in June of 1958.

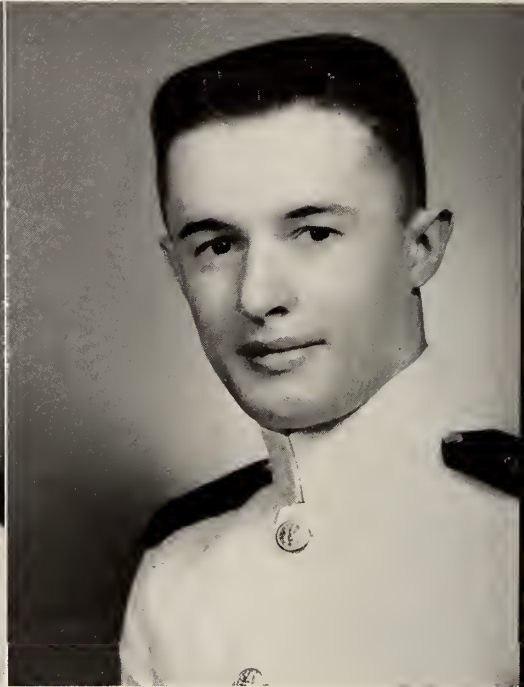
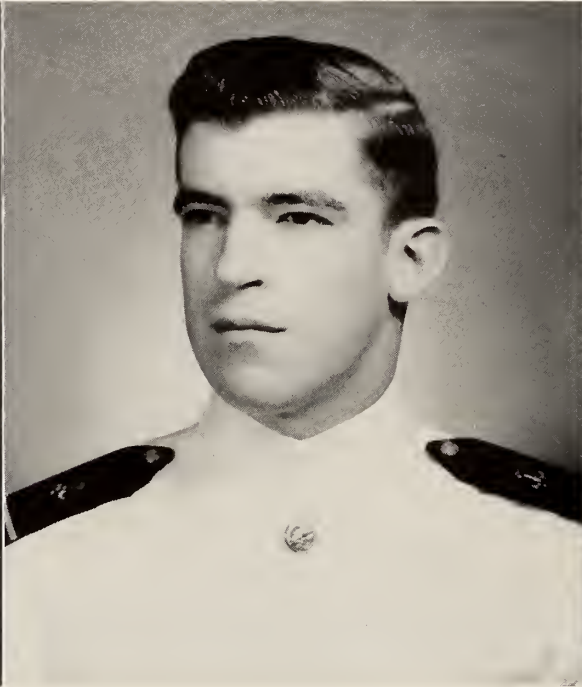
**THOMAS PATRICK FORRESTAL, JR.**

Cleveland, Ohio

While at St. Ignatius High School in Cleveland, Tom displayed two outstanding characteristics: a cool head under pressure and the ability to make men follow him. He brought these abilities with him to the Naval Academy and put them to good use during his four years here. Success on the Plebe football team was naturally followed by even greater heights as quarterback for the Varsity. His ready wit and knowledge of rock and roll were surpassed only by his play on the gridiron. With all his ability, even temperament, and wonderful personality, 'T' can't miss in whatever branch of the service he chooses.



*United States Naval Academy*



**GEORGE FRANCIS XAVIER GALLAGHER, JR.**

New York, New York

George was born in the big city and never became accustomed to the small town life of Annapolis. During the week he could be found playing soccer or, during the winter, donning a helmet to become a fieldball goalkeeper. As the weekend faded from view, he might have been heard saying that now all he needed was a little more time for those Skinny and Nav p-works; actually he found time to be active in the Catholic Choir, the French Club, the Boat Club, and the Newman Club. Graduation will find him well on the way to achieving his desired place in the Marine Corps.

**RICHARD HALL GORDON**

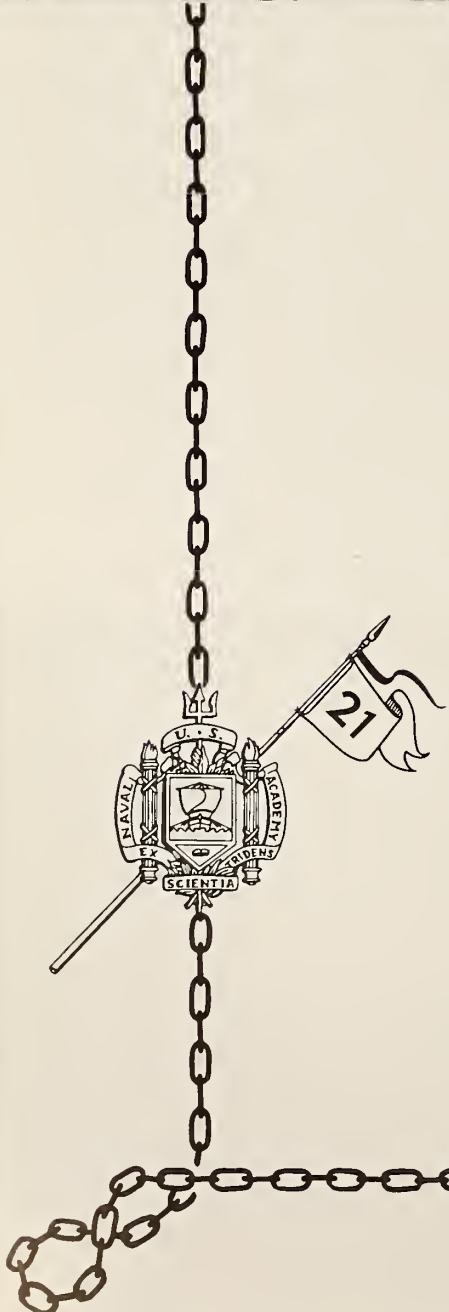
Lowville, New York

When "Itchie" came to Navy from Lowville High School, he was forced to shelve, for a while, his most highly valued possession, a clarinet. He never forgot its mysteries, though, and so every now and then he treated the company to some smooth music. His interests were many and varied, including company volleyball, modern Jazz, and a dislike for Russian. Dick was always ready to give a hand to less "savvy" classmates when the occasion arose. His major form of relaxation came from dragging, a pursuit that occupied most of his weekends. Dick's eager cooperation and friendly banter made friends for him throughout the Brigade.

**WILLIAM HOLLAND GREEN**

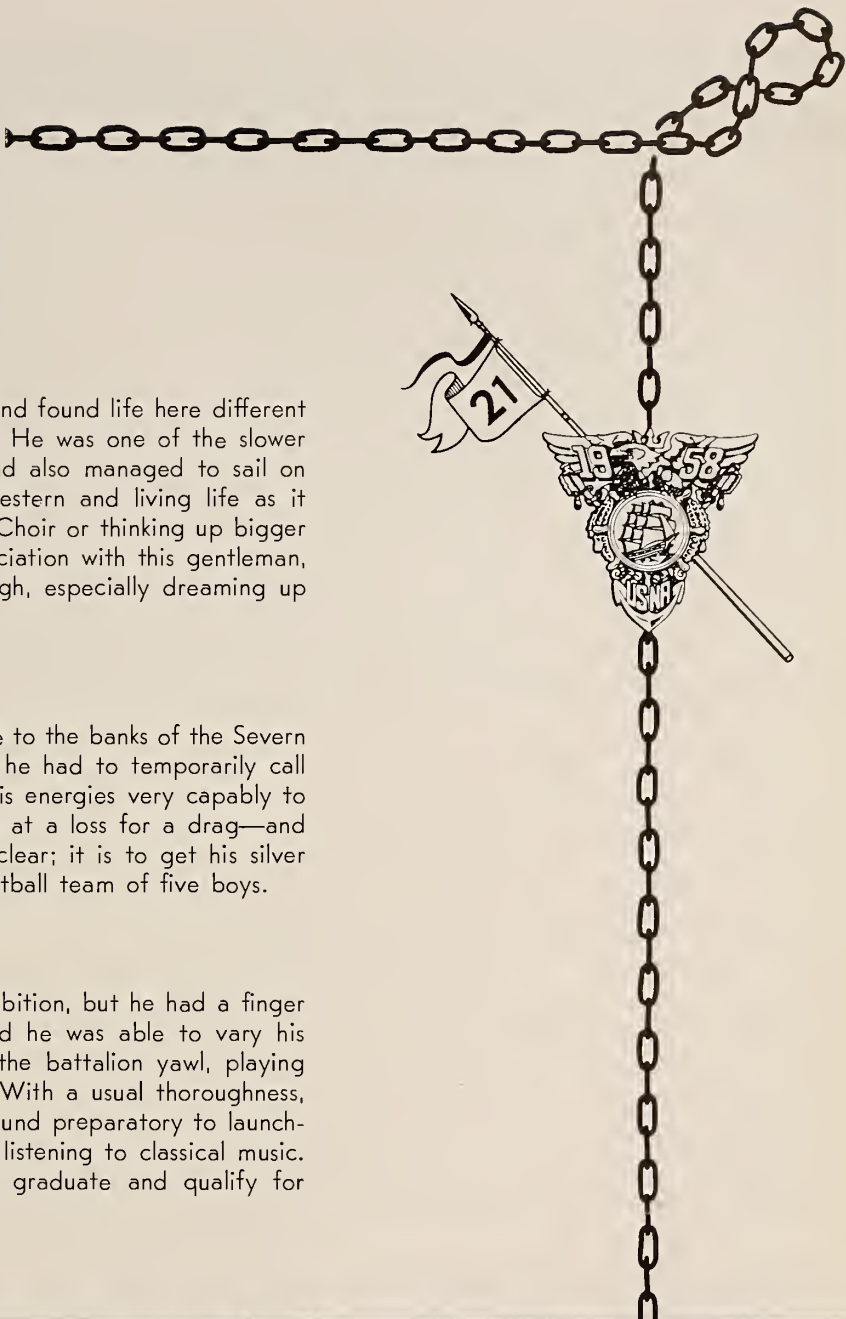
Hillsboro, Virginia

From Baltimore's Polytechnic Institute to the Navy's Trade School was only a short haul for Willy. While at Navy he engaged in various extracurricular activities since his previous background prepared him for the academics. In his spare moments he could be found in the wrestling loft or running over hill and dale with the company cross country team. A diligent worker with a great big heart, Willy plans a career in Navy line and the Fleet will profit from the presence of an aggressive and capable officer.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## ROBERT LEE HARSHBERGER

Johnstown, Pennsylvania

Bob came to Navy Tech after a year at Penn State and found life here different for some reason; however, he took a liking to it at once. He was one of the slower speed merchants of the company cross country team, and also managed to sail on the battalion yawl. Aside from reading an occasional western and living life as it came, Bob could be found helping out with the Catholic Choir or thinking up bigger and better cruises with the Boat Club. After a little association with this gentleman, one could say that he enjoyed doing anything for a laugh, especially dreaming up new antics for the plebes.

## JOHN JAY HUMMER

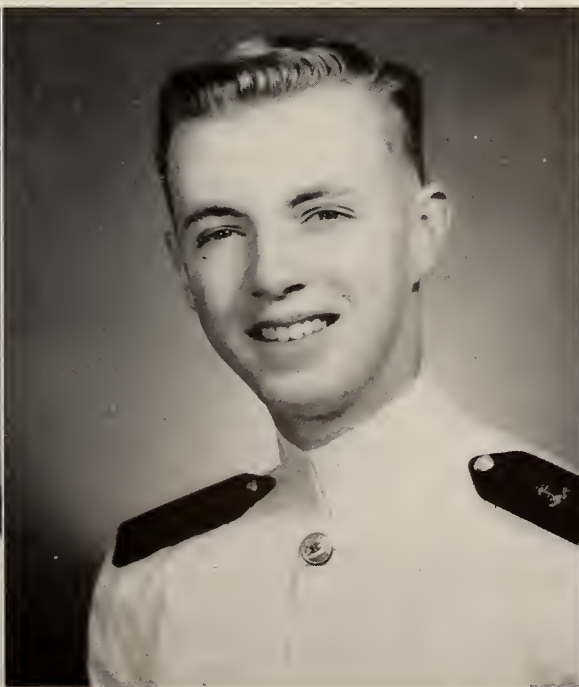
Lakewood, Ohio

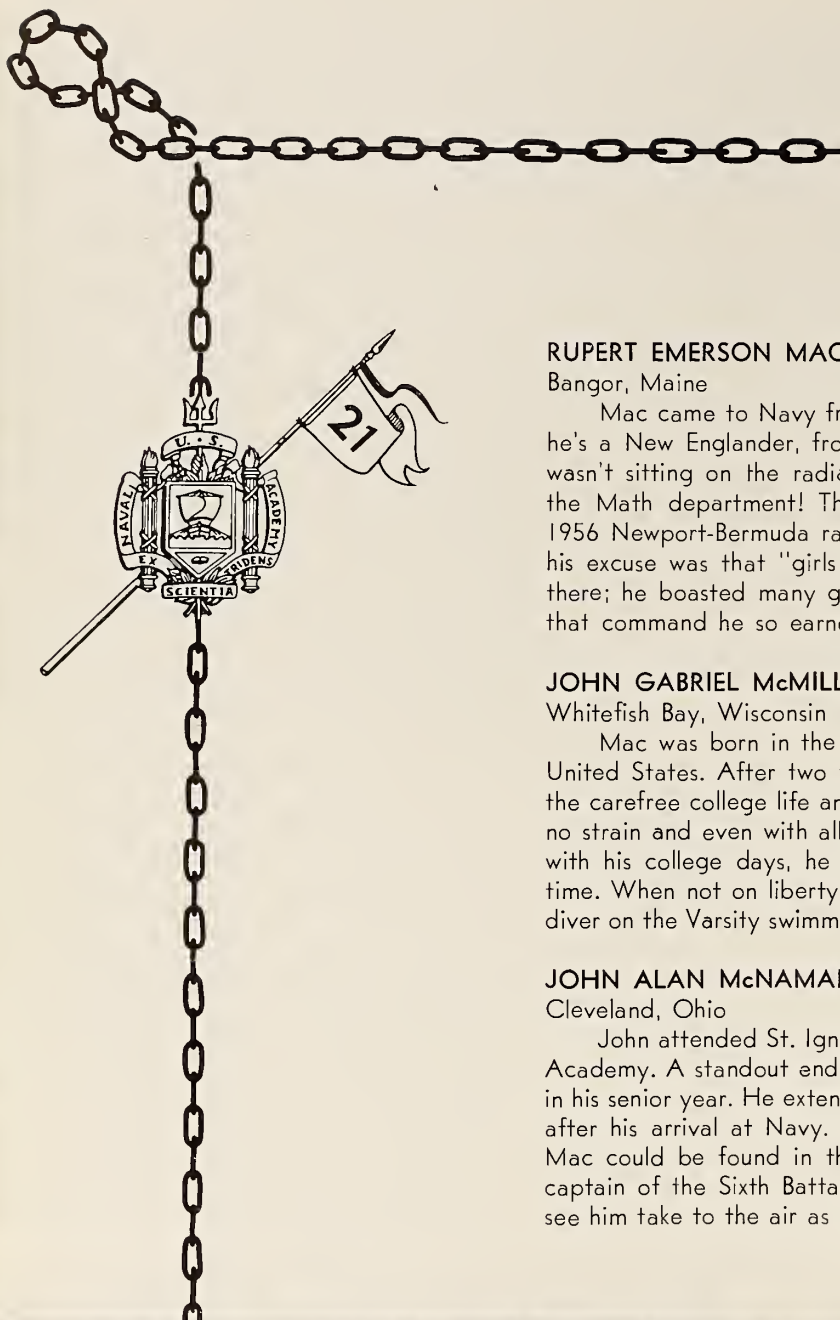
"JJ," who claims the Buckeye State as his home, came to the banks of the Severn from University High School in Columbus. Unfortunately he had to temporarily call a halt to his favorite pastime—sports cars—but turned his energies very capably to playing company volleyball and basketball. He was never at a loss for a drag—and he had a ball wherever he went. To "J.J." the future is clear; it is to get his silver wings, do a lot of flying, and then to raise his own basketball team of five boys.

## SAMUEL JESS LYONS, JR.

Little Rock, Arkansas

Sam would say that to "just take it easy" was his ambition, but he had a finger in many pies. Starring in academics came with ease and he was able to vary his activities with such things as Plebe wrestling, sailing on the battalion yawl, playing company volleyball, and running company cross country. With a usual thoroughness, Sam liked to wrestle with the mysteries of high fidelity sound preparatory to launching his own project to aid him in his favorite pastime of listening to classical music. All this, however, was just marking time until he could graduate and qualify for submarines after a hitch in Navy line.





# United States Naval Academy

## RUPERT EMERSON MACLEAN, JR.

Bangor, Maine

Mac came to Navy from the Army via NAPS. He never pronounced his "R's"—he's a New Englander, from down East in Maine to be specific. He sailed when he wasn't sitting on the radiator or cooped up at extra instruction; he never did like the Math department! The crowning achievement of his sailing activities was the 1956 Newport-Bermuda race aboard the yawl "Swift." Mac hated physical exercise; his excuse was that "girls like me without big muscles." Perhaps he had something there; he boasted many girls in his past! On some fair day, Mac will certainly have that command he so earnestly seeks.

## JOHN GABRIEL McMILLAN

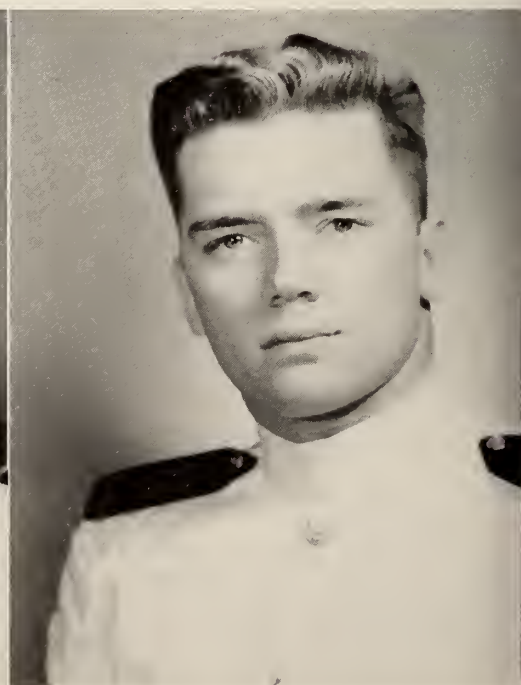
Whitefish Bay, Wisconsin

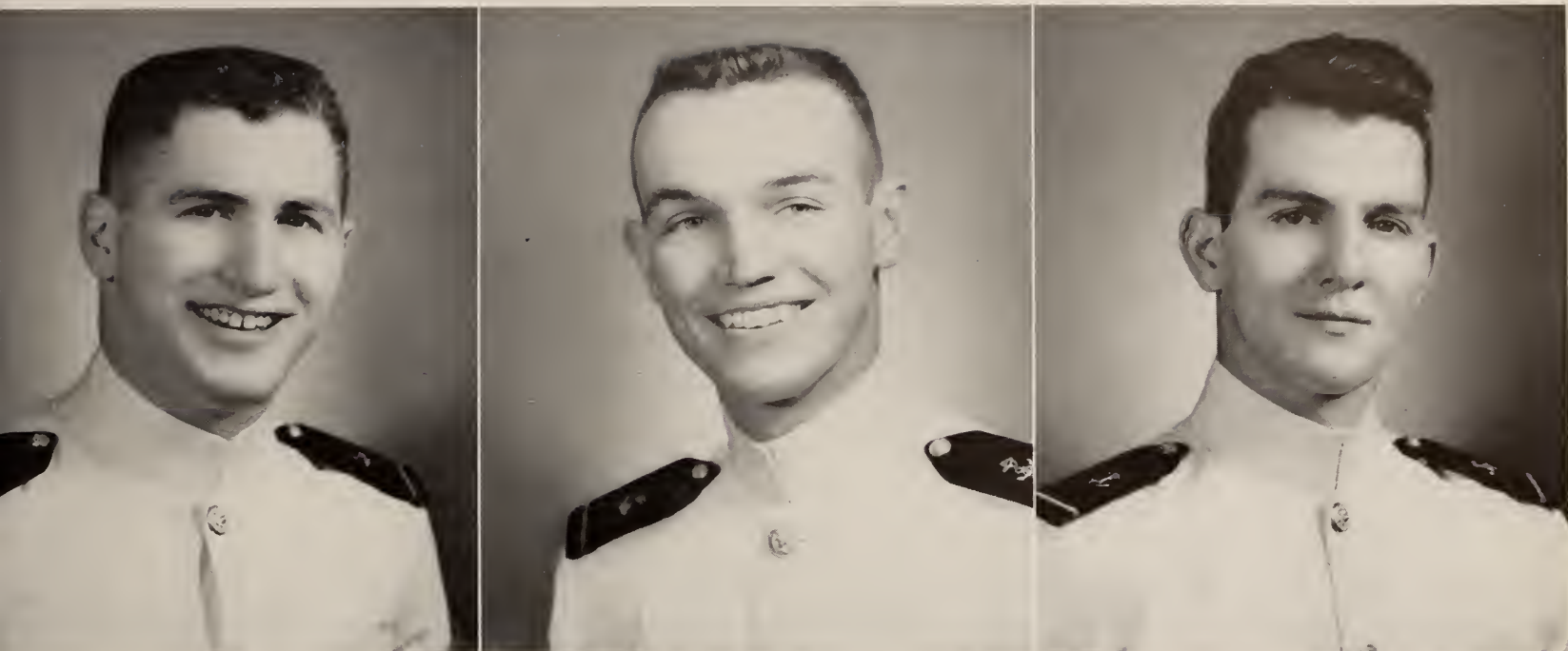
Mac was born in the North Woods and now hails from the beer capital of the United States. After two years at the University of Wisconsin, he began to tire of the carefree college life and turned to the Barge and Boat School. Academics proved no strain and even with all the restraining regulations which contrasted most strongly with his college days, he still managed to make the most of liberty and dragging time. When not on liberty, he could be found bouncing around the Natatorium as a diver on the Varsity swimming team. With graduation past, Navy air is his choice.

## JOHN ALAN McNAMARA

Cleveland, Ohio

John attended St. Ignatius High School in Cleveland before coming to the Naval Academy. A standout end on the football team there, Mac won All-Scholastic honors in his senior year. He extended his abilities to the Plebe, JV and Varsity football teams after his arrival at Navy. When he wasn't dragging or writing to some new flame, Mac could be found in the steerage or working out on the "blue trampoline." As captain of the Sixth Battalion sub squad he had some wet moments; the future will see him take to the air as a Navy flyboy.





**GEORGE ROBERT McNULTY**

Cleveland, Ohio

George was a true athlete, as immediately becomes evident upon examining his record. He was a staunch bulwark on the "Mighty Mites," where his play at end won him an "N" during his youngster year; his only trouble was making the weight. He also did a good job as a midfielder for the Varsity lacrosse team during the spring season. Irish got along with just about everyone and made friends easily. He prefers Navy air, but whatever branch of service he ultimately chooses will be getting a good man.

**HENRY NEWT MEANS, III**

Little Rock, Arkansas

Hank brought an interest in many things to Navy when he breezed in from the capital of the Razorback State. Known as a man of varied talents, his prowess in the classroom, on the cinder track, and as a member of the "Hellcats" constantly bore this fact out. He generally favored the distaff side and was not one to let a few setbacks discourage him. Working down at "Radio Navy" took care of most of his remaining free time. Hank plans to travel down to Quantico and begin a long career of service in the Marine Corps.

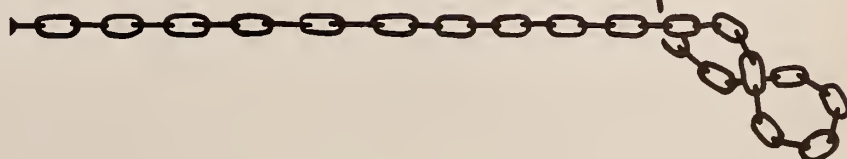
**RUSSELL VERNON MOWERY**

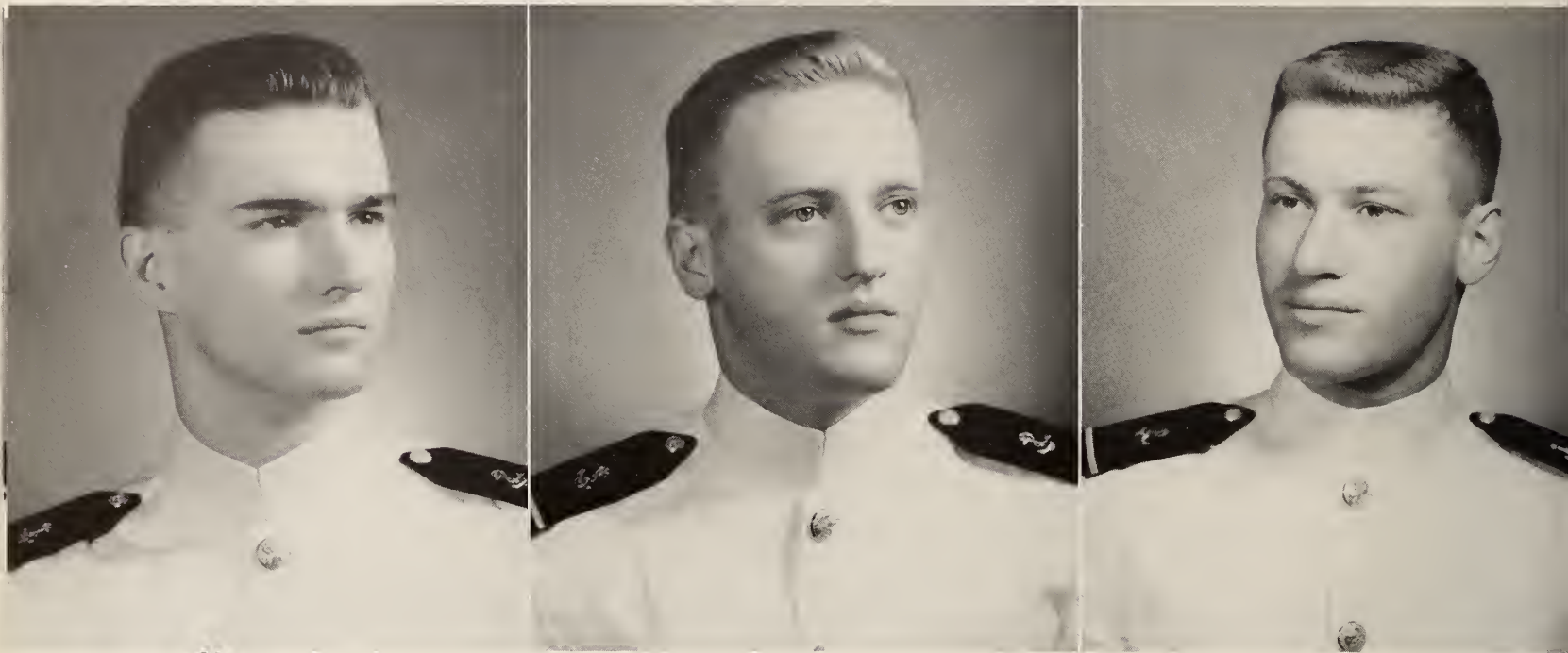
Massillon, Ohio

Russ graduated from Washington High School of Massillon in 1952, then spent a little time in the Navy, from which he came to the Naval Academy. He brought both athletic and musical abilities with him, for besides playing plebe and company squash, unlimited football, and volleyball, he played baritone sax in the NA-10. Although he might have said that his primary interest was obtaining a 2.5 in every subject, he did enjoy putting a bit of time in on listening to progressive jazz. Russ looks like a sure fire bet to climb to great heights in his chosen career.



*United States Naval Academy*





#### CHESTER ANTHONY NAGLE

Ho-Ho-kus, New Jersey

Chet claimed the quiet town Ho-Ho-kus as his home, but he was reasonably sure that the universe revolved around the big city across the river. After attending a New York high school, he spent a year at Columbia College and entered the Academy with a SecNav competitive appointment. Chet brought a camera and several years of photographic and writing experience with him, and he put that experience to work for the '57 and '58 **Lucky Bags** as well as with the **Log** and **Splinter**. If circumstances should prevent a Navy career, he hopes to make his way in professional photography.

#### ROBERT MICHAEL NAZAK

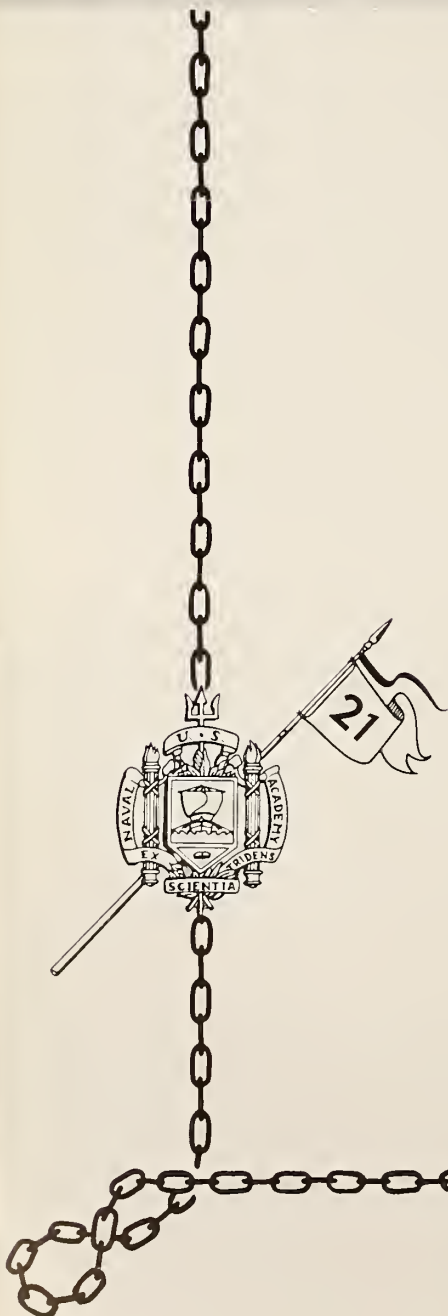
Forest City, Pennsylvania

Bob came to Navy from the land-locked state of Pennsylvania. Although he sprang from a long line of landlubbers, it looks as though the Navy has a firm hold on future generations. Company softball and steeplechase occupied a good portion of his time, but most of his idle hours were spent sailing on the Chesapeake. From time to time he could be seen chasing a ball around the golf course, or challenging his roommate to a session on the tennis court for their mythical award, the "Cassidy Cup." After graduation, Bob plans to go into Navy line and then to follow his firstie's footsteps into the Silent Service.

#### DONALD LOUIS PETERS

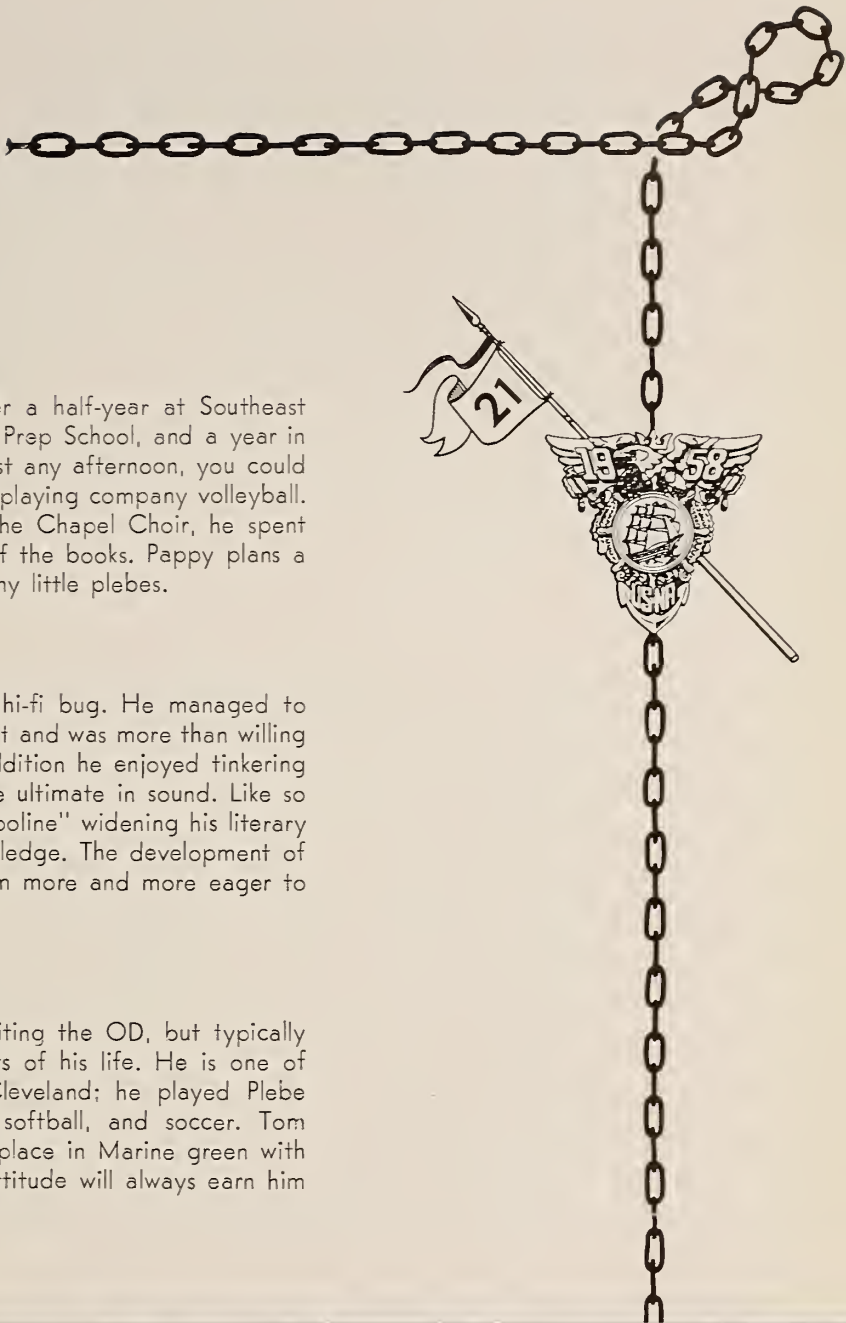
Chicago, Illinois

Being brought up in the Midwest, it was a mystery where Don's interest in the naval profession originated. He graduated from high school in Indiana and then attended Rose Polytechnic Institute for a year. Once here, he jumped right in; Don worked on the **Log** art and writing staffs as well as on the '58 **Lucky Bag**. His interests still lie in engineering; after graduation he wants to go to Post Graduate School for his Ph.D. He'd like destroyer duty until that opportunity comes; after the long pull is over, a small farm somewhere in New England would suit him fine.



*United States Naval Academy*

# United States Naval Academy



## LARRY JOE POLK

Silva, Missouri

Larry hailed from a small town in the Ozarks. After a half-year at Southeast Missouri State Teachers College, a few months at Hilder Prep School, and a year in the Naval Reserve, he came to the Academy. During most any afternoon, you could find him over at the fencing loft swinging a sabre, or out playing company volleyball. Aside from eating mushrooms with Alphy or singing in the Chapel Choir, he spent a considerable amount of time studying to keep ahead of the books. Pappy plans a long career in Naval air, and someday hopes to raise many little plebes.

## GENE HUNTLEY PORTER

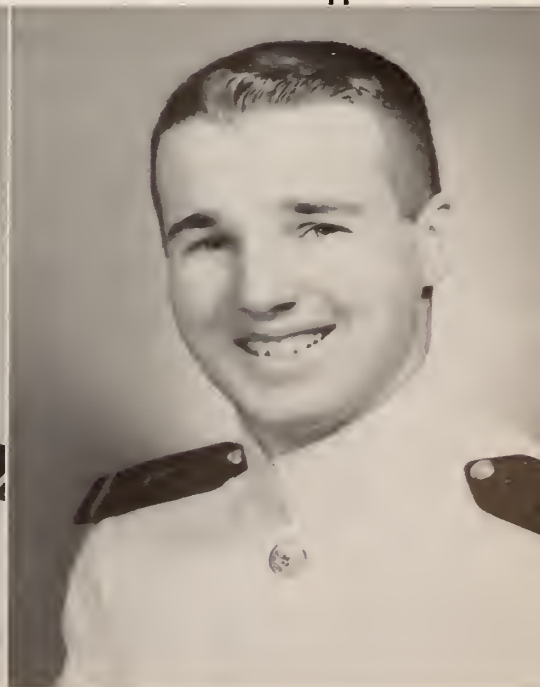
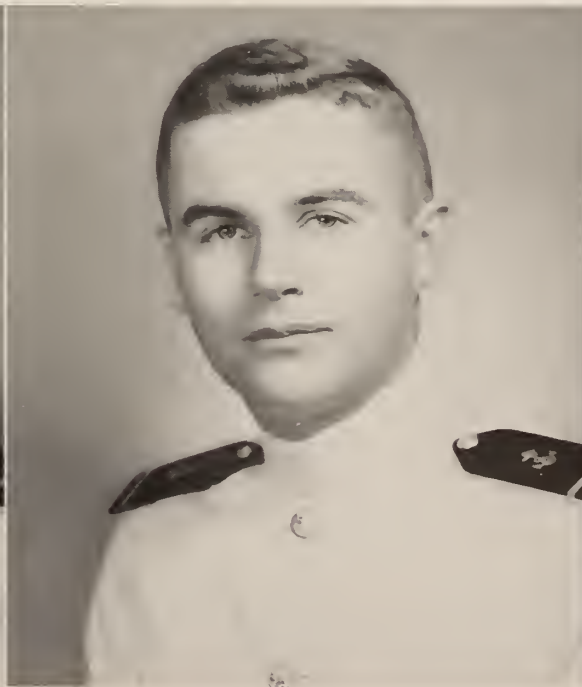
New Hartford, New York

Gene was known to his many friends as a likeable hi-fi bug. He managed to keep ahead of the books with a minimum of time and effort and was more than willing to help the less fortunate. Sailing was his forte, but in addition he enjoyed tinkering with tubes, wire and circuit diagrams in his search for the ultimate in sound. Like so many of us, he put in a little time on the "big blue trampoline" widening his literary horizons with the mid's handy dandy little books of knowledge. The development of more and more high-performance naval aircraft makes him more and more eager to have his wings and fly the P6M.

## WILLIAM THOMAS SINNOTT

Euclid, Ohio

Tom spent the first month of Second Class year visiting the OD, but typically considers that long session one of the humorous incidents of his life. He is one of his company's "Four Horsemen" from St. Ignatius in Cleveland; he played Plebe football and has continued playing company football, softball, and soccer. Tom yearned for his old newspaper customer in Euclid and a place in Marine green with wings. In any case, his sense of humor and easy going attitude will always earn him many more friends.





**ALASDAIR EDWARD SWANSON**

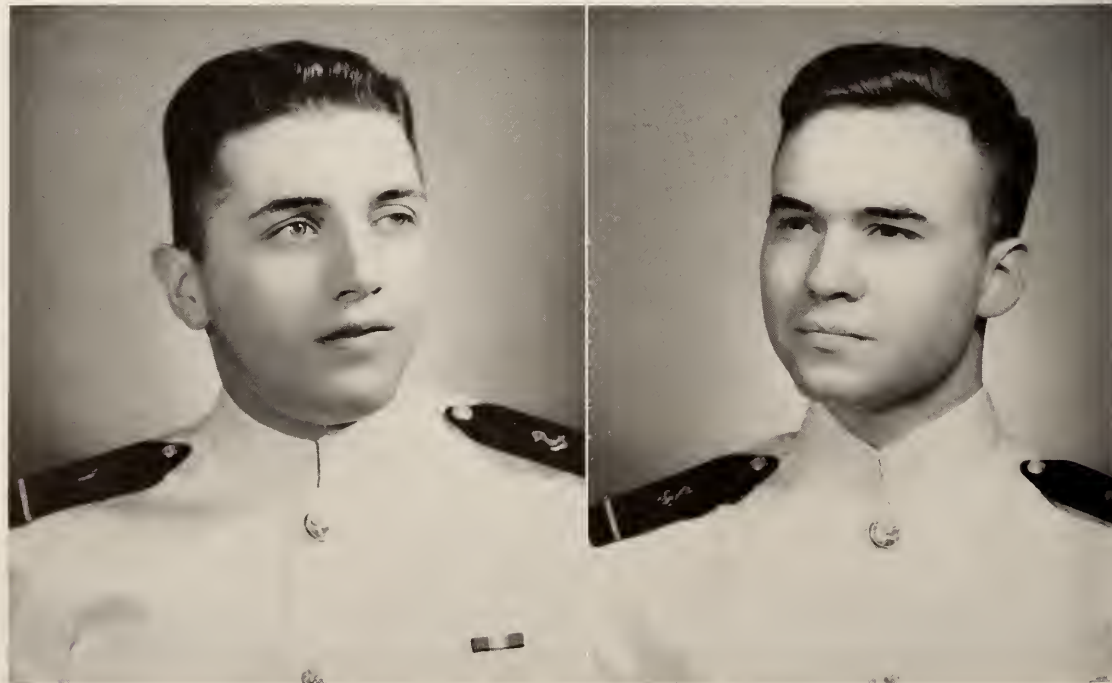
West Orange, New Jersey

Al came to Navy from the Garden State after one year at Dickinson College in Pennsylvania. At West Orange High School, Al's main interest was athletics and at the Academy, three years of Varsity basketball, football, and track along with Plebe baseball marked him as one of the outstanding athletes in the class. Upon graduation "Swany" plans to specialize in some branch of the Navy and would like a chance to do a little coaching if the opportunities present themselves.

**THEODORE MARTIN WILLIAMS**

Atlanta, Georgia

This Rebel without a cause was a Southerner of the first and most fanatical water. Heeding the call to the Service, he left Georgia Tech to begin what promises to be a long and successful career in the Navy as a submariner. Never one to relax, Ted put many hours into his work on the gymnastics team, and he was equally as active with WRNV and the Antiphonal Choir. As for the way his leave is spent, just look at some of Ted's colored slides of wilderness areas in the hills; that bearded and highly informal gentleman with the bent for camping in inaccessible places is our boy!







*Left to right: First row—Wilson Martin, Brons, Bromwell, Boltz J., Lazarchick, Akens, Steidle, Cohen. Second row—Walls, Littlefield, Nash, Oakes, Brezina, Shultz, Reynolds, Anderson, Houley. Third row—Piekansky, Wright, Gunther, Guay, Morrison, Cooper, Culliton, Fraime. Fourth row—Kelly, Smith, Geist, Libert.*



*Left to right: First row—Finberg, dela Guardia, Savage, McNabb, Presley, Koontz, Wilson, McClure. Second row—Chiles, Stevenson, Thomas, Council, Greenberg, Ferguson, Tedder, Passarella, Setric. Third row—Powell, Heard, Vaughan, Duran, Powers, Fitzpatrick, Fitzgerald, Kopp. Fourth row—Ross, Nichols, Johnson, Dirksen, Toone, Inderlied, Henning. Fifth row—Eilertsen, Larsen.*



*Left to right: First row—Ritter, Booth, Ecklen, Hoffman, Wagner, White, Davis, Hodges, Pesda, Farrell. Second row—Williams, Loftus, Rasmussen, Evans, Sheahan, Muench, Hutzler, Mattiace, Falconer. Third row—Dugan, O'Neill, Holly, Cox, Winberley, Graustein, Kerley, Westfall. Fourth row—O'Connor, George, Shreve, Fluegel, Matalavage, Morris, Norman. Fifth row—McEwen, Gonyea, Wright, Hoppe, Marshall, Dunn. Sixth row—Ryan, Dvornik.*



Lt. V.J. Vine, USN  
Company Officer

A wise philosopher once said, "Wisdom will lead men, but laughter will save them." If this is true, then the men of the "Double Deuce" are safe. Since the bygone days of '55, laughter dominated the company; who can forget the fabulous "Theatrical Guild"? There was Harper as the "Barefoot Contessa," Hayes as "Marty," and Narro as his loving mother. The same production was to give forth the brilliant performance of Evans as Marty's peculiarly demonstrative "dog," with Brooks and Driscoll alternating as the cynical and subtle narrators. The Guild proved to be the keynote of the company's feelings for the next four years.

Not all the laughter was found at the company parties—every activity during the four years could be a topic for jest. YP drills found the midshipman OD tense and alert, fully aware of the biting re-

## Twenty-second Company



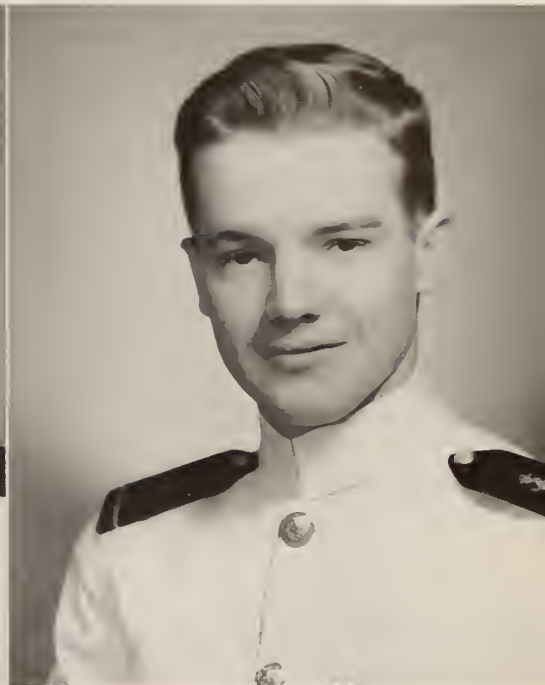
Fall Set. Left to right—Fuller, Anderson, Marshall, West, Hayes, Brooks.



Winter Set. Left to right—Dean, Bumgardner, Fennell, Smith, Harper, Kandra.

marks that would plague him at the tables should he "foul up." If laughter added pleasure to our leisure time, it eased our tensions during the many drills in all subjects. There were many things to be remembered; the distinctive voice of the good natured "Spic" adding confusion to the already hectic radio nets; the distinguished services as OD's by his two roommates, "Spic One" and "Spic Two"; and the many battles with the academic departments by those of us who stood "distinguished among those who knew little."

We lived together for four years, and we laughed—at each other and at ourselves. Laughter let us grow wise instead of bitter, and mature instead of merely older. Laughter gave us pride in our classmates, in our company, and in ourselves—that which will best enable us to give honorable and able service to our country.



**MARCOS IGNACIO ALVAREZ**

Ponce, Puerto Rico

Mark came to Navy from Puerto Rico after two years at the University of Notre Dame where he majored in engineering. Not even plebe year could keep him from his beloved siesta; he always maintained that no one should attempt to alter a national custom. Here he settled down to pay the rent successfully and managed to learn a third language, Italian, to go with his native Spanish and English, which he claimed he knew. He always showed a preference for the military way of doing things and hopes to turn this trait into a successful career in the Marine Corps.

**DAVID CRAWFORD ANDERSON**

Bloomfield, Connecticut

Coming south from the Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire, Dave was already an old hand with the sliderule. He wasted no time in showing himself "pro" in all courses and a good man for that last minute extra instruction. His savvy in dago amazed us all and made for a lot of enjoyable times on those foreign cruises. His athletic love was the squash courts and he became one of Navy's best at batting the ball up against the hardwoods. He had a few trying moments but the ones that did come along were solved by the daily mail from the OAO. Dave's future in Navy line is extremely bright.

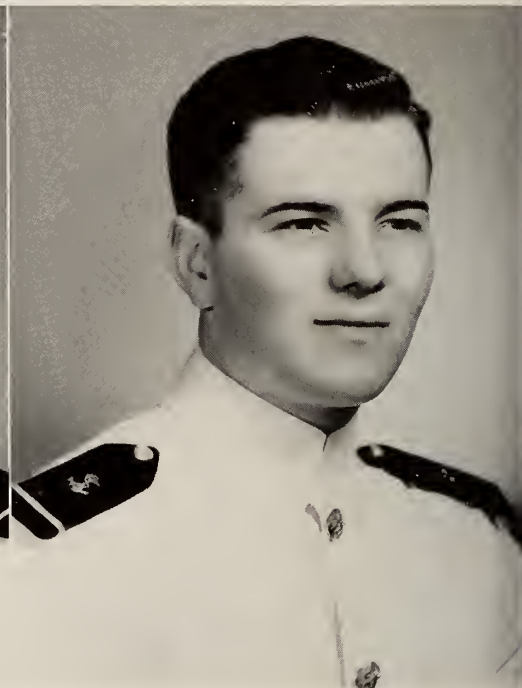
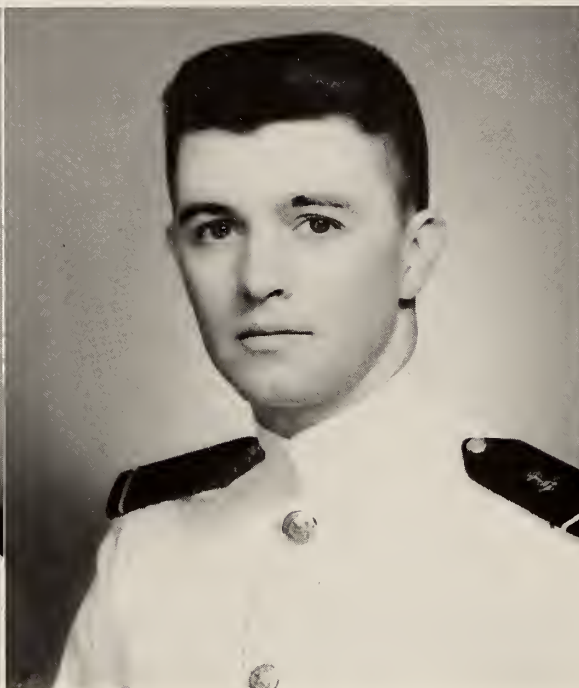
**ARTHUR JAMES BENNETT**

New York, New York

Art was no stranger to the nautical world when he joined us; eighteen months in the Coast Guard Reserve saw to that. During plebe summer, he joined the sub squad and managed to hold down a starting berth for four years despite the stiff competition. Always interested in the things happening about him, Art kept abreast of everything and there was a scarcity of plebes who could outfox him with the carry-on question. His main academic activity seemed to lie in helping others clear the hurdles that were met. Art seemed to prefer the cockpit of a plane to the deck of a ship; we know he'll excel in anything.



*United States Naval Academy*



**WILLIAM JOHN BREDBECK**

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Bill came prepared with many a question to stump the upper class during plebe year; he had previously spent three years in the Fleet as a sonarman. Showing almost at once all the qualities that most of the rest of us only dreamed of, he soon shot to the top of every type of class standing known in Mother Bancroft. He made short work of any academic lesson; his savvy was unbounded and even snowed the profs. He spent most of his spare time working with the Juice Gang, who could well attest to his know-how in any situation. This old salt will return to the tin cans he loves, and you can bet that he'll always be one of the best in anything he undertakes.

**PAUL EUGENE BROOKS**

San Diego, California

Paul brought an unusual worldly background with him due to his travels as a Navy Junior; he even spent some time at Robert College in Istanbul, Turkey. His tales of the Near East could top even the tallest Texas yarn and, of course, he would occasionally lose us completely by babbling incoherently in Turkish. He was a liberal arts man to the core, but an avowed enemy of the slipstick; no radiator man, though, he put in his time with the sports program with great advantage to the company. His cartoons in the **Log** and **Splinter** would often reflect his unusual sense of humor. "Pablo" believes that Navy air is the school solution.

**WILLIAM MICHAEL BROWN**

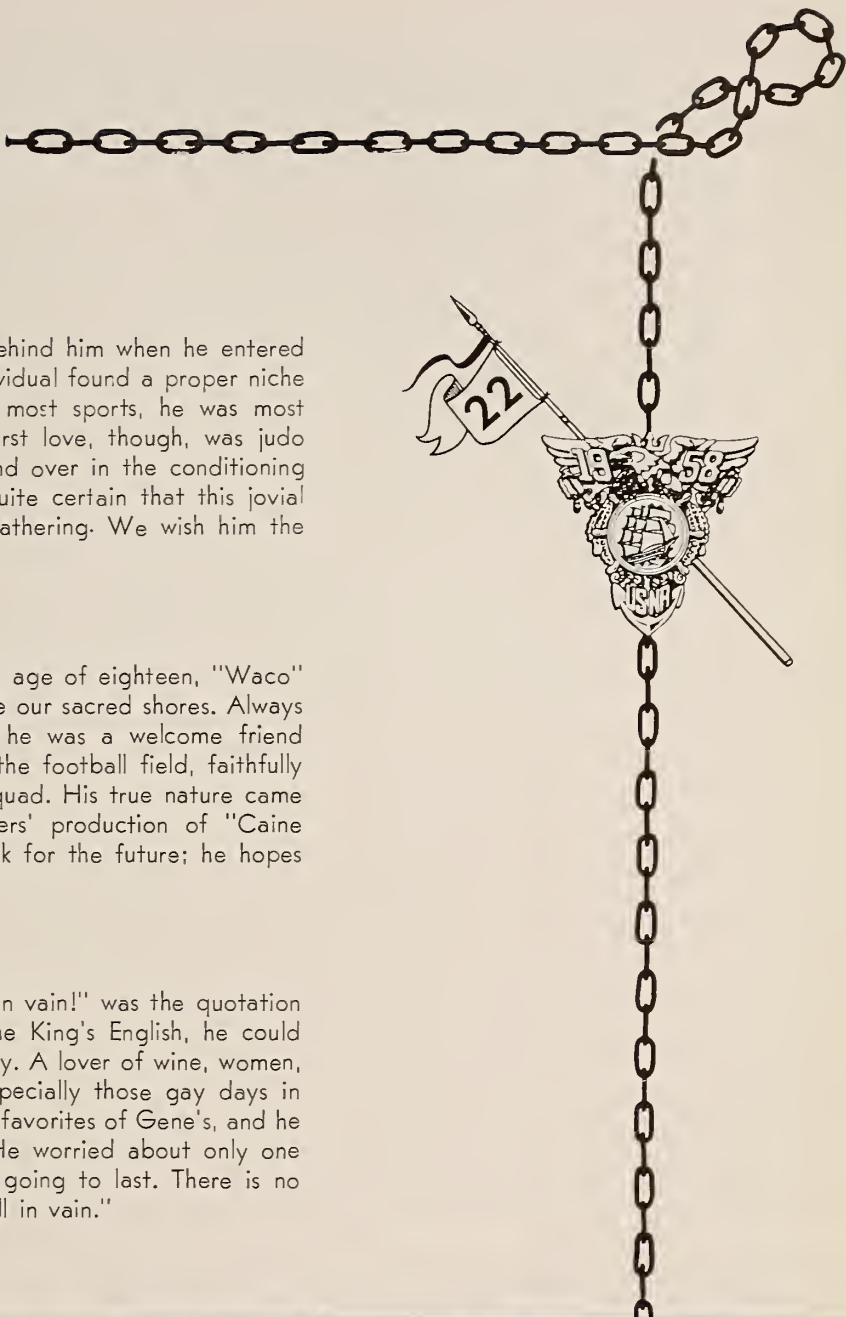
Denver, Colorado

Migrating from the land of tall mountains, Bill hated to trade the rarefied air of Denver for our muggy breathing, but he soon grew to tolerate it. The studies always had to wait for rack time or reading the latest letter from the OAO; he seemed to have an allergy for staying busy for any length of time. However, WRNV made good use of his more than capable services. Otherwise, you could usually find this Western gentleman listening to a little popular music or out shooting the breeze with the boys. Another potential flyboy, Bill hopes for flying eyes and a pair of those golden wings.



*United States Naval Academy*

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## WILLIAM RAYMOND BUMGARDNER

Montpelier, Vermont

Ray left the woods of scenic Vermont a long way behind him when he entered the Trade School. Naturally, this genial and well-liked individual found a proper niche in the fun-loving "double-deuce." Although versatile in most sports, he was most active in battalion handball and company soccer. His first love, though, was judo and it was a rare day indeed when Ray couldn't be found over in the conditioning room, trying to batter his wife into the mat. It seems quite certain that this jovial playboy will enliven many a future party or wardroom gathering. We wish him the best for that is what he rates.

## JOHN HENRY DEAN

Miami, Oklahoma

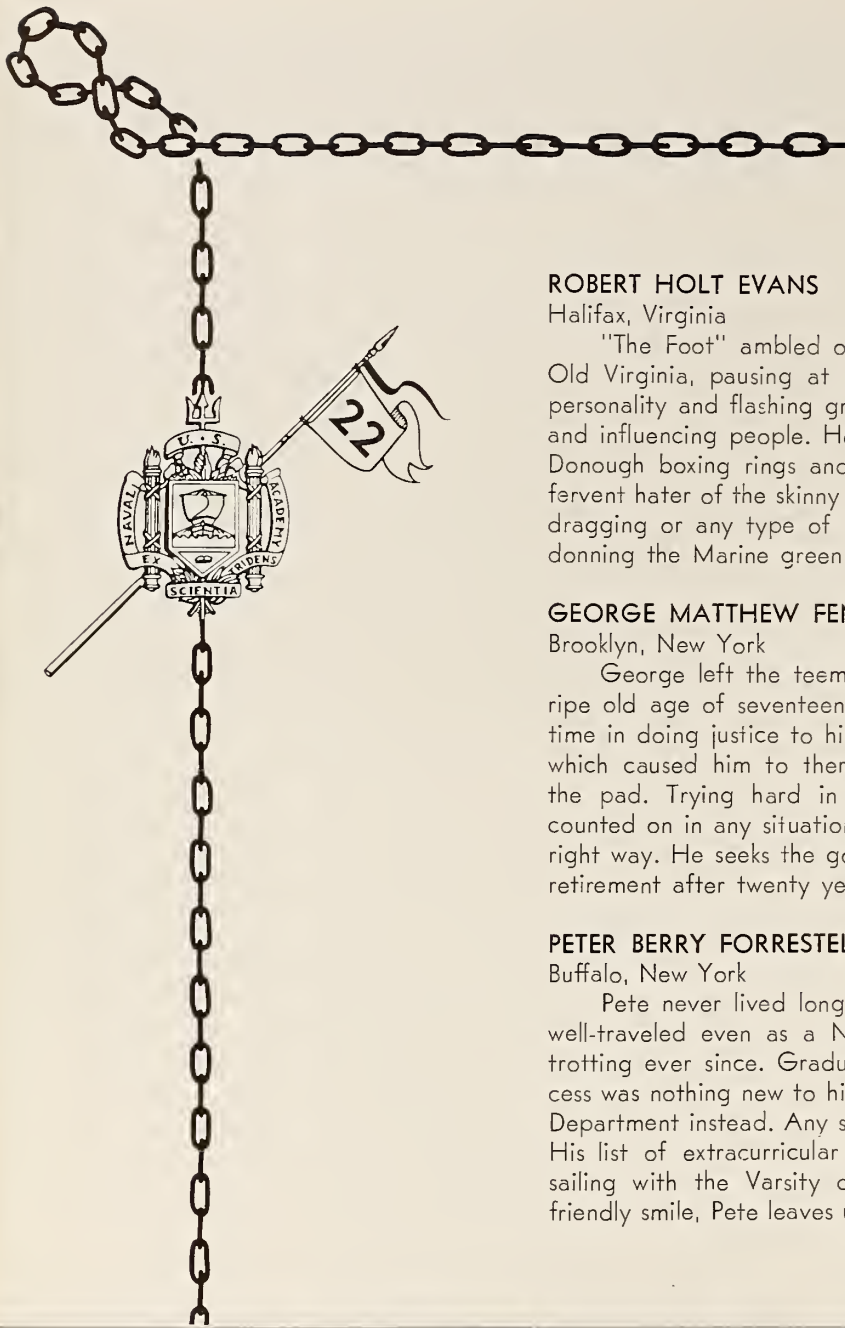
Raised on corn pone and sow belly until the ripe old age of eighteen, "Waco" left the Air Force ROTC at Miami Junior College to grace our sacred shores. Always injecting the homespun atmosphere into any gathering, he was a welcome friend at any time. He could usually be found running around the football field, faithfully attending to his duties as a manager of the lightweight squad. His true nature came out when he played the psychiatrist in the Masqueraders' production of "Caine Mutiny Court Martial." "Waco" has an optimistic outlook for the future; he hopes to spend many years aboard various tin cans.

## EUGENE JACKSON DRISCOLL, JR.

Johnstown, Pennsylvania

"Poet, philosopher, duelist—all these things—and all in vain!" was the quotation that announced Gene's presence. Fairly proficient with the King's English, he could usually be heard uttering this after a recent bout with skinny. A lover of wine, women, and song, he seemed to enjoy life wherever we went, especially those gay days in Jax during Second Class Summer. Judo and pistol were two favorites of Gene's, and he was often seen pursuing his interests in these activities. He worried about only one thing, how much longer that "distinguished hairline" was going to last. There is no doubt that Gene has a good life ahead with very little "all in vain."





# United States Naval Academy

## ROBERT HOLT EVANS

Halifax, Virginia

"The Foot" ambled on up to the Severn Trade School from the gentle life in Old Virginia, pausing at Bullis Prep along the way. Holt was to show an unusual personality and flashing grin that was to pave the way easily toward making friends and influencing people. He kept active by becoming quite "pro" over in the Mac-Donough boxing rings and also ran quite a bit of company steeplechase. Another fervent hater of the skinny monster, he just sat back to ride out the storm. Otherwise, dragging or any type of bull session could keep him happy. Holt looks forward to donning the Marine green after graduation.

## GEORGE MATTHEW FENNELL, JR.

Brooklyn, New York

George left the teeming hamlet of Brooklyn and entered the Academy at the ripe old age of seventeen. While always one of our youngest members, he lost no time in doing justice to his new way of life. Plebe year had its usual rigors for him, which caused him to thereafter dedicate his time to staying on good terms with the pad. Trying hard in every undertaking, George's good judgment could be counted on in any situation, whether it was battalion handball or raising a plebe the right way. He seeks the golden wings of Navy air and is already looking forward to retirement after twenty years of service.

## PETER BERRY FORRESTEL

Buffalo, New York

Pete never lived long enough in one spot to call any of them his home town; well-traveled even as a Navy Junior, he was born in Rome and has been globe-trotting ever since. Graduating cum laude from Deerfield Academy, academic success was nothing new to him. He preferred to wage an all-out war with the Executive Department instead. Any study hour longer than five minutes was too much for Pete. His list of extracurricular activities included the Glee Club, Catholic Choir, and sailing with the Varsity dinghies and the "Freedom" crew. With his guitar and friendly smile, Pete leaves us for Navy air and the day when he'll take over as C.N.O.





**GRAN FRED FULLER**

Houston, Texas

Gran was no stranger to the hidden tricks of the slide rule and log tables when he joined us; he had previously attended Rice Institute for two years in the heart of the Lone Star State. He worried much less about the books than he did about losing weight for the lightweight football weigh-ins; but with true Texas spirit, he always made it and helped the team greatly. Soccer and softball combined with the Aeronautical Engineering Club kept him happy when he wasn't waiting for the letter from Philly. As his stint as a midshipman draws to a close, Gran and Texas can both be justly proud of a job well done.

**HUGH JAMES HARPER**

Piedmont, California

Hugh with the big smile and balding head came in from the golden West to try his hand at cheering up crusty old Mom Bancroft. Proving that they grew them rough and tough out in the Golden State country, he was a feared man on the athletic fields where he could usually be found on any afternoon. There was always time for laughs and pranks, though, and Hugh always had something up his sleeve calculated to keep the troops happy. Having his own special worn path down to the phone booths showed that his love life always had an interest. He's headed for Pensacola and the wings of one of Uncle Sam's throttle jockeys.

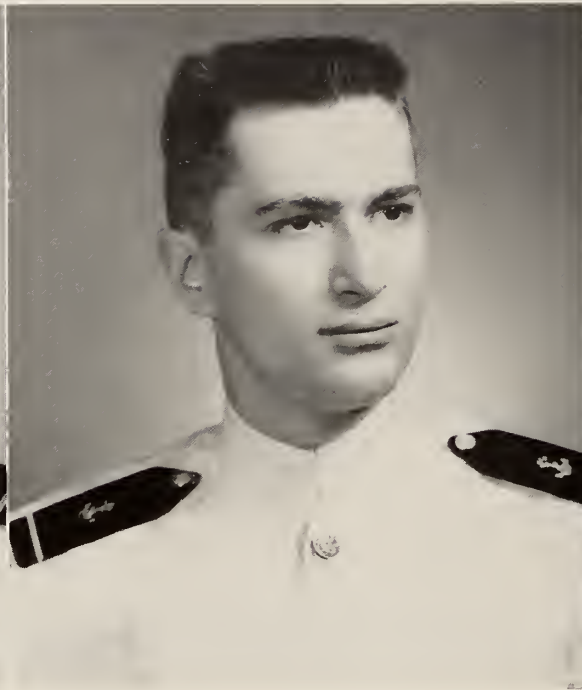
**WILLIAM VINCENT HAYES**

Chicago, Illinois

Blowing in from the Windy City, Bill was well versed in beating City Hall and he always tried to live up to his reputation here. Many were the stories he had of Chicago's virtues and he has entertained fond desires to someday be the only retired admiral to head the vaunted "Machine." Meanwhile, he displayed a ready wit and an ability to get by the books with a minimum of effort. Bill had many interests in life, all of which seemed to be women. It looks like sub school for our gentleman gangster with COMSUBLANT as the first goal.



*United States Naval Academy*



**JAMES EMMETT IGOE, JR.**

Newburgh, New York

Jim came to the Academy from the University of Arizona via New York Military Academy. Deciding that this wasn't enough traveling, he cast his lot with our forces to see the rest of the world. A transplanted New Yorker, his first love was always the great Southwest. He concentrated on the books and while he didn't take any honors, he was always in there pitching. Intramurals provided him many happy hours and the company a lot of credit for his efforts. Jim's headed for Navy line and his many friends wish him Godspeed in the years ahead.

**MYRON JOSEPH KANDRA**

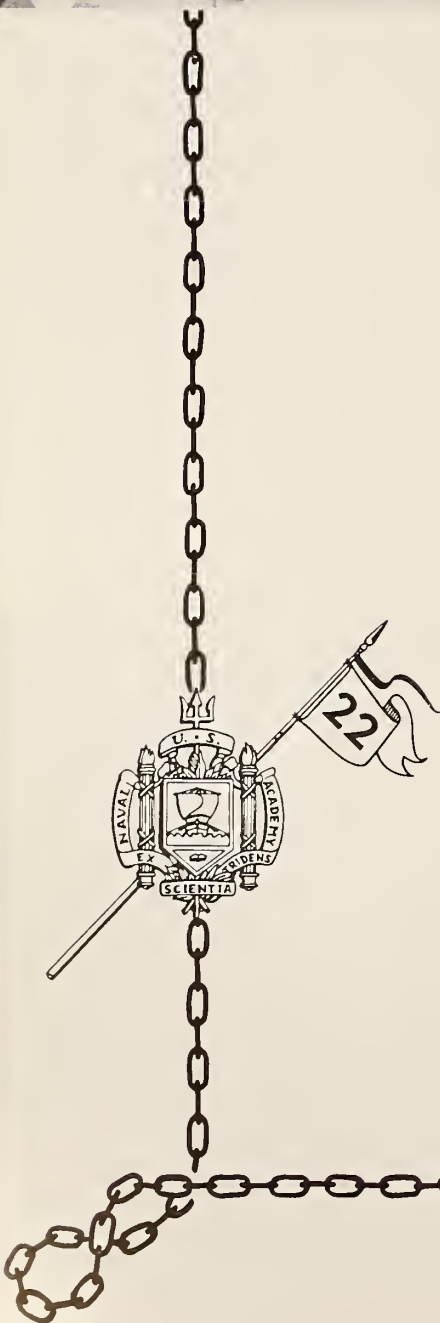
Shamokin, Pennsylvania

Myron joined the Brigade from the coal fields of Pennsylvania already well versed in beating the system; a year at Penn State and timely tips from his brother, a '55er, afforded an excellent background. He managed to sail through most of the studies with flank speed and even had time to dabble into the finer arts of carpentry and interior decorating. He always had a ready and willing hand, especially with a party or any informal horseplay. A confirmed gentleman, he preferred blondes. We can see that whatever service he prefers in the future will be getting one of our worldliest fellows.

**RICHARD CLARE LAWE**

Willows, California

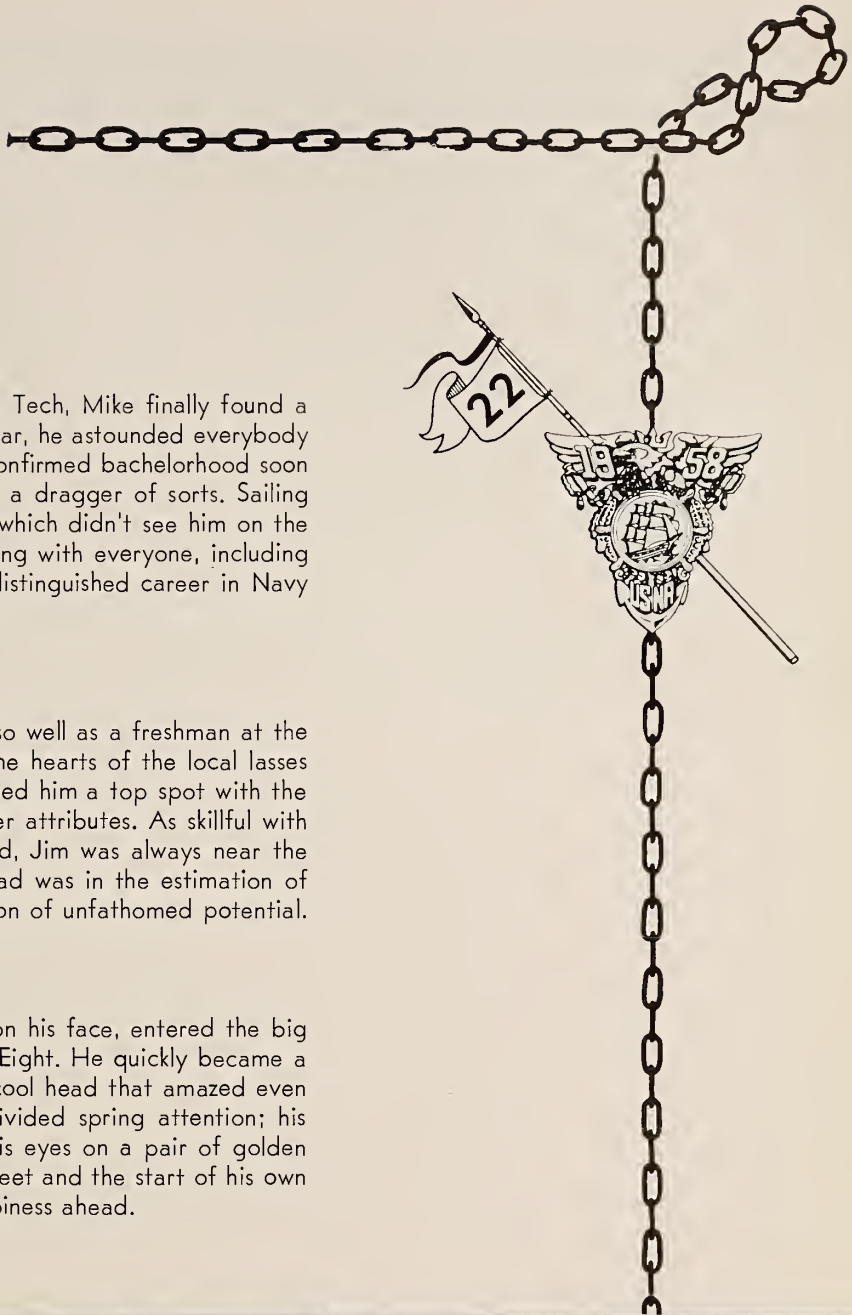
When Dick migrated from California to Anne Arundel's pride and joy, he brought with him a great love for the golden West and the Marine Corps. Always living the "gung-ho" life, he was a stout champion of the Corps in any gathering. The books kept him pretty busy, but the letters from the OAO and a big smile for any crisis made things fly by. A Navy Junior, he had the thrill during youngster cruise of serving aboard the destroyer bearing his father's name. After a great career in the Corps, we'll probably find Dick as a game warden up in his beloved California mountains. Our best thoughts and wishes will always accompany him.



*United States Naval Academy*



# United States Naval Academy



## DUANE BRYAN LUCAS

Burlington, New Jersey

After living it up at Farragut Academy and Georgia Tech, Mike finally found a home at Canoe U. The wonder of wonders during plebe year, he astounded everybody by emerging unscathed by the Executive Department. A confirmed bachelorhood soon gave way to temptations coming his way and he became a dragger of sorts. Sailing caught our young man's fancy and it was a rare weekend which didn't see him on the bay practicing the finer points of seamanship. He got along with everyone, including the system, which set him well apart. Mike anticipates a distinguished career in Navy line.

## JIMMIE GENE MARSHALL

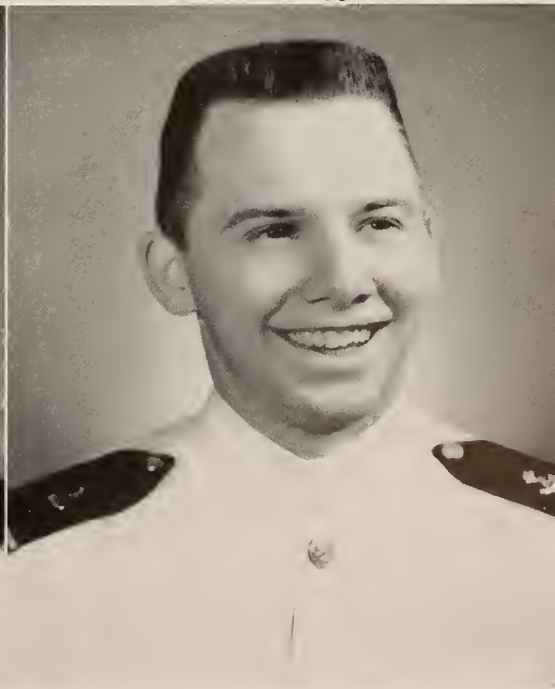
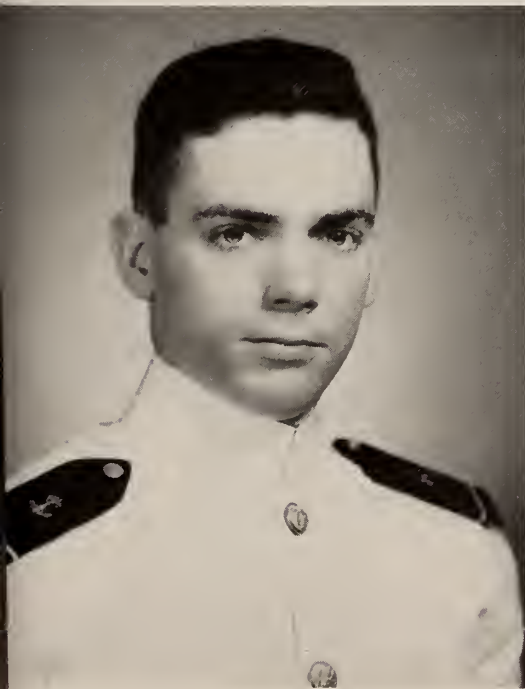
Yuma, Arizona

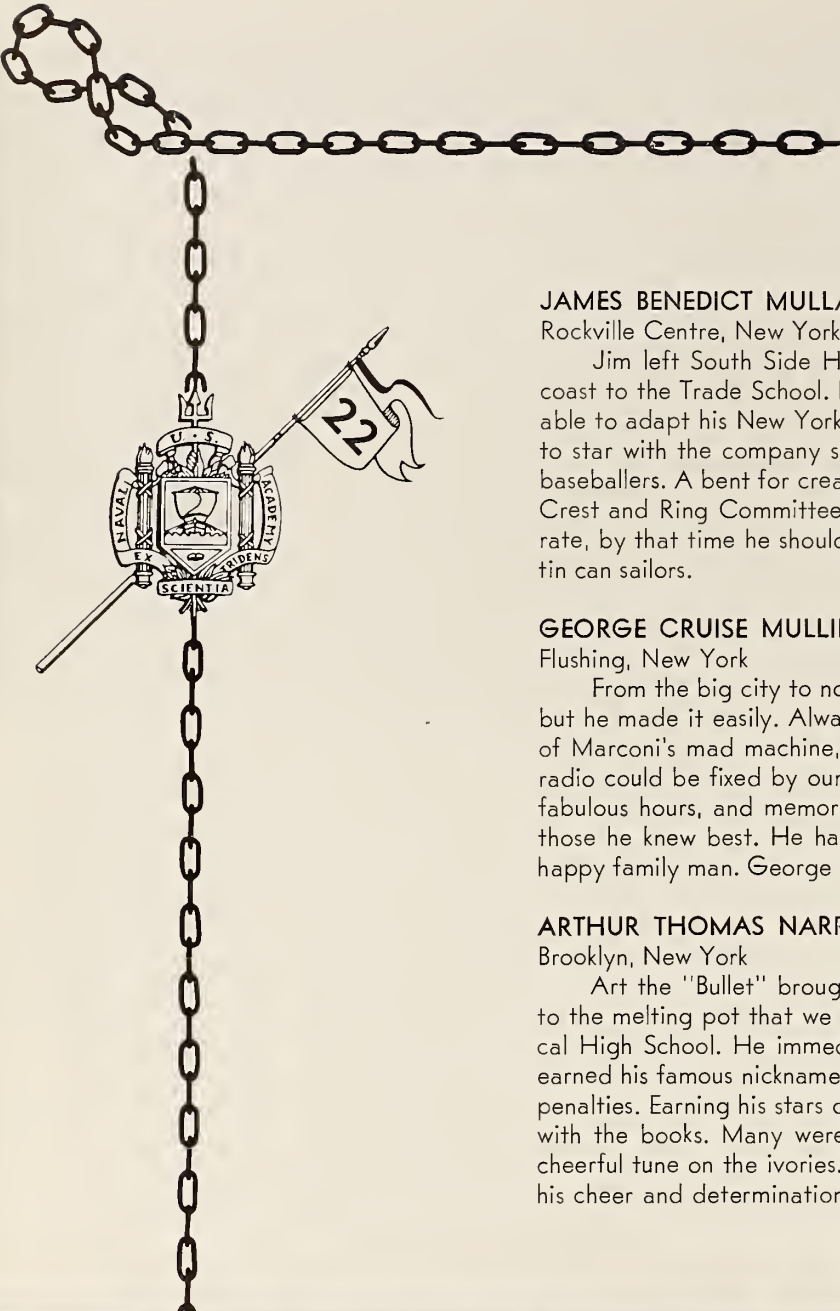
Packing his baseball glove and bat that he had used so well as a freshman at the University of Arizona, Jim came to USNAY to gladden the hearts of the local lasses and all Navy baseball fans. His play on the diamond earned him a top spot with the Varsity horsehidiers and often overshadowed his many other attributes. As skillful with the slipstick and leading men as he was on the sports field, Jim was always near the top of any class standing. Perhaps the best standing he had was in the estimation of his many friends who found in this likeable lad a rare person of unfathomed potential.

## JASON FRANCIS MAYHEW

Baltimore, Maryland

Joe, with a lacrosse stick in his hand and a big grin on his face, entered the big white walls from nearby Dundalk—a short walk from Gate Eight. He quickly became a man of the world and was always one of the boys with a cool head that amazed even the loosest of us. The "ham-and-egggers" claimed his undivided spring attention; his rough, aggressive play was always a trademark. Joe has his eyes on a pair of golden wings, a happy marriage, and the eventual patter of little feet and the start of his own lacrosse team. We can't see anything but success and happiness ahead.





# United States Naval Academy

## JAMES BENEDICT MULLADY

Rockville Centre, New York

Jim left South Side High School out on Long Island to wend his way down the coast to the Trade School. He soon found a formidable opponent in French, not being able to adapt his New York accent to sounding like the gay Continental. He managed to star with the company soccer team in addition to his mound chores with the Plebe baseballers. A bent for creative drawing kept him busy and greatly benefited the Class Crest and Ring Committee. He claims he will be a bachelor until at least 28; at any rate, by that time he should have his sea legs and should be one of Uncle Sam's finest tin can sailors.

## GEORGE CRUISE MULLIN

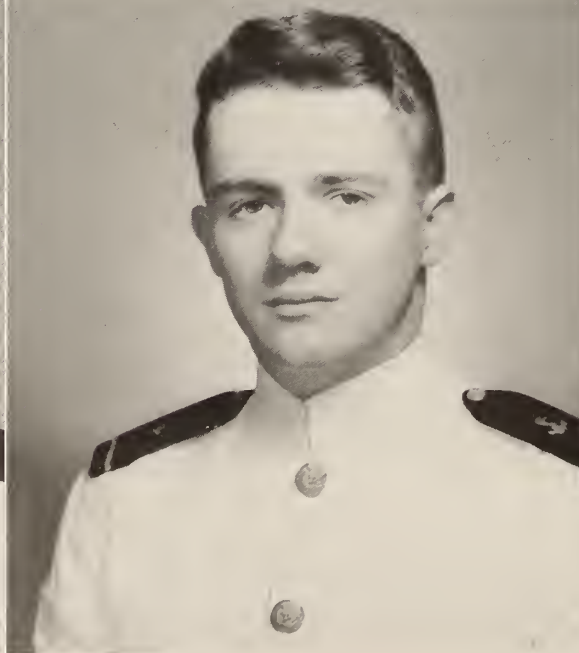
Flushing, New York

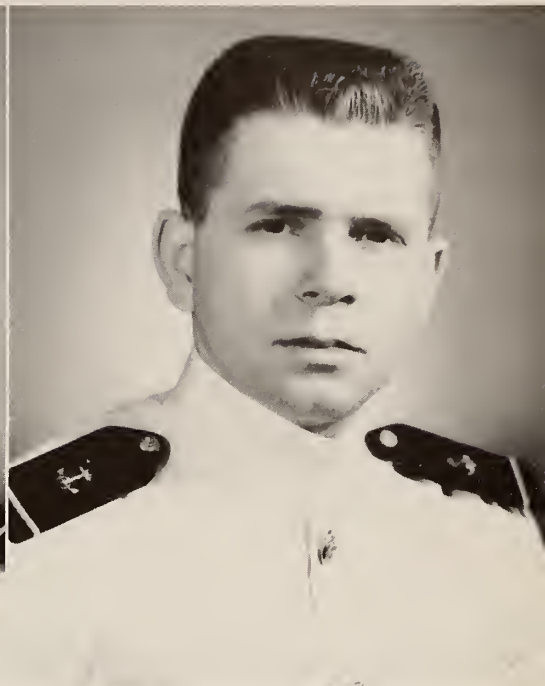
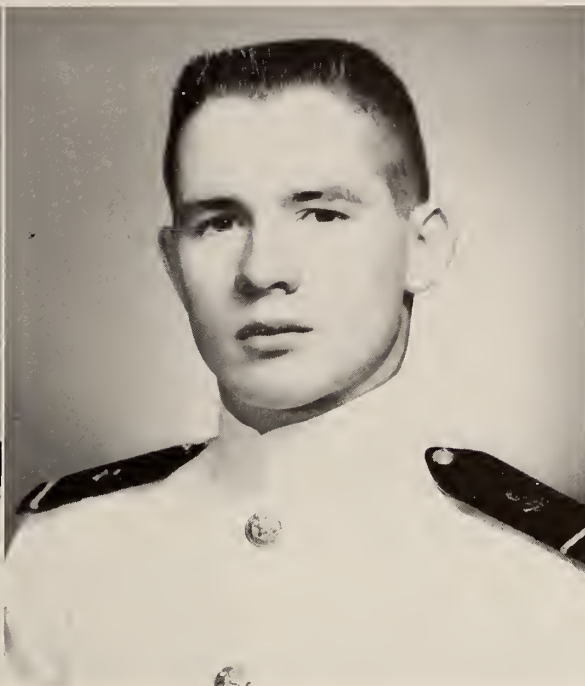
From the big city to no-railroad Annapolis in one day was a big jump for George, but he made it easily. Always interested in the inner workings and hidden mechanisms of Marconi's mad machine, he soon had his room looking like a spare parts shop; any radio could be fixed by our boy. A great love for good times afforded George many fabulous hours, and memories of cruise and liberty will always be bright for him and those he knew best. He has the goal of being both a successful Naval officer and a happy family man. George is a natural to accomplish both easily.

## ARTHUR THOMAS NARRO

Brooklyn, New York

Art the "Bullet" brought his Flatbush lingo to add a distinctively different flavor to the melting pot that we call Mother Bancroft; he had just finished Brooklyn Technical High School. He immediately met and mastered the stout game of fieldball and earned his famous nickname from the startling rapidity with which he could accumulate penalties. Earning his stars during youngster year, he always showed a surprising agility with the books. Many were the times when Art would call time out to bang out a cheerful tune on the ivories. Art leaves us to embark on a long career as a Navy pilot; his cheer and determination will easily surmount any obstacle.





**THOMAS EDWARD O'NEILL**

Kearny, New Jersey

From the Jersey meadows with a stopover at Columbian Prep came this true epitome of the smiling Irishman. The darkest of all days would find Tom adding his unceasing encouragement and cheer to lift many a struggling classmate out of the doldrums. He always maintained that the best way to study was in the horizontal position; he must have been right because his grades were good. His main activity was in the athletic line, with Varsity and poolie football taking the lion's share. Tom was one of the unsung headknockers that always assured Eddie of success on the gridiron. Genial Tom hopes for a trip to Quantico and a life with the Marine Corps.

**JOHN COYNE RENNIE**

Dorchester, Massachusetts

Jack was one of those inimitable souls from the Cape Cod area who insisted that everyone else had the odd accents. At any rate, this smiling and dauntless New Englander strode into our midst with a purposefulness that refreshed like a breeze off the Severn. His list of activities was long and distinguished; chief among which were company representative, working on the Ring Dance Committee, and helping to write **Reef Points**. Hi-fi bug and letter writer extraordinary, his leisure hours were also well filled. Jack had a flair for doing every job with a maximum amount of ability and cheer. His future career in the service looks bright indeed.

**LEONARD FARNSWORTH REYNOLDS**

Missoula, Montana

Pete caught the stagecoach east from Montana State to don the honored Navy blue and gold. Always discounting the popular Eastern myth that the West was "wild and wooly," this lad was one of our smoothest operators. Stars and Pete soon became synonymous as did the tenacity and sagacity he always displayed in any undertaking. Soccer, contributing to the Christmas Card Committee, and writing letters kept him occupied and out of the way of the Executive Department. Pete's consuming interest in aviation points to a career in the sky lanes; he may even be the pilot of our first rocket ship to the moon.



*United States Naval Academy*



**RICHARD LEROY SLYDER**

Tipton, Indiana

Dick traded the Joe College life at Purdue University for the musters and E.D. squads at Navy Tech; although some changes came about, he never seemed to mind it. His gay blade days over, he settled down to more serious ways, both in his studies and love life. Having the traditional mid's love for music, he put his to good use in the Glee Club and Choir. His athletic hours were usually spent over in the friendly confines of the wrestling loft. He established a reputation for quality rather than quantity and should put this to good advantage until that glorious day when he takes the conn of his own submarine.

**FRANK WELCH SMITH**

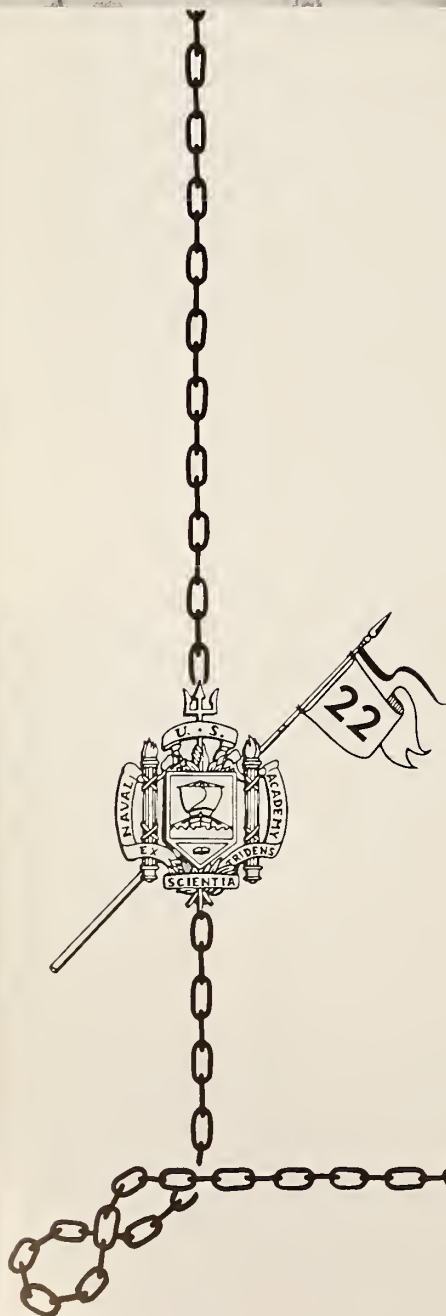
Los Angeles, California

An old salt even to old salts, Frank came to the Brigade after four years of submarine duty as an electronics technician. His previous experience with the electrons made him a natural man to turn to when in dire need of skinny E.I.; he managed to get along well with the other academics as well. He was never the same after Halifax; we often wondered just what happened to him up there that prompted the constant urge to go back. Otherwise, he could usually be found "resting" and dreaming of his array of blondes. Frank will return to the Silent Service and will no doubt become one of the greats.

**HENRY CLAYTON SURRATT, JR.**

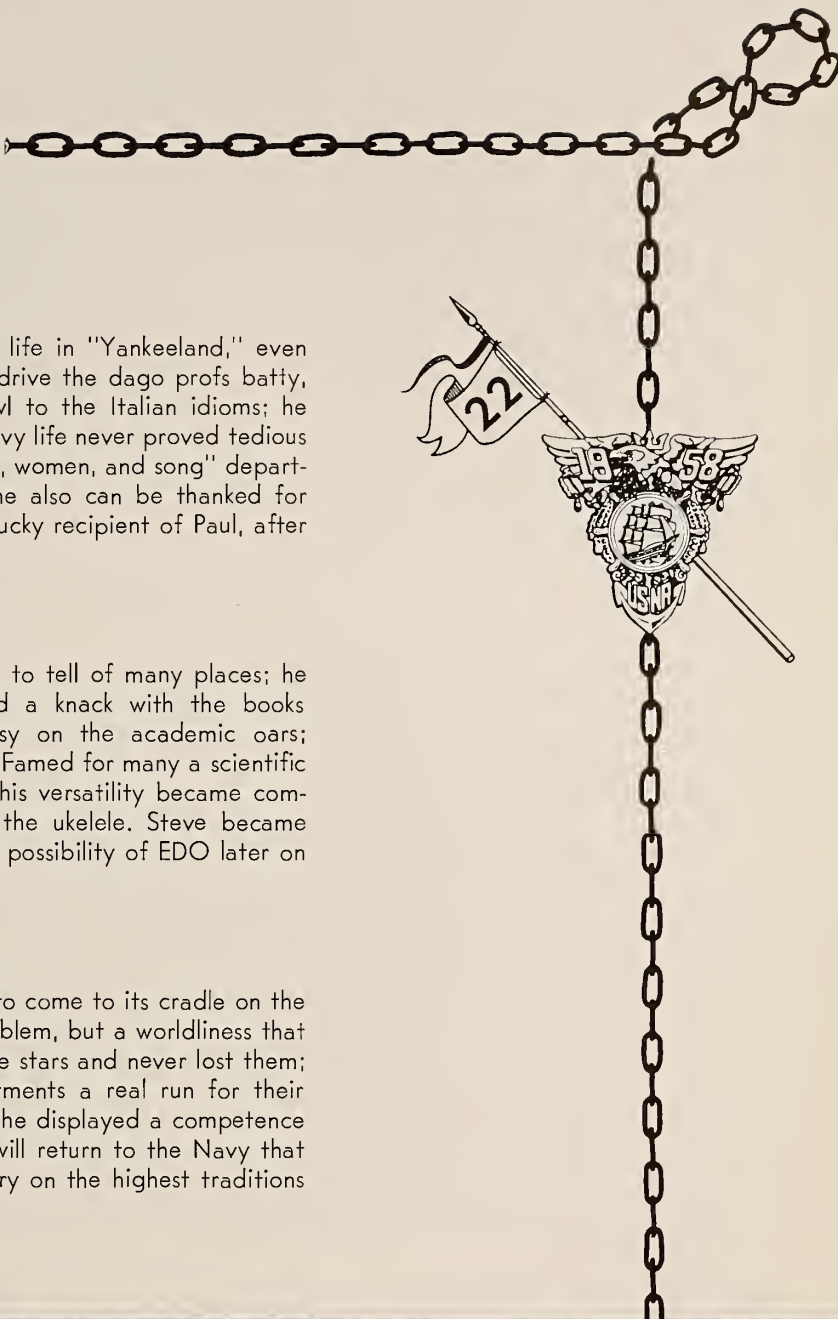
Denton, North Carolina

After Hank left the wild Carolina boondocks after a year in the wildcat's lair at North Carolina State, and came to the home of the venerable goat, it quickly became apparent to us that here was a man who had what it takes. Studies were always a tussle, but never enough to toss him and keep him out of the pad for long. Boxing gave vent to an energetic spirit and showed, much to the delight of his classmates, his lack of pugilistic skill. The charms of the fair ladies or a good novel were often too much to overcome. Hank plans to inject his Southern cheer and worldliness into the wardroom of the luckiest ship in the Navy.



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## PAUL CLARENCE TUCKER

Kingsport, Tennessee

Paul came north after two years at V.P.I. to try the life in "Yankeeland," even though it was south of the Mason-Dixon line. Destined to drive the dago profs batty, he always had trouble trying to adapt his Southern drawl to the Italian idioms; he couldn't seem to say "you all" the right way. Otherwise, Navy life never proved tedious for our Rebel gent, and he spent many an hour in the "wine, women, and song" department. Crew and bowling provided athletic outlets, and he also can be thanked for helping to put this book together. Navy air looks like the lucky recipient of Paul, after which he hopes to return to Navy to teach dago.

## STEPHEN TYLER WEBSTER

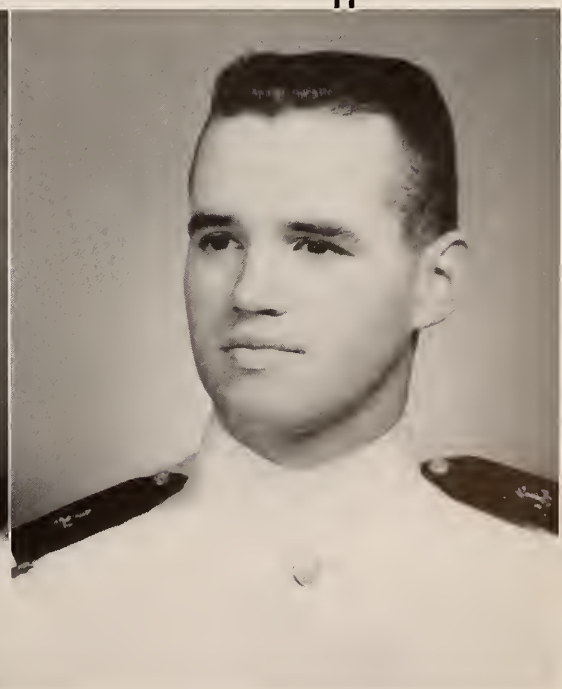
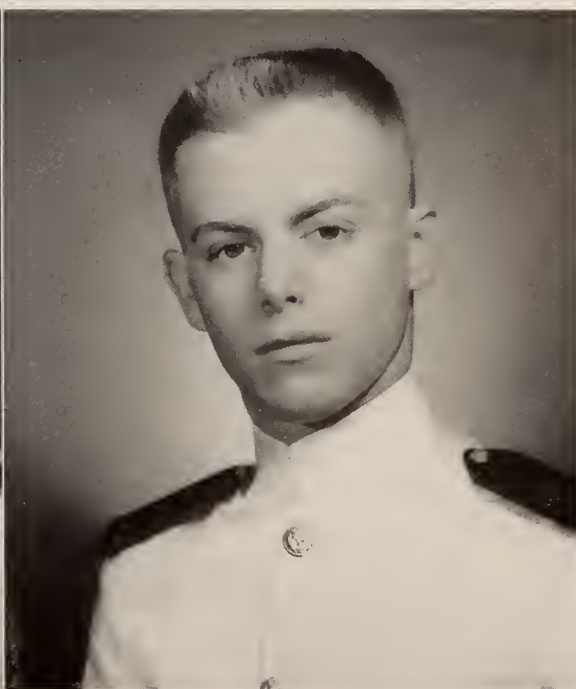
Chevy Chase, Maryland

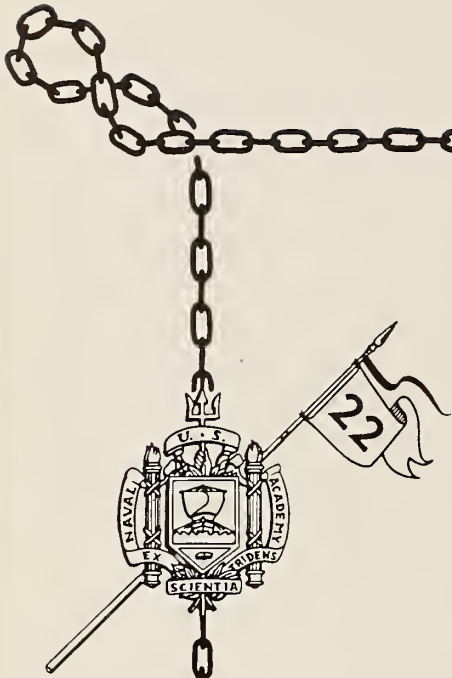
Leaving the typical Navy Junior life, Steve had tales to tell of many places; he chose nearby Chevy Chase as the home port. He had a knack with the books that precluded any serious studying, and he rested easy on the academic oars; the life of utter relaxation was always the order of the day. Famed for many a scientific project or diabolical plot, this redhead kept us guessing; his versatility became complete when he first introduced us to the fine points of the ukelele. Steve became inseparable from good humor and taste. Submarines and a possibility of EDO later on will make Steve very happy.

## RALPH WHITAKER WEST, JR.

Washington, D. C.

Born Navy, raised Navy, it was only natural for Ralph to come to its cradle on the Severn. Choosing one place for a podunk was always a problem, but a worldliness that amazed us all compensated for it. He quickly latched on the stars and never lost them; he was one who could give any of the academic departments a real run for their money. A busy intramural schedule kept him occupied and he displayed a competence and spirit of competition that was rarely matched. Ralph will return to the Navy that he knows and loves so well, and can be counted on to carry on the highest traditions of his family and school.





**DAVID LATHAM WRIGHT**

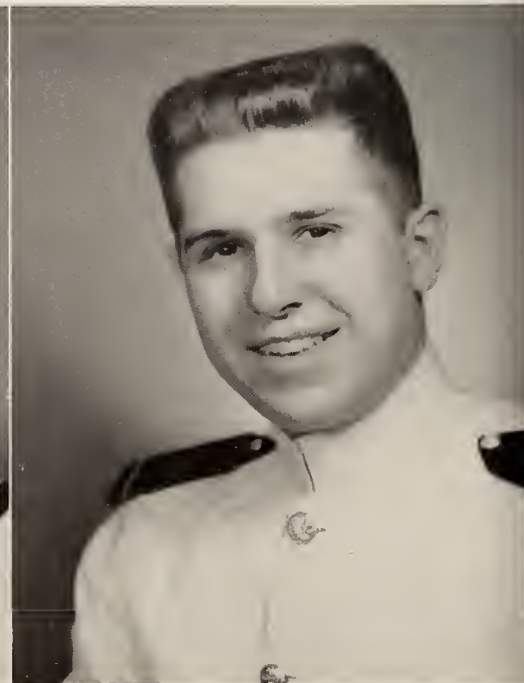
Washington, Georgia

After getting a taste of the Navy with the Georgia Tech Rotcees, Dave came to USNAY to see the real thing. Denouncing the Maryland weather became his favorite pastime and he would often reminisce of the good old days in those Georgia hills. He had little trouble except for math; he gave them the old Rebel thunder, though, and probably scared the 2.5 out of them. An easy going nature and love for the finer things always surmounted any obstacle. He claims that the South shall rise again and will probably be on hand to rebuild the Confederate Navy after retirement from ours.

**JOHN MATTHEW WYATT**

Clinton, Iowa

John made the supreme sacrifice of his hunting and fishing to come east to seek a life with the pampered pets of Uncle Sam. He'd been quite an athlete and scholar back home in Clinton and soon adapted his ways to life at Navy Tech. His play on the intramural field always helped the company greatly. He found quite an obstacle in the studies but due to an interest and perseverance he came through with nary a tarnish. John had quite a tussle with the Medical Department plebe year, and now it looks like he'll have to get his stars in the Navy's Supply Corps.





*Left to right: First row—Whitehead, Scott, Reed, Auchy, Cant, Flammger, Cather, Vaughan, Bishop, Savel. Second row—Anderson, Silvers, Mayo, Barkman, Gosen, Burnett, Ostrom, Merz, Campbell. Third row—Drotleff, Moore, Bainbridge, Severs, Costigan, Davis, Dachos, Bednarek. Fourth row—Bailer, Den-Otter.*



*Left to right: First row—Gridley, Austin, Mienicke, Broadfield, Tyler, Chew, O'Brien, Carwin, Moylan. Second row—Rohr, Wishart, Karamelas, Hills, Jones, vonKolnitz, Tierney, Fulton. Third row—Shotton, Curtis, Byrne, Hornsby, Gillette, Barton, Anderson, Murray. Fourth row—Avore, Kazenski, Peterson, Bailey, Barnes, Holland, Carr. Fifth row—Dobes, Ross, Ellington.*



*Left to right: First row—Lutz, Mulgrew, Svendesgaard, Wallace, Cambell, Holland, Duncan, Dibrell, Dell, Tower. Second row—Drummond, Wright, Temple, Ferrier, Garrison, Stafford, Humphrey, Lighthall, Malane. Third row—Mathes, Roth, White, Post, Oliver, Meneskie, Crosson, Brodeur. Fourth row—Stengle, Prather, Driscoll, Backus, Shannon, White. Fifth row—Uehling, Rupertus, Cockerham, Dandrea, Diekmann.*



LCdr. H.R. Maginnis, USN  
Company Officer

Each of us goes our separate way to find that special niche in life that we've worked for; combined, we lift our battered caps and coffee mugs to the memories and able hands that we leave behind. The many rough facets of Twenty-three—'58 has received the final polish—have etched a lasting impression on each and every one. The thrill of being of the Color Company during Plebe year, our share of company officers—Army, Navy Air, and 1100, Baltimore liberties, company parties, the first Christmas leave and June Week, summer cruises and SUMMER LEAVES will all be a part of every man of '58 who carried the banner of Twenty-three. From sleeping on locker tops Plebe year, to plenty of sack time Youngster year and none Second Class year, we drew closer to the day when we had fewer hours than

## Twenty-third Company



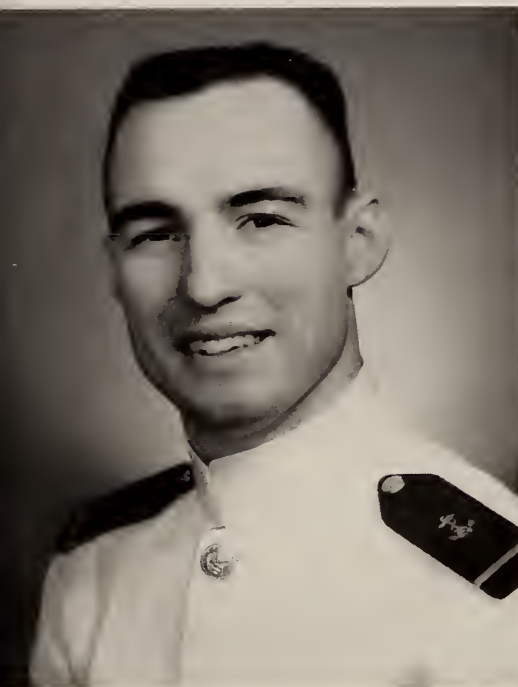
Fall Set. Left to right—Werbel, Strybel, Lawrence, O'Beirne, Gladin, Johnson.



Winter Set. Left to right—Dawson, Johnson, Krumrei, Bump, Port, Brence.

the Second Class had years. Our thoughts are with those, too, who aren't with us as we leave. That first gold safety pin after we became Youngsters heralded the long line of bachelors who were to fall by the wayside. All these and the many firsts too—the Supe's List, the little grey "sandwich boxes," Saturday night sign-outs, the fieldhouse, Ole Miss, and the Cotton Bowl. These special memories will always be a part of us, to be recalled and retold by each man on our "team," to joke about and live again—but most of all, to form a common bond between each of us and the home we knew so well for so long. Now that term papers are in, cars are bought but not paid for, and the last P-rade is over, we of Twenty-three leave, echoing that final cheer—"Hip, Hip, Hooray!!"





**RUSSEL NEAL BLATT**

Reading, Pennsylvania

Russ came to the shores of the Severn after graduating from Reading High School. He immediately took his place as one of the top men in the class because of his outstanding leadership qualities and warm personality; a place which he retained through his four years at the Academy. His excellence in aptitude and the fact that he hardly had to climb out of the rack to stay ahead of both the books and the Executive Department foresee a bright future in his career with Navy air that he has chosen.

**RONALD ELLIS BRENCE**

Lloydell, Pennsylvania

Ron arrived at our sacred shores from Case Institute where he began his football career. He soon donned the blue and gold and became one of Navy's most outstanding gridiron stalwarts, having the dubious honor of being the lightest Varsity player. Ron mixed his football enthusiasm with classwork and studies to come through the academic routine in fine order. His cheerful smile and personality won him wide popularity throughout the Brigade. We expect him to continue his success as he takes his place among the graduates in carrying on the traditions of the Academy.

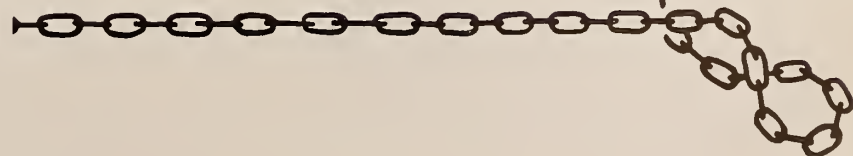
**RALPH VINCENT BUCK**

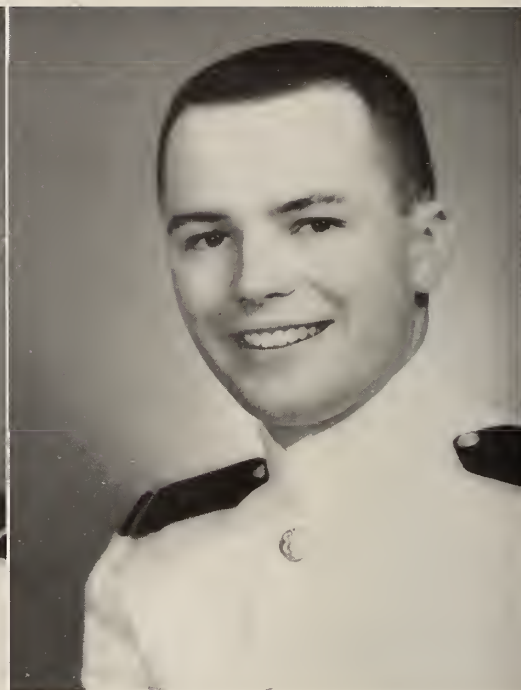
Arlington, Virginia

Known as "Don't bring 'em back alive," Ralph arrived at Navy to further an outstanding record already well started. With a penchant for hard work and success, his main accomplishments arose from his work as Advertising Manager for the Log. Shooting for the pistol and rifle teams also kept him occupied and displayed his talents. With an equal tendency to size up a difficult problem or a "4.0" femme, Ralph has shown that he has the stuff of which success is made.



*United States Naval Academy*





**STANLEY EARL BUMP**

Bridgton, Maine

Hailing from down east in Maine, you could always identify Stan by his accent. Maintaining that variety is the spice of life, he proved it by his versatility in many activities. Playing in the Concert Band, working for the Model Club, intramurals, and academics all received equal attention from this talented New Englander, with equal amounts of success. Stan liked to play the field with the girls, and was no slouch here either. With the King Midas touch, Stan looks good in any future career.

**JOHN JOSEPH CARTY**

Clinton, Mississippi

After a wild childhood, John cast his lot with the Navy and served for three years before he decided that a life of gold braid was the life for him. Hailing from deep, deep Mississippi, his quiet humor and "you-all" accent never failed to brighten spirits. Never much of one for the obstacle course, John confined his sports to being a backbone of the volleyball squad. A real party man, he was always fun to be with and a true friend.

**THEODORE CLAYTON CHENEY, JR.**

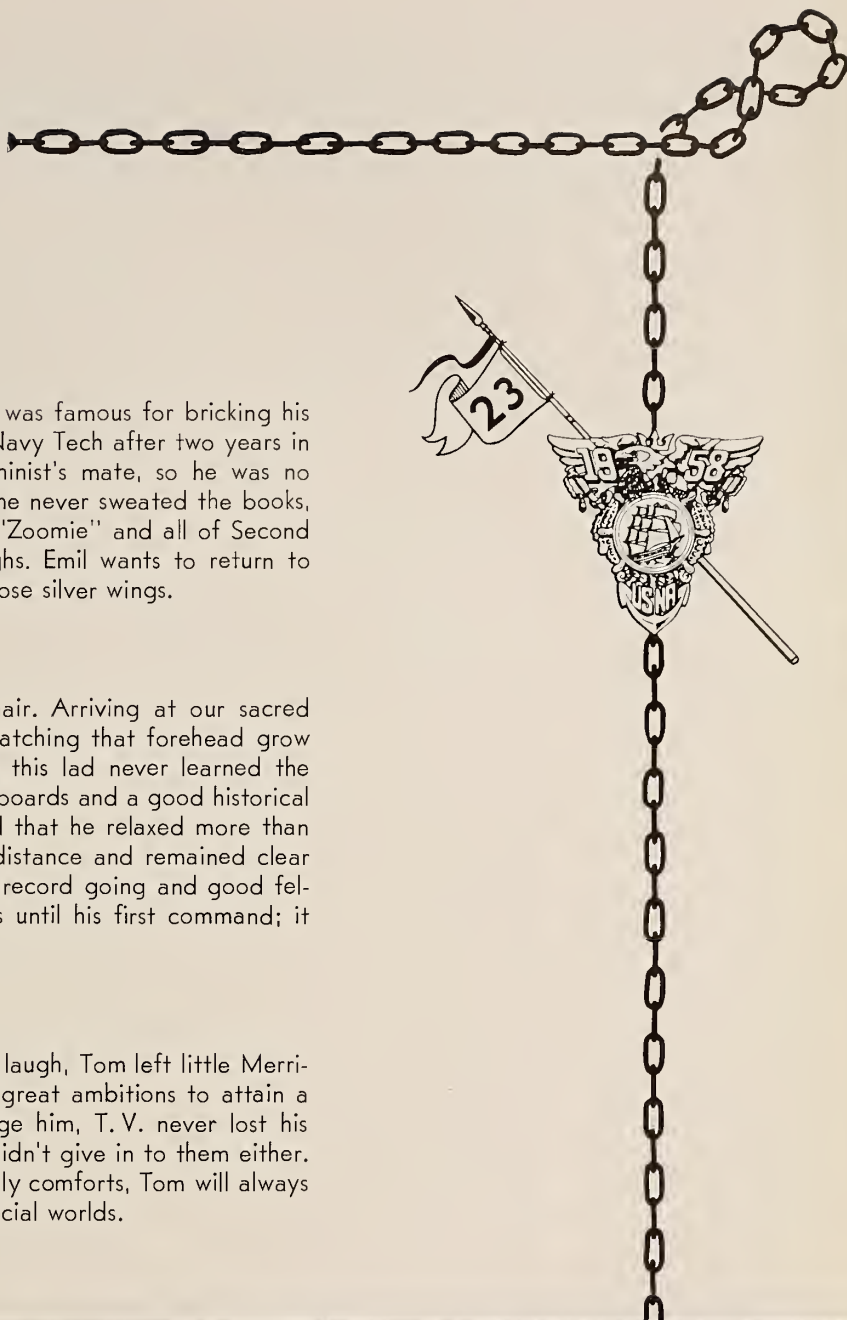
Wauwatosa, Wisconsin

A year at the University of Wisconsin followed by another year at Northwestern Prep prepared Ted for the Navy curriculum. Ted, the "Old Man" of the company, was a camera fiend, and built up a large collection of slides of cruises and the memorable days at Navy. An interest in sailing led Ted to the Varsity sailing squads and high hopes for a rolling can after graduation. Ted's ability in good planning and making sure things run smoothly will be very valuable to him in his Navy career.



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## ROY EMIL CLASON

Flint, Michigan

A great lover on loan from the home of G. M., Emil was famous for bricking his classmates during that long Youngster year. He came to Navy Tech after two years in the air arm of the Fleet where he was an aviation machinist's mate, so he was no stranger to a military life. Settling down to enjoy himself, he never sweated the books, even though he was far from being a "slash." Flying with "Zoomie" and all of Second Class year were two things that gave him the most laughs. Emil wants to return to flying, and graduation will start him off on his quest for those silver wings.

## FRANK JOHN CLEMENT

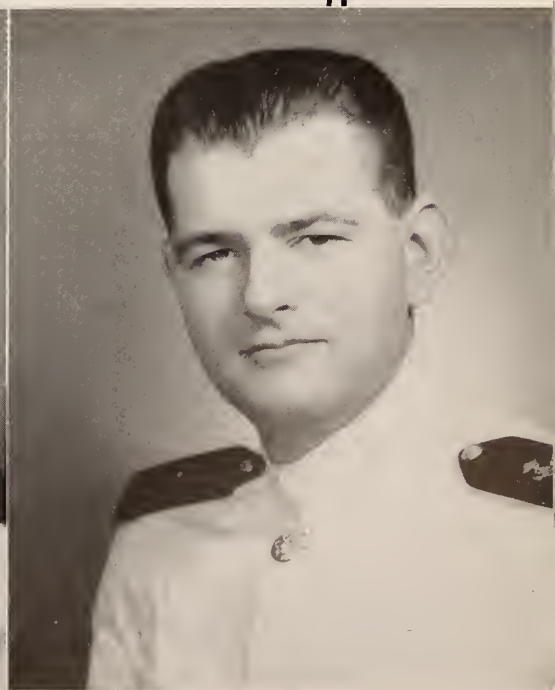
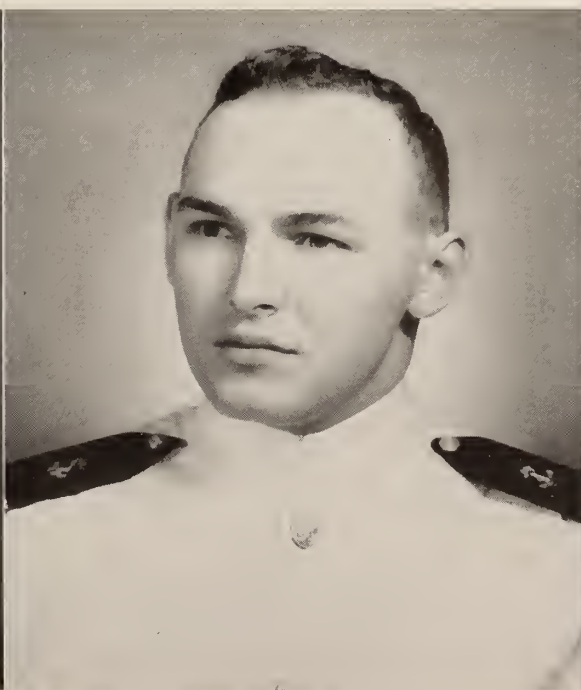
Springfield, Massachusetts

Frank gave Navy everything he had, including his hair. Arriving at our sacred shores with a fair amount, he spent the next four years watching that forehead grow and grow. It couldn't have been from worry, though, as this lad never learned the meaning of the word. Spending a lot of time with the pasteboards and a good historical novel were Frank's idea of relaxation and it might be said that he relaxed more than most. Academics were never friendly but he kept a safe distance and remained clear of those devious snares. As long as there was a good jazz record going and good fellowship, Frank was in his element. He's counting the days until his first command; it could be very soon, indeed.

## THOMAS VINCENT COREY

Lawrence, Massachusetts

Equipped with a habitual carefree shrug and a ready laugh, Tom left little Merrimack College and wended his way to Crabtown. He had great ambitions to attain a commission and although Steam did its best to discourage him, T. V. never lost his enthusiasm. Never one to worry about life's obstacles, he didn't give in to them either. With his typical New England love for life, work, and worldly comforts, Tom will always be able to count on success in both the competitive and social worlds.





# United States Naval Academy

## FRANCIS XAVIER COYLE

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Frank will be remembered by the boys of the Twenty-third for the many times he played host for them on our frequent visits to the City of Brotherly Love. Here was a fellow whom no one outdid on liberty; he set a pace that few could follow. F. X. had the usual troubles with the "book-larnin'," with Steam being his Waterloo. He loved his pad dearly, but could be seen out of it occasionally to grace one of Navy's light-weight shells or the company fieldball team. With his penchant for enjoying life and doing the job with the least amount of effort, Frank stacks up as a potential dynamo in the Fleet.

## WILLIAM HENRY DAWSON

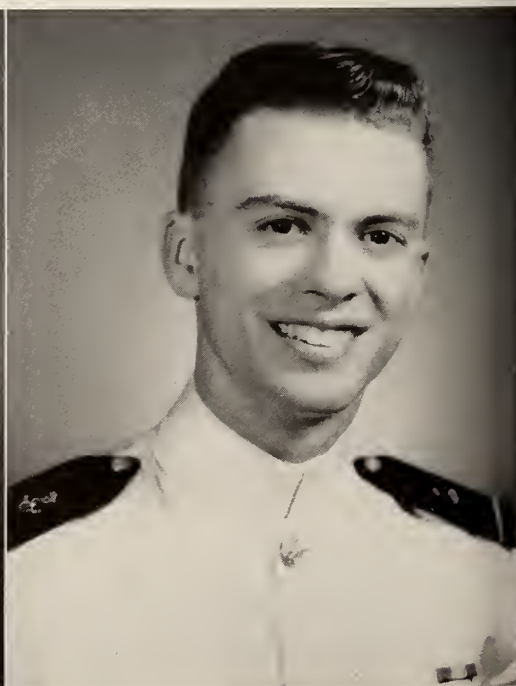
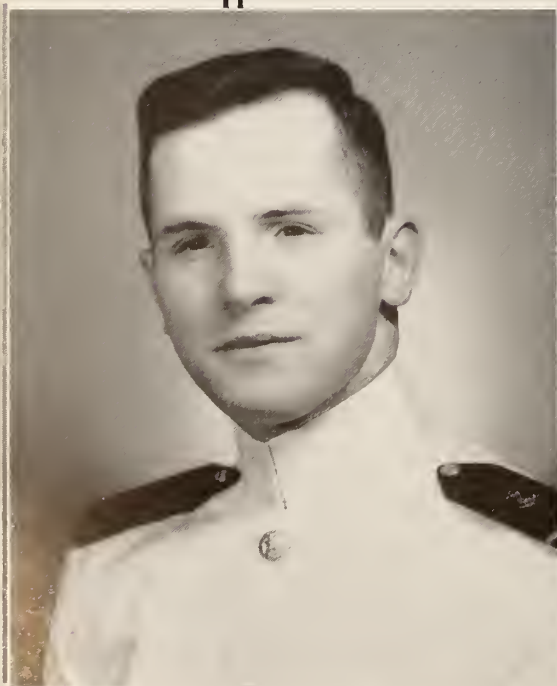
Buffalo, New York

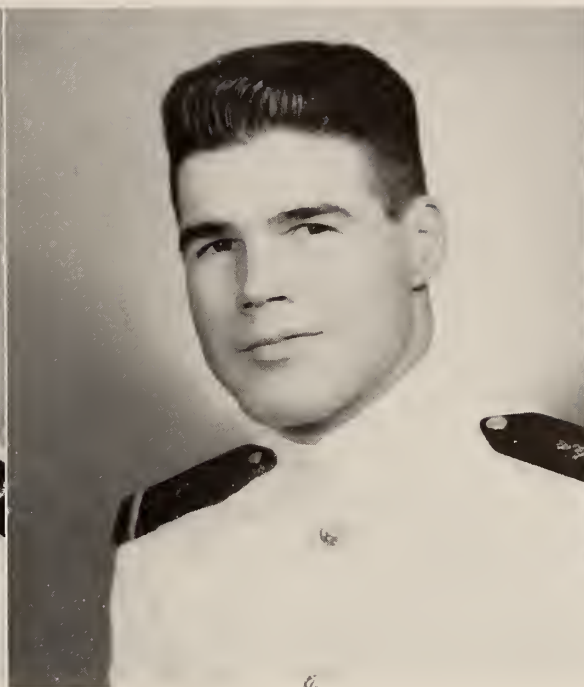
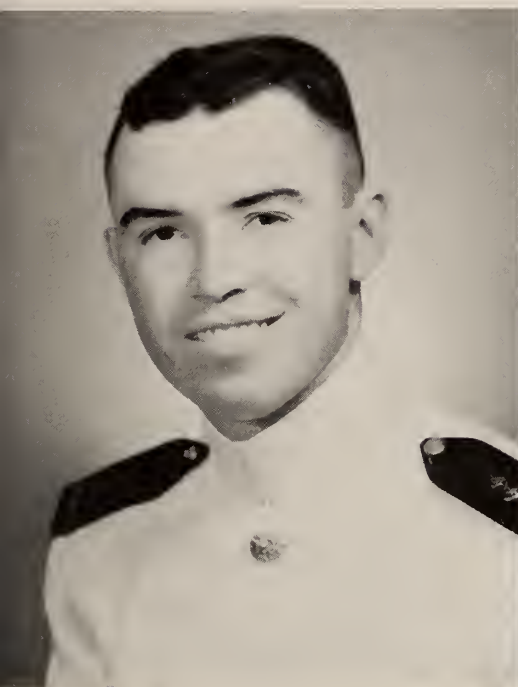
Bill joined us from down south in Panama via a year at the Colorado School of Mines and immediately impressed us with a rare competence and ability. Happy-go-lucky and carefree on the surface, underneath he had a wealth of tact and sincerity which earned the admiration and respect of all. Showing himself a gifted athlete as well, Bill played a mean game of quarterback for the battalion footballers for four years. His services were also well used by the Public Relations Committee and the Catholic Choir. Navy line looks mighty fine to Bill, and we might add that he will look equally good to the Fleet.

## CHAPIN WALKER DAY, JR.

West Caldwell, New Jersey

After graduating as valedictorian from the Grover Cleveland High School, Chapin donned the blue and gold of Navy Tech. "Chip," excelling in academics, found plenty of time to participate in the activities of the Drum and Bugle Corps, support the company sports teams, and do extra work dealing with mathematics. When not enjoying hi-fi music or solving some unusual math problem, "Chip" devoted most of his time to writing letters and making many new friends. Chapin is looking forward to being a naval aviator. With his past record as an indication, the Navy will be getting a fine officer.





**NORMAN SHANNONHOUSE ELLIOTT, JR.**

Richmond, Virginia

When Norm came to USNA from Richmond, he brought with him a habit of finishing whatever he started. Throughout his stay here, he was active in virtually all phases of the sports program. Although Bull was not his best friend, it was the one he has worked hardest to beat; all the slipstick courses came much easier. His spare time would usually find him writing long letters somewhere or putting together his latest model airplane. As it should be, his chief ambition is to graduate and become a good naval officer. After that, New London looks like the next stop.

**CHARLES JOSEPH FORSMAN**

Rhinebeck, New York

From Holy Cross College came Chuck to show us how low a clutch factor could really get. "What? An ordnance P-work this period? Oh well, what will a double zip do to my grade anyhow?" was typically Forsmanian. Always cheerful and full of the funniest tales, he was one of those rare people who acted like losing a day to Navy was a privilege. Despite a weakness for cute Irish lasses, Chuck swore that he was a confirmed bachelor and at the present plans to lead a Spartan life after graduation. We all know that he'll get his wings, and may the best of luck always fly with him.

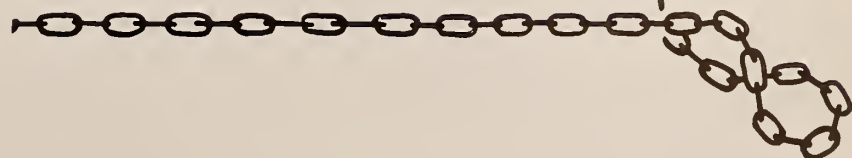
**RICHARD CHARLES GIBSON, JR.**

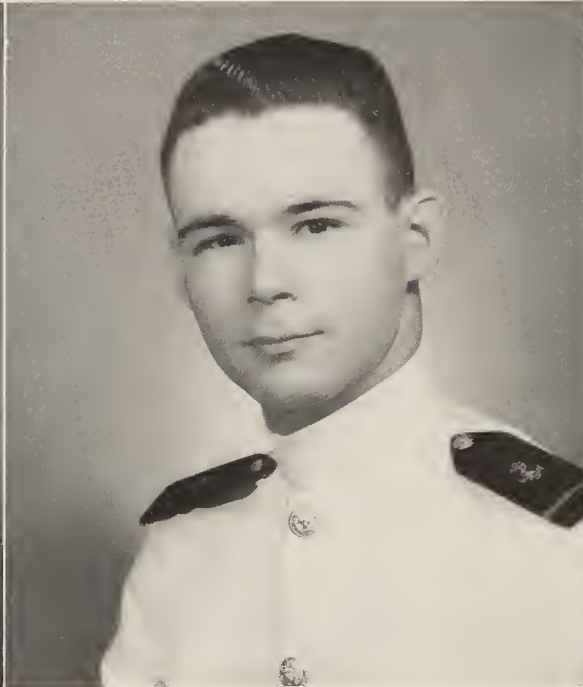
Marietta, Ohio

Bringing a love for sports and music with him, Dick checked in from the Buckeye State, ready to hurdle all obstacles. His musical abilities kept him busy with both the Glee Club and the Antiphonal Choir; many study hours were shot this way, which may have accounted for his close brush with Russian. Soccer was his athletic forte and he contributed strongly to both the Plebe and his company teams. With interests in the Southland, Pensacola seems a good place for Dick to next stake his claim.



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**JACK ROGER GLADIN**

Milledgeville, Georgia

Jack hails from the geographic center of Georgia—Milledgeville. He spent a year at Georgia Military College, where he earned the command of his company. Plebe year gave him the customary headaches but Steam made it all seem fruit by comparison. He really enjoyed Bull though, and if he ever becomes Superintendent, he's sure he'll replace slide rules with a few more bull books. Sports saw him supporting company teams and the sub squad; an additional sidelight was the Forensic Activity. Submarines will receive a career officer bound to be the "best admiral in the Navy."

**PERRY YATES JACKSON, JR.**

Jersey City, New Jersey

When there was hillbilly music on the turntable and a fast game of chess going on at the same time, you knew that Perry was around. With his guitar and a clever sense of humor, "Y. P." added much to any gathering, large or small. Serious about his future, however, he was always absorbing additional knowledge of the Navy, especially its history, contributing to the certainty of his ultimate excellence. Strictly going Navy line, the Fleet will surely profit when this lad's cap rockets skyward.

**LESTER OSCAR JOHNSON, JR.**

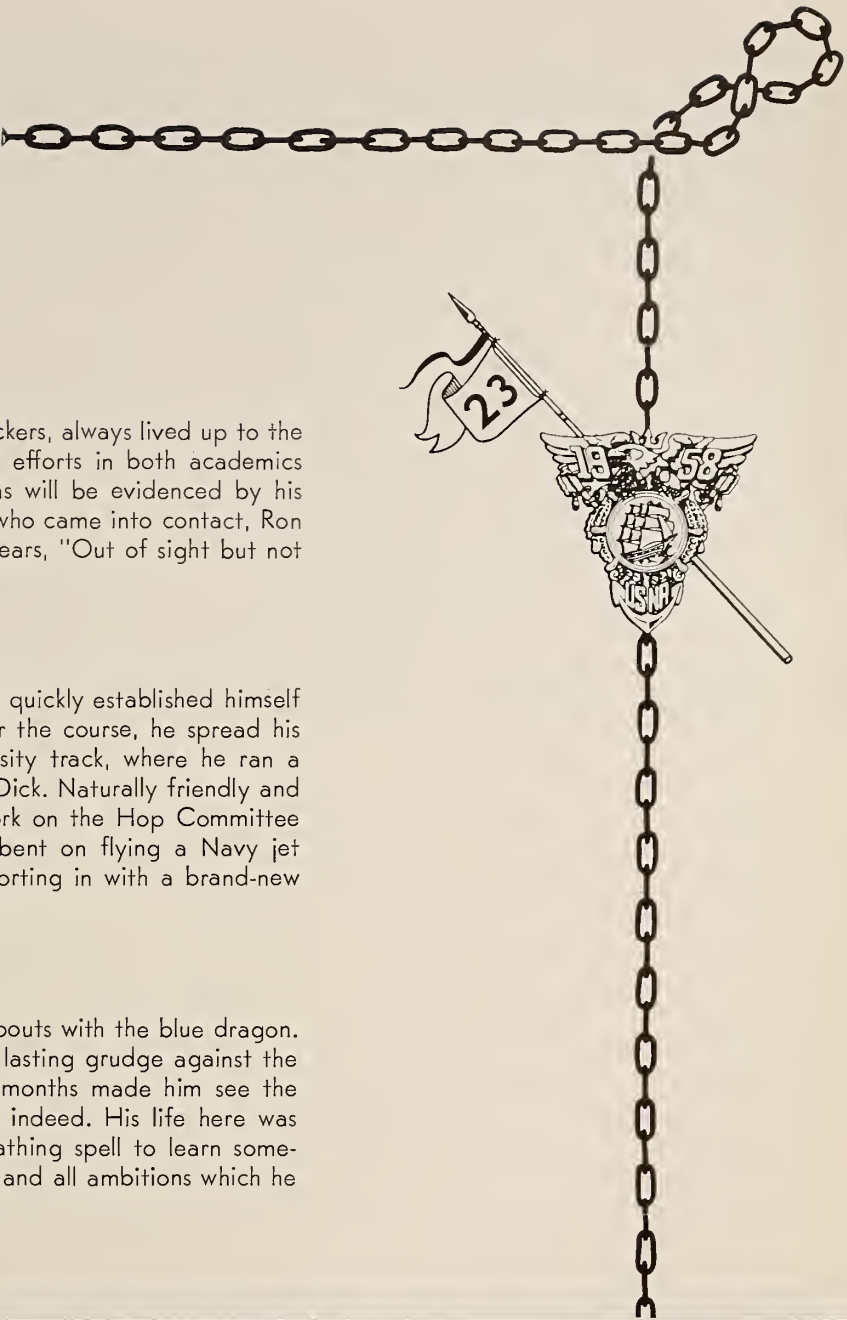
Neenah, Wisconsin

Though he used the pianos of Carvel Hall to help bring about the inevitable defeat of the system, Les found USNAY a good place to be, once Plebe year was over. Between daydreams of a strawberry blonde, Les managed to hold down a fine average in everything except Bull. While his day was not complete without a duel with a "cross-eyed" puzzle, he was always in the middle of things, serving as company representative for two years. With his outstanding qualities of fairness, reliability, and friendliness, Les will make a valuable addition to the Fleet.



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## RONALD LLOYD JOHNSON

Green Bay, Wisconsin

Ron, a well-liked, quiet fellow from the home of the Packers, always lived up to the highest standards that Mother Bancroft could muster. His efforts in both academics and extra curricular activities paid off in rich dividends, as will be evidenced by his class standing and art work. Soft-spoken but friendly to all who came into contact, Ron made many lasting friends who will always think in future years, "Out of sight but not out of mind."

## RICHARD VIRDEN JOHNSON

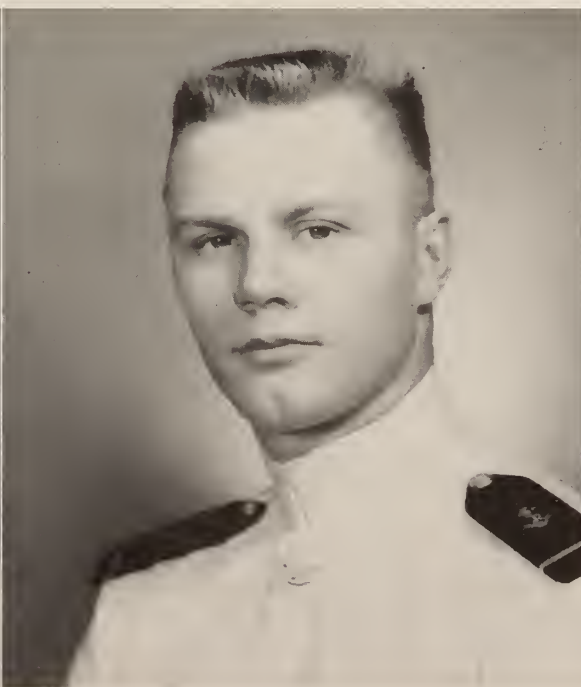
Sterling, Illinois

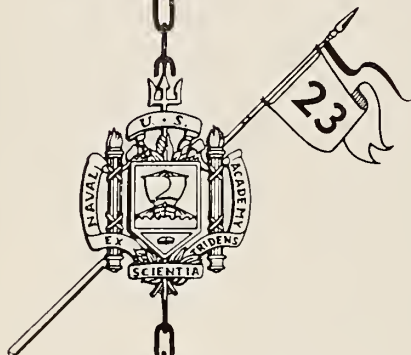
Dick joined the Brigade straight from high school and quickly established himself as a P. T. slash extraordinary. Standing first in the class for the course, he spread his multiplicity of talents to other fields as well, notably Varsity track, where he ran a powerful quarter. The wrestling loft also saw quite a bit of Dick. Naturally friendly and cheerful, he put these attributes to good advantage to work on the Hop Committee and soon became popular throughout the Brigade. He's bent on flying a Navy jet after graduation, and Pensacola will probably see him reporting in with a brand-new Corvette.

## WILLIAM HENRY KRUMREI

Encino, California

Here was a lad who made a real art of those frequent bouts with the blue dragon. Always loath to give up any available pad time, Bill held a lasting grudge against the books for disturbing his favorite hobby. Eighteen enlisted months made him see the light and he decided that the officer's life was a fine one indeed. His life here was always one of cheer and relaxation with an occasional breathing spell to learn something. Bill wants to return to the Fleet; he can't miss on any and all ambitions which he may have.





**ROBERT DALE LAWRENCE**

Hammond, Indiana

From the Sigma Pi house at the University of Illinois came big Bob to see how the other half lived. His previous background gave him a proper appreciation of some of the finer things of life, notable the adroit art of dragging. At this, he became a master, both in quantity and quality. A stalwart on the battalion football team for three years, Bob was always throwing his weight where it was most felt. Conscientious and hard working, this blond Hoosier will make an officer of which the Navy will be proud.

**EUGENE ELBERT LINDSEY, JR.**

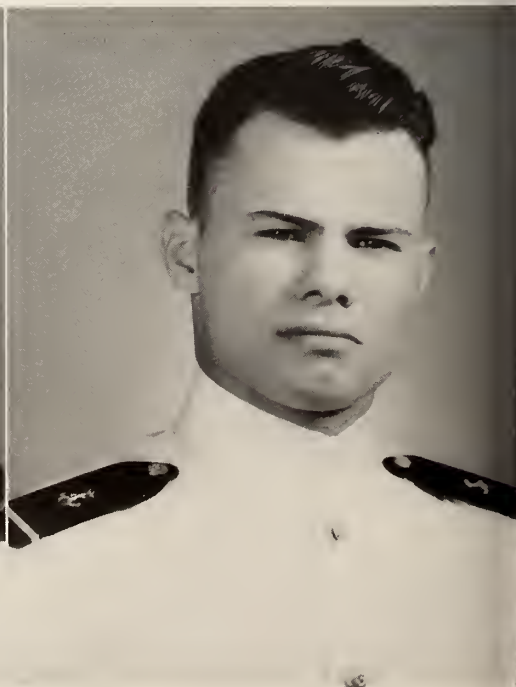
Honolulu, Hawaii

Gene, a Navy Junior, was born in nearby Annapolis, but for obvious reasons, preferred to call Honolulu home. His previous life bred the natural desire to come to the Academy. Although no friend of the academic departments, Gene managed to pull through with a little sweat and plenty of oil for the slipstick. Liking the fine art of spearfishing, he longed for the golden islands where it was all part of the education. Gene plans to further his family's naval traditions by trying to win those coveted dolphins.

**HECTOR OSWALDO MEDINA**

Sogamoso, Colombia, South America

Hector had a great obstacle to overcome when he first reported to Navy Tech from his native Colombia; he could speak virtually no English. That he overcame this so quickly and became one of our best students was a great tribute to his study and determination. Dago and Carvel Hall tea fights were his fortes and he repeatedly showed us how it was done in both. Soccer was an instinct to him and the Varsity squad made good use of his natural talents. Hector has a sincere desire to serve his country's Navy well and we hope to see him again in our travels.







**ANTHONY DENNIS MILLER**

Indianapolis, Indiana

With a bouyant spirit, low sweat factor, and smart humor, Tony burst through the ordeal of Plebe year without dulling his keen wit or losing sight of an ambition to be Commandant of the Marine Corps in 1984. Coming from the deep South, he retained his easygoing, likeable personality, and always managed to bestir himself to action for the sake of a practical joke. Tony has given up smoking cigarettes more times than any other member of the class. Considering the femmes to be absolutely necessary, he always had a sharp eye out for that cute blonde he was looking for.

**FRANK O'BEIRNE, JR.**

Arlington, Virginia

Mickey can't quite claim any place in the world as a true home town, since he came up through the ranks as a Navy Junior. A sense of humor, probably derived from an Irish ancestry, endeared him to his classmates. Two special activities, reading Westerns and diving, became his favorite pastimes. The latter has won him fame in the intercollegiate circuit of high boarders plus the added privilege of wearing the Navy "N" and becoming acquainted with the rafters over in the Natatorium. Whatever field in the service he enters after graduation, he is sure to be a well-liked asset.

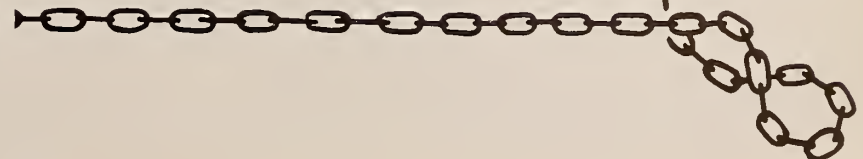
**WALTER PAUL O'CONNOR**

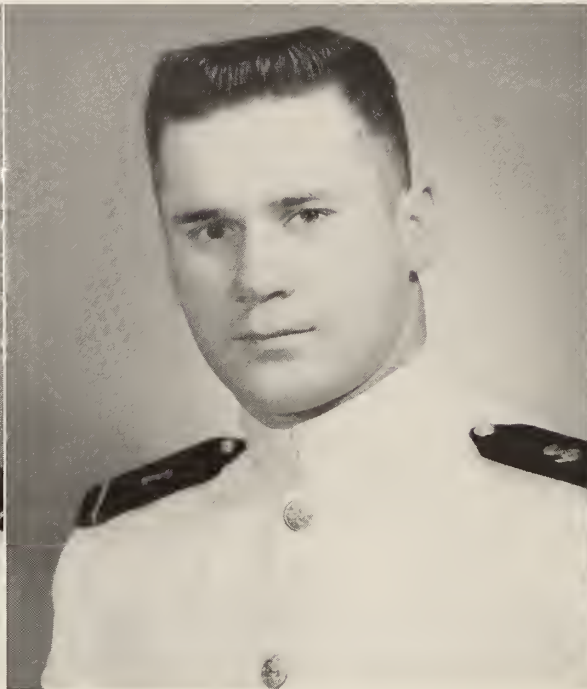
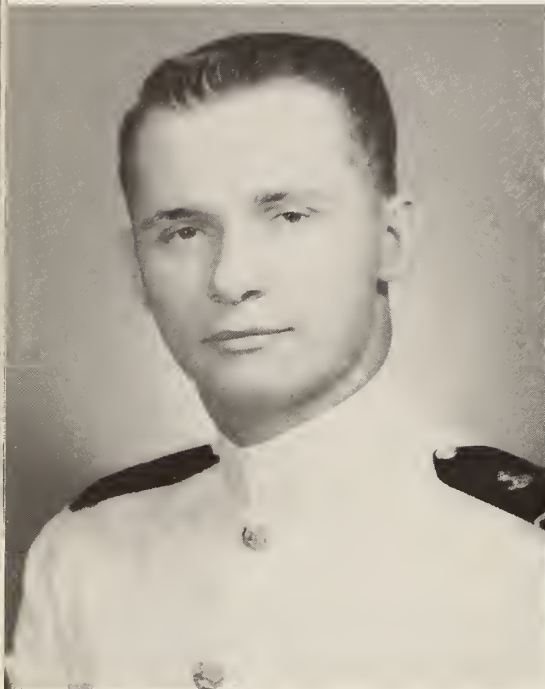
Johnstown, New York

With previous experience in both the Navy and the Joe College life, Paul was well briefed in all aspects of living life right. Beginning to believe that he would never graduate from college, this big lad from the Empire State was more than willing to establish roots in Navy's venerable terra firma and begin his final pull for the coveted sheepskin. With more than his share of muscles, he was a natural for crew and gym and was a valuable member of his battalion teams. The rest of his free time was spent in writing letters to the O.A.O. and working on the advertising staff of the Log. Paul should be a huge success in any future career.



*United States Naval Academy*





**CHRISTIAN NICHOLAS ONDISHKO**

Cleveland, Ohio

As a Rotcee at the University of Michigan, Chris tired of playing games and decided that he wanted to see the real thing. So he packed his bags and checked in at Hotel Bancroft where he instantly felt at home. Taking to Navy life like the proverbial duck to water, Chris soon proved himself outstanding in every respect. The rigors of academics, aptitude, athletics, or dragging—all were a snap for this likeable Ohioan. Soccer was his sport, and he played a good brand of ball on both the Varsity and J.V. squads. The only thing that tripped him up a bit was the sub squad, where many a good man has met an inglorious downfall. But Chris was one of the best; nothing could ever stand in his way.

**RAMON RONALD OWENS**

Pasco, Washington

Melt a case-hardened idealism with a 50% mixture of amiability and genius, pour and cool slowly in a military mold; there was Ron in a nutshell. One of our outstanding leaders, this little guy from the great Northwest always stood head and shoulders above the field; figuratively speaking, that is. Although a whiz in the classroom or on the athletic field, Ron endeared himself to many by his unflinching devotion to the fine art of sacking out at any time between reveille and taps. It shouldn't be too long before he is conning his own ship and when that day comes, we hope that we will have the pleasure of serving with him.

**JOHN PHILLIP PIERCE, JR.**

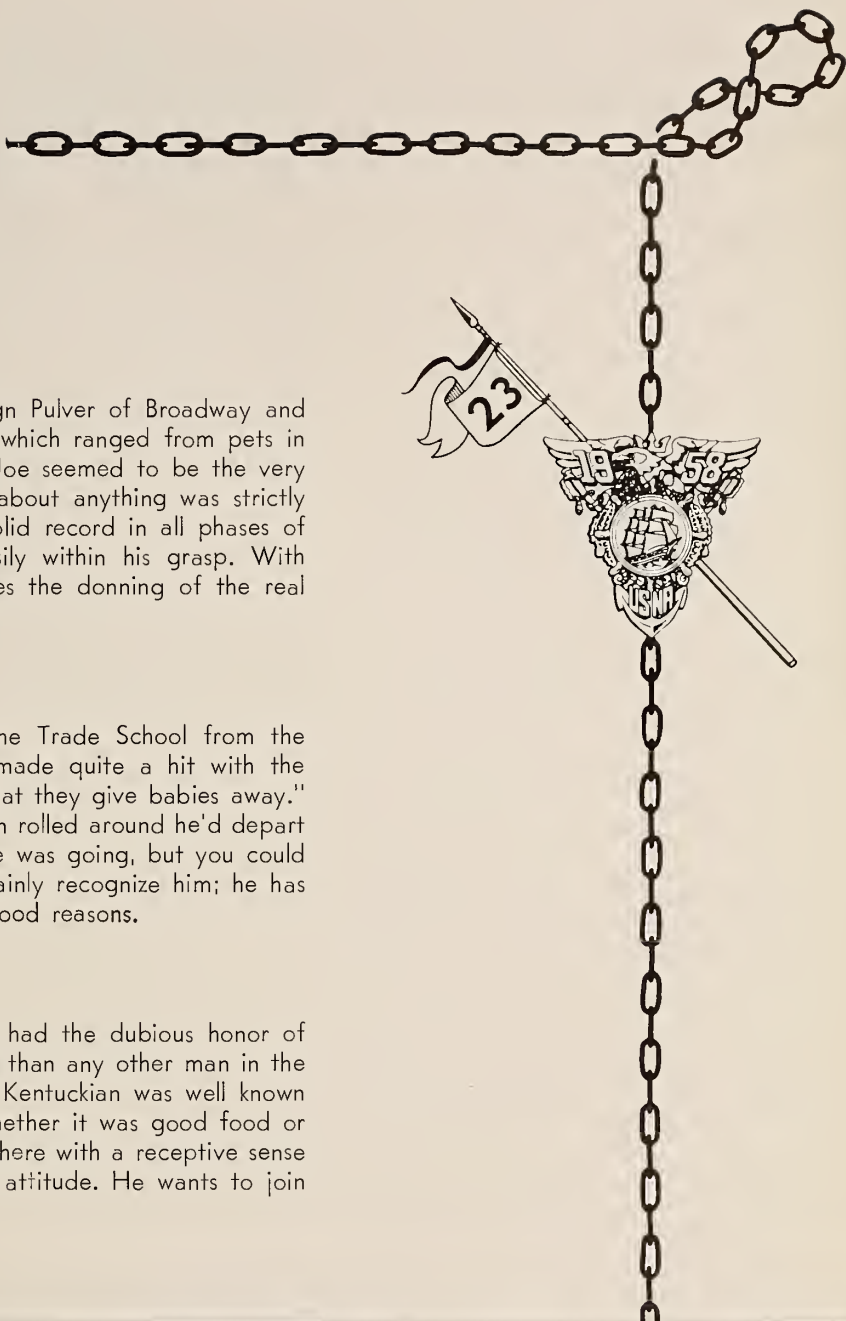
Monterey, California

A transplanted Californian originally from New York, Jack was nevertheless one of the Far West's most vociferous boosters. Reporting in from Monterey Peninsula College, he immediately set to work on his crusade for better things for the persecuted sandblowers. Never one to let a little thing like lack of height or red hair stand in his way, he did everything with success and a penchant for making many lasting friends along the way. A natural comedian, Jack's sharp sense of humor turned many a dull gathering into a howling riot. Navy air is his choice and may we say that they are very lucky indeed.



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## JOSEPH CLINTON PORT

Solvay, New York

Here was Navy Tech's answer to the mythical Ensign Pulver of Broadway and movie fame; with his many amazing and amusing antics which ranged from pets in the room to escapades with the Executive Department, Joe seemed to be the very pattern of the zany "Mr. Roberts" character. To worry about anything was strictly against his principles, but he nevertheless established a solid record in all phases of Bancroftia; dragging, academics, and sports all fell easily within his grasp. With many future good times in store, Joe eagerly anticipates the donning of the real blue and gold decorated with a set of golden wings.

## ROBERT CHARLES SAUER

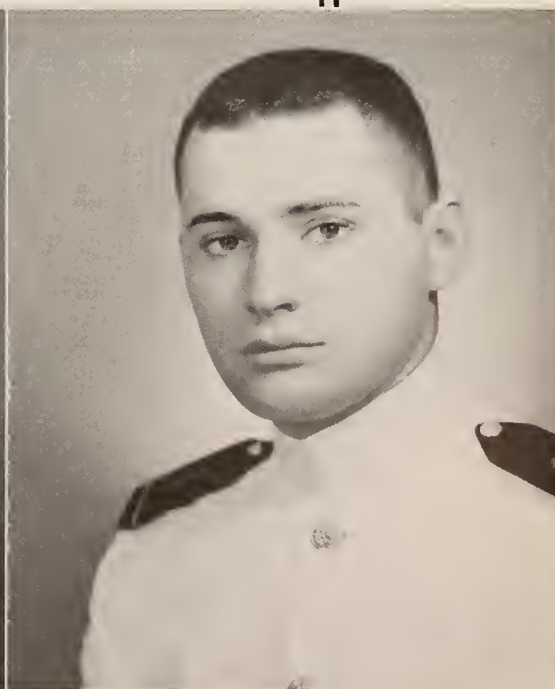
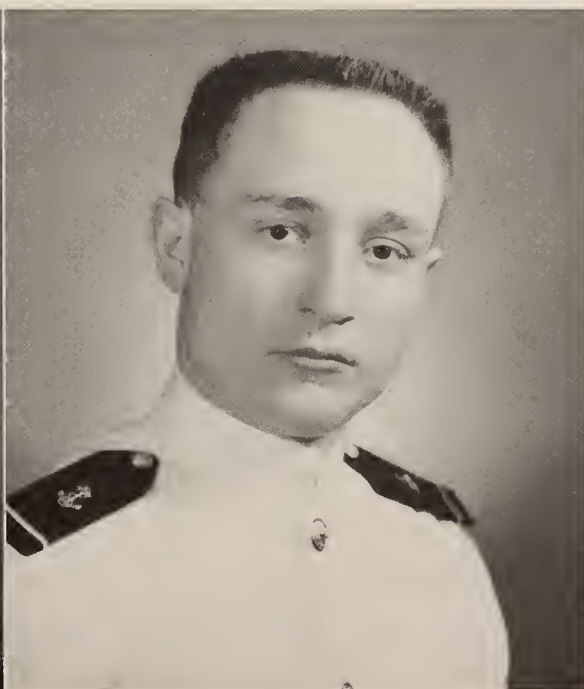
Royalton, Minnesota

Bob, better known to most as Charlie, came to the Trade School from the bustling town of Royalton. During Plebe year, Charlie made quite a hit with the upperclass with his lusty rendition of "Today is the day that they give babies away." He was quite a liberty hound and whenever Saturday noon rolled around he'd depart quickly and quietly. We all had a good idea of where he was going, but you could never be sure. But if you ever meet him you would certainly recognize him; he has always been known as Tecumseh's big brother, and for good reasons.

## WALTER FRANK STRYBEL

Louisville, Kentucky

With a good taste for all the luxuries of life, Walt had the dubious honor of perhaps spending more money at the Midshipmen's Store than any other man in the Academy's history. Easy going and likeable, this relaxed Kentuckian was well known for his disarming outlook about everything in general, whether it was good food or beautiful women. With no real worry, Walt did very well here with a receptive sense of humor which often obscured a dedicated and serious attitude. He wants to join the Marines after graduation.





**BRENT WRENN TAYLOR**

Washington, D. C.

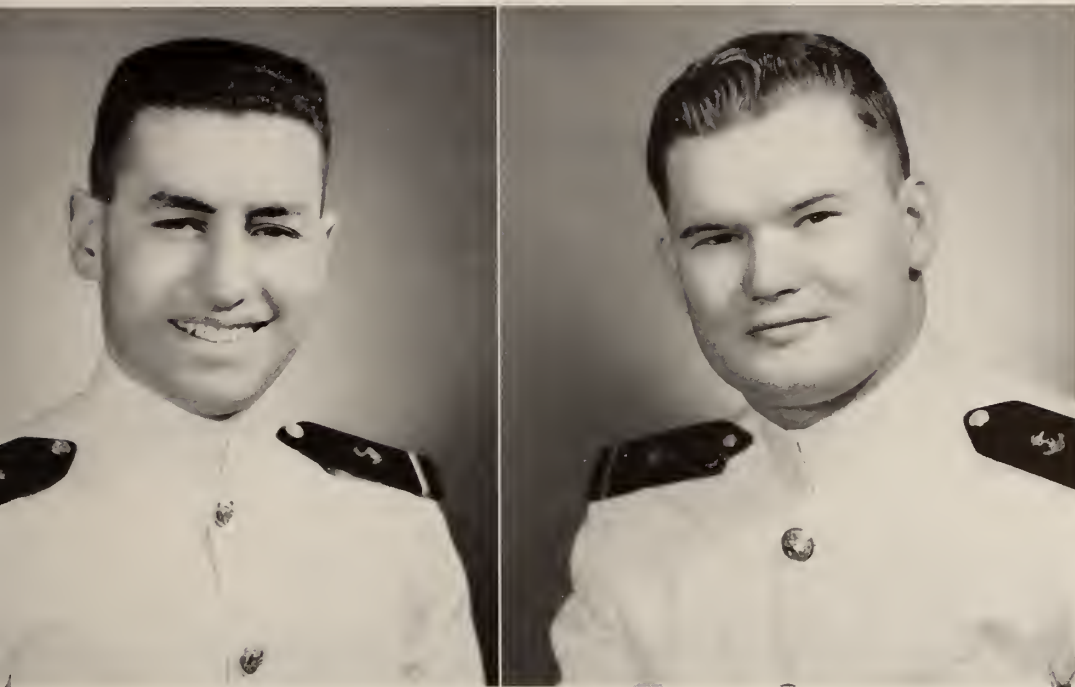
Continuing the military traditions of his family, Brent came down the river to USNAY after an extensive hitch at Severn. The drag houses and athletic fields both claimed his attentions and it might be said that he was no slouch in either respect. A real "hoss" on the lacrosse field, Brent spent four years with the Plebe and Varsity squads. Relaxation was offered in singing for the Glee Club and, of course, his weakness for the opposite sex. Without the drudgery of academics to hold him down, "Tay" should have smooth sailing in his future years.

**AMOS DAVID THOMPSON, JR.**

Jeffersonville, Indiana

From the weekend sailor unit at landlocked Purdue came Amos with his eyes set on a career in Marine green. Bringing a record of success in both academics and athletics, the Moose continued his winning ways with true facility. Spreading his talents liberally among many fields, he had his share of success with the ladies in a campaign of playing the field. An interest in aviation prompted him to do a lot of extra learning; this should fit in smoothly with his long-time ambition of being a Marine aviator.





**SAMUEL GERSON WERBEL**

Far Rockaway, New York

One of the few men in our class who could divide his interests between extra-curricular activities and his company without slighting either was Sam the man. Company parties and class gatherings were known to be built around his unique personality and his fine sense of humor. When not delving into the latest news publications or working out on the volley-ball court, Sam could be found studying in his room to win the never-ending battle with the Academic Departments. It is safe to say that Sam will stand out in whatever he decides to do after graduation.

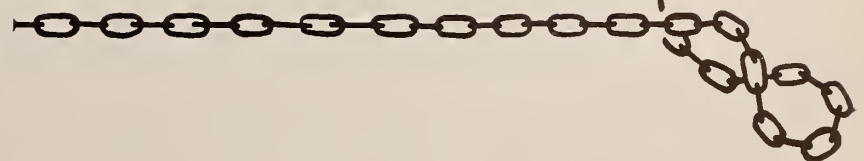
**JEAN RAY WHITTENBERG**

San Marcos, Texas

San Marcos never sounded familiar to any of us before, but after living with this walking Chamber of Commerce for four years, we felt that it must have been one of the biggest towns going. His favorite pastime book-wise was those sound sleeping periods during Steam movies. Quite a tough man on the links, Whit could often be found pelting the white marble for the Varsity golfers. The Glee Club and Chapel Choir took up the rest of his time. A life of going down to the sea in ships sounds good to Jean and he should be a booming success.



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*Left to right: First row—Stratton, Adams, McAree, McCarthy, Richter, Turner, Woodaman, Gordon, Moynahan, Lawler. Second row—Obenland, Gaverick, Mahoney, King, Knapp, Rhodes, Cosky, Marks, Krumm. Third row—Martin, Keav, Abercrombie, Machesky, Kinch, Verdung, Welsh, Hunter. Fourth row—Gilmer, Wisenbaker, Garbacz, Link, McCall.*



*Left to right: First row—Roeder, Parker, Bonneville, Beuhler, Lawinski, Midas, Cauley, Smits, Aragona, Reese. Second row—Riley, Williams, Loveland, Doherty, Renner, Grafton, Terry, Bees, Law. Third row—Scruggs, Prebola, Philbrick, Martin, McConnell, Schroeder, Freehill, McWilliams. Fourth row—Lamade, McAfee, Thomas, Marr, Gardner, Stewart, Fisher. Fifth row—Schulz, Schlicht, Baum, Seaman, Colegrove, McClanahan.*



*Left to right: First row—Kirk, Gallagher, Nunziata, Macknis, Rollison, Gregor, Gary, Noonan, Winant, Knight. Second row—Stevens, Driggers, Whitney, Doughtie, Ardell, Jones, Barron, Vanderbilt, Ryan. Third row—Allen, Hislop, Gallender, Moore, Ardleigh, Rothert, Nosal, Miller. Fourth row—Nemes, Burke, Peckham, Mensch, Thiel, Catlett, Hulse. Fifth row—Kerwick, Davis, Gilbert, March, Bronson.*



Lt. J.L. Hofford, USN  
Company Officer

"Mogambo!"—who can forget the cry that let one know that Twenty-four was around? When you heard it reverberating from the deepest reaches of the mess hall or the Sixth Wing, you knew that we were living things up again. The memories engendered by this crew dates back to Plebe year when Clem and Shaky John first showed the way. But as we grew up, we became more versatile—there were Bucky and his cars, women and stop signs, Bye and his femmes, Lehto and Gatch with their reliable baby-faced smiles. Olie could always be counted upon to talk about Navy Air and we were forever kidding Rickiepool about his blow guns. Lovers and big schnozzes became company trademarks; "Fish" and Sam might be remembered as the foremost of

## Twenty-fourth Company



Fall Set. Left to right—Hill, Troutman, Johnson, Moulton, Simpson, Russo.



Winter Set. Left to right—Haynes, Schriver, Knox, Concklin, Leonard, Gregg.

the former and it will be a long time before they find another one like "P-Berg." Mouse could always be counted on for a guitar solo, Doc played a mean clarinet, but Leo topped them all with his singing Reg book. Bernie always came through with a comment on anything and if they hadn't banned brick-ing parties, Speedo would have had enough by now for his own drag house. Lep could always be relied upon to find an original type of drag, and Al and John were always ready and willing to chase steeples. We'll never forget Monk and his southern accent, Kurtz and his Navy-mindedness, Rassy and his easy-goingness, Pete and his art talent, and finally Carlos and his Latin loves. That's about as far as we care to go—to our classmates and those that we leave behind, "Bon Voyage" from the boys of Twenty-four.



**JAMES LAWRENCE BUCHANAN, II**

Charleroi, Pennsylvania

Quiet Jimmy or "Bucky" hails from the country right outside the steelmills of Pittsburgh. He came to the Academy via the long route; Hilder Prep, California State Teachers College, and then the Naval Reserve. Bucky had his annual contests with the academic departments but always rallied to come out ahead. While here he always managed to drag regularly and to get the maximum enjoyment out of everything he does. A self-confessed playboy, Bucky left the Spaniards gasping in Madrid as he demonstrated his prowess on a motorcycle. After graduation he has hopes of being a hot-shot Navy pilot and his many friends are sure that he can't miss.

**BERT MORSE CONCKLIN, II**

Ridley Park, Pennsylvania

Bert came to the Academy well fortified from a year at Penn State and a tremendous ability to do things the right way. Attacking all problems with a vigor and sincerity surpassed by none, he soon established a firm reputation as a leader and fine all-around person. His sports interests lay in intramural football and lacrosse, at which he also excelled. His work as company representative as well as his love for the good times will long be remembered by his many friends. Bert points toward Pensacola after June of '58 and it gives us all a pleasant feeling that we will undoubtedly see him again.

**MATTHEW TERRY COOPER**

Lexington, North Carolina

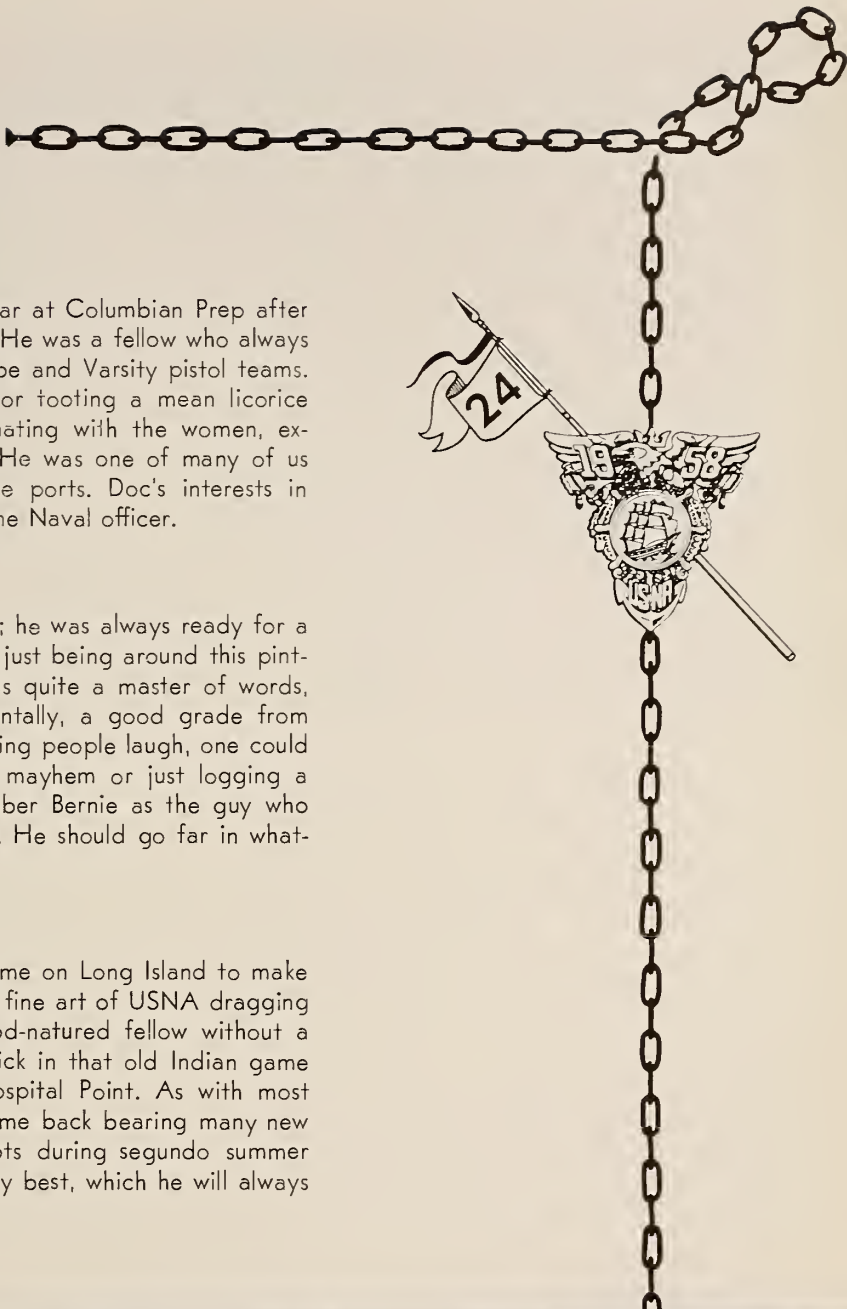
Terry, or "Monk," as we know him best, always had the firm conviction that God's country was down in rebel land; he would bring it up at any time and soon we knew the real meaning of a traveling chamber of commerce. Thanks to a background of two years as a Tarheel at Chapel Hill, Terry never had any trouble with academics. He made many life-long friends with his personality and leadership qualities and always stood high in the esteem of those who knew him. His particular claim to fame here was made over in MacDonough Hall where he could be found cavorting on the high bar for dear old Navy. Terry likes the idea of skippering a tin can someday, so it looks like lucky Navy line will get him, at least for the next thirty years.



*United States Naval Academy*



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## SILAS CLARK DAUGHERTY

Arlington, Virginia

"Doc" joined the rank and file of middies after a year at Columbian Prep after finishing high school in the heart of the coal-mining state. He was a fellow who always liked to stay busy and did this by managing both the plebe and Varsity pistol teams. Otherwise, he could be found playing company soccer or tooting a mean licorice stick in the Concert Band. Doc was never too discriminating with the women, expressing a liking for any nice girl who happened along. He was one of many of us who will always remember Halifax as the best of cruise ports. Doc's interests in skinny and steam should serve him well in the future as a fine Naval officer.

## BERNARD GEORGE DEMERS

Perry, Iowa

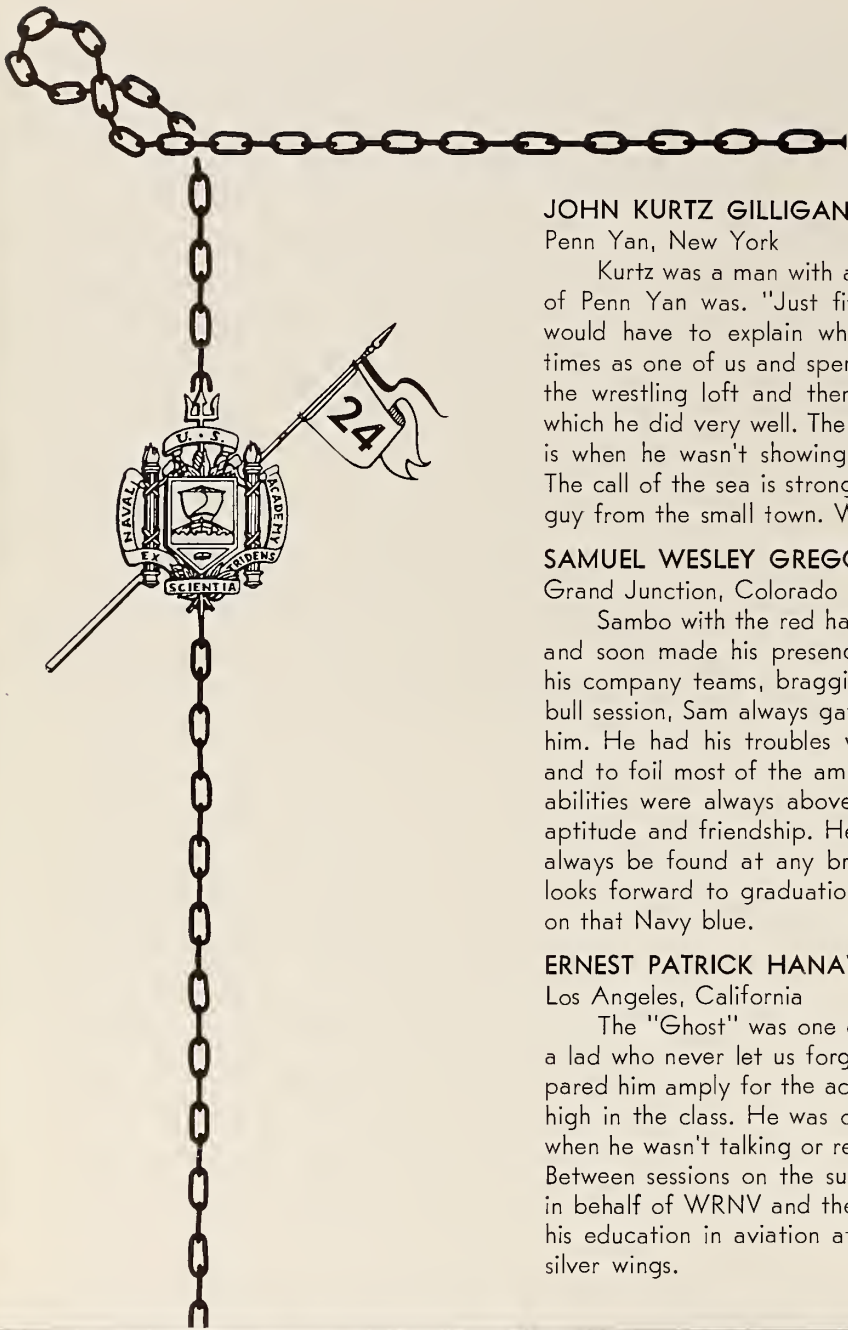
Bernie was known to us all as a prince of good times; he was always ready for a party of any description. It never had to be planned, for just being around this pint-sized guy with the big grin was a party in itself. He was quite a master of words, possessing a ready remark for any occasion and, incidentally, a good grade from the Monsters of Maury Hall. When he wasn't busy at making people laugh, one could always find him on those "friendly" fields of intramural mayhem or just logging a record number of hours in the rack. We'll always remember Bernie as the guy who would never give up trying to put across that corny joke. He should go far in whatever service he chooses.

## PETER HERBERT GATJE

Brightwaters, New York

Pete left high school and the good old days back home on Long Island to make the trip down to Crabtown. While here he discovered the fine art of USNA dragging and thereafter it was a rare sight to see this lanky good-natured fellow without a "queen" by his side. He also wielded a very effective stick in that old Indian game of lacrosse and spent many hours with the guys on Hospital Point. As with most of us, Pete lived for those fabulous leaves and always came back bearing many new stories. He decided to become one of the Navy's pilots during segundo summer somewhere between Chinco and Jax; we wish him the very best, which he will always deserve.





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### JOHN KURTZ GILLIGAN

Penn Yan, New York

Kurtz was a man with a mission—that of trying to tell everybody where the town of Penn Yan was. "Just fifty miles north of Horseheads," he would say and then would have to explain where Horseheads is. Other than this, he had few trying times as one of us and spent the four years well. He bumped heads as a plebe up in the wrestling loft and then settled down to a straight diet of company sports, in which he did very well. The Reception Committee was his main off hour activity, that is when he wasn't showing his prowess as a devoted member of the sackrat club. The call of the sea is strong for Kurtz and it looks like the bounding main for this big guy from the small town. We look for him to go all the way to the top.

### SAMUEL WESLEY GREGG

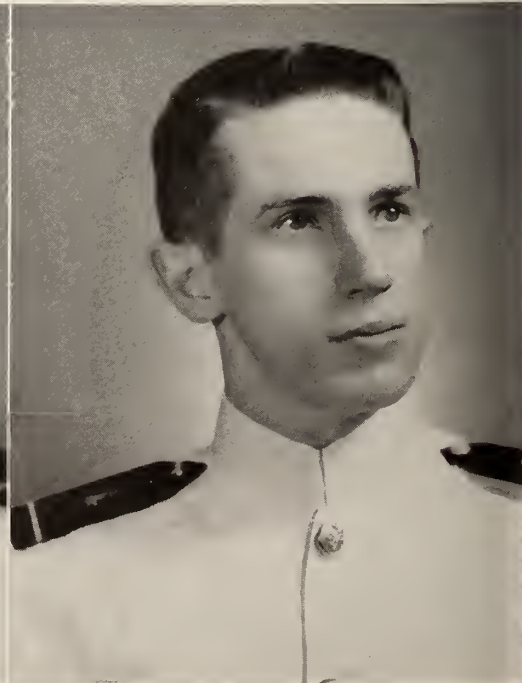
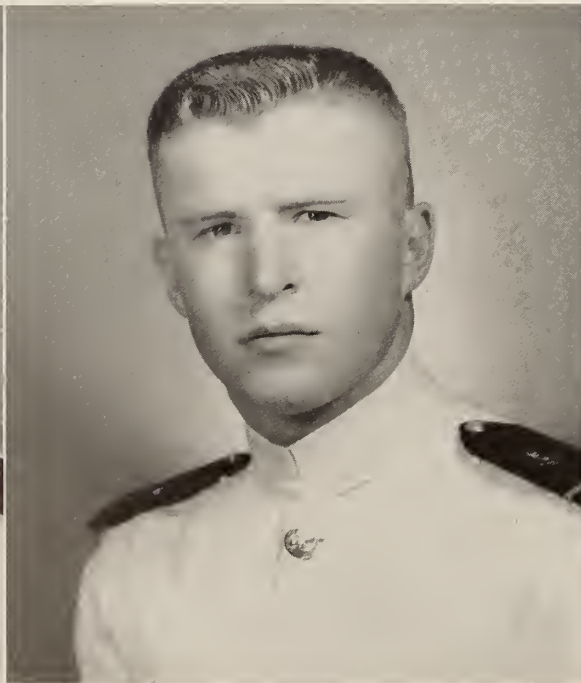
Grand Junction, Colorado

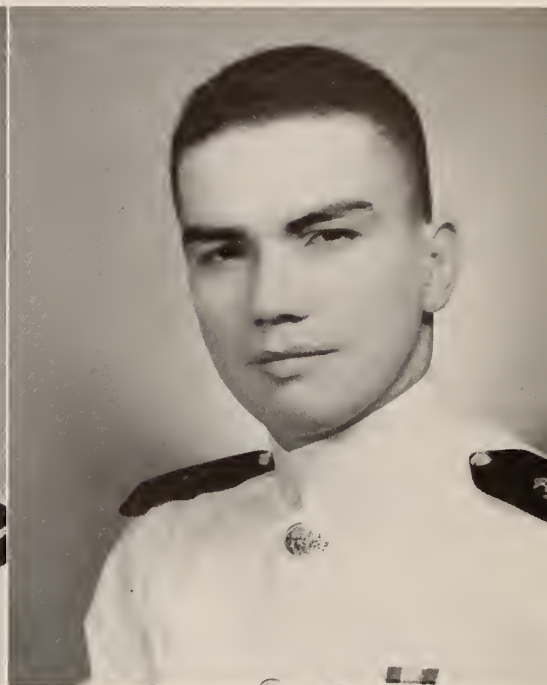
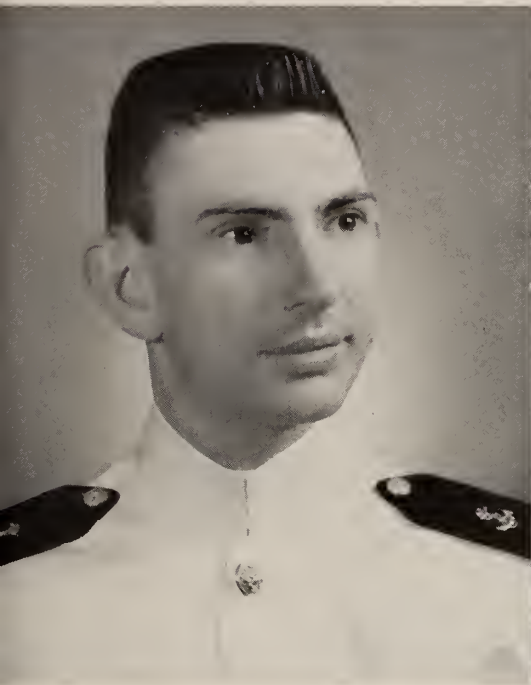
Sambo with the red hair and big smile blew in from the Rocky Mountain country and soon made his presence felt in all quarters. Whether it was playing on one of his company teams, bragging about Colorado, or just engaging in an old fashioned bull session, Sam always gave his best and was tops in the esteem of those who knew him. He had his troubles with the academics but always managed to pay the rent and to foil most of the ambushes that the departments could muster. His leadership abilities were always above doubt and he consistently found himself ranked high in aptitude and friendship. He loved those blasts and bull sessions on liberty and could always be found at any bricking party in the vicinity, even a few in his honor. He looks forward to graduation and eventually the receipt of a pair of dolphins to pin on that Navy blue.

### ERNEST PATRICK HANAVAN, JR.

Los Angeles, California

The "Ghost" was one of the many Golden State boys in our midst and here was a lad who never let us forget it. Two years at Loyola University of Los Angeles prepared him amply for the academic pitfalls and he used this experience well by placing high in the class. He was one of our foremost experts on all phases of aviation and when he wasn't talking or reading about it, he was always good for a game of bridge. Between sessions on the sub squad, Pat managed to squeeze in a lot of time spent in behalf of WRNV and the Varsity and battalion squash teams. He hopes to further his education in aviation after graduation but first of all to pick up a pair of those silver wings.





**CHARLES VERNON HANNA**

Charleston, West Virginia

Vern joined the "pampered pets of Uncle Sam" after a year spent at the University of West Virginia. He firmly established himself as a top student and never left this category during the four years. His grades were the envy of many; he even liked chemistry, much to the amazement of us all. He lent his talents with good effect to both the Concert Band and the Glee Club. Athletically, he occasionally sailed to glory with the dinghies and even spent a year logging miles for the varsity harriers. Destroyer duty is his ambition and with his ability and spirit, he'll probably be an admiral in ten years.

**ALAN LOREN HAYNES**

La Canada, California

A native of the farthest shores, Al was always one of the Golden State's biggest boosters. A year at John Muir Junior College seems to have done some good for he always wore a pair of stars on the collar of his uniform. Being as he puts it a "professional bachelor," he turned his interests to sports in general and track in particular. Besides competing on various plebe, battalion and company teams, he was an acknowledged expert on all the statistics of his trade. Al enjoyed the outdoors and for relaxation on leave he probably could be found in some trout stream. Here at USNA, he considered relaxation to be synonymous with the rack. Al looks to New London upon graduation.

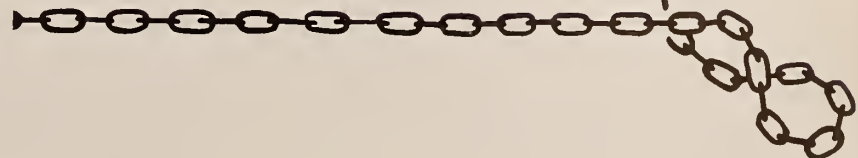
**CARLOS AUGUSTO HERNANDEZ**

Aguada, Puerto Rico

Carlos came north from sunny Puerto Rico after three pleasant years of chasing a civil engineering degree at the University of Puerto Rico. During his stay at Navy, there were never any doubts as to his athletic prowess, especially in soccer, as he starred for the plebe and battalion teams. He spent a lot of time working both in the Spanish and Portuguese Clubs. He was one of the most frequent draggers in our midst and had a reputation for a very discerning eye. Carlos wants to fly for Uncle Sam; we wish him the very best of luck in his future career.



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**MARTIN GEORGE HILL**

Chatham, New York

Marty came to the Severn via high school back home in New York and a year at Case Tech. Somewhere along the way he picked up a love for math which we could never fathom, but could never get along with the Bull Department. His favorite saying, "It will never happen again," will be one long remembered by his classmates. Marty's favorite pastime of dancing was practiced at frequent hops. From Navy, he hopes for a career in the flying Navy. Always ready to do a job that needs able hands, Marty will be a great asset to the Fleet.

**DAVID HENRY JOHNSON**

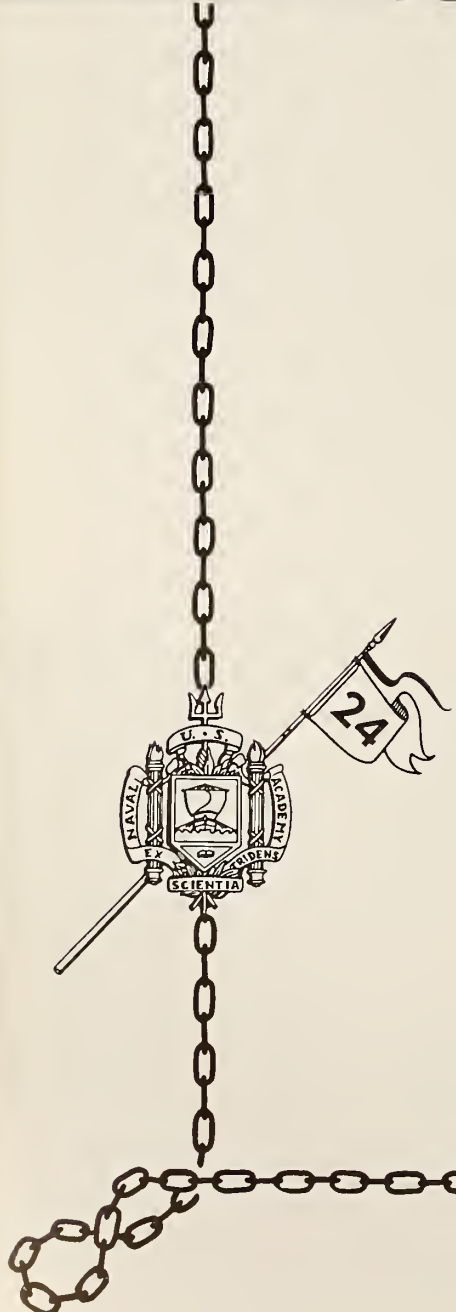
Nashville, Tennessee

Personable, affable and certainly one of the easiest of fellows to get along with, Dave will not soon be forgotten by his fellow sufferers. Hailing from the heart of Dixie where he lived, Dave could never understand how anyone could want to start a school in Maryland when Tennessee was available. Dave was a man with the golden touch; everything he tried seemed to be done right. His reputation for picking out a pretty girl was also above reproach. His primary ambitions in life are to live a happy life centered around a career in Navy line. If anyone can attain that goal, it will certainly be Dave.

**PAUL RICHARD KLINEDINST, JR.**

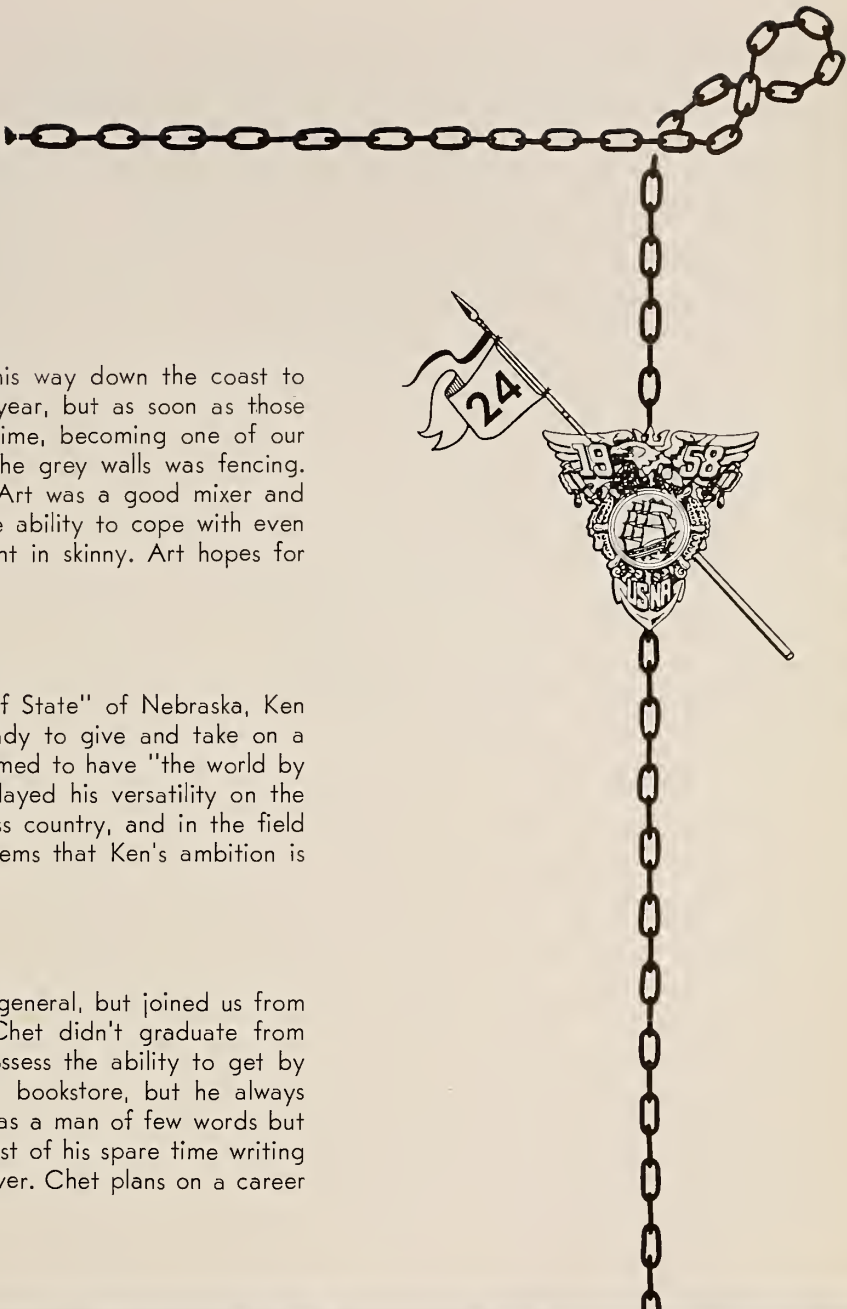
Garden City, New York

Friendly and ambitious, Paul ambled in from the "city of green trees" up in the Empire State. Paul's natural scholastic ability was the amazement of us all—nothing was too hard for this friendly, hard-working guy and he stayed up at the top of the class. His academic successes gave him plenty of time to spread his talents into other fields. He put a lot of effort into the **Log** and **Lucky Bag** for which both publications benefited greatly. His schedule was always pretty full, but, he managed to find time to drag an occasional redhead. As for the future, "P-berg" plans to go Navy line and then hopes to spend his first shore duty here teaching skinny.



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## ARTHUR GUSTAVE KLOS

Bloomfield, New Jersey

Hailing from the wilds of New Jersey, Art found his way down the coast to Canoe U. Navy life kept him rather busy during plebe year, but as soon as those diagonal stripes arrived, he started making up for lost time, becoming one of our most frequent draggers. His main interest while within the grey walls was fencing. Being a good piano player and a lover of good music, Art was a good mixer and the best of friends. His cheerful disposition gave him the ability to cope with even the toughest situation. He even managed to pay the rent in skinny. Art hopes for a life spent in the wild blue yonder with Navy air.

## KENNETH BERYL KNOX

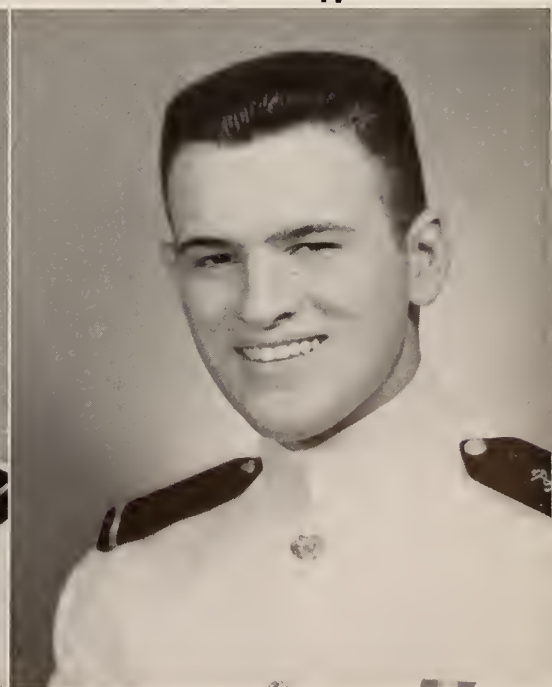
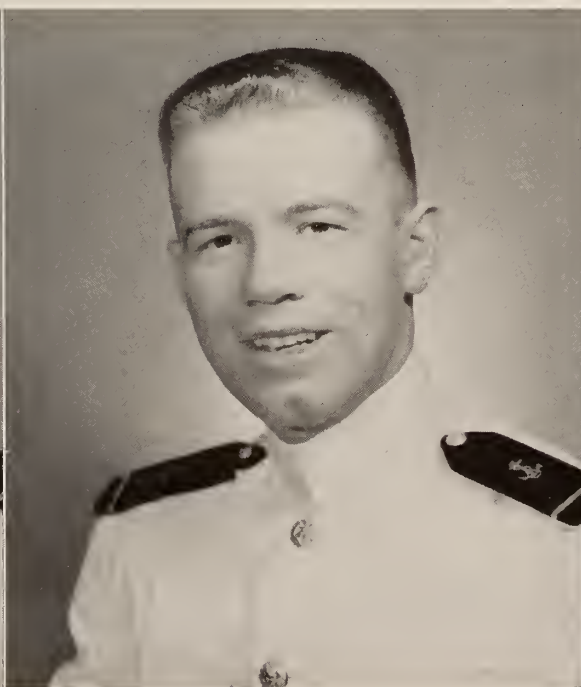
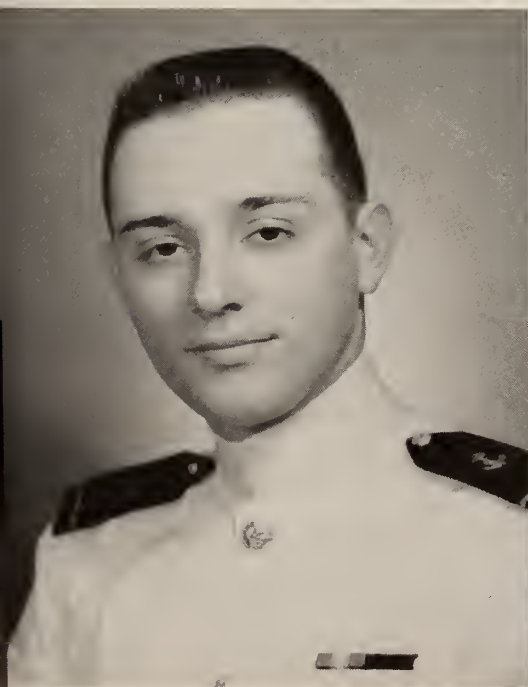
Tekamah, Nebraska

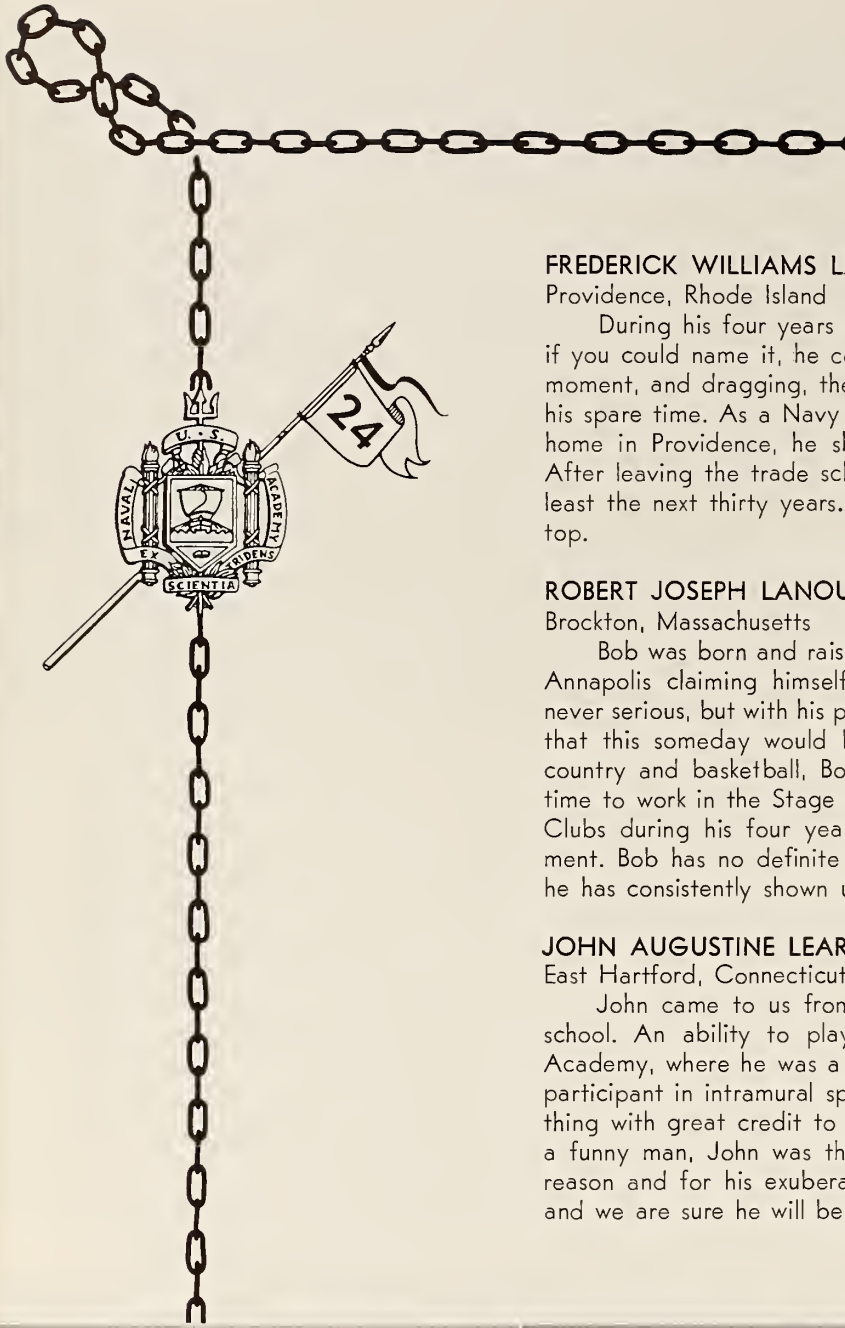
Coming from a little town in the heart of the "Beef State" of Nebraska, Ken showed himself to be somewhat reserved, yet always ready to give and take on a joke. His pet peeve in life was those few people who seemed to have "the world by the tail on a downhill pull." Nevertheless, Ken ably displayed his versatility on the athletic field in softball, volleyball, steeplechase, and cross country, and in the field of academics with his consistently starring average. It seems that Ken's ambition is to join the rank and file of young ensigns in the Fleet.

## CHESTER ARTHUR KUNZ, JR.

Overland Park, Kansas

Being a Navy Junior, Chet hails from everywhere in general, but joined us from Sullivan Prep School in nearby Washington. Although Chet didn't graduate from high school, he has proven here at Navy that he did possess the ability to get by without it. If you walked into his room, it looked like a bookstore, but he always complained that he didn't have time to read them. He was a man of few words but one of deep thoughts and keen actions. He did spend most of his spare time writing letters and plowing through his vast book collection, however. Chet plans on a career in Navy line where we are sure he will be a success.





# United States Naval Academy

**FREDERICK WILLIAMS LAING, JR.**  
Providence, Rhode Island

During his four years here, many a company party featured Bill and his banjo; if you could name it, he could play it. Academics never seemed to give him a bad moment, and dragging, the Antiphonal Choir, and the Math Club helped to occupy his spare time. As a Navy Junior who has been from Tsingtao, China, to his present home in Providence, he should be well briefed on what to expect in the service. After leaving the trade school, the blue and gold uniform looks good for Bill for at least the next thirty years. With his interests and abilities, Bill can't miss hitting the top.

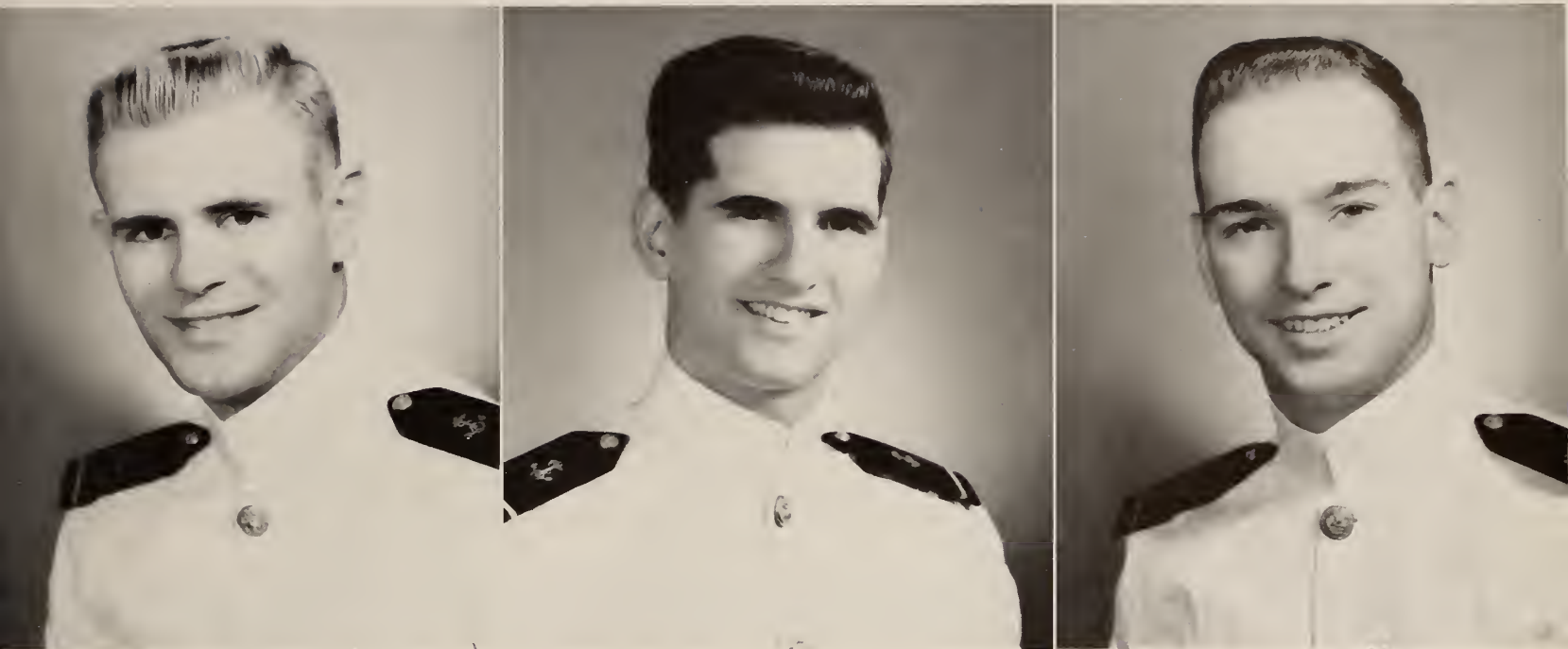
**ROBERT JOSEPH LANOUE**  
Brockton, Massachusetts

Bob was born and raised as a staunch New Englander; then he came to dear old Annapolis claiming himself as Brockton's most famous product. We knew he was never serious, but with his persistent hard work and excellent ability, we never doubted that this someday would be true. Taking part in intramural tennis, softball, cross-country and basketball, Bob proved himself an able athlete as well. He also found time to work in the Stage Gang, the French, Aeronautical Engineering and Newman Clubs during his four years here. His only real complaint was the Steam Department. Bob has no definite preference for his ultimate service choice but with what he has consistently shown us, we know that he will make good anywhere.

**JOHN AUGUSTINE LEARY, II**  
East Hartford, Connecticut

John came to us from the heart of New England after graduation from high school. An ability to play an outstanding game of soccer followed him to the Academy, where he was a member of the plebe and J.V. teams. John was a strong participant in intramural sports when soccer wasn't occupying his time, doing everything with great credit to himself and the company. Known throughout the class as a funny man, John was the object of, and the instigator of many laughs. For this reason and for his exuberant personality, he was well liked by all of his classmates and we are sure he will be a fine success in the Navy.





**DANIEL BYNON LEONARD, JR.**

Lansford, Pennsylvania

Though not the first of the Lansford Leonards to graduate from the shores of the Severn, his brother having been commissioned with the class of 1952, Dan has provided his classmates with many happy moments. Known affectionately as "the doctor," he could also earn a fine living as a civilian due to his tonsorial experience over the past four years. A stellar member of the State Gang and battalion Handball team, Dan continually refused credit for the saying, "If the rack goes, I go with it." Dan is another one of the many who hope to fly upon graduation, looking for a pair of silver wings.

**TERRANCE BYRNE MAGRATH**

Havertown, Pennsylvania

This smiling Irishman was another one of the many refugees from the Quaker State to end up on the shores of the Severn. A year in the Naval Reserve and previous time spent at Bullis Prep prepared Terry for his jump to the Trade School. Affectionately known as "Schroeder" for his love for classical music, he spent most of his free time in the engineering department of WRNV and dragging, although he claimed to be a woman hater. We wish Terry a lot of luck as he hopes to find his way southward to a place called Pensacola upon graduation.

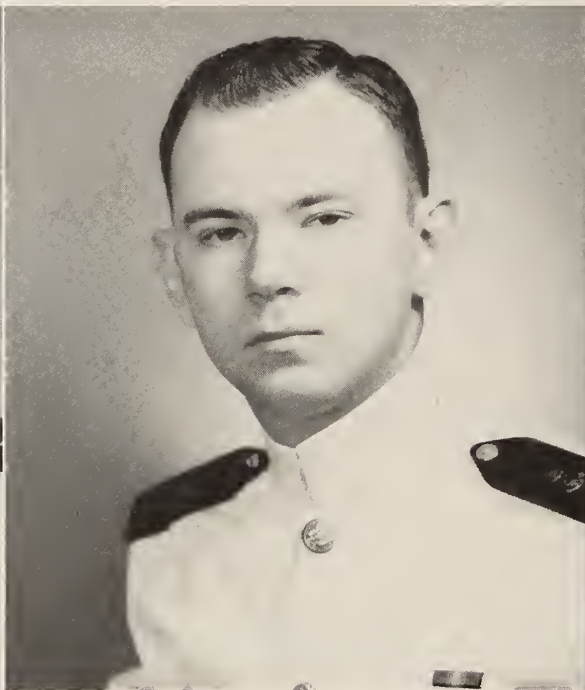
**MICHAEL ANDREW MORAN**

Chicago, Illinois

Mike, a native of the Windy City, came to Navy after a brief time at Loyola University. His previous "education" there gave him ample appreciation of the finer things in life, foremost of which were wine, women, and song. Although a lover of good times in any shape and size, he always was the true Midwestern gentleman. He was a member of the Italian and Aviation Clubs. Mike plans to enter Navy line upon graduation and with his wit and sense of humor, he will go far.



*United States Naval Academy*



**PHILIP ROLAND MOULTON**

Omaha, Nebraska

Phil came east from the plains of Nebraska after graduation from high school to attend Hilder Prep prior to entrance to the Academy, then cast his lot with the rest of us for a career in the Navy via "Heaven on the Severn." The "Bear" was an active member of the Reception Committee, and played a staunch game at goalie on the battalion lacrosse team. High seas, skinny classes, and the rack have been his nemeses, but he has surmounted them all with little effort. It's a long way from Omaha to the sea, but Phil made it; we wish him good luck and smooth sailing in his naval career.

**PETER CONRAD NYSTROM**

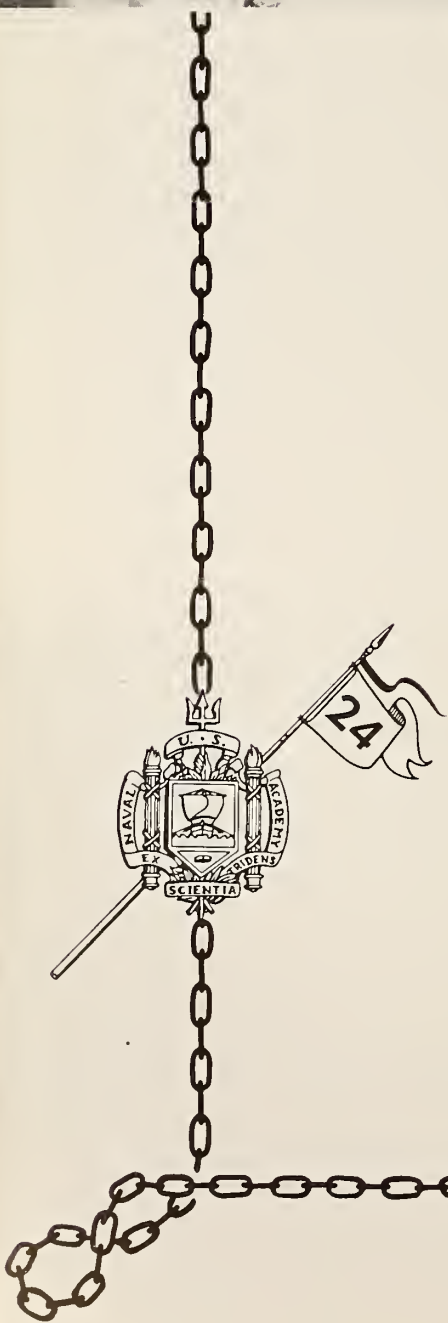
Rutherford, New Jersey

Pete came south from Jersey via a year spent way up north at Brown University. Previous college experience seems to have done him no harm as he cleared all the academic hurdles with comparative ease. Plebe year gave him those trying moments but his spirit carried him through all crises, even the times when the upperclassmen made him run those fantastic cruise box races. Pete's favorite pastime was art work in which he continually proved his talent in three years of work for the **Log** art staff. He even became interested in studying Naval history. He has been interested in the Navy for many years and hopes for a specialized career in Navy air.

**GEORGE DONALD OJAHLETO**

Maynard, Massachusetts

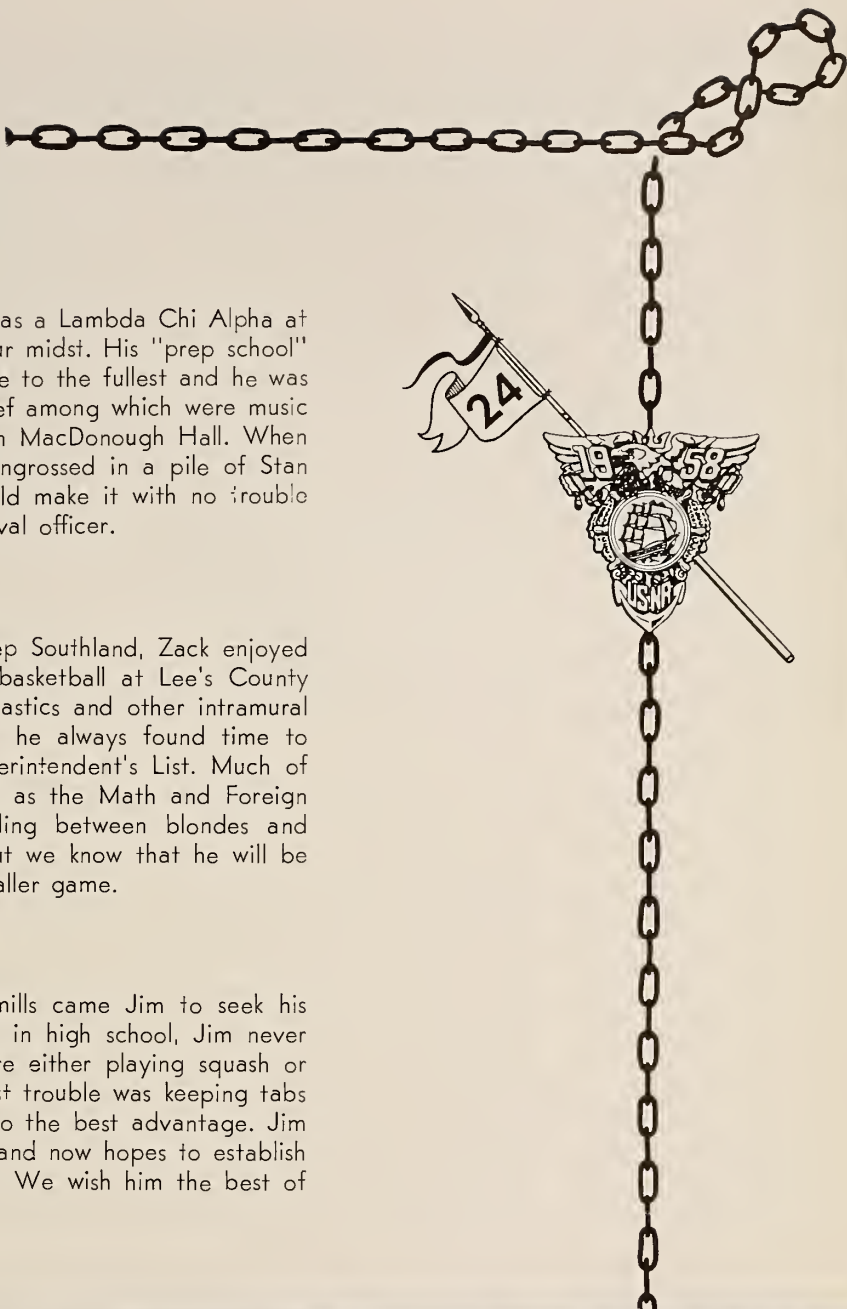
George, better known as "Lato" or "Ogee" to us, came to join us from the Bay State of Massachusetts. Here was the original good time kid, always ready for a blast or a brawl. He was never without a quip on his tongue and a smile on his face. Academics, especially skinny, were the one thing that could cause a frown to appear on his face, although even that was almost gone immediately. He never sweated the books though, and could often be found wrapped up with a good book, preferably Philip Wylie. It's Navy air or sub service for "Ogee," and with his sense of humor and fine spirit, we're sure he will be a big hit in whichever field he chooses.



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## CHARLES ANDREW OLESON

Chandler, Oklahoma

Ole tore himself away from a pleasant tour of duty as a Lambda Chi Alpha at Oklahoma A & M College to make the big jump into our midst. His "prep school" training gave him a lot of background on how to live life to the fullest and he was a boy who always did. Ole had many interests here, chief among which were music in the shape of a trumpet and those flying rings over in MacDonough Hall. When he wasn't tooting his horn, he could usually be found engrossed in a pile of Stan Kenton records. Ole wants to fly for the Navy; he should make it with no trouble and then make good his ambition to be a successful Naval officer.

## ZACK TAYLOR PATE

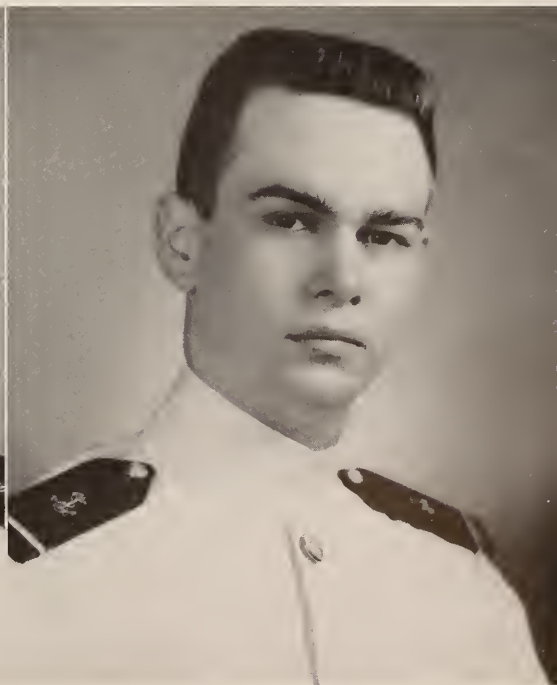
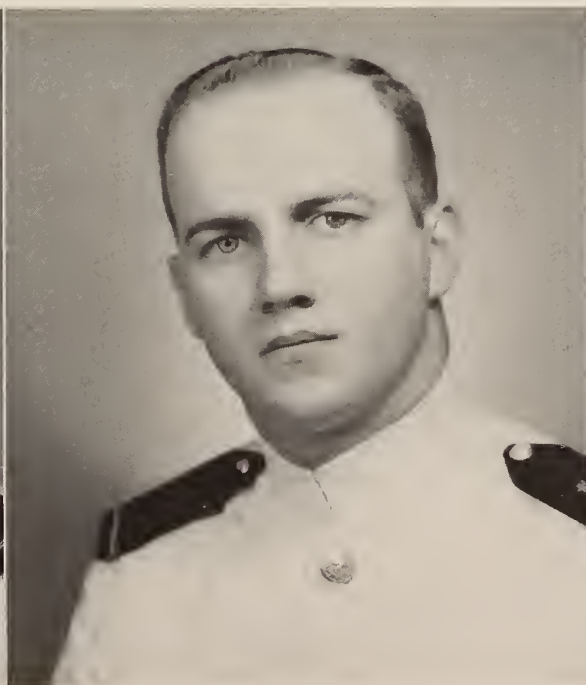
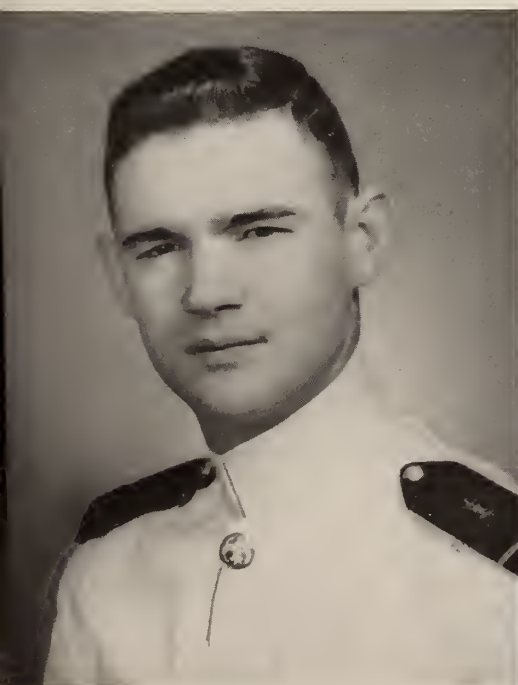
Marianna, Florida

Appropriately named, with origins in the deep, deep Southland, Zack enjoyed an auspicious youth, having held the scoring record in basketball at Lee's County High School. At Navy, the hoop sport, as well as gymnastics and other intramural sports, continued to occupy most of his time, however he always found time to easily maintain stars and a permanent spot on the Superintendent's List. Much of his time was also taken by such extracurricular activities as the Math and Foreign Language Clubs. Zack always had a hard time deciding between blondes and brunettes; we could tell that he really liked them all. But we know that he will be happiest back in the woods of the Old South hunting smaller game.

## JAMES LEE PIERCE

Mercer, Pennsylvania

Out of the land of the football players and steelmills came Jim to seek his calling in the Navy. A National Honor Society member in high school, Jim never worried about the books, spending most of his time here either playing squash or padding out listening to his record collection. His biggest trouble was keeping tabs on that elusive crest, but he always managed to use it to the best advantage. Jim liked flying when he first met it during segundo summer and now hopes to establish residence in Pensacola just two months after graduation. We wish him the best of everything always.



## KEITH LEONARD RASMUSSEN

Arco, Minnesota

Keith came to Navy from behind a butcher's block in the northland of Minnesota. Although no one has ever heard of Arco, he insists there is really such a place out there in the woods someplace. While at Navy, Ras was an active member of his company steeplechase and battalion lacrosse teams. He had no favorite subject and often said that he could always be a butcher. Keith will long be remembered for his easy-going manner, best illustrated by his favorite pastime of accumulating many hours prone in the pad or reading a good book. As for the service, he looks forward to at least thirty years.

## HERNAN ALBERTO RICAURTE

Quito, Ecuador

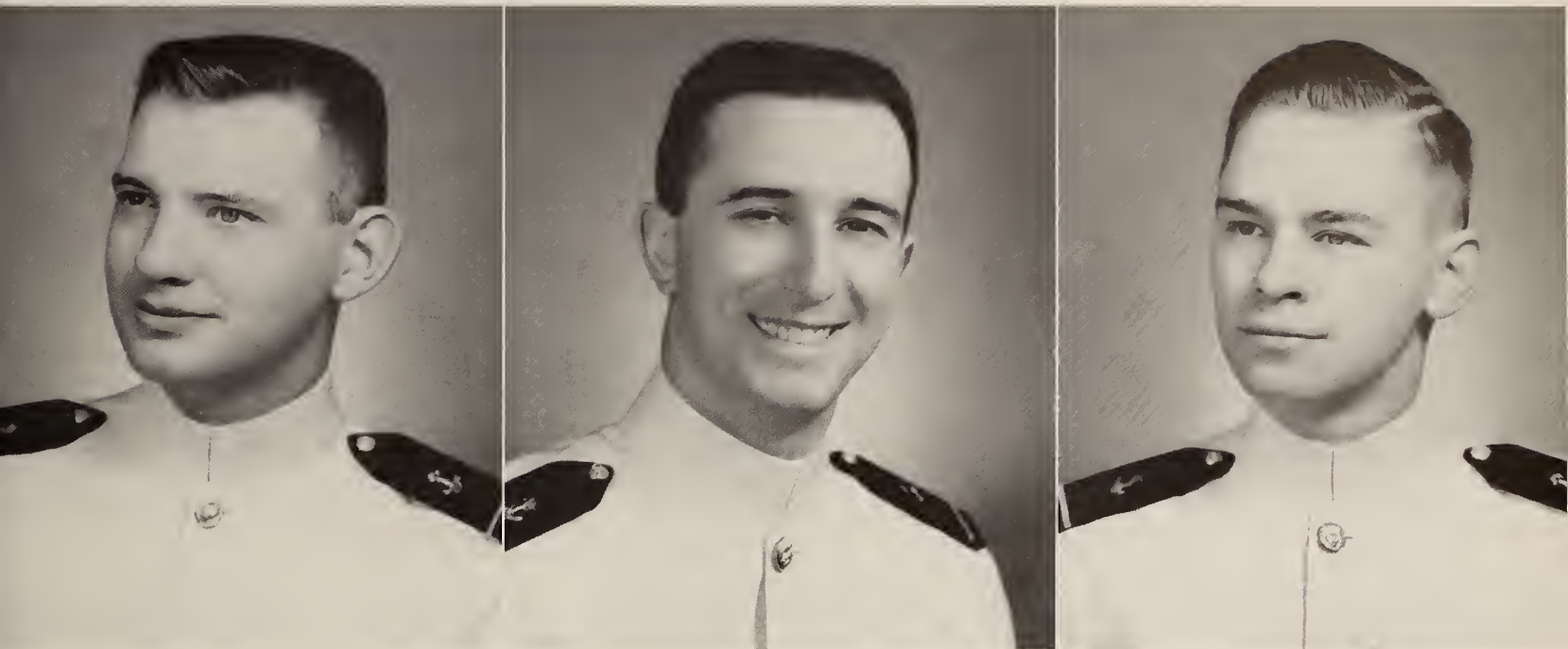
From way down south, of Ecuador, that is, came our little rebel. Rick was not the advance plebe, as he was lucky enough to have just finished Plebe year "Alpha" at Escuela Naval Militar in his native country. In making the change, Rick brought with him the liking and the ability to play soccer which he put to good advantage for the company and battalion. When he wasn't thinking of those good times and parties he loved so well, he could always be found dragging or lying in the rack listening to classical music. After graduation he will be commissioned in the Ecuadorian Navy. We wish him Godspeed and hope that we will see him again soon.

## PETER STEVAN RODER

Muskegon Heights, Michigan

Here was a real long drink of water. Spider made the trip to USNAY from high school in the Wolverine State. Because of his high stature, Pete managed to excel in any sport requiring height and speed, particularly steeplechase and cross country. His friends, of which there should always be many, will always remember Pete as a fellow who was ready for a joke at any time and anywhere. Academically, Pete was famous for starring in Russian; he had more trouble with the boys in Maury Hall. On the less serious side, Pete preferred fishing, hunting, and cars to anything else. Upon graduation Pete hopes to go Navy air and retire at fifty. It remains to be seen whether or not the Spider can find a jet that will fit that long frame.





**WILLIAM OREN RODEWALD**

Muskegon, Michigan

Bill came to USNA after graduation from Muskegon High School, in that state where all the new cars come from. During his Plebe year, Bill was famous for playing on the Plebe football team and for marching many hours on the sixth wing rear terrace. Academics, the only rough spot in his stay here at the academy, forced him to give up football, but he managed to become a stalwart in company and battalion sports. "Gus-Gus" takes his relaxation from the great outdoors, and is interested in guns, sports, and cars. Bill's burning desire is to graduate from USNAY and go into the "PG" training with the men in green down at Quantico.

**ANTHONY ROBERT RUSSO**

Trenton, New Jersey

Tony gave up his old stomping ground in Trenton to join us four years ago. Since then, Tony impressed us all with an uncanny knack of spreading a brightness to all who knew him with his wonderful personality. He used his ability to get along well with anyone, to good advantage in the Italian Club, and the Reception Committee. His athletic prowess in company sports were also well known. If he had some free time left after this, he could usually be seen dragging through our scenic surroundings. Navy air will be getting the best when Tony journeys south to Pensacola after graduation.

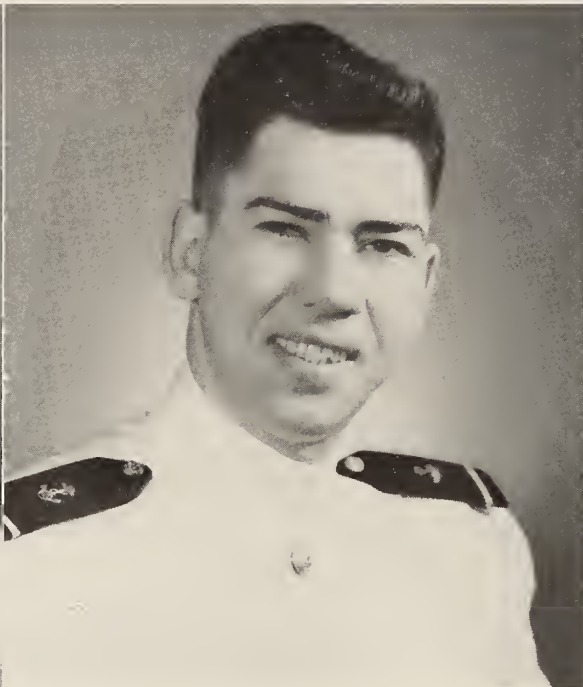
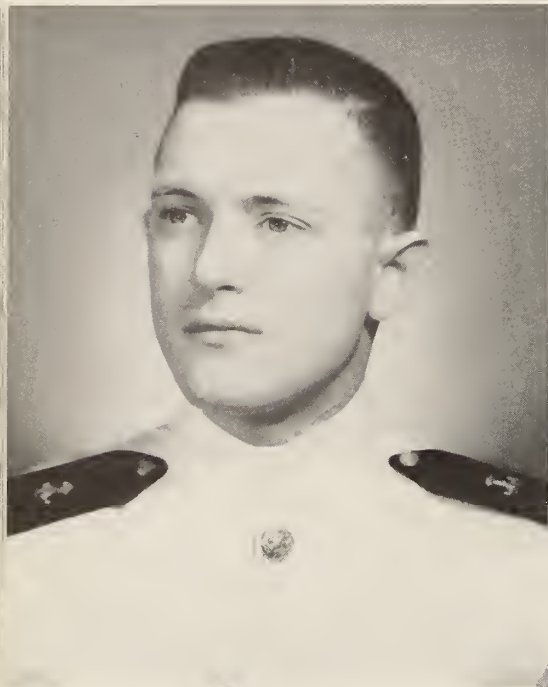
**BYRON SCHRIVER, JR.**

Little Rock, Arkansas

Bye, fresh from a successful high school career in the Razorback State, met the obstacles of the Academy with an energy and determination which soon became characteristic of him to all those who knew him; he flashed through four years filled with achievements. Always ribbed about his high sweat factor towards studies, sports, and that personal appearance, Bye took it in stride. His hard work and great ability paid him well, as he was always at or near the top in academics, aptitude, and friendship. Bye filled the billet as a perfect midshipman and will undoubtedly do the same in his future career in the Navy. He plans to command one of Uncle Sam's subs someday in the not too distant future.

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**WILLIAM ALBERT SIMPSON**

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

"Seph" descended on the Academy from the gay campus life at Penn State University. A thoroughly confirmed fraternity man, he reluctantly traded in the carefree luxury of college life for a laundry number and a suit of blue service. He considered dragging here to be quite a challenge. Seph's academic ability was eclipsed only by his ability to entertain and harass his classmates. When he wasn't busy at this, he was out on the intramural field establishing and holding a reputation as one of the company's better athletes. His ambition and confidence will doubtlessly lead him to an abundant and successful career in whatever service he enters.

**GEORGE MARLIN SLOAN**

Bessemer, Alabama

Big George, an ardent rebel from the heart of Dixie, came to the Academy after spending one year at Auburn, where he was on his way to an Electrical Engineering degree. From the time he came aboard, his steps were heard throughout Mother Bancroft and it was never very difficult to distinguish him from far away. With his height he was considered good material for the crew team, with which he spent most of his afternoons. His dragging activities were somewhat restricted, but he never lost that discriminating eye. His choice among the services is Navy air and we feel that the Navy couldn't get a better guy.

**LEO ERNEST THERRIEN, JR.**

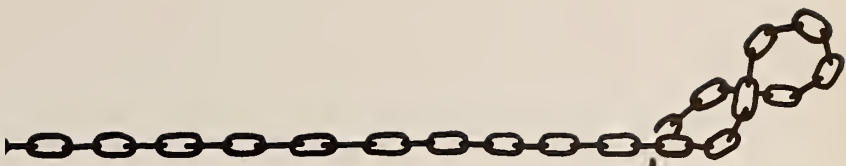
Coos Bay, Oregon

Leo joined the Brigade from the great Northwest via a year at local Columbian Prep. He had been a member of the Naval Reserve and decided to go Navy in a big way. During his stay on the Severn, Leo spent most of his free time in the fencing loft, in the handball courts or working in the engineering department of WRNV. He also spent quite a few hours listening to his favorite brand of music or just taking it easy on the blue trampoline. Leo has the ambition of skipping a submarine someday, and with his way of getting things done right, he'll make it with no trouble at all.



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## DARRELL CLINTON TROUTMAN

Winside, Nebraska

This stout son of the Midwest came to join us from a semester at Wayne State Teachers College and a three month hitch with the Army. He was never quite sure whether or not his experiences with the latter group made him see the light, but he packed his gear and answered the call of the sea. His many friends will always remember him as being ready at any time for a few hands of cards or a quick game of basketball. Participating widely in company sports, he was a mainstay of the heavyweight football and softball teams. His favorite pastimes, however, confined themselves to writing letters and counting days until the next party was scheduled. He hopes to go up into the air for his career and his main ambition is to wear one of those uniforms with the silver wings.

## JAMES ALLEN WOOD

Eureka Springs, Arkansas

Forsaking the gay collegiate life at Purdue, Woodie arrived in Annapolis with slide rule broken in and a certificate of confirmed bachelorhood. Not getting a big enough kick out of foiling the academic departments in their attempts to ambush him, he exercised by making the Plebe swimming team and, in later years, by joining the rowing brotherhood at Hubbard Hall. He even broke down once in awhile, amazing all his friends by dragging a young lady. Woodie is one of the many who wants to fly for Navy; we wish him the best of luck always.





*Left to right: First row—Estes, Russell, Roberts, Burke, Rose, Zitzewitz, Osburn, Sears, Evans, Hill. Second row—Owen, Johnson, Talbert, Weaver, Kohl, Featherstone, Wardlow, Heiman, Franklin. Third row—Nickel Hilt, Susag, Casey, Yenchko, Schick, Franchi, Arrington. Fourth row—Carter, Johnston, Holroyd, Nolan, Strohsahl, Dorsey, Wilson.*



*Left to right: First row—Sparks, Coté, Hubbard, Hagen, Jones, Wright, McClarren, Webb, Ballard, Kesler. Second row—Banner, Van Ness, Vied, Parker, Whitaker, Caswell, Van Houten, Terry, Ransom. Third row—Hill, Reilly, Wilson, Hayes, Hunt, Strain, Williams, Quinlan. Fourth row—Smith, Woodard, Eber, Craver, Maxson, Affourtit, von Fisher. Fifth row—Spearman, Willsey, Neal, Prather, Adler, Shawkey.*



*Left to right: First row—Sunderland, Dick, Growney, Van Metre, Conboy, Nichols, Walter, Sheridan, Danna, Marshall. Second row—Smoke, Wingard, Mire, Storm, Myers, McCormick, Hanson, Papandrea, Horhutz. Third row—Spangler, Swart, Kieffer, Hoernemann, Mire, Vegerita, Chipchak, Miles. Fourth row—Erchul, Wacker.*

# *In Appreciation . . .*

There are many, many intangibles that go into the production of a *Lucky Bag*; when the 1958 edition was born in the fall of 1955, the newly-elected editor and his fellow "plank-owners" didn't know how many. Inexperienced in the ways of college yearbook production, we naturally had to feel our way along at first, and we came to rely to a great extent upon the civilian and service representatives who came to our aid. To these people, the staff of the 1958 *Lucky Bag* couldn't begin to give enough thanks.

Mr. Charles C. Clegg, of Comet Press, Inc., was the printing liaison man between our littered office and the production end up in New York City. We had literally thousands of questions that came up in the course of the three years that it took to put this book together. Mr. Clegg always seemed to have the answers to all of them, and many that we hadn't even thought of. Although we gave him many reasons for heart failure when deadlines came up, he never lost his good cheer and confidence that came to inspire the whole staff. To Mr. Clegg and his embattled production manager, we would give the world if it were ours.

Our engravers, Lynchburg Engraving Company, and their representative, Mr. Winston Sheppard, did a fine job with the front section and the biographies. Never failing to come through with a tip when it counted, they gave us the best in service always. Special thanks to both Mr. Sheppard and Mr. Arthur Meidling, who was always so cordial and helpful.

The photography in the biography section, striper, underclass, and company pages is enthusiastically credited to Zamsky Studios of Philadelphia and their fine staff. John Chevalier worked long hours with Mr. Zamsky and his photographers in scheduling and taking the myriad of pictures necessary for these pages. Enough couldn't be said in their praise.

The cover, which we feel is among the best ever, is the work of the people at S. K. Smith Company of New York and Chicago. Mr. E. W. Kase represented them to us, and we would like to thank him for all the expert help and good advice.

Thanks to all the advertisers who came to our rescue this year. No college publication is possible without advertising, as we soon found out. The contacts that we made in securing this advertising were always most cordial.

On the home front, special thanks go to Commander Ray Wiggins, our Officer Representative, who took such good care of us. The advice, the help, even the copy deletions, that came from this gentleman were always in the best taste and interests of the *Lucky Bag*. He was always around when help was needed.

Special appreciation goes to all the midshipmen, instructors, and officers who helped us with many of the facets of the production. Posing for pictures, helping us caption them, even writing some of the copy—it was all help that we couldn't have done without.

Photography credits should go to Mr. M. E. Warren of Annapolis, who provided many of the individual pictures in the sports section. His gracious cooperation and excellent photography were assets that we came to rely upon heavily. Thanks should also go to our own Public Information Office, which provided us with many U.S. Navy photographs for the Chain of Command section and the four years story. Mr. Maurice Constant provided us with the portrait of Admiral Burke, while Journal Fotos, of Jacksonville, Florida, took the pictures of the dance in their fair city during Second Class Summer. The Associated Press provided us with the picture of President Eisenhower appearing on page 45; we would also like to thank *Look Magazine* and the *Washington Post* for the aid that they gave us.

To all these and the many others, too numerous to mention, who helped make this book possible, the editor offers his deepest appreciation. The staff of the *Lucky Bag* and the entire class of 1958 owes each and every one a big debt of gratitude.

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Fohrman, W. G.	402	Greer, M. R.	524	Hurst, H. H.	343
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Friedman, P. G.	356	Haltermann, R. L.	510	Johnson, D. H.	600
Friedman, R. S.	294	Hamilton, D. B.	403	Johnson, L. O.	586
Frustace, J. P.	475	Hamrick, J. M.	494	Johnson, R. V.	587
Fry, F. R.	461	Hanavan, E. P.	598	Johnson, R. L.	587
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		Hanna, C. V.	599	Jones, W. R.	281
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Gardner, J. T.	385	Harper, H. J.	571	Keefe, R. E.	296
Gardner, W. D.	264	Harrington, P. H.	279	Keifer, T. W.	495
Garland, K. P.	309	Harris, D. W.	343	Keim, C. H.	388
Garvey, W. A.	385	Harrison, C. E.	417	Keith, F. W.	282
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Gentile, J. L.	475	Hatchett, J. W.	417	Kenney, J. A.	328
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Gerson, G. M.	402	Haughey, C. H.	477	Kiehn, O. A.	451
Giambattista, T. B.	310	Hayes, W. V.	571	Kimmel, L. G.	249
Gibbons, T.	523	Haynes, A. L.	599	King, G. J.	526
Gibson, D. B.	371	Haynes, J. R.	418	King, P. A.	357
Gibson, R. C.	585	Healey, J. F.	540	Kirk, R. B.	372
Gibson, W. J.	341	Hekman, P. M.	265	Kirkley, O. M.	249
Giddens, J. L.	386	Held, J. W.	280	Klinedinst, P. R.	600
Gies, L. C.	342	Helweg, O. J.	328	Klos, A. G.	601
Giese, C. E.	461	Hemingway, J. W.	511	Knox, K. B.	601
Gifford, L. S.	310	Henderson, J. R.	371	Konkel, H. W.	329
Giglio, M. A.	386	Henderson, N. B.	404	Kornegay, R. R.	435
Gill, J. S.	325	Hennig, G. R.	524	Korzinek, C. J.	344
Gilligan, J. K.	598	Hernandez, C. A.	599	Kosoff, T. M.	404
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Glaser, F. K.	494	Herrin, W. F.	404	Kretschmar, E. T.	358
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Goldberg, M. A.	416	Higgins, J. D.	495	Kuhneman, M. F.	312
Goldenstein, G. R.	539	Higgins, J. L.	463	Kunz, C. A.	601
Goodman, M. "E"	523	Hill, M. G.	600		
Goodwin, J. C.	278	Hillsman, W. C.	387	Lackey, R. S.	478
Goolsby, J. A.	416	Hoch, J. E.	434	Laing, F. W.	602
Gordon, R. H.	558	Hocker, J. D.	311	Lamb, T. J.	526
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Larson, L. P.	478	McMichael, J. C.	391	Ondishko, C. N.	590
Larzelere, C. W.	542	McMillan, J. G.	560	O'Neill, T. E.	575
Lawe, R. C.	572	McNall, P. F.	466	Osborn, J. D.	269
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Lawrence, R. D.	588	McNergney, R. P.	420		
Leake, M. H.	312	McNulla, J. E.	250	Pabst, H. L.	332
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Lima, J. A.	266	Meinig, G. R.	405	Parks, T. J.	466
Lindsey, E. E.	588	Meisel, W. J.	421	Parks, W. H.	375
Lisle, G. F.	512	Merriken, S. A.	452	Pate, Z. T.	605
Lombard, G. F.	345	Merritt, E. A.	527	Patterson, J. F.	438
Longdon, A. P.	345	Merry, T. R.	437	Patterson, R. F.	528
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Lovitt, L. D.	267	Miller, H. W.	330	Pendley, W. T.	284
Lucas, D. B.	573	Miller, J. C.	374	Perkins, R. S.	285
Luce, R. W.	465	Miller, P. J.	268	Peters, D. L.	562
Luders, E. C.	283	Miller, R. L.	421	Peters, J. D.	438
Lukenas, L. A.	389	Minar, G. H.	543	Peters, W. C.	376
Lupfer, A. M.	389	Mink, L. M.	347	Peters, W. J.	453
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Lyon, H. B.	419	Mitchell, M. M.	527	Peterson, C. J.	407
Lyons, J. R.	329	Mitchell, W. F.	421	Peterson, C. O.	251
Lyons, M. D.	267	Mixson, M. E.	300	Petinos, F.	467
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MacKenzie, F. F.	405	Moore, W. N.	250	Pierce, J. L.	605
MacKinnon, J. H.	373	Moran, F. J.	437	Pierce, M. L.	467
MacLean, R. E.	560	Moran, M. A.	603	Pierson, R. K.	332
MacNeill, D. W.	496	Morgan, D. E.	250	Pinkham, C. T.	301
Magrath, T. B.	603	Morris, C. C.	331	Pinto, J. M.	301
Malais, E. J.	312	Morris, W. A.	406	Pittenger, R. F.	497
Malcewicz, P. F.	312	Mortenson, W. P.	374	Pivarnik, W. D.	481
Maloney, T. C.	542	Moulton, P. R.	604	Poindexter, J. M.	513
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Mansfield, J. S.	436	Murphree, T. S.	392	Potter, J. L.	528
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Marshall, W. W.	268			Pratt, T. M.	301
Martella, A. A.	436	Nagle, J. F.	359	Price, J. P.	333
Martin, T. P.	313	Nagle, C. A.	562	Priebe, T. R.	333
Martinez, J. R.	373	Nance, I. V. A.	392	Prince, W. G.	376
Mason, J. W.	298	Narro, A. T.	574	Prout, W. J.	377
Mason, R. H.	373	Nazak, R. M.	562	Puckette, C. L.	515
Massey, L. B.	405	Neely, R. M.	284	Pulling, W. E.	439
Matheson, J. W.	436	Newcomb, D. A.	452	Putnam, W. A.	348
May, W.	390	Nicholas, J. R.	375	Pyatt, A. F.	377
Mayers, D. F.	314	Nichols, C. H.	269	Pyle, E. L.	393
Mayhew, J. F.	573	Nickerson, J. P.	528		
McAleer, G. R.	543	Nicolls, R. P.	393	Rachap, A.	423
McCain, J. S.	496	Norkin, D. P.	331	Radcliffe, E. T.	393
McCandless, B.	526	Nulty, J. L.	375	Radigan, J. M.	302
McCarter, J. C.	374	Nutting, R. M.	480	Radziej, T. J.	529
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McCullough, M. L.	420	O'Connor, M. G.	347	Rasmussen, K. L.	606
McGaffin, C. H.	452	O'Connor, W. P.	589	Raudio, V. J.	315
McGugin, R. M.	283	Ojalehto, G. D.	604	Reed, C. H.	529
McIntyre, F. P.	346	Oldham, E. W.	331	Reed, H. W.	271

Reeger, H. L.	359	Slayman, K. E.	254	Vargo, H. G.	500
Reeves, T. L.	316	Sloan, G. M.	608	Vaughan, R. R.	469
Reid, L. R.	285	Slyder, R. L.	576	Veasey, G. D.	319
Reinarz, R. L.	407	Smedberg, E. B.	531	Venable, R. L.	396
Reister, W. A.	529	Smiley, G. F.	317	Vick, J. C.	319
Rennie, J. C.	575	Smith, C. J.	545	Victor, A. E.	410
Reynolds, J. W.	316	Smith, F. W.	576	Vreeland, R. E.	273
Reynolds, L. F.	575	Smith, L. T.	440		
Ricaurte, H. A.	606	Smith, W. B.	303	Wade, C. N.	454
Rice, O. C.	423	Smith, W. L.	378	Wales, F. L.	531
Riches, R. C.	408	Sorensen, R. S.	318	Walter, J. A.	410
Ridley, A. K.	302	Spane, W. T.	468	Walters, W. S.	335
Ring, W. R.	271	Stack, R. B.	348	Wandell, J. J.	455
Ripley, V. M.	481	Stallkamp, R. W.	483	Warley, S.	549
Risinger, R. E.	467	Stannus, R. D.	378	Warren, R. L.	362
Roach, A. G.	377	Statton, F. H.	286	Washburn, J. I.	348
Robbins, B. A.	360	Steckler, J. L.	468	Watts, G. L.	500
Robbins, J. E.	514	Stephenson, G. B.	468	Wawak, S. J.	363
Roberson, J. C.	408	Stewart, D. K.	287	Weatherston, J. G.	549
Roberts, G. K.	408	Stibler, R. W.	514	Webster, S. T.	577
Robinson, D. M.	439	Stiff, H. L.	484	Wedell, J. A.	484
Robinson, M. K.	333	Stiller, P. F.	546	Weibly, R. L.	396
Roder, P. S.	606	Streeter, G. F.	254	Weigand, J. G.	455
Rodewald, W. O.	607	Stremic, A. W.	546	Weitfle, P. L.	425
Rogers, R. D.	544	Strybel, W. F.	591	Welles, B. W.	288
Rohrbough, J. D.	360	Stryker, J. D.	440	Wells, J. T.	531
Rorer, W. H.	409	Stubbs, D. W.	318	Wells, R. D.	288
Rosadino, E. F.	286	Stubbs, G. R.	499	Werbel, S. G.	593
Rosenberg, J. F.	544	Studer, E. A.	546	Werner, T. A.	470
Rosser, T. B.	252	Stumcke, F. B.	469	West, R. W.	577
Rowe, D. V.	440	Sturr, H. D.	547	Westbrook, D. A.	426
Rowe, R. W.	334	Sudmeyer, P. T.	287	Westphal, K. A.	485
Rowton, S. P.	498	Surratt, H. C.	576	Westphal, P. E.	256
Ruby, S. M.	544	Sutherland, D. M.	394	White, T. C.	485
Rueckert, N.	334	Sutman, J. L.	547	Whitney, R. P.	470
Runzo, M. A.	394	Sutton, J. D.	272	Whittenberg, J. R.	593
Russ, C. F.	302	Swain, W. B.	515	Wiedemann, F. R.	256
Russell, H. B.	545	Swanson, A. E.	564	Wier, D. A.	441
Russo, A. R.	607	Swart, S. H.	287	Wilcox, B. A.	426
Ruth, J.	498	Swope, J. P.	335	Wilhelmy, C. B.	549
Ruwwe, G. R.	272	Sword, C. S.	379	Williams, E. F.	470
Ryan, B. A.	316			Williams, G. W.	273
Ryan, J. H.	482	Taft, D. J.	424	Williams, J. D.	380
Ryan, W. R.	317	Tarquin, D. C.	441	Williams, J. R.	456
		Taylor, B. W.	592	Williams, T. M.	564
Sachse, W. R.	453	Taylor, D. A.	379	Williams, W. A.	501
Salmon, M. D.	360	Taylor, J. T.	255	Willingham, D. G.	532
Sauer, R. C.	591	Taylor, P. H.	255	Willmarth, J. M.	550
Schaaf, G. M.	424	Taylor, S. A.	547	Wilson, D. K.	456
Schenck, K. I.	482	Teague, R. M.	380	Wilson, J. S.	320
Schlang, L. H.	530	Tennent, R. "E"	441	Wilson, R. J.	532
Schmidt, J. E.	545	Thacher, E. F.	484	Wilson, R. J., III	256
Schnepper, R. A.	530	Theohary, T.	454	Withers, W. Z.	533
Schramm, W. G.	498	Therrien, L. E.	608	Witzmann, J. H.	442
Schriver, B.	607	Thom, R. A.	515	Wolff, W. A.	320
Schroeder, C. C.	252	Thomas, R. R.	361	Wood, J. A.	609
Schulz, W. J.	252	Thompson, A. D.	592	Woodbury, M. G.	348
Schwitzer, A. B.	253	Thornton, R. A.	548	Woodley, R. P.	257
Scott, W. E.	482	Thoureen, T. H.	272	Woods, S. A.	501
Seeberger, J. J.	394	Tillman, R. L.	255	Work, P. L.	442
Segelbacher, G. F.	378	Timmer, D. R.	548	Wright, D. L.	578
Sendek, J. M.	499	Tinker, A.	499	Wright, J. C.	363
Shafer, J. L.	361	Tipton, J. C.	395	Wright, L. C.	257
Shane, L. P.	483	Todd, L. F.	318	Wright, R. W.	411
Sharp, S. E.	253	Top, T. W.	409	Wright, W. D.	515
Shearer, R. L. I.	454	Topping, R. L.	303	Wyatt, J. M.	578
Sheehan, J. E.	254	Triebes, C. J.	361		
Shriver, N. W.	348	Troolin, L. P.	548	Yarbrough, C. R.	533
Shroyer, D. K.	514	Troutman, D. C.	609	Yoder, R. A.	550
Sickman, J. F.	409	Troutman, F. G.	410	Yost, A. N.	257
Sillardoff, J. S.	317	Trudeau, L. A.	288	Young, W. K.	516
Simmons, W. A.	348	Tucker, P. C.	577		
Simpson, A. P.	530	Tulley, M. G.	469	Zariquiey, G. N.	303
Simpson, W. A.	608			Zemlicka, F. K.	516
Sinnott, W. T.	563	Uhlhorn, W. S.	362	Ziegler, D. H.	411
Skezas, G. C.	483	Van Hoose, J. B.	395		
Skiles, A. V.	424	Van Landingham, R. D.	362		
Slafkosky, A. R.	286	Van Niman, J. H.	425		
Slaven, R. K.	254				

# *Navy Air*

Adams, J.W.  
Allard, D.L.  
Allender, G.R.  
Ayars, J.E.

Ballard, R.H.  
Banta, C.E.  
Bartels, H.B.  
Bayne, J.L.  
Belcher, S.A.  
Bellay, D.J.  
Bennett, A.J.  
Berg, R.P.  
Berry, J.P.  
Blatt, R.N.  
Brewer, J.G.  
Brooks, P.E.  
Buck, R.V.

Carl, R.  
Carson, A.W.  
Chiocchio, O.S.  
Christenson, W.C.  
Clune, E.M.  
Conery, F.A.  
Conzelman, B.T.  
Corder, J.L.  
Correll, W.W.  
Cox, D.B.  
Coyne, G.K., Jr.  
Craig, B.L.  
Creighton, G.C.

D'Armand, M.  
Davis, J.V.  
Demand, D.H.  
Dittrick, J.J.  
Dougherty, W.A.  
Doyle, T.J.  
Dyck, C.P.

Ericksen, P.E.  
Estep, J.A.

Felix, H.K.  
Fennell, G.M.  
Fisler, L.H.  
Flynn, W.T.  
Foley, P.J.  
Frawley, M.P.  
Freeman, R.C.  
Fuller, G.F.

Gatje, P.H.  
Gebhart, K.L.  
Gibbons, T.

Gibson, R.C.  
Gibson, W.J.  
Goldenstein, G.R.  
Goodman, M. "E"  
Gough, M.N.  
Graham, W.A.  
Graver, T.H.  
Gray, R.  
Gregg, S.W.  
Gross, A.C.

Hall, M.B.  
Hanson, R.E.  
Harshberger, R.L.  
Haugen, A.B.  
Hernandez, J.J.  
Herold, L.  
Higgins, J.D.  
Higgins, J.L.  
Hodkins, W.F.  
Hofstedt, P.D.  
Holroyd, R.E.  
Hospes, A.E.  
Hotard, W.C.  
Houston, G.M.  
Hulme, J.B.

Johnson, R.V.  
Johnson, R.L.  
Jones, W.R.  
Juliano, J.R.

Kaufman, L.E.  
Kenney, J.A.  
Konkel, H.W.  
Kornegay, R.R.  
Korzinek, C.J.  
Krauter, G.E.  
Kuhneman, M.F.

Lamoureux, R.J.  
Lane, R.E.  
Larson, C.R.  
Larson, J.J.  
Larzelere, C.W.  
Lawrence, R.D.  
Lorusso, J.M.  
Lovejoy, R.E.  
Luders, E.C.  
Lukenas, L.A.  
Lupfer, A.M.  
Lyon, H.B.

Macauley, W.F.  
Matheson, J.W.  
May, W.

Mayers, D.F.  
McCain, J.S.  
McCandless, B.  
McCullough, M.L.  
McKee, W.H.  
McKenzie, G.T.  
McMichael, J.C.  
McNergney, R.P.  
McNulla, J.E.  
McNulty, G.R.  
Merry, T.R.  
Meyer, D.J.  
Midgarten, P.N.  
Mink, L.M.  
Mitchell, K.F.  
Mitchell, W.F.  
Moore, J.T.  
Mortenson, W.P.  
Mowery, R.V.  
Musgrove, R.W.  
Myers, G.D.

Nagle, C.A.  
Nance, I.V.A.  
Narro, A.T.  
Nicolls, R.P.  
Nulty, J.L.  
Nystrom, P.C.

O'Connor, M.G.  
Oleson, C.A.  
Oliver, W.H.  
O'Neill, T.E.

Palmer, H.L.  
Parks, T.J.  
Patterson, R.F.  
Pendley, W.T.  
Pettit, J.T.  
Pierce, J.P.  
Pierce, M.L.  
Pinto, J.M.  
Polski, P.A.  
Poremba, S.  
Port, J.C.  
Porter, G.H.  
Price, J.P.  
Priebe, T.R.  
Prince, W.G.  
Pulling, W.E.  
Putnam, W.A.  
Pyatt, A.F.

Radigan, J.M.  
Rasmussen, K.L.  
Raudio, V.J.

Reeger, H.L.  
Reid, L.R.  
Rennie, J.C.  
Ruby, S.M.  
Runzo, M.A.  
Russ, C.F.  
Ryan, W.R.

Sachse, W.R.  
Sauer, R.C.  
Schaaf, G.M.  
Schlang, L.H.  
Schramm, W.G.  
Seeberger, J.J.  
Segelbacher, G.F.  
Shafer, J.L.  
Shearer, R.L.I.  
Sheehan, J.E.  
Sickman, J.F.  
Silldorff, J.S.  
Skezas, G.C.  
Smedberg, E.B.  
Smith, F.W.  
Smith, W.B.  
Stibler, R.W.  
Stiller, P.F.  
Streeter, G.F.  
Stubbs, D.W.  
Stumcke, F.B.  
Swanson, A.E.  
Sword, C.S.

Taft, D.J.  
Taylor, D.A.  
Taylor, P.H.  
Troutman, D.C.  
Troutman, F.G.  
Tucker, P.C.

VanHoose, J.B.  
Venable, R.L.  
Victor, A.E.

Weibley, R.L.  
Welles, B.W.  
Westbrook, D.A.  
Westphal, K.A.  
White, T.C.  
Wilcox, B.A.  
Wilhelmy, C.B.  
Wood, J.A.  
Woodbury, M.G.  
Woodley, R.P.

Yost, A.N.

# *Navy Line*

Adkins, J.N.  
Akers, M.N.  
Alexander, R.K.  
Alvarez, M.I.  
Anderson, R.S.  
Arata, W.A.

Baker, C.H.  
Baldwin, E.M.  
Barrett, S.P.  
Barry, T.J.  
Bartels, M.G.  
Bass, A.E.  
Bassett, F.E.  
Bauer, G.T.  
Beard, P.M.  
Bellows, G.E.  
Beran, M.R.  
Bertke, D.E.  
Besecker, J.A.  
Blank, M.D.  
Boerner, D.A.  
Booriakin, W.A.  
Borden, E.L.  
Bredbeck, W.J.  
Brenner, G.H.  
Brewer, A.W.  
Bridgman, W.E.  
Broady, A.V.  
Brown, P.L.  
Brown, R.S.  
Budney, S.M.  
Buell, T.B.  
Bump, S.E.  
Bunting, K.M.  
Butterworth, F.W., III  
Byman, W.E.

Caldwell, J.F.  
Caldwell, R.K.  
Calkins, D.S.  
Cantrell, W.H.  
Carestia, R.J.  
Carretta, A.A.  
Chadick, W.L.  
Chafee, G.B.  
Chapple, M.W.  
Cheney, T.C.  
Chodorow, A.M.  
Chrisman, J.A.  
Clason, R.E.

Clement, F.J.  
Clement, J.M.  
Cobb, J.B.  
Coe, F.W.  
Comly, S.P.  
Cook, J.W.  
Cooper, G.A.  
Cordova, R.N.  
Corey, T.V.  
Corr, P.S.  
Coyle, F.X.  
Creighton, L.W.  
Cummins, P.Z.

Daniels, S.P.  
Dargis, S. "W"  
Darius, H.A.  
Daugherty, S.C.  
David, G.J.  
Davies, R.E.  
Davis, J.R.  
Dawson, W.H.  
Day, C.W.  
Degnan, T.F.  
Denny, G.L.  
Donahue, L.P.  
Doss, M.T.  
Doty, R.E.  
Driggers, T.F.  
Dunbar, R.P.  
Duncan, W.E.

Edewaard, W.C.  
Edwards, S.H.  
Elliott, N.S.  
Eppling, D.C.  
Evans, R.G.  
Eytchison, R.M.

Farlee, B.W.  
Featherston, E.W.  
Feeney, J.S.P.  
Fenick, J.D.  
Figura, R.R.  
Fisher, J.R.  
Fitzgerald, J.L.  
Flood, T.P.  
Flynn, R.W.  
Ford, R.R.  
Fordham, C.R.  
Forrestal, T.P.

Forsman, C.J.  
Fox, J.F.  
Fox, R.A.  
Fraher, J.  
Frank, N.J.  
Freakes, W.  
Fredda, V.I.  
Friedman, R.S.  
Fuller, R.H.

Galla, J.H.  
Gamboia, J.F.  
Gardner, J.T.  
Garland, K.P.  
Garvey, W.A.  
Gates, H.H.  
Gentry, K.F.  
Gibson, D.B.  
Giddens, J.L.  
Gies, L.C.  
Giese, C.E.  
Gifford, L.S.  
Gilligan, J.K.  
Given, P.R.  
Gladding, T.  
Gladin, J.R.  
Glaser, F.K.  
Goodwin, J.C.  
Goolsby, J.A.  
Gordon, R.H.  
Gorton, R.M.  
Goto, I.K.  
Gottsche, A.L.  
Granzin, K.L.  
Green, W.H.  
Greene, R.P.  
Greer, M.R.  
Griffin, H.D.  
Griffiths, J.B.  
Grimm, T.D.  
Grocki, C.J.  
Grucza, J.F.  
Guinn, J.P.  
Guthman, S.F.

Haenze, L.R.  
Hale, W.B.  
Hamilton, D.B.  
Hamrick, J.M.  
Hardy, R.S.  
Harper, G.C.

Harrison, C.E.  
Harriss, D.J.  
Harvey, J.E.  
Hayes, W.V.  
Haynes, J.R.  
Healey, J.F.  
Hekman, P.M.  
Helweg, O.J.  
Henderson, J.R.  
Henderson, N.B.  
Herner, E.P.  
Herrin, W.F.  
Hill, M.G.  
Hoch, J.E.  
Hoel, J.I.  
Holdeman, G.R.  
Holland, J.D.  
Holmberg, B.A.  
Holthaus, H.L.  
Howard, W.S.  
Hughes, F.M.  
Hummer, J.J.  
Hunter, H.C.  
Hutchinson, J.D.  
Hynes, D.J.

Igoe, J.E.  
Illick, W.S.  
Immerman, A.L.  
Ingle, C.E.  
Ingram, F.H.  
Ingram, R.F.  
Izard, J.

Jackson, P.Y.  
Jacobs, T.L.  
Jenkins, G.J.  
Johnson, D.H.  
Johnson, L.O.  
Jokanovich, P.  
Jones, D.W.

Kane, F.C.  
Keim, C.H.  
Keith, F.W.  
Keith, R.T.S.  
Kessler, E.L.  
Kimmel, L.G.  
King, G.J.  
Kirby, P.A.  
Kirk, R.B.

# *Navy Line*

Klinedinst, P.R.  
Kosoff, T.M.  
Kraft, J.C.  
Kreitner, C.W.  
Krumrei, W.H.  
Kunz, C.A.

Lamb, T.J.  
Landrum, R.G.  
Lanoue, R.J.  
Larson, L.P.  
Lawrence, K.B.  
Leake, M.H.  
Leary, J.A.  
LeBer, J.R.  
Leonard, D.B.  
Lima, J.A.  
Lindsey, E.E.  
Lisle, G.F.  
Longton, J.N.  
Love, P.E.  
Lovitt, L.D.  
Luce, R.W.  
Lyons, J.R.  
Lyons, M.D.  
Lyons, S.J.

MacGregor, R.M.  
MacKenzie, F.F.  
MacKinnon, J.H.  
MacLean, R.E.  
MacNeill, D.W.  
Maloney, T.C.  
Mansfield, E.G.  
Mansfield, J.S.  
Marshall, W.W.  
Martella, A.A.  
Martinez, J.R.  
Mason, R.H.  
Massey, L.B.  
McCarter, J.C.  
McClure, K.G.  
McConnell, H.E.  
McLane, M.J.  
McMillan, J.G.  
McNall, P.F.  
McPadden, J.G.  
Meinig, G.R.  
Merriken, S.A.  
Merritt, E.A.  
Miller, H.W.

Miller, P.J.  
Miller, R.L.  
Moll, H.  
Moore, W.N.  
Moran, F.J.  
Morgan, D.E.  
Morris, C.C.  
Mueller, L.H.  
Mullin, G.C.  
Murphree, T.S.

Nazak, R.M.  
Newcomb, D.A.  
Nicholas, J.R.  
Nickerson, J.P.  
Nutting, R.M.

O'Beirne, F.  
O'Connor, W.P.  
Oldham, E.W.  
Omberg, W.F.  
Ondishko, C.N.  
Osborn, J.D.  
Owens, R.R.

Pabst, H.L.  
Palmer, J.A.  
Panzarino, J.N.  
Parker, S.A.  
Parks, W.H.  
Pate, Z.T.  
Paull, J.F.  
Peele, C.R.  
Peltier, E.J.  
Perkins, R.S.  
Peters, D.L.  
Peters, J.E.  
Peters, W.J.  
Peterson, C.J.  
Peterson, C.B.  
Peterson, C.O.  
Petinos, F.  
Phillips, R.E.  
Pidgeon, R.H.  
Pierson, R.K.  
Pittenger, R.F.  
Pivarnik, W.D.  
Poindexter, J.M.  
Potter, J.L.  
Prather, R.J.

Rachap, T.A.  
Radziej, T.J.  
Ranes, G.J.  
Reed, C.H.  
Reinarz, R.L.  
Reister, W.A.  
Riches, W.C.  
Ring, W.R.  
Roach, A.G.  
Robbins, B.A.  
Robbins, J.E.  
Roberts, G.K.  
Roder, P.S.  
Rogers, R.D.  
Rohrbough, J.D.  
Rorer, W.H.  
Rosadino, E.F.  
Rowe, D.V.  
Rowe, R.W.  
Rueckert, N.  
Russell, H.B.  
Ruth, J.  
Ruwwe, G.R.  
Ryan, B.A.

Schnepper, R.A.  
Schroeder, C.C.  
Schulz, W.J.  
Schwitzer, A.B.  
Scott, W.E.  
Sendek, J.M.  
Shane, L.P.  
Shriver, N.W.  
Skiles, A.V.  
Slaven, R.K.  
Slayman, K.E.  
Smith, C.J.  
Smith, L.T.  
Smith, W.L.  
Sorensen, R.S.  
Spane, W.T.  
Stack, R.B.  
Stannus, R.D.  
Steckler, J.L.  
Stephenson, G.B.  
Stiff, H.L.  
Stryker, J.D.  
Stubbs, G.R.  
Sturr, H.D.  
Surratt, H.C.

Sutton, J.D.  
Swope, J.P.

Tarquin, D.C.  
Taylor, B.W.  
Taylor, J.T.  
Tennett, R. "E"  
Thacher, E.F.  
Therrien, L.E.  
Top, T.W.  
Topping, R.L.  
Triebs, C.J.  
Troolin, L.P.

Uhlhorn, W.S.

Van Landingham, R.D.  
Vargo, H.D.  
Vaughan, R.R.  
Veasey, G.D.  
Vick, J.C.

Wales, F.L.  
Wandell, J.J.  
Warley, S.  
Warren, R.L.  
Watts, G.L.  
Webster, S.T.  
Wedell, J.A.  
Weigand, J.G.  
Weitfle, P.L.  
Wells, R.D.  
Werner, T.A.  
West, R.W.  
Whitney, R.P.  
Wiedemann, F.R.  
Williams, G.W.  
Williams, J.D.  
Williams, J.R.  
Williams, T.M.  
Williams, W.A.  
Wilson, D.K.  
Wilson, J.S.  
Wilson, R.J.  
Withers, W.Z.  
Work, P.L.  
Wright, J.C.  
Wright, L.C.

Yarbrough, C.R.  
Young, W.K.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

# *Marine Corps*

Alexander, R.H.  
Anthony, A.A.

Bauer, W.D.  
Boman, B.B.  
Brinegar, R.L.  
Browne, E.R.  
Burke, J.P.  
Buss, R.H.

Carty, J.J.  
Caswell, R.J.  
Chambliss, J.C.  
Cooper, M.T.  
Cunningham, D.M.

Dalberg, J.E.  
Day, B.C.  
Deegan, G.A.  
Driscoll, E.J.

Featherston, R.K.  
Fleming, T.E.  
Fredricks, W.B.  
Friedland, A.S.

Gallagher, G.F.X.  
Goldberg, M.A.

Hanley, M.J.  
Harper, H.J.  
Hemingway, J.W.

Iles, J.E.

Kandra, M.J.  
Kretschmar, E.T.

Lanigan, J.D.  
Lawe, R.C.  
Leary, D.F.  
Lengauer, G.T.  
Longdon, A.P.

Manazir, C.H.  
McNutt, K.A.  
Means, H.N.  
Miller, A.D.  
Mixson, M.E.  
Mooney, W.A.

Nichols, C.H.

Olson, R.H.

Paige, R.B.  
Phenegar, W.R.  
Polk, L.J.  
Pratt, T.M.

Radcliffe, E.T.  
Rasavage, J.R.  
Reeves, T.L.  
Roberson, J.C.  
Robinson, D.M.  
Rodewald, W.O.  
Rosenberg, J.F.  
Russo, A.R.

Salmon, M.D.  
Schenck, K.I.  
Schmidt, J.E.  
Shroyer, D.K.  
Sinnott, W.T.  
Stewart, D.K.  
Stremic, A.W.  
Studer, E.A.  
Sudmeyer, P.T.

Thompson, A.D.  
Tinker, A.

Van Niman, J.H.

Walters, W.S.  
Westphal, P.E.  
Wier, D.A.  
Willmarth, J.M.  
Wright, R.W.

# *Air Force Air*

Arneson, D.P.

Binford, R.L.  
Blake, G.A.  
Brown, W.M.  
Buchanan, J.L.

Chevalier, J.R.  
Christensen, R.E.  
Clements, W.K.

Davidson, R.R.  
Davis, J.B.  
Demers, B.G.  
Desselle, D.L.  
Donahoe, H.M.

Flora, G.S.

Gardner, W.D.  
Giambattista, T.B.  
Gill, J.S.  
Green, R.A.

Hanavan, E.P.

Hansen, H.J.

Haughey, C.H.  
Held, J.W.  
Hoerle, J.R.

Keefe, R.E.  
Keifer, T.W.  
Kendall, H.R.  
Kenefick, G.E.  
Klos, A.G.

Larsen, C.B.  
Lerum, G.D.  
Libey, J.A.  
Lustfield, S.L.

Magrath, T.B.  
Malais, E.J.  
Mason, J.W.  
McAlear, G.R.  
McGugin, R.M.  
Meador, L.M.  
Medlock, C.  
Miller, J.C.

Minar, G.H.

Ojalehto, G.D.  
Pinkham, C.T.  
Puckette, C.L.

Reed, H.W.  
Reynolds, J.W.  
Rosser, T.B.  
Rowton, S.P.

Simpson, W.A.  
Stallkamp, R.W.  
Statton, F.H.  
Swart, S.H.

Thornton, R.A.  
Todd, L.F.

Wade, C.N.  
Wells, J.T.  
Wolff, W.A.

Zemlicka, F.K.



# *Air Force Ground*

Abel, R.C.  
Accountius, J.C.  
Aiken, K.E.  
Anderson, D.C.

Barbero, A.L.  
Bargar, R.B.  
Barnheiser, B. "L"  
Boyle, C.P.  
Bradley, J.B.  
Brence, R.E.  
Britton, E.T.  
Brown, H.W.  
Bruce, J.R.

Caldwell, C.G.  
Cameron, J.H.  
Carter, J.R.  
Cartwright, W.E.  
Carty, D.L.  
Charrier, R.J.  
Concklin, B.M.  
Conley, C.A.  
Craig, S.E.  
Cresko, J.A.  
Criswell, P.W.

Dean, J.H.  
Denny, J.L.  
Dickson, J.E.  
Diesing, W.E.  
Dillman, P.A.

Evans, R.H.

Farnan, R.L.  
Farney, E.J.  
Fohrman, W.G.  
Fossett, M.R.  
Friedman, P.G.  
Frustace, J.P.

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Hillsman, W.C.  
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Huff, D.R.  
Hurst, H. "H"

Jackson, E.N.  
Jaeger, H.K.  
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Laing, F.W.

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Manley, T.R.  
Mann, G.C.  
Martin, T.P.  
Mayhew, J.F.  
McCormick, T.H.  
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Meurer, P.A.  
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Morris, W.A.  
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Mullady, J.B.

Nagel, J.F.  
Neely, R.M.  
Norkin, D.P.

Palmer, N.E.  
Panaia, V.A.

Paul, J.D.  
Pejsar, R.J.  
Peters, W.C.  
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Prout, W.J.  
Pyle, E.L.

Reynolds, L.F.  
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Thomas, R.R.  
Tillman, R.L.  
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Wilson, R.J.  
Witzmann, J.H.  
Woods, S.A.  
Wright, D.L.  
Wright, W.D.

Yoder, R.A.

Ziegler, D.H.



## *Supply Corps*

Bernatz, G.D.  
Bernes, D.B.  
Bowne, C.J.  
Brooks, C.H.  
Burden, D.G.

Clarkson, J.S.  
Drury, W.R.

Fry, F.R.

Halliday, J.M.

Hanna, C.V.  
Hatchett, J.W.  
Hicks, C.M.

Kennard, J.T.

Lombard, G.F.  
Lord, C.W.  
Lucas, D.B.

Malcewicz, P.F.  
Marbain, M.D.

Mulholland, M.R.

Patterson, J.F.

Rice, O.C.  
Risinger, R.E.

Smiley, G.F.

Werbel, S.G.  
Willingham, D.G.  
Wyatt, J.M.

## *Civil Engineer Corps*

Caughman, J.B.

Dallam, M.M.

Kirkley, O.M.

Knox, K.B.

Marshall, J.G.

Montoya, B.F.

Simmons, W.A.

Thoureen, T.H.

Walter, J.A.

## *Foreign Nationals*

Cunanan, C.Y.

Graham, C.H.

Medina, H.O.

Ricaurte, H.A.

Zariquiey, G.N.

## *Not Physically Qualified for a Commission*

Ault, D.R.

Brophy, J.E.  
Buck, J.D.  
Bumgardner, W.R.  
Burgard, J.A.

Daringer, R.G.

Fredericksen, J.A.

Greer, G.B.

Kiehn, O.A.

McGaffin, C.H.

Michels, T.E.

Powell, L.T.

Randall, R.F.

Sutherland, D.M.

# *Those We Left Behind . . .*

Adams, Louis MacDonald  
Allen, James Noel  
Amend, William Baron  
Anderson, Ernest John, Jr.  
Andros, George  
Angel, John Dean  
Arbogast, Walter William, Jr.  
Archambault, Arthur Eugene, Jr.  
Archer, Michael Edward  
Arthurs, James William  
Ascher, David Clark, Jr.

Badger, Conrad Gardner  
Bartos, Bruce Bernard  
Bayless, Theodore Lynn  
Beam, Richard Louis  
Beatie, Jerome Caltoft  
Beggs, Richard Keith  
Bergin, James Kirby  
Beron, Edward Albert  
Blastos, Louis James  
Boggs, Gary Herbert  
Bohan, Charles Patrick  
Bonus, Frank  
Brady, John Francis, Jr.  
Brancato, Robert Joseph  
Brandenburg, Wilbur Stewart, Jr.  
Bratt, John Milton  
Brewer, Glenn MacFarlane  
Brick, William Carl  
Broadfield, Donald Earl  
Brunsell, Gordon Leo  
Buckley, Perry Francis  
Budd, Frederick Daniel  
Budimlya, William Lynn  
Burket, Norman Kenneth  
Butler, Donald Edward  
Butzine, Harley George  
Byng, Robert Hilliard

Campbell, James Daniel, Jr.  
Capron, James Joseph, Jr.  
Carnesale, Albert, Jr.  
Clements, James Braden  
Cliff, Arthur Preston  
Cole, Robert Floyd  
Collett, Richard Ernest  
Collins, Charles Harry  
Commons, Patrick Michael  
Cone, James Gilbert, Jr.  
Conley, Donald John  
Conley, Robert Everett  
Cooper, John Walsh  
Corderman, James Warren  
Cotterman, William Woods  
Craighead, Robert Eugene  
Creighton, Keith Sylvester

Crews, Elwood Garland, Jr.  
Criner, Joseph Coleman  
Cruise, James Arundel

Darab, John  
Daudel, Walter Lee  
Davis, Alden Adams  
Davis, Dennis Joseph  
Davis, Joseph William, Jr.  
Davis, William Edward  
Denty, William Marsden  
DePoalo, Gerard Robert  
Detjen, Richard  
Dickey, William John  
Dinnes, William Donald  
Dodson, Richard Eaton  
Dotson, Charles Jahncke  
Druit, Clifford Arthur  
Dukes, Marvin Henry

Eastman, Richard Edward  
Edison, Don Boyd  
Edmondson, Spencer Staton, Jr.  
Eller, David Kearney  
Ellis, Robert Charles  
Ellis, Ronald Ray  
Estes, John Austin

Fales, Dana Raymond  
Farey, Ronald Leon  
Fassett, James Maxwell, II  
Feldman, Joseph  
Ferriter, John Patrick  
Finegan, John Andrew, Jr.  
Fish, John Gilbert  
Flynn, William Patrick, Jr.  
Forrest, Jerry Rex  
Forrestel, Peter Barry  
Frank, Morris Glenn  
Frazier, John Duncan  
Freimark, Herbert Averell  
Freitag, Linsner Thomas  
Friedrichs, Carl Chalaron, Jr.  
Fuller, John Hartley

Gallagher, Philip Francis  
Gardy, Victor Raymond  
Gay, Barry Dunlap  
Geeting, Orrin Ronald  
Geoghegan, William Edwin Davis, Jr.  
Gertz, William James  
Gilbert, James Van, Jr.  
Gilkeson, Thomas Andrew  
Girard, Jarvis Dean  
Gonyaw, Earl Francis  
Good, Lee Gardner  
Goodpasture, Hugh Lansden, Jr.

Gordon, Robert Joseph  
Graessle, Allen Richard  
Granum, Philip James  
Greene, Johnny Max  
Greenwald, Edward Kenneth  
Greenwood, Charles Edward  
Griffith, Frederick Timothy  
Griffith, Rufus Allen  
Gumble, Walter Carl, Jr.

Hall, William Hayden  
Halvorsen, Walter Dale  
Harris, Richard Clark  
Harris, William Jay  
Harrs, Leland Allen  
Hartsfield, Ardis Hoyt  
Hendrix, William Leon  
Hennesey, Joseph James, Jr.  
Heyden, Hanley Edward  
Hissong, Floyd Carlyle, Jr.  
Hoag, James Franklin, Jr.  
Hoback, Frank, III  
Hoffer, Ronald James Clayton  
Hoffman, John Lincoln  
Hughes, Frederick Allan  
Hume, Walter Woodrow, Jr.  
Humphrey, David Lynn  
Hunter, George Terrett, Jr.  
Hupp, Lowell David  
Hurth, Charles Alan  
Hyatt, Frank Watson, Jr.

Ibarra, Jose Miguel

Jones, George Gordon

Kambeitz, Raymond Arthur  
Kane, Thomas  
Keith, John Edgar  
Kelley, George Martin  
Kelley, John Maurice  
Kendall, William Quinton  
Key, Nathaniel Baxter, Jr.  
Keyser, Frederick Leonard  
Keyser, Lawrence Edward  
Kieffer, Donald Eugene  
Kiely, Denis Joseph, Jr.  
King, Leonard Wayne  
King, Monroe James  
Kirkpatrick, Robert Gordon  
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Knapp, Norman Edward, Jr.  
Kopp, Walter Henry Otto  
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Krilowicz, Robert Lee

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Lacy, Thomas Edward, Jr.  
Larson, Arnold Charles  
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Leo, Don Clause  
Lewis, Barry Gilman  
Lewis, Ward Alan  
Lloveras, Felix Juan, Jr.  
Long, Gaeton Anthony, Jr.  
Long, Gale Ronald  
Lott, James Edward  
Lowery, Jimmie Alvin  
Lucke, Thomas Marsalis

MacKenzie, Donald Alexander  
Maddox, Robert Elwin  
Maguire, Robert James  
Manning, Leslie Buchanan  
Marshall, Larry Richard  
Martin, Ralph Eugene  
Mason, Cutler Roland  
Masterson, Clarence Marshall  
Matheny, Davis Flood  
Mather, Gordon Michael  
Mayer, Edwin Edward  
Mayer, Nicholas Max  
McFadden, Davis Carlisle  
McGarrigle, Donald Raymond  
McGirt, Basil Manley  
McGregor, Phillip Warner  
McKelvey, Richard Edward, Jr.  
McKenna, Robert Charles  
McMahon, Thomas Carl  
McMaster, Clifford Franklin  
Meany, John Patrick, Jr.  
Meehling, Robert Charles  
Meisenhelder, Lon Hardie  
Merritt, William Albert  
Miller, Raymond Vearle  
Minerman, Roger Len  
Minor, William Thelbert  
Mitchell, Michael Malcolm  
Mobley, Delmar Ross  
Mohler, Harold Harrison  
Monson, Albert John, Jr.  
Montgomery, Edward Alexander, Jr.  
Moody, John Burton, III  
Moore, James Stanton  
Moran, William Joseph Patrick  
Morgan, Theodore Merle  
Mount, James Lee  
Muehlhof, John James  
Mulholland, James Joseph  
Mullins, Henry Dotson  
Murray, Walter Stephen  
Myers, James Scott

Nalesnik, Richard Peter  
Naquin, Christopher William  
Nelson, Byron Brightwell, Jr.  
Nelson, David Earl  
Nelson, James Folsom

Newman, Robert Evans  
Newnham, Albert George, Jr.  
Newsome, Jerry Lynn

O'Donnell, Keith William Patrick  
O'Neill, Edward Joseph, Jr.  
Ostrom, Charles Howard, Jr.  
Owens, Richard Thomas

Patten, Hudson Taylor, III  
Peepe, Jackson George  
Pelot, Lynwood Moffatt, Jr.  
Peterson, John Stuart  
Peyton, George Dallas, II  
Pfungstag, Jerry Ronald  
Pheris, William Everton, IV  
Phillips, John Douglas  
Phillips, John Edmund Andrew  
Phillips, John Otto, Jr.  
Phillips, William George, III  
Pierce, Frank Cushman  
Polhill, Norman Lee  
Poole, Elwood Dixon, Jr.  
Post, Richard William, Jr.  
Pratt, John Lynn  
Price, Jack Lee

Quegan, William Michael

Raczek, Marion Joseph  
Rangnow, Roy George, Jr.  
Redwine, Frank Hutcheson, III  
Reeder, Robert Cornelius, Jr.  
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Reynolds, James Curtis  
Reynolds, Robert Franklin, Jr.  
Reisewitz, William Fred  
Riley, George Bechtel, Jr.  
Rinken, William John  
Robinson, Robert Edward, Jr.  
Robinson, Wayne  
Rose, James Turner  
Ross, Charles Lester  
Rountree, Joshua Clarke, Jr.  
Rower, Jay Allen  
Ruff, Lawrence Ernest, Jr.  
Russell, Victor Herbert

Samela, Vito John  
Saunders, Scott Parker  
Saur, David Clifford  
Scharf, Donald Bertram  
Schaum, Eduard Carl  
Scherzer, Saul Myron  
Scott, Drummond Lee  
Sellars, Lester Howard  
Sharp, Boyd Edward, Jr.  
Sheehan, Edward James  
Shelton, Loyd Cranston  
Shipman, James Walker, Jr.  
Shook, Philip Albert, Jr.  
Short, Peter Thomas

Shufflebarger, Charles Kenneth  
Simmons, Thomas Evan  
Slayback, Gaius Boyd  
Sloan, Richard Carl Carroll  
Sloan, Thomas Edwin  
Smith, Omar Garrison  
Smith, Robert James  
Spears, Edwin Utah  
Spires, Frank Anthony  
Stillman, Gregory Eugene  
Storey, Clyde Herbert  
Stout, Mason Gardner  
Stout, Richard Durward  
Strean, Bernard Max, Jr.  
Studebaker, John Nelson  
Swarner, Don Amandus  
Swearingen, James Donald  
Sweeney, John Jerome  
Sykes, Harry Lee  
Symmes, William Henry, Jr.

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Tate, Victor Boylan, II  
Taylor, Allen Keith  
Taylor, John Chesley  
Thompson, Douglas Philip  
Thompson, Henry Lee, Jr.  
Thurman, Louis Gerald

Uber, Paul Willis  
Underwood, John Gordon  
Utneher, Arthur John

Vachon, Reginald Irene  
VanCleve, Stephen Vincent  
Vincent, John Adams  
Voorhies, James Felix

Walker, Robert Blair  
Wallace, James Robert  
Wallace, Robert Joseph  
Webster, Daniel Robert, II  
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White, Harry Staley, Jr.  
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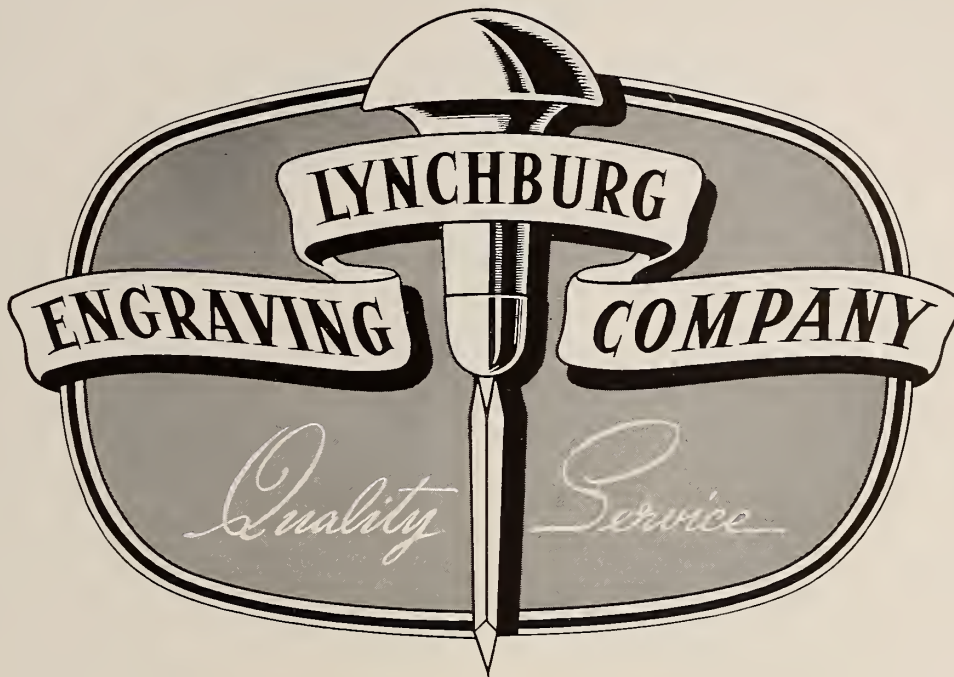
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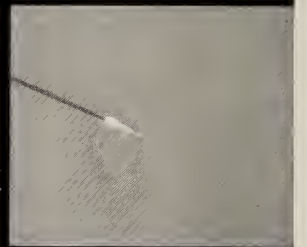
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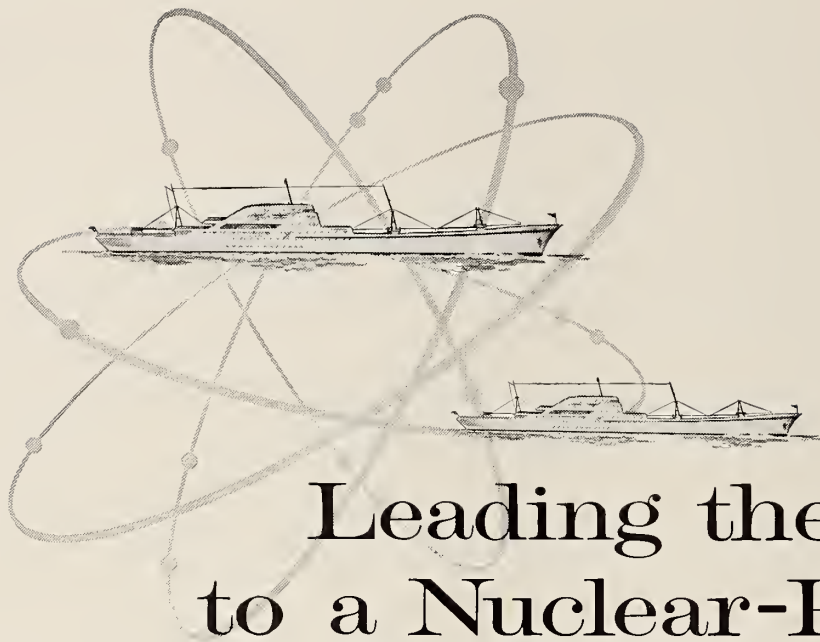
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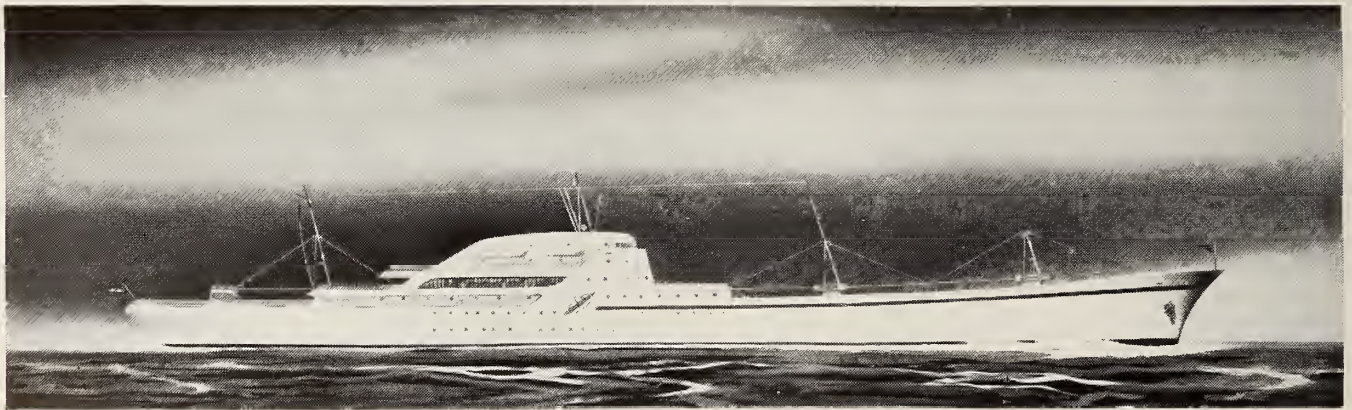
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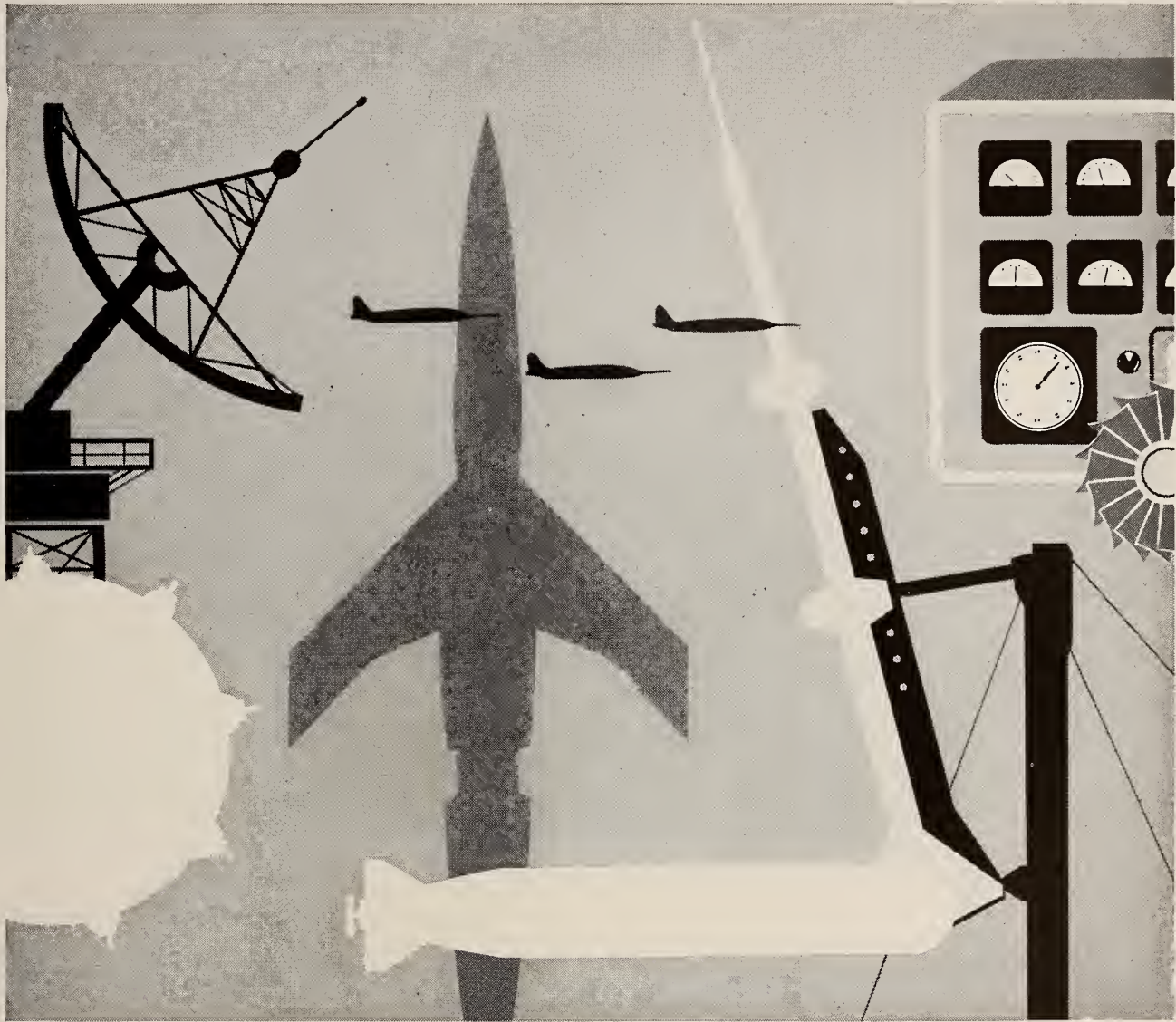
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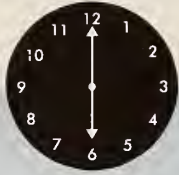
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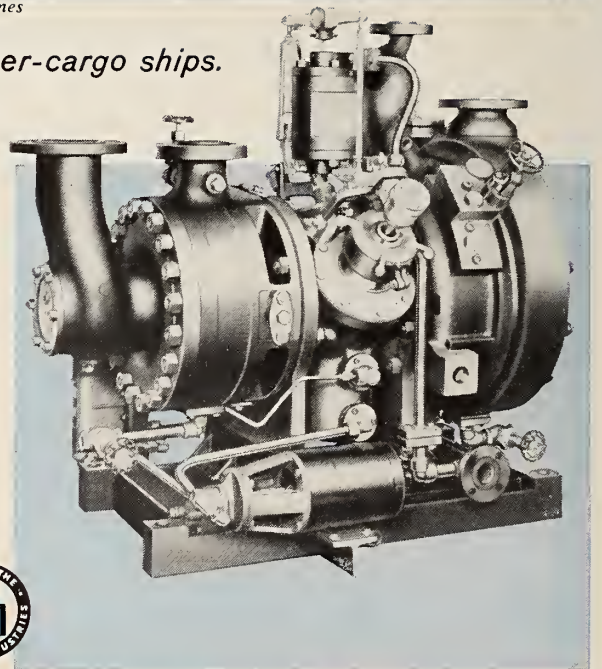
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## *Today's Navy...power for peace*

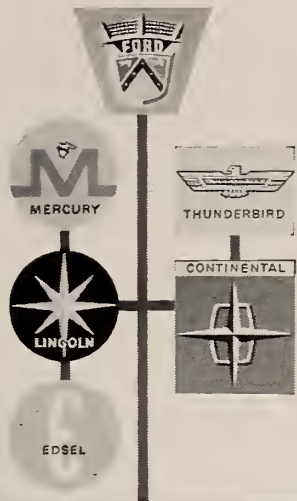
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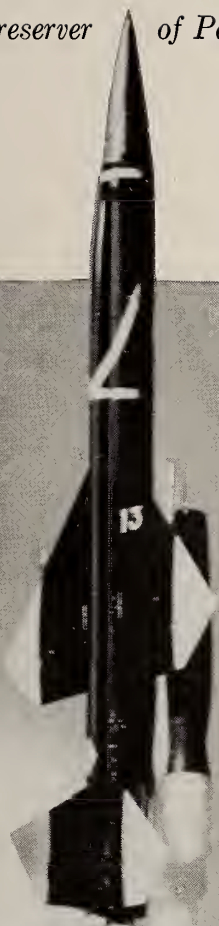


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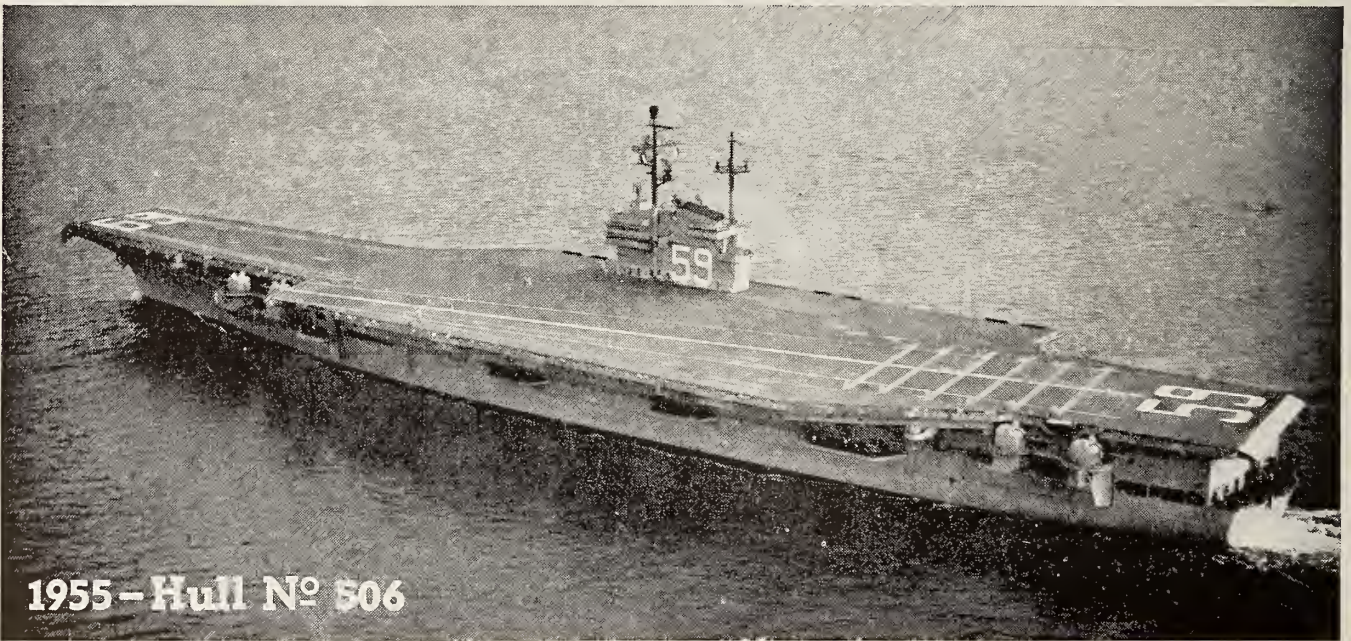
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1890 - Hull No 1



1955 - Hull No 506

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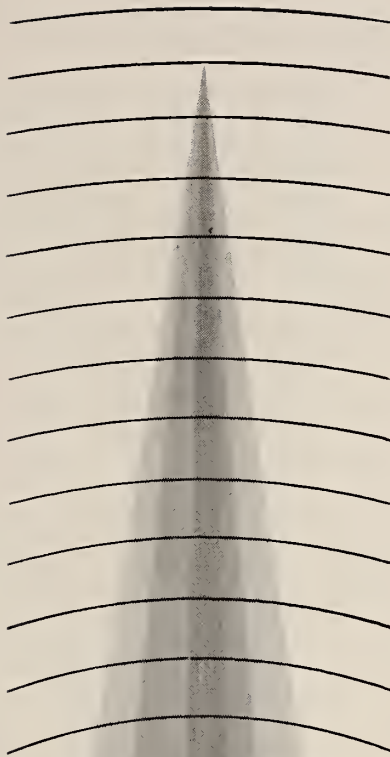
operation . . . serving regularly in the fleet of the Curtis Bay Towing Co.

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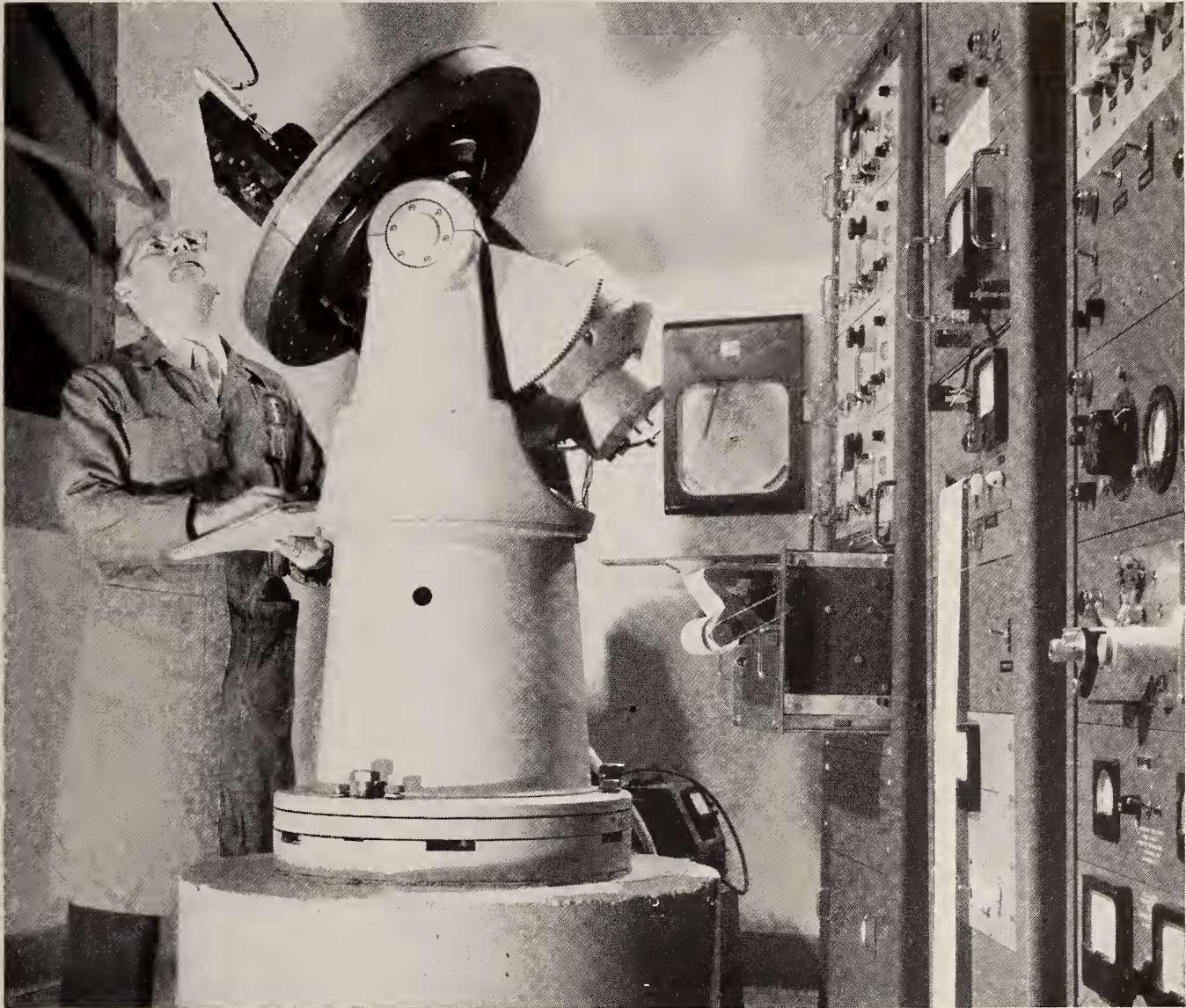
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- Nuclear systems and controls
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- Drone controls

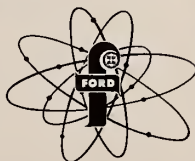
The hour hand on your watch moves nearly 30,000 times faster than the slowest drifts Ford Instrument Co. scientists can measure with this side-real gyro test stand. It's part of the superbly equipped gyro facilities at Ford Instrument.

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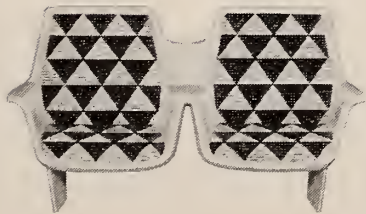
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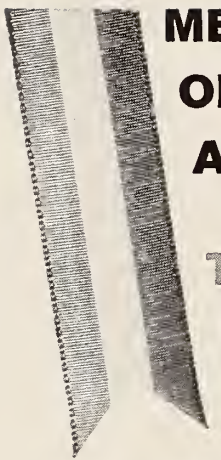
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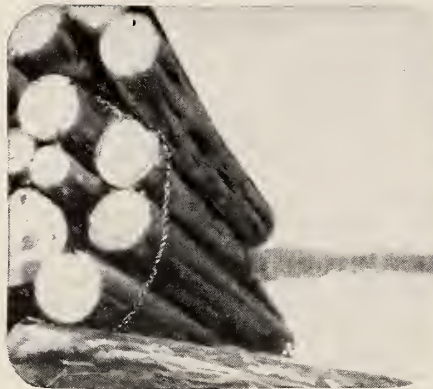
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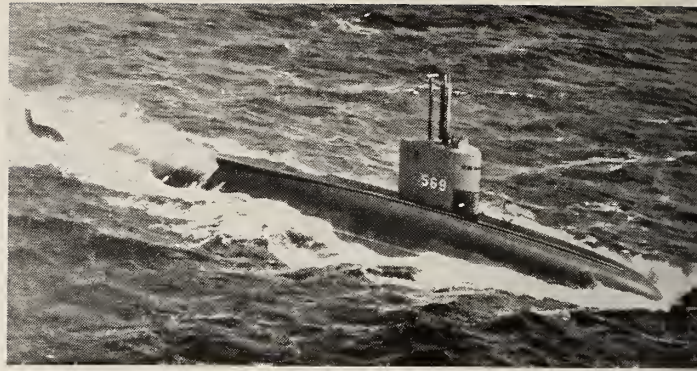
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THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY

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Faster than many ocean liners, the ALBACORE is equipped with airplane-type control sticks for "pilot and co-pilot" who guide her in submerged "flight"

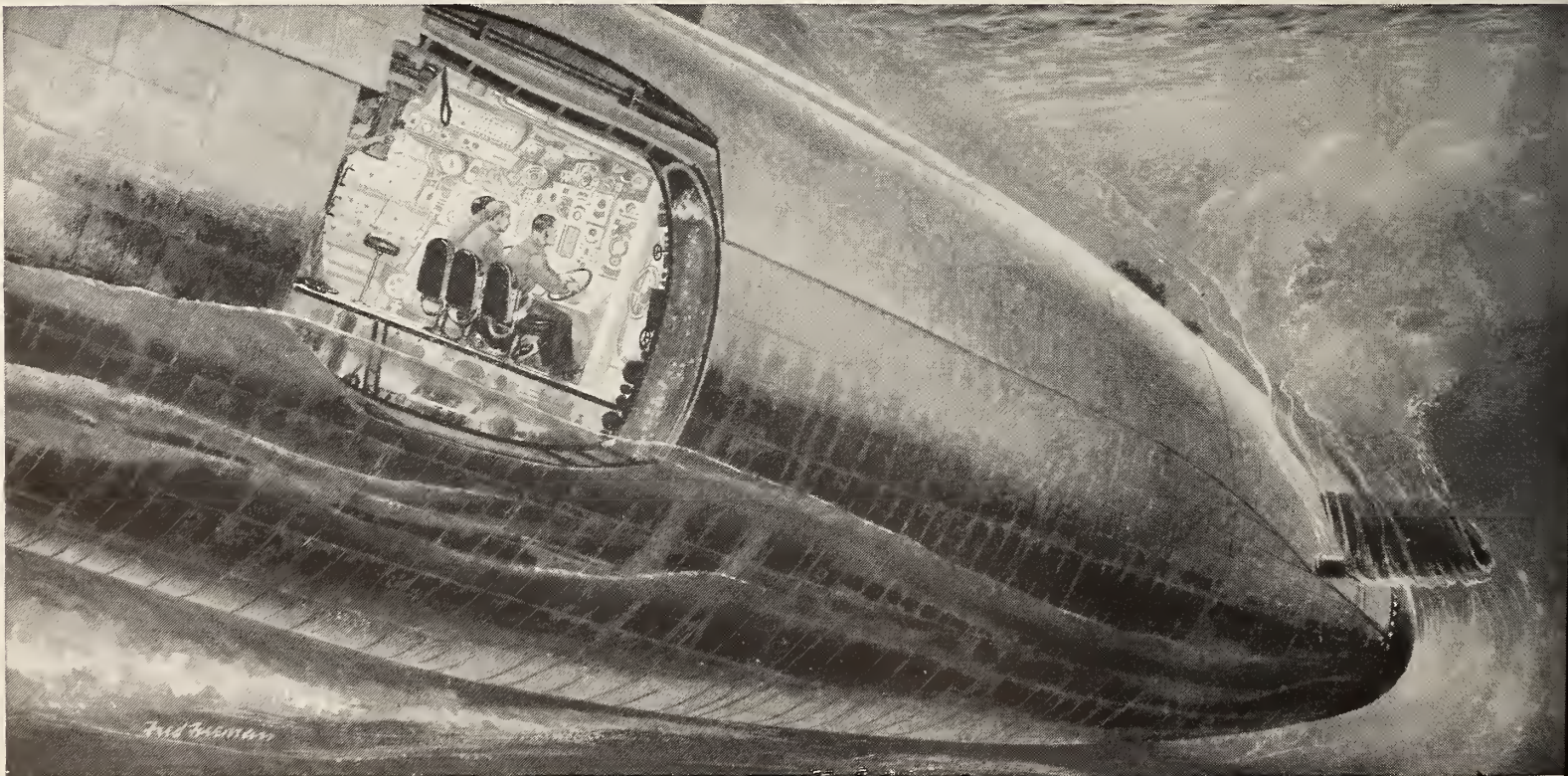
with the help of an automatic pilot. Sperry instruments for diving and course-keeping controls are integrated to provide all the data needed for automatic, "feather-touch" control in many maneuvers. With this equipment, a pilot, co-pilot and a control engineer do the job it takes additional men to perform in a conventional sub. Sperry programs to facilitate submarine navigation and fire control are also underway.

Forerunner of a new class of atom-powered subs, the unorthodox ALBACORE

is now serving as a research laboratory for testing the combat utility of her unique hull, design, propulsive equipment and, of course, her Sperry instrumentation. Early reports show that, like the Sperry control systems aboard the B-52 jet bomber and the Navy's Skywarrior A3D attack bomber, it affords precise and positive control of this boat that flies like a plane.

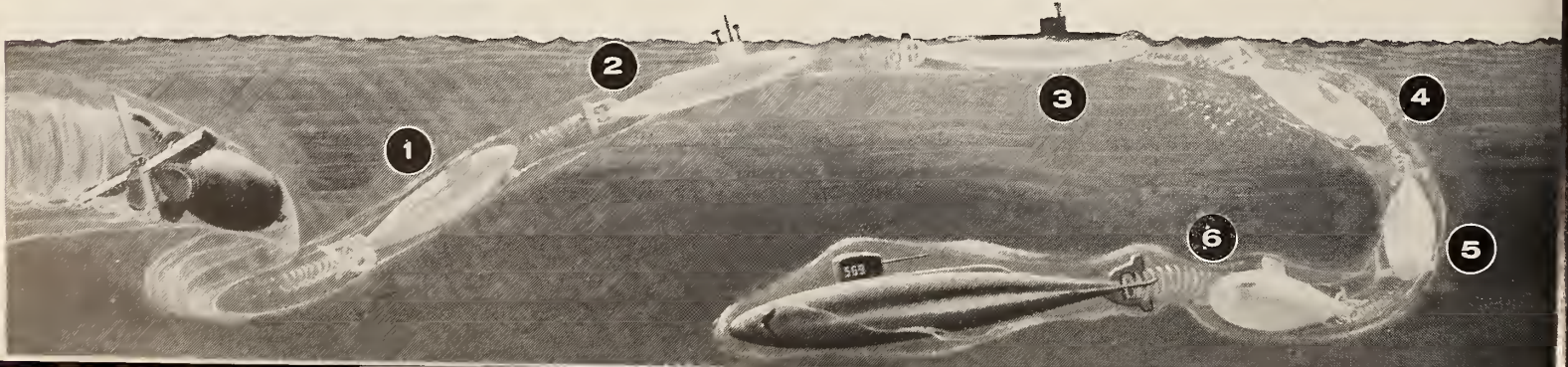
**SPERRY** *GYROSCOPE COMPANY*  
Great Neck, New York

DIVISION OF SPERRY RAND CORPORATION



**Cutaway view** above shows ALBACORE's flight control station, with pilot and co-pilot at control sticks. Blimp-like hull of sub follows aerodynamic principles governing design of aircraft in order to permit "hydrobatic" maneuvers.

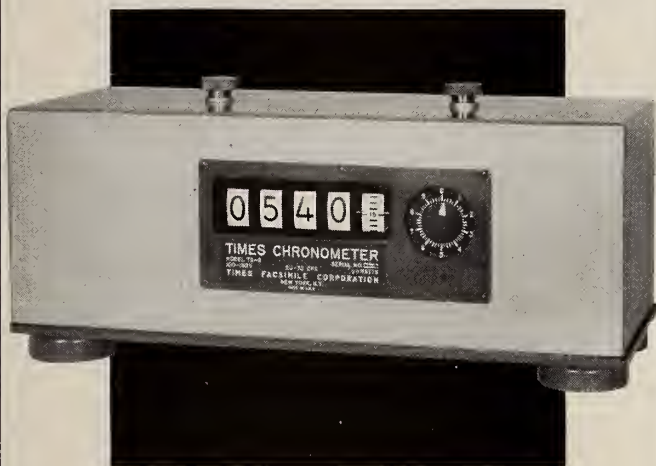
(1) **Climbing fast**, proposed ALBACORE-type submarine could (2) erupt on surface, (3) launch rockets or missile against enemy, then (4) submerge to flash away (5) in steep turning dive and (6) proceed to next target. Sub has faster turning rate than jet.





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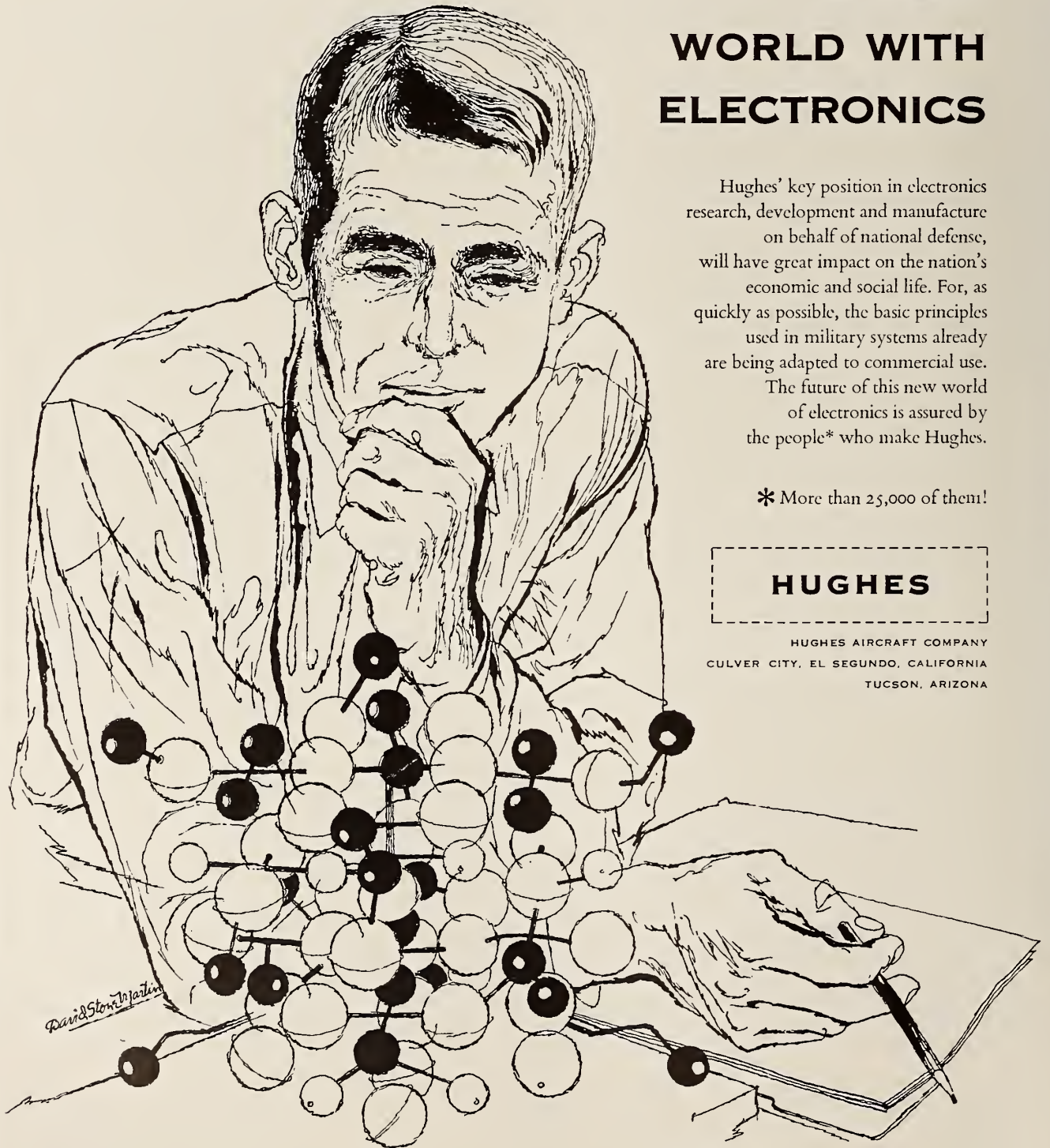
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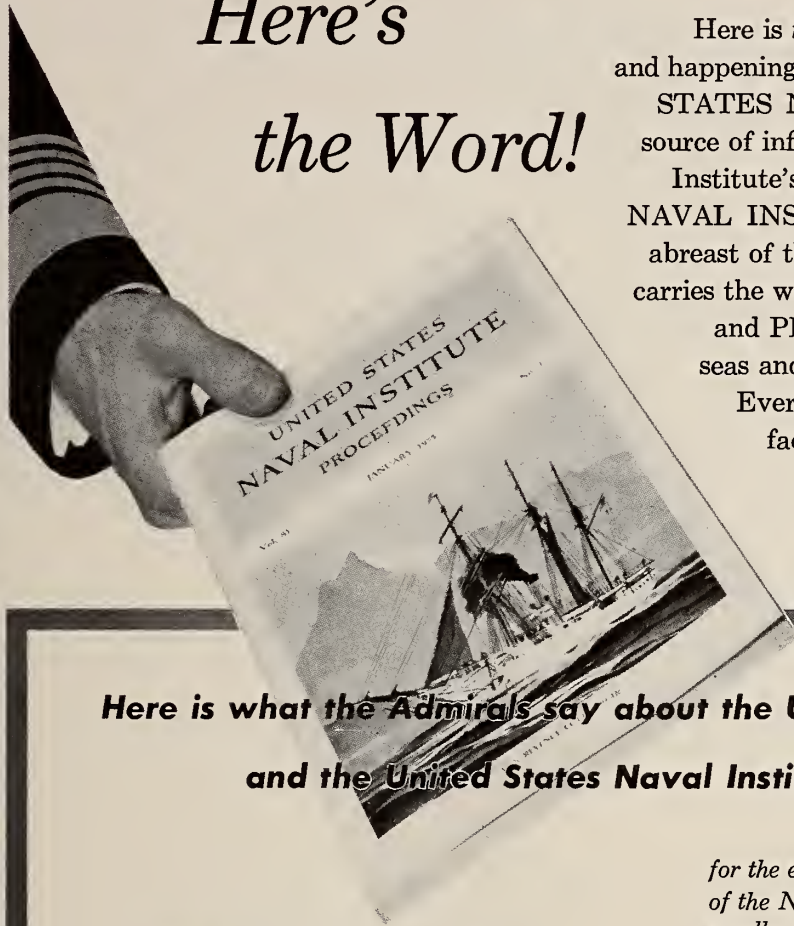
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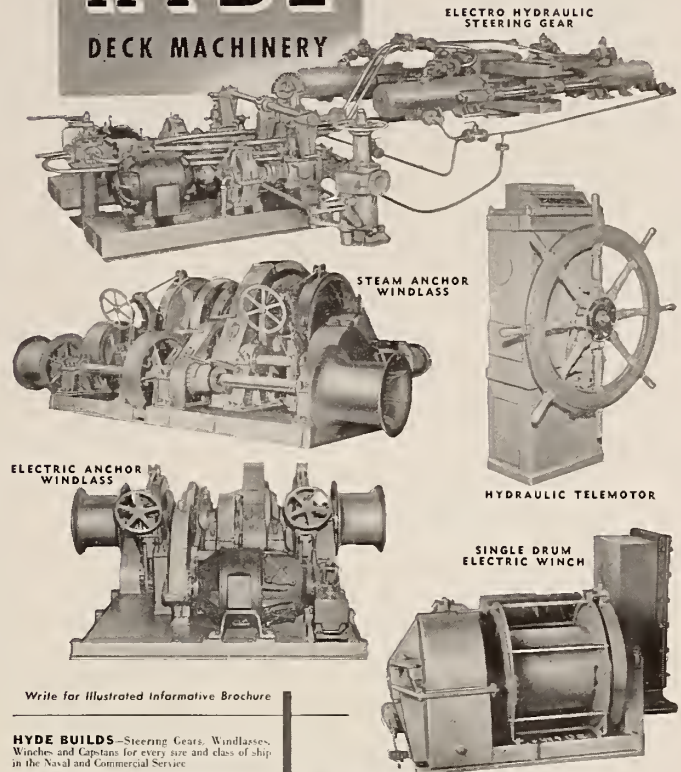
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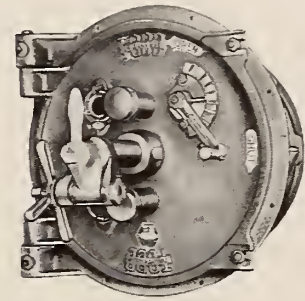
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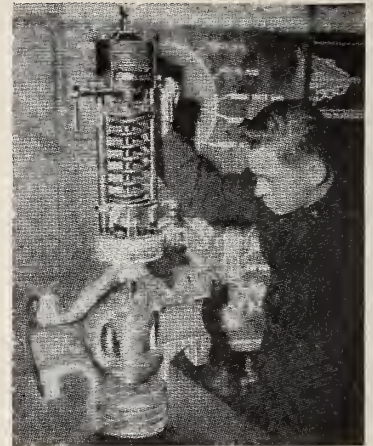
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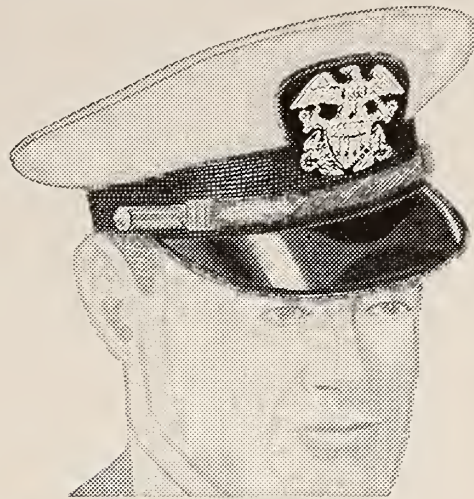
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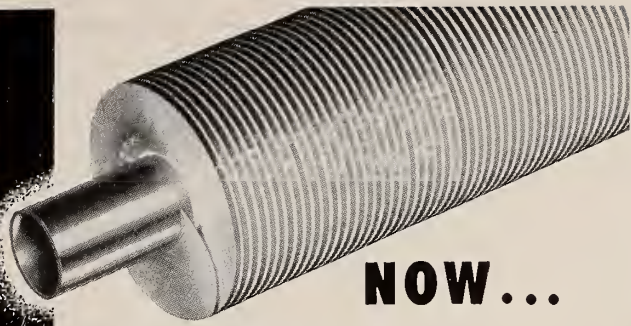
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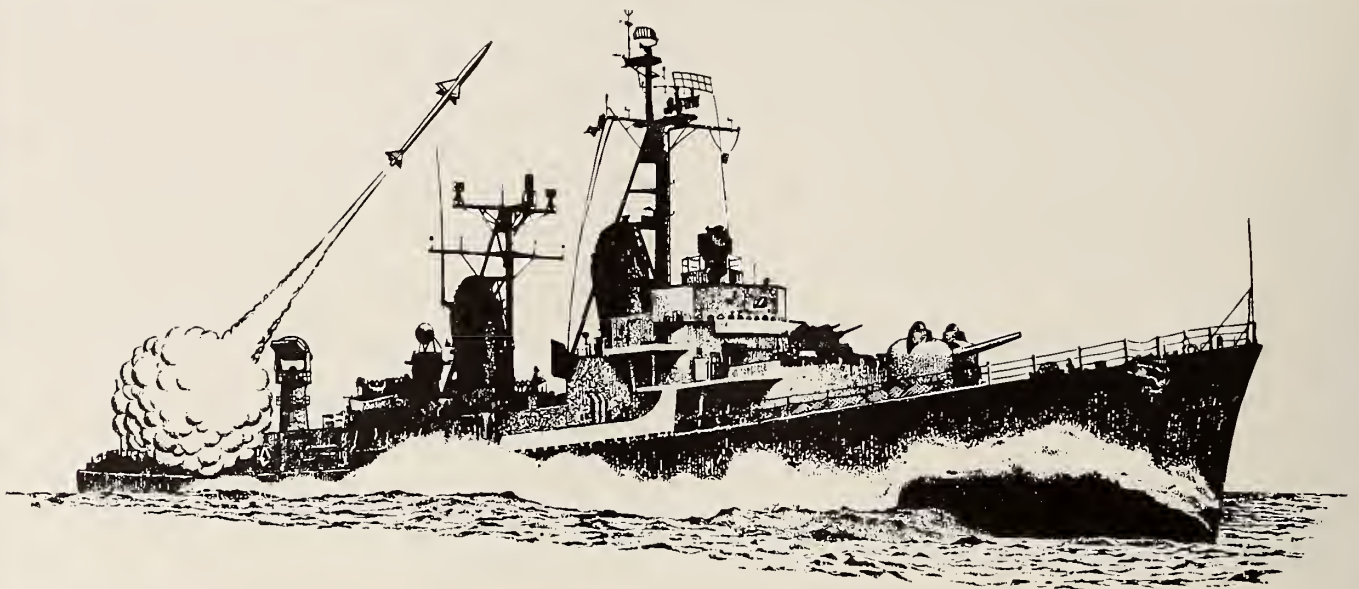
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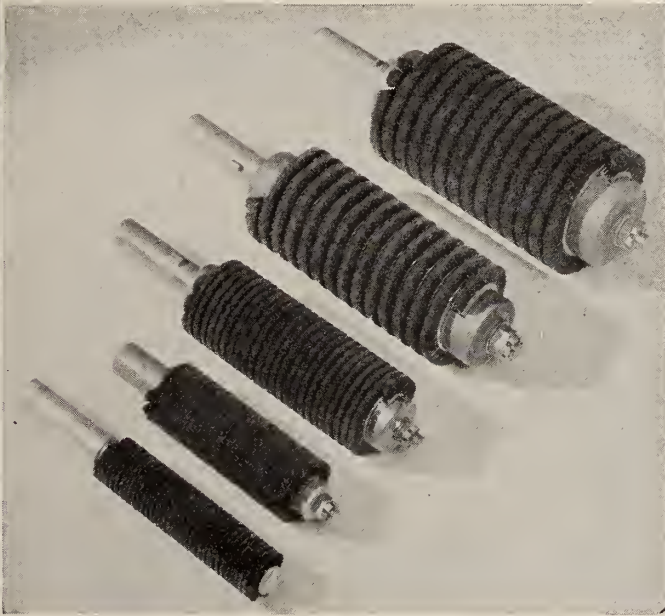
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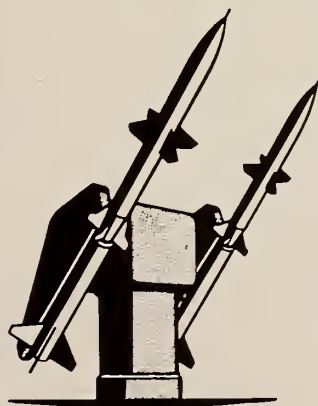
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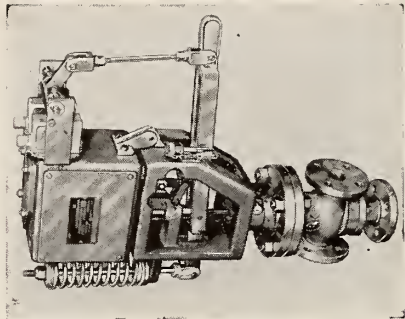
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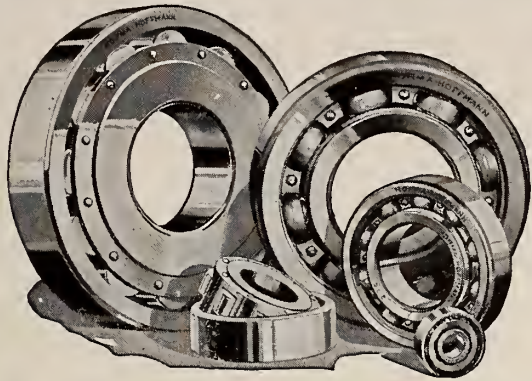
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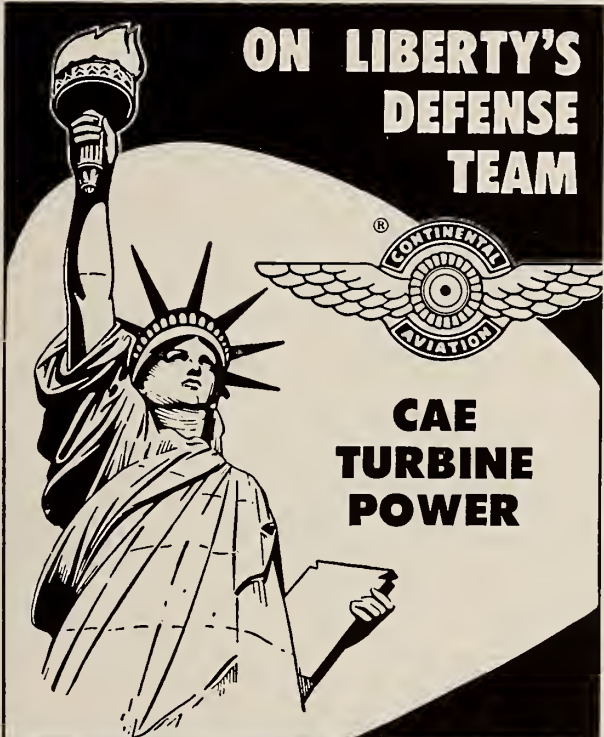
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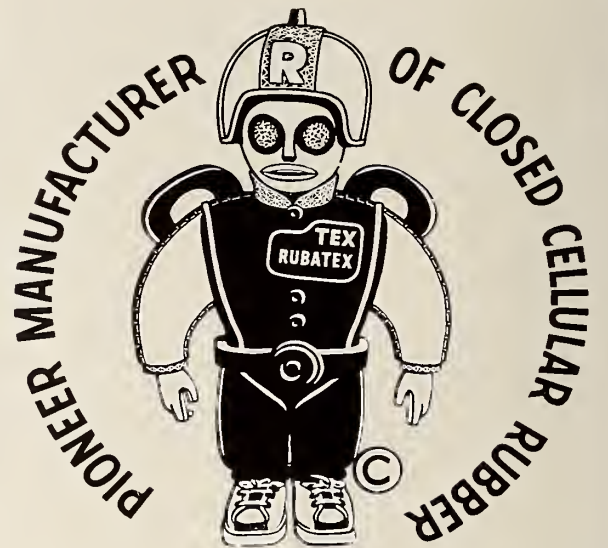
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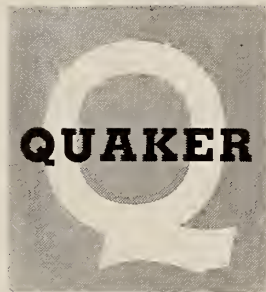
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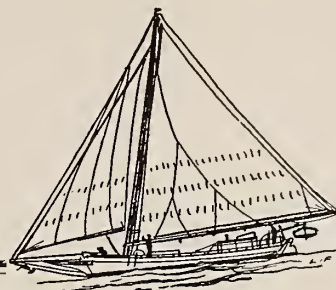
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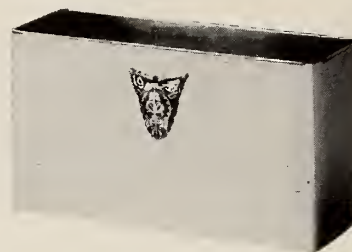
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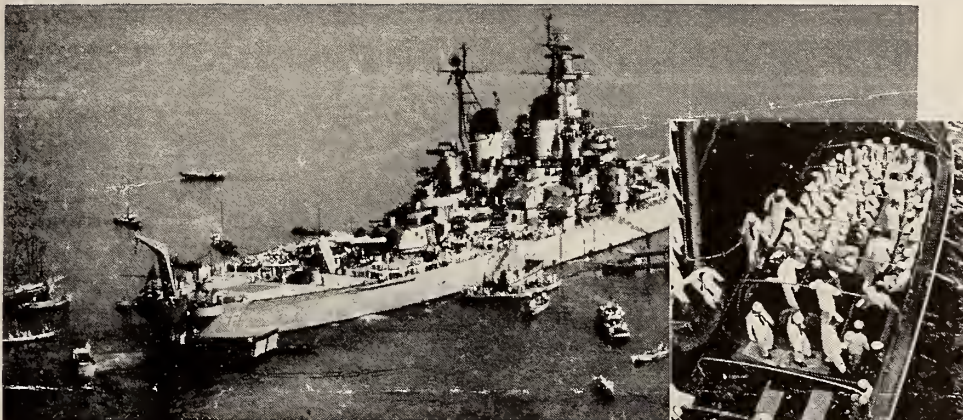
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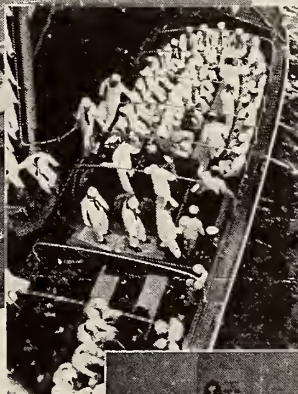
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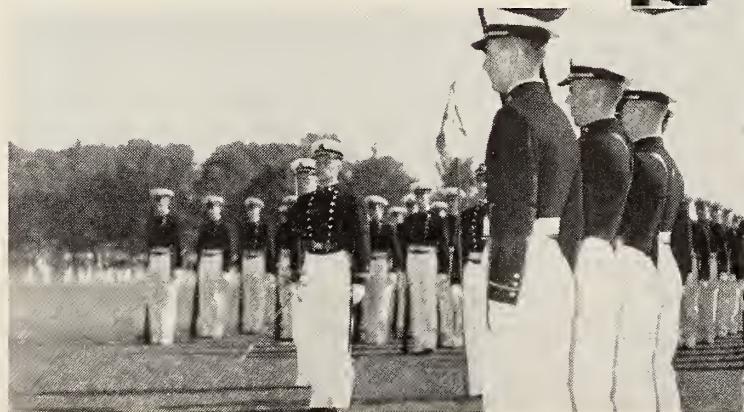


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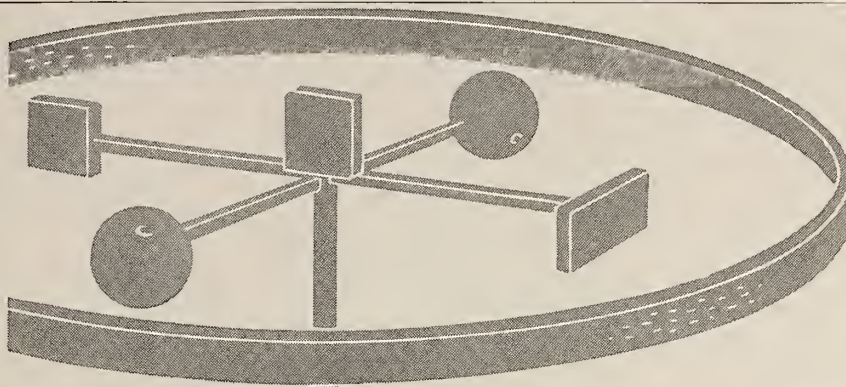
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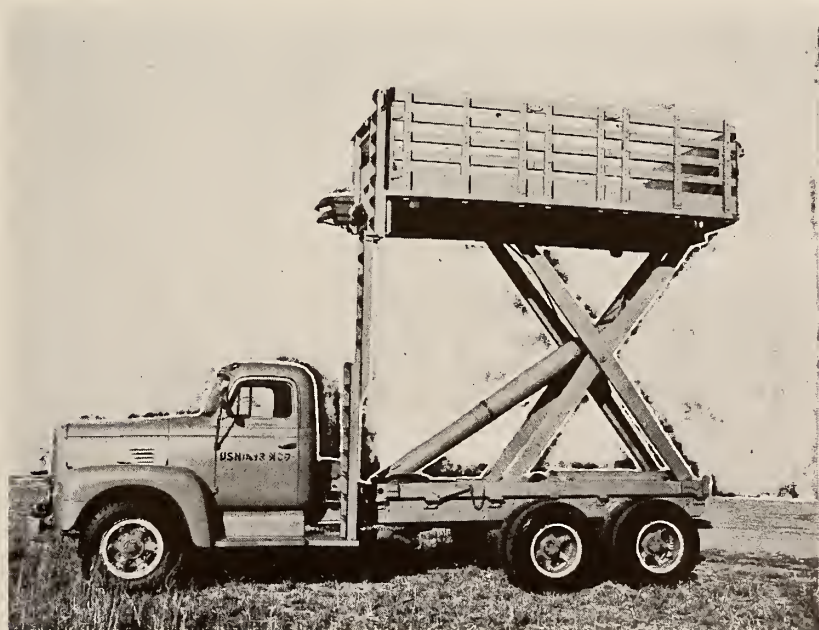
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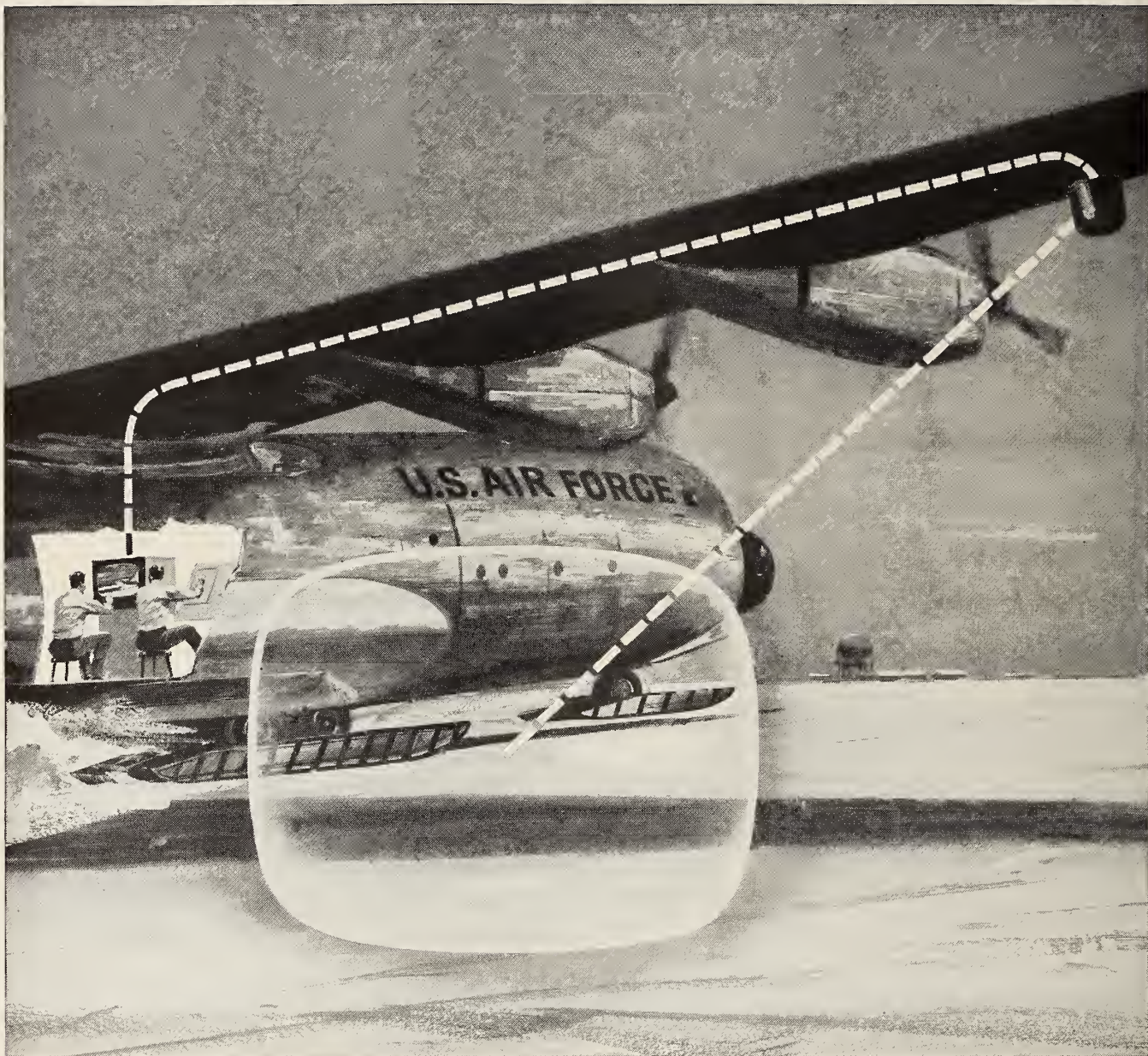


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